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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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No Budget Yet.

The House of Representatives has decided that America shall continue to be the only country in civilization without a national budget, without any method to bring revenue and expenditure into accord. There is no need to inquire into the causes of this reluctance to face the financial facts. We have only to read the proceedings in connection, for example, with the appropriations for public buildings, commonly known as the "pork barrel," to understand the apprehension with which Congress views any approach to financial supervision or regularity. The illusion of illimitable wealth, always available by the simple expedient of a trading vote, is too comfortable to be surrendered. The proceedings in connection with the pork-barrel are insignificant in comparison with the general system of expenditures that are out of sight, but the same rule prevails in all of them. They are all based on the same illusion of illimitable national wealth of which the share of every department is governed by the audacity, the trickery, and the diplomacy of those who claim it. Unlimited credit always means wanton, squalid extravagance, just as a bank balance in black and white always carries with it a suggestion of restraint. If the nation were allowed to understand

the actual extent of its resources it may be supposed that the appropriation bills would not go through Congress quite so gaily as they do now. That Congress should provide for the same needs two or three times over through the overlapping of departments would no longer be considered humorous. And Congress is naturally anxious to continue a system that so admirably facilitates the processes of collective bribery by doles to local influences. It is an aspect of the government by stealth that has been reduced to a fine art at Washington.

The keystone of the whole system is secrecy. Where there is no public knowledge there will be no public resentment. Another aspect of the same evil is to be found in the pension list, which would probably be shot full of holes in a month if the public were allowed to see. The pension list, we are told, is an honor roll and is therefore private. That is precisely the reason why it should be public. Honor does not seek darkness and anonymity. It is dishonor that demands secrecy. The pension list is hidden because of a shrewd knowledge that public opinion would tear it into shreds. The national finances are hidden for a similar reason. They are hidden by "those who hate the light because their deeds are evil."

The "Labor Trust" and the Law.

With unexpected rapidity comes justification of the Argonaut's prediction that the passage of the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill would be accepted as a sort of guaranty of a general labor-union immunity from the law. That the bill in question did no more than withdraw one specified sum of money from the purposes of labor-union prosecution was true enough. That there are other funds still available was also true, as was the further apology that an appropriation bill has only one year of life and that the whole subject would again be open for discussion later on. All these points were urged by the President in what may be described as a rather shamefaced explanation of his action in signing an immoral bill that his predecessor had consigned to the waste-paper basket. The explanation would have been valid enough had it been relevant to the actual mischief contemplated. But it was not relevant. Practically it had nothing to do with the case. The real mischief was not that a certain bill should be passed, but that Congress and the President should combine in establishing a precedent and asserting a principle to the effect that a criminal law binding on every one else should be harmless so far as labor unions and farmers are concerned. The farmers we can leave out of consideration, since they have never hinted at a desire for immunity. The labor unions have now obtained all that they expected to obtain from this bill. They never supposed that the bill would confer upon them immediate and legal immunity, seeing that it dealt with but one fund out of many at the disposal of the department. But they did expect that it would establish a principle of immunity that would at once tie the hands of the law and pave the way for even more definite pronouncements in the future.

The expectation has now been fully disclosed. The proposal to prosecute the United Mine Workers of America for certain activities in West Virginia closely resembling civil war has been met with a shout of indignant protest. Even some of the staid Eastern newspapers express their surprise, almost their incredulity, that a prosecution should be undertaken in view of a bill that so clearly expresses a congressional disapproval of all such prosecutions. That the Department of Justice is acting within its legal powers is clear enough, but is it acting in accord with the principle of immunity so clearly established by Congress? Is it justified in standing upon its technical rights and bringing that kind of suit pronounced by Congress to be improper? That the bill would have nearly as much force as one of open and general immunity was a fore-

gone conclusion, and here we see that force in operation. It was the establishment of the principle and the precedent rather than the bill itself that called forth the stern protest from every intelligent section of the community.

Naturally the labor unions are still more outspoken. The news of the proposed prosecution produced an outburst of indignation among labor leaders gathered at Indianapolis. They felt and said that such an act would be a piece of governmental treachery in view of a bill upon which the ink of the presidential signature was still wet. However the President might have discounted the effects of that bill, the labor men themselves were under no illusions. They regarded it as a charter of immunity none the less real because its influence would be moral rather than legal. A press dispatch quotes these men as saying that it was to escape just such conditions as those threatening them in West Virginia "that they urged the passage of an act exempting them from prosecution under the anti-trust law."

Of course it was. Every one knew that except the President. Every one knew that a solemn expression of opinion by Congress must necessarily have marked influence upon the Department of Justice, that it must become in a sense a guide to its activities. The labor men can hardly be blamed for their indignation. They knew exactly what they wanted and they had a good reason to believe they would get it. They wanted immunity from the criminal law.

The President will now find that it would have served him better to sail a straight course. He knew that the exemption was a bad one. He said so. He must now either refrain from prosecuting labor-union criminals, and so incur the resentments of honest people, or he must incur the organized and vindictive resentments of the criminals and their friends. To veto the bill as did Mr. Taft would have been the line of least resistance, and this is true of all obvious duties, whether governmental or personal.

Influence and the Law.

The record in the Diggs-Caminetti cases exhibits these facts: The indictments were found and filed on April 4th of the current year. On April 28th a demurrer was interposed and overruled. On May 5th the cases were continued to May 19th to be set for trial. On May 19th they were continued two weeks to be set for trial. June 2d the cases were set for trial on June 26th. It was during the time between June 2d and June 26th that the hanó of the prosecuting attorney was stayed by an order from the Attorney-General to postpone the trials "until autumn."

Under circumstances similar one Earl Fullerton was under proceedings initiated by the same prosecuting attorney, indicted May 1st of the current year charged with the same offense. On May 5th the defendant pleaded not guilty. On May 10th the case was continued to May 19th to be set for trial. May 19th the case was set for trial June 11th. On June 12th the trial began and on June 18th the jury brought in a verdict of guilty. On June 21st Fullerton was sentenced to two years in San Quentin Penitentiary.

The two cases, we repeat, were similar—almost identical. Yet in the one case there was prompt trial, prompt conviction, prompt sentence. Why is not the record up to the point of actual trial duplicated in the Diggs-Caminetti cases? It is because the men charged stand related to families of social and political influence and financial resource. Prosecuting Attorney McNab so far yielded to these several forms of persuasion as to postpone action in the Diggs-Caminetti cases twice. A still further postponement has come about as the result of a campaign of social and political influence urged at Washington by Caminetti's relatives. Because Caminetti, Sr., is a man of political connections—because he is the commissioner of immigration in close relations with the Secretary

Commerce and Labor, and because the last-named official is a colleague of the Attorney-General and therefore possessed of influence with him, and because the Attorney-General holds authority over the prosecuting attorney in California, the cases of Diggs and Caminetti were held up while the case of Fullerton took its natural course. Diggs and Caminetti are in the enjoyment of liberty, pursuing their pleasures at Sierra resorts, while Fullerton picks jute at San Quentin.

Men and brethren, no forms of reasoning, no sophistry, no appeals to sympathy, can make the record in the Diggs-Caminetti cases square fairly with the record in the Fullerton case. Such difference as the contrasting records exhibit is due to the shameful fact that Diggs and Caminetti as the sons of influential families had a "pull," while Fullerton, a friendless wretch, had none.

It is the boast of our system that laws made under it apply with equal weight upon all men alike. But in the face of the contrasting records this boast is a lie. If influential connections, with personal and official intrigue, can let one scoundrel go unpunished while another scoundrel without these advantages goes to prison, there is no equality under the law.

Unless the prompt trial, the prompt conviction, and the prompt sentence of Fullerton were wrong, then there was wrong at every stage of the procedure in relation to Diggs and Caminetti. Caminetti, Sr., was wrong when he asked for postponements. Prosecuting Attorney McNab was wrong when he yielded to these requests. Caminetti, Sr., was again wrong when he went legging about Washington in the effort to put off the day of Caminetti, Jr.'s trial. Secretary Wilson was wrong when he asked the Attorney-General to put the cases over upon a false and calculated plea. Attorney-General McReynolds was wrong when he made the order of postponement at a time when admittedly he was without knowledge of the facts. Prosecuting Attorney McNab, for once at least, was right when he refused to act as a catspaw in a shameless job looking to nullification of the law by processes of delay. President Wilson was wrong in approving the course of the Attorney-General under the conditions as here stated; and he tacitly acknowledges his wrong in directing that the Attorney-General's order of postponement now be nullified.

Cases like this which exhibit the fact that that which goes by the name of justice takes one course with a friendless criminal and another course with a criminal of resourceful connections, are prolific breeders of wild-eyed Progressives and hare-brained Socialists. Every such case is fuel upon the fires of social agitation. And out of it all comes that state of the popular mind which gives ear to every wild theory, voice and force to every novel proposal. It is this kind of thing, which gives power to the Johnsons in politics and to the Akeds in religion. It does not, indeed, alter the fundamental principles which ultimately govern and regulate society. But it does give a logical and moral basis for discontent.

Union Rules and Railroad Wrecks.

The inquiry now in progress into the cause of an accident on the New Haven Railroad in which six persons were killed has resulted in some startling revelations of labor-union responsibility. The Interstate Commerce Commission has now elicited the fact that two regulations were forced upon the company by the union of locomotive engineers, both based on the favorite union theory that character, capacity, and efficiency must be wholly ignored in the employment of labor. When it is said that these regulations were forced upon the company it is unnecessary to define that term. The alternative to compliance was a strike, and a strike under modern conditions means a civil war in miniature.

The first of these regulations relates to what is called the spare board system. This means that the names of all available engineers are written in rotation upon a board and the name that heads the list must always be accepted for any given run. No matter how exceptional in its difficulties or dangers that run may be, no matter how marked the disqualifications of the man whose name happens to be at the head of the list, the job must be given to that man and to no other. The responsible traffic authorities of the railroad are allowed no discrimination whatsoever. A man might be notoriously and patently unfitted for a particular job involving the safety of hundreds of lives, but nevertheless the job must be given to him if his name happens to stand next in rotation.

But the company might have found some compensation for this vicious idiosyncrasy if they had been allowed to see to it that none but competent men were allowed to get upon the engineers' list. It need hardly be said that they were allowed to do nothing of the sort. The main purpose of the union is to see to it that efficiency counts for nothing and that skill and ignorance stand on precisely the same basis. The company demanded that a two years' apprenticeship on freight engines should precede employment on passenger trains. Two years seems pitifully inadequate for the heavy responsibilities of the passenger service, but it need hardly be said that the union objected, and objected in the usual way by threatening a strike. The union said that one year was enough. It said that young men were more reliable than older ones. Practically it said that any efficiency guaranty was "unfair to organized labor," since it might deprive some incompetent man of the right to wreck a train. In this particular case the engineer was obviously incompetent. The general manager said: "I am satisfied his judgment was bad, unjustifiably bad. * * * I can not conceive of any man in his right mind doing that." But his name came next in rotation on the spare board. The railroad officials had no choice, except the choice of a strike.

It is not easy wholly to acquit the company of responsibility. How is it that nothing short of a disaster and an official inquiry can make us acquainted with secret negotiations, agreements, threats, and coercions that involve the safety of the public. Probably there is not a railroad in the country that is not held up in this way at the point of the bayonet and compelled into regulations that are practically a game of ducks and drakes with the lives of passengers. If the New Haven Company believed that certain rules were essential to safety—and they did believe it—by what right did they modify or abrogate those rules in secret, or without a public notification that precautionary measures were forbidden to them? The public has been at some pains to impress upon the railroad companies that they have no proprietorship in human lives, but of what avail is it to do this if that same proprietorship is handed over to labor unions who are obsessed with the idea that efficiency shall no longer be a factor in employment? The need of the day in this and other matters is publicity, and it would be well for us to have that publicity in some other way than by investigations after the accident and after the funerals of its victims, who surely had a right to know that their lives were in the hands of an engineer selected because his name happened to head a list on a "spare board."

Administrative Theory and Practice.

When in May the Secretary of the Treasury called for the resignations of General Stone, Mr. McKinlay, and other Republican officials in the customs service at San Francisco it was made evident that the victors were to be given the "spoils." It was taken by the Republican holdovers as a notification that sooner or later all their heads would fall into the administration basket. But it appears that some of them are disposed to make the job as difficult as possible. Mr. McNab with a canny shrewdness got in his blow first, and with such telling effect that it has thrown the whole administration into embarrassment and confusion. Now comes the call to Postmaster Fisk, who seems as little disposed as McNab to make easy the transfer from a Republican to a Democratic official régime.

Mr. Fisk was appointed to a four years' term in 1912 and duly confirmed in his office. His theory of the law—and Mr. Fisk is a lawyer of acumen—is that he is entitled to hold office during the period named in his commission, unless some definite misconduct shall be proved against him. Confident that no such charge may be successfully urged he has declined to act upon the invitation of the Postmaster-General. He will not resign; and in a dispatch to the Postmaster-General he says just this in terms respectful but positive.

There are, of course, ways by which Mr. Fisk may be gotten rid of. Charges made be brought against him, in which case he will have the right of defense. He may be preemptorily dismissed by the President, and probably this course will be resorted to. But under either of these procedures the administration will be forced to exhibit its hand—to make plain the fact that it is seeking by hook or by crook to get a Republican out of office to the end that it may put a Democrat in.

We are not without a certain sympathy for the administration. It is natural enough that in the conduct of the affairs of government the administra-

tion should wish to work through agents in sympathy with its own purposes. It is not unnatural that the administration should wish to bestow the postmastership of San Francisco upon some faithful party adherent. So far as there is any wrong in the policy now in plain view, it lies less in the wish to reorganize the Federal official service upon partisan lines than in the pretense that changes are made or to be made upon other grounds. Straightforward assertion of partisan purpose would in a sense challenge public admiration by its boldness. But the pretense of other motives invites contempt. And at the same time it invites just such resistances and reprisals as have been developed in the cases of Fisk and McNab. These gentlemen no doubt would have passed in their resignations with respectful smiles if they had been asked for in connection with an avowed partisan policy. But when a strictly partisan policy is sought to be masked behind essentially fraudulent motives—when the purpose skulks behind professions to which acts give the lie, there is every justification for making the job as difficult as possible.

By association and profession President Wilson stands committed to the theories embodied in the scheme known as civil service reform. As a doctrinaire he has preached many times and eloquently from the texts which assert the principle of technical efficiency as the only just qualification for public office. But like many another man who passes from the realm of theory to the realm of living fact he finds that the principle won't work in practice. Human nature is not built that way. Under our system the spoils must go to the victors. Every attempt to work the political game under any theory falls flat. A permanent civil service does not yield to a President—or to a governor—the right kind of coöperation in the administration of governmental affairs; and, equally important from the political standpoint, it does not sustain the President in his relations to his party. Our system, Federal and state, calls for much that can only be done by active partisan supporters; and if you take from such supporters the many forms of stimulus implied in the "spoils of victory" inevitably you eliminate an element essential to the working of the system. There are men of the professorial type of mind and of theoretical habits of thought who hold other opinions. There are demagogues who preach and promise otherwise. But it is to be noted that whenever by any chance the theorists or the political conjurers get into places of responsibility they cast all their preconceived ideas to the winds and play the game in the only way that it can be played.

It is not fair to demand that men in office shall hold with a stubborn consistency to impracticable and impossible theories, yet it is a legitimate reproach against all such that they have exhibited a species of mind and judgment incompatible with practical intelligence. The fact that President Wilson in office finds that his theories of public life are impracticable is proof positive that some of us were right when before the event and upon estimates of his mind and character we declared him weak at the very points where a President most needs to be strong.

McNab, McReynolds, Caminetti Sr., and the President.

A theory urged in criticism of Mr. McNab that he suspected that he was checked off for removal as an offensive partisan and so made haste under the philosophy of Uncle David Harum to "do it fast" does not, so far as we can see, affect the value of what he has done, even though it might properly be considered in estimating the moral quality of the man himself. It is probably true that McNab was listed for dismissal. Other Republican officials in California had been called upon to resign—in plain terms summarily fired from their posts—and McNab no doubt would have "got his" sooner or later. But conceding all this and assuming his resignation to be an act of political reprisal, before the fact, still it remains to be said that it was a prompt and resolute stroke. A Republican in office sought by Democratic head hunters with loaded guns must be accredited for cleverness when he succeeds in putting his pursuers to confusion and arraying all the moral advantage of a bad situation on his side. If we regard Mr. McNab's course merely as a bit of political sharp practice, we still can not deny to him a certain admiration for adroitness and success in a difficult and hazardous game.

But Mr. McNab has the right to be judged, not by what somebody may suspect to be his motives, but by what he actually did. And we think the record

justifies him. In the Diggs-Caminetti cases he had made painstaking preparations for trial, had accumulated evidence and formulated his pleadings. Twice he had postponed the cases for brief periods out of consideration for the convenience of Caminetti, Sr., who had in reality no right to be so considered. He reported his plans to the Attorney-General, accompanied by a statement that further delay would in his judgment be dangerous to the cause of justice. He was instructed by the Attorney-General to proceed with the trial, only a little later to be arbitrarily directed to postpone the case "until autumn." To decline under these circumstances to be used as an instrument of a calculated and sinister delay was the obvious obligation of a spirited and self-respecting official. If this course was under the considerations which Mr. McNab presents, he is to be commended for moral courage. If it was a bit of sharp practice in politics, it was exceedingly clever.

The *Argonaut* for one does not begrudge Mr. McNab any advantage in the form of popular approval and augmented public respect which his course has won for him. His manner in the form of his resignation and in the conditions of its promulgation might have been calculated with a more delicate taste. It would have been better if he had left to others the exploitation of his standards of honor and if he had refrained from handing his letter of resignation to the press before it reached the President. But these are relatively trifling matters. They relate to the manner rather than to the essence of the act. The general public, we think, which cares little about minor points of courtesy but much about essential rights and wrongs, is not disposed to make much of these small lapses from propriety. And in this case we think the public is right.

Attorney-General McReynolds does not make out a very good case for himself. Asked by a Cabinet colleague to put over action against a criminal under the vilest of charges, he assented without a thought and ordered the postponement without even looking up the record in which he stood advised of considerations calling for prompt action. The idea of accommodating an official colleague had obviously more weight with him than the duty of prosecuting a gross offender. In explanation Mr. McReynolds pleads that in cases of this kind continuances are "usual." Verily they are; but that does not justify them. If because this or that thing is "usual" were justification for it, a thousand infamies might be condoned. The wrong is just this indeed, that such things are "usual." Slavery in its day was "usual," and because it was usual it had the practical support of many who find moral justification for the things that are. Grafting and bribing, subornation of perjury, the sequestration of witnesses—all these things are "usual," but that does not make them right. In the immediate case the demand for postponement came in consequence of a campaign urged at Washington upon the basis of personal and official influence, out of taste, out of reason, out of any moral consideration. If Mr. McReynolds had been a careful man he would have inquired into the motives for the request and he would at least have studied the records of the case in his own files. But it appears that he was either too indifferent or too busy to give even a perfunctory attention to the matter.

Whether Mr. McReynolds's course be one of conscious wrong-doing or one of mere blundering, the suggestion is none the less to his discredit. The question now arises, Can the public in respect of this incident have a reasonable confidence in the alertness and consistency of Mr. McReynolds in the post of Attorney-General? Will the many who have followed his course in this case feel any assurance that under McReynolds there will be an intelligent, vigilant, and resolute administration of the Department of Justice? The *Argonaut*, for one, has lost the faith which it had in an official so busy with other matters or so complacent to personal suasion as to give an order in a criminal case tending to a breach of justice without so much as reviewing the documents in his own files.

Let us confess frankly that appeals to sympathy in the name of parental tenderness does not in this case make a very profound impression. If under the circumstances as they are set forth young Caminetti is guilty as charged, the part of a worthy father and mother ought to be that of stern condemnation. There is in this case no ground, no place, for the pardonable weakness of fatherly partiality. As an official charged

with the enforcement of the very law invoked in this case Caminetti, Sr., had no business to be associated with an effort to break it down and nullify its penalties. From whatever standpoint we regard Mr. Caminetti's activities in behalf of his son, they are to be condemned. As a father he should have been the first to rebuke an outrage on the part of his son against the sanctities alike of his own home and the home of a neighbor. As a lawyer he should not have sought, against the spirit and the letter of his lawyer's oath, to break down the law. As a man and a professed purist he had no right through a course of intrigue involving the exercise of his official influence to come between a righteous law and its proper enforcement.

The action of the President first in giving cordial approval to the course of Attorney-General McReynolds and in the next breath discrediting his order of postponement by executive reversal of it, does not tend to respect for consistency or judicial equity. If there was reason why this case should be prosecuted promptly, then McReynolds should not have been approved for postponing it. In ordering a prompt prosecution now the President in express terms discredits his commendation of McReynolds. To sneer at McNab in one order and to sustain his policy in another is certainly not the course of a man who holds principle above all else. The truth is that there is more reason now for postponement than there was before. The interest which last week's incident has created all over the country is bound to react—indeed it has already reacted—in public resentment against the accused men, Caminetti and Diggs. Their chances of fair and impartial trial are far from being what they were before. Yet the President who approved the course of McReynolds now insists upon immediate action and has authorized the engagement of special counsel without consideration of cost. Thus Mr. Wilson, even while denying any blundering or wrongdoing on the part of the Attorney-General, bends before the storm of public indignation created by McReynolds's act and McNab's exposure of it. A strong man if he approved McReynolds's course—if he really thought that the delay ordered was right and proper—would not now, under conditions of disadvantage vastly emphasized, order the trial to go on. Evidently President Wilson's moral centre of gravity does not rest in himself. Evidently, for all his assumption of moral independence, he keeps an ear close to the ground. Quite evidently our President, to put it delicately, is a bit of a coward.

Representation in Republican Conventions.

Many circumstances large and small make plain the fact that the spirit of concession is strong in the Republican national organization. There appears to be a general willingness to look the situation as illustrated by the events of last year fairly in the face and to correct the obvious errors and abuses which caused the breach at Chicago. Undoubtedly the most serious of the real grievances is that which rests upon the general scheme of representation in national conventions, which gives an undue weight to states which have relatively few Republican citizens and never by any chance cast a Republican electoral vote. It is conceded, too, that the conventions have grown unwieldy at the point of numbers. Under the auspices of the national committee there is being worked out a plan to reduce the total number of delegates by thirty per cent and apportion the representation almost entirely on the basis of party strength.

Skeletonized the plan is: (a) for each state to have two delegates at large; (b) one additional delegate at large for each Republican United States senator; (c) one delegate for each congressional district in which twenty-five per cent of the total vote at the last congressional election was Republican; (d) one delegate for each congressional district represented in Congress by a Republican. This, it will be seen, while not entirely eliminating Southern representation, cuts it down to two in each Southern state excepting in cases where the Republican vote in a congressional district reaches the twenty-five per cent mark. In the seven border states of Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri it would cut the representation from 174 to 107, or a total loss of sixty-seven delegates. In the eight states of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, and Arkansas the representation would be cut from 172 to 22, or a loss of 150. Under the old plan the total number of delegates has been 1040. Under the new it would be 727.

Although the actual number of delegates apportioned to the Northern states will under this plan be somewhat reduced the relative voting strength is increased. For example, the representation of California would be reduced from 26 to 23, but it will readily be seen that 23 votes in a convention of 727 members is distinctly better than 26 votes in a convention of 1040. The main purpose sought to be accomplished by this plan is the practical elimination of delegates representing states which contribute nothing to the election of Republican Presidents. This representation has long been an injustice and a scandal.

A point upon which it is difficult to come even to a tentative agreement relates to the manner of electing delegates. The long-sustained party rule calls for election by districts. But a state law of California calls for an election of delegates at large. It was this point upon which so great an uproar was made at Chicago last year. Senator Cummins, who has been very active in connection with the project above outlined, has proposed to leave each state to determine for itself the manner of electing its delegates, and while this change is very earnestly opposed it will probably be adopted as the only practical solution of a vexatious question.

Editorial Notes.

That there is a wholesome moral discipline in defeat appears to be demonstrated by the contrast between this year's comments on the part of the English press and those of two years ago with respect to the international polo games. The Britishers came over in 1911 expecting to carry everything before them. They had triumphed again and again in the continental countries and had no doubt about a similar outcome here. Grievous was the disappointment over a result which left them losers. Then there came in chorus from the British press what in this country we call a "howl." American money, it was said, had bought up all the best English ponies; and the success of the Americans was discounted upon the theory that they rode English mounts. It was a case not unusual where John Bull appeared in the character of a bad loser. But this year defeat, though admittedly a painful experience, has been sustained with better spirit. It is admitted that the British players were well mounted, for the country had been scoured for ponies, and it is acknowledged that the Americans put up a better game. The *Times* suggests that national characteristics had much to do with it. The Americans had a fine leader in Mr. Whitney, who was handicapped by no preconceived ideas. He played the game within the rules, but unhampered by precedents, thus disconcerting the British players, who did not quickly adopt their work to unexpected exigencies. The Americans, the English admit, are quicker in grasping new situations and making the most of them. The *Morning Post* says no excuse for the defeat can be offered. The English put their full strength into the field and lost—and that is all there is about it. The London *Sportsman* declares that the Americans deserve all the congratulations they will receive. "There is," the *Sportsman* goes on to say, "a lamentable lack of method in British sports." For great contests they seem to lack both leadership and discipline. Ritson, the English captain, was no match for Whitney. It is an assurance that other international games will follow. Whatever his character as a loser—and in the immediate instance he has done himself honor—the Englishman is no quitter. The poloists will come again and they will undoubtedly put into the field a strong team. The Duke of Westminster, who financed the British team in the game of last month, has already declared his purpose to spare no expense at the point of equipment for the next match, which will probably be played in 1915, and we hope at San Francisco in connection with the Exposition. On many accounts polo contests are more interesting than the yacht races which have so engaged international attention during a long course of years. There is more action in polo and quite as much generalship—and all the world loves the horse.

In the little village of Quadring, in Lincolnshire, England, some interesting customs are still in existence. One is the employment of a dog-whipper at the church. It was customary at one time in most villages to have a dog-whipper, whose duty it was to drive away the dogs that yelped around or tried to enter the church. The Quadring sexton still receives a salary of ten shillings a year in respect of this important function. It is also the custom to present the oldest widow in the village with a brand new gown every other year. Some kind-hearted old soul left a sum of money for this purpose.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

The falling birth rate continues to excite the patriotic apprehensions of Europe. In France the scare is a perpetual one. It has recently made its appearance in Germany, and now we have a wail from England that there are fewer children than ever before. Minds that are unobstructed by this particular brand of patriotism are likely to congratulate themselves on the fact of a waning population in countries that are obviously and notoriously overstocked. But the delusion that progress may be measured by population is widely spread. It springs from militarism. Its origin is the prevailing conviction among the ruling classes that the chief aim and object of national life is to fight, and that there can be no greater misfortune than a lack of soldiers. Actually it is militarism and armaments that produce the low birth rate. These are the very things that take the values from life and that produce the level of poverty that makes a new baby a calamity. If France, and Germany, and England, were so to rearrange themselves that babies might have a reasonable expectation of a comfortable life there would be no lack of babies to take advantage of such hospitality. But to demand armaments and babies is one of those unreasonable wishes that nature never grants.

There are many indications that the racial problem is passing from the theoretical to the practical field. It is now felt even in England, where the aristocracy of the legal profession is threatened with the Oriental invasion. It has long been the practice for Indian students to take their bar examinations in London and then to return to their own country in order to practice. But now some of these young men have announced their intention to join the chancery bar, to remain in England, and to compete with their white brethren, which, as British subjects, they have a right to do. It seems hardly likely that English litigants would give their business to Asiatics, but one never can tell. In the meantime the legal luminaries of the chancery bar are disposed to try the effect of a social boycott, which is about all that they can do.

Henry M. Stanley was among the first to negative the prevailing idea that cannibalism was the mark of a special allotment of original sin among aborigines. In fact he preferred cannibals because of their greater intelligence and greater fidelity. Now we have the opinion of Mr. Torday, who has just returned from the neighborhood of Lake Tegah in equatorial Africa. He says that he was virtually unarmed, and unescorted except by one friend and twenty Bimbalaland porters, who were all cannibals. He says they were "the most devoted and reliable companions I could ever wish to have in a tight corner." The practice of cannibalism was originally confined to the bodies of relatives and was intended as a mark of respect. Enemies were eaten in order to absorb their valor. Probably the most degraded form of cannibalism is to be found in Thibet, where it is the custom to expose the bodies of the dead for disposal by beasts and birds. But where the disease is of so loathsome a nature as to repel nature's scavengers the body is eaten by the priests, which shows that official piety has its uses.

The Countess Cornelia Fabbriotti of Florence will doubtless revise her opinions of the liberty promised by socialism. The countess was formerly Miss Roosevelt Scovel of Philadelphia. She became a pupil of Jean de Reszke and recently gave a fine performance as Elsa at the Politeana Fiorentina. She has now received an intimation from the Socialists that she will be hissed from the stage if she sings again in public. There are other women, say these advocates of the new freedom, who must earn their living on the stage. Perhaps they do not sing quite so well, but what of that? Shall art be allowed to interfere with the divine rights of the boycott? And now we may expect a similar notification to Rodin, for example, that he has already earned more money than other comrades of the stone-cutters' union and must henceforth cease to make statues, or to the great artists of the world—if there are any—that they must cease to paint pictures until there has been some equalization of profits in the oil and color trade.

It seems that there is a Dishwashers' Union in San Francisco. It contains 700 members, and of these 100 are college graduates. Probably every one of them was told on Commencement Day that the hopes of the world were concentrated upon him, that humanity had toiled upward and onward for countless ages, sustained by a vision of that particular day and occasion. And every one of them behind it. One of these dishwashers is now in New York, an ex-dishwasher. To an *Evening Post* correspondent he said: "I was absolutely unfitted for business, but I might have succeeded if I had had even a rudimentary knowledge of business affairs. I was married, and came West with just enough money to keep me a week. At first I tried rough work, but I was unable to endure the hardships of the men who had never known any other sort of toil. So I became a dishwasher." Among the causes of such unfitness may, perhaps, be counted the carefully inculcated conviction that he belonged to an educational caste set apart for the leadership of the world.

The *Christian Herald* is amusingly complacent over its discovery that the Koran teaches the Ptolemaic system of astronomy and that the earth is flat. When the young Mohammedan learns something of modern science, we are told, he will be likely to reject his religion altogether. Shades of Galileo! How long ago is it since the Bible was supposed to teach the same thing and good men were persecuted by the churches for their refusal to prostrate their knowledge before "the word of God"?

Democracy in Italy is advancing with marvelous strides. The sacred army being much in need of reinforcement in

consequent of recent reverses in Tripoli the prime minister has announced that the requisite taxation will be levied only from the rich. The one-year system in the army is to be abolished and a two-year term will take its place. The minimum stature is to be reduced, and there will be no exemption for eldest sons. And yet there are those who say that Italy is to be numbered among the backward nations of Europe, and this in front of the fact that 40,000 men will be added permanently to the army and that the taxes are so to be arranged as to fall only upon the rich.

But it seems a pity that Italy should refuse to continue the good work by giving the vote to women. There is no evidence that the Italian women want to vote, but there is no doubt that they ought to be forced to do so in any country with aspirations toward liberty. It seems that twenty-five deputies have recently petitioned the prime minister to confer upon women the right to vote at municipal elections. The prime minister was coy. He said it would be well to go slowly. The democratic horse should not be whipped too hard. The new election law has just extended the franchise to an additional 3,000,000 of people, and while none of these new voters can read or write their aid will doubtless be invaluable in the solution of knotty national problems. As there are many more illiterates among Italian women than among the men it might be well to wait for a while rather than to show an insatiable appetite for the wisdom well known to lurk in illiterate minds when taken in sufficient quantities. That illiteracy should be the dominant force in Italian affairs is of course a high and noble ideal. But let it come slowly. The total number of Italian voters is now 8,000,000. Of these 3,000,000 are illiterate. To give the vote to women might place illiteracy in the saddle, and for this reason it might be well to wait awhile. An overdose even of democracy is to be avoided.

Our pet delusion that the proletariat would abolish war if only it had the chance is now on its last legs, fatally injured by collision with facts. Another delusion that the money princes constitute the peace power of the world seems likely to follow suit, since the French government has been compelled to use its authority to prevent loans to the Balkan States in order that those interesting infants may continue to cut each other's throats.

The *Westminster Gazette* tells us of a Turkish admiral, newly appointed to the command of the Aegean squadron, who had just installed himself on the new flagship in the admiral's quarters, which opened to the sternwalk. The next morning he awoke and said, "Full speed ahead, by Allah." So presently the propeller began to revolve, and as it had not moved since the ship was sold to the Turks, at more than cost price, by a power which had no use for her, it made a fearful din. "Allah," cried the admiral, "what in the name of the Prophet is this uproar?" "The propeller, excellency." "Stop it, then." "But the ship will stop, excellency." "Then take the thing off," hellowed the admiral, "and put it on the other end."

English engineers are now trying to discover what can be done to save St. Paul's Cathedral. Sir Francis Fox reports that the dome and walls are out of plumb and that the danger point is in sight. The eight main piers of the dome are cracked and so are twenty-three of the buttresses. Many of the cement "tell tales" recently placed in the walls are already cracked, although some of them are only a month old. The cause of the trouble is a quicksand underlying the foundations, and this quicksand has been on the move ever since it was disturbed some fifty years ago for the purpose of building some warehouses. It is feared that any attempt to reach the quicksand will make matters worse.

Ida Husted Harper, who has gone to England in order to help in the government of that country so far as the suffrage movement is concerned, seems to think it a shame that there should be so much difficulty in the matter, seeing that "the ministry stands twenty-three in favor of woman suffrage, four doubtful, and eight against." No doubt the lady is referring to the cabinet, which contains twenty-one members in all. But it seems ungracious to criticize a lady's arithmetic.

Mr. Balfour, once prime minister of England, has placed himself on record as demanding religious teaching in the public schools. He says that the "division between religious and secular education is fundamentally erroneous." The Archbishop of Canterbury, who presided over the meeting, is understood to have purred audibly. Now Mr. Balfour's own opinions on religion are generally known. Without presuming to fix a label upon them, it may at least be said that they are not evangelical. Of the religion that he wishes to see taught to school children he himself does not believe a word, and of this the archbishop is well aware, while gratefully availing himself of Mr. Balfour's services. Here we have an example of the purely aristocratic mind which is willing to dictate what other people ought to be taught without reference to its truth or falsity. It is that same aristocratic mind that rejoiced in the old couplet much taught in country school:

God bless the squire and his relations,
And keep us in our proper stations.

Fredrick McCormick tells a story of Yuan Shi-Kai, who is now at the head of the Chinese government. In 1902 he surrounded a town whose people had been rioting and executed a thousand persons. "Foreigners," he said, "may not think well of me for doing this, nor of this method, but it is my way." Without approving of the execution of a thousand persons, or indeed of any one, there is something admirable in the man who can say of any policy that this is "my way" and that those who do not like it may proceed to that destination to which all of us are apt to consign, mentally, those who do not agree with us.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Drummer.

A blood-red battle sunset stains
The lurid winter sky:
What spirit stirs within our veins,
And lifts our hearts so high?
Gives youth no peace, gives age no sleep,
For listening to the roll
Of the smitten parchment sounding deep
Its tocsin to the soul:

Rataplan!

Its rolling, rhythmic, rude alarm to the listening soul?

For yester noon the folk that rid
Their thresholds from the snow
Saw through the still streets ermine hid
The dwarfish drummer go—
A war-worn ancient, travel-stained,
Beating a weird tattoo,
Whose cunning lilt its hearers chained
And caught them, ere they knew:

Rataplan!

That straight they sprang from shop and stall, and followed ere they knew.

For here the blear-eyed smith forsook
His forge fire just aflame,
And from his leathern apron shook
The cinders as he came.
He left his clinking anvil dumb
On noisier business bound,
Shrill treble to the booming drum
His mighty blows resound:

Rataplan!

The clashing, clanging music of his mighty blows resound.

And there unwonted ardor lit
The trader's wrinkled face,
Till wondering neighbors saw him quit
The crowded market place;
The tinkle of the gathered pence
Forgotten, as he heard,
Athwart the rending veil of sense,
The tambour's master word:

Rataplan!

In sudden, stern staccato, the drum's imperious word.

Ere the slow priest his blessing said
The bridegroom left the bride.
The mourner left the cherished dead
His love had watched beside,
Pressed close and fast through lane and street
The ever thickening throng;
All stepping to the measured beat
That marshaled them along:

Rataplan!

The teasing, tripping measure that led their lines along.

Red sunset shot with sanguine stains:
A sword across the sky;
What sacred fever swells our veins
And lifts our hearts so high?
Gives youth no peace, gives age no rest
That hears the throbbing roll
That knocks so hard against the breast
And shakes the hidden soul:

Rataplan!

That strikes the heart within the breast, and wakes the sleeping soul?
—Edward Sydney Tylee.

Trumpet and Flag.

The last bugle's dying echoes falter down the narrow valley
The doubtful battle tarried in so long:
As turning from their headlong charge the scattered horse-
men rally,

The chiming rocks repeat that fading song.
From the heights where eagles hover, dry-dark clefts the
buck leaps over,

The thousand giant voices of the crag,
In reverberating chorus speed the musical, sonorous
Silver summons of the Trumpet to the Flag:
"Awake! awake! your splendid robe outshake!
Float proudly, lovely Sister, for your mighty Brother's sake!
The unanswered guns have spoken; we have conquered;
they are broken,
As the mists of morn before the morning break."

With a mountain ash for neighbor in a chasm thunder-rifted,
Struck in sudden turf beneath a stormy sky
Rose the Flag, round whose encumbered staff the uncounted
dead were drifted

Who died to set its haughty folds so high.
But she trailed her drooping vesture with a mourner's heed-
less gesture,

Murm'ring: "Yea, and should my 'brodered skirts be
spread,

When the children of my glory lie about me rent and gory:
All the faithful ones who followed where I led?

Alas! alas! their faces in the grass,
The breezes lift their dragged plumes to flout them as they
pass.

O, thou cruel mighty Brother, thou didst cry them on each
other

With the breath that fills thy throat of thrilling brass!"

Then swift upon those tender tones of womanly compassion,
Like sword from sheath the raging answer sped:

"Who dies the kiss of steel shall find his end in worse fashion,
A straw death, strangled slowly on his bed.

Let the slave, the sot, the coward, by ignoble fears devoured,
Count each measured heart-beat, spare their hoarded breath,
Yet the traitors shall be hunted by the fate they never fronted:
These thy children may not taste that second death.

Away! away! to seek some noble fray,
From pleasant crimes of genial peace; that soul and body slay;
From the sin that still deceives you, till the sated demon
leaves you.

And the clay-begotten brute goes back to clay."

He said, and straight his loud last word a score of pipes set
playing

To bid the victors close their ranks again.
And, growling as old soldiers growl, but sulkily obeying,

The muttering drums took up the deep refrain.
While the banner, in the vaward, spread her wings to waft
them forward,

By many a stubborn combat stained and torn,
On the opal sky of even, ere she vanished in clear heaven
To fresher fights by younger warriors borne.

And lone and chill the night wind swept the hill,
When o'er the yet unburied slain that strange dispute grew
still:

The old feud our kind inherit of the warring soul and spirit;
Man's heart, and man's indomitable will.

—Edward Sydney Tylee.

D'ANNUNZIO TRIES AGAIN.

Paris Sees the Production of "La Pisanella."

Undeterred by the moderate success of "The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," that attempt to imitate the mediæval morality which was the theme of a letter to the *Argonaut* some two years ago, Gabriele d'Annunzio has made another attempt to capture the favor of the Parisian playgoer. This time there were no untoward accidents to mar the fortunes of the first performance at the Châtelet Theatre, and the Italian poet can count upon so large a following in the French capital that the audience was as distinguished as it was large. Interest had been excited by the announcement that D'Annunzio in his new play, "La Pisanella, ou la Mort Parfumée," had gone to Honoré d'Urfé for the model of his verse, to Greek legend for his chief subject, and to the Cyprus of the thirteenth century for his setting. The choice of D'Urfé for a model was a compliment to French literature, even though there is no one, save a university professor, who can claim more than a nominal acquaintance with that romance of "Astrée" with which every one was supposed to be familiar in the reign of Louis XIII. It is to be feared that the Italian dramatist has caught some of his wordiness from his model, for his blank verse with its alternative lines of ten and six feet is copious enough to recall the fact that D'Urfé needed some five thousand pages for the telling of his romance. But lengthiness is D'Annunzio's fault; he has yet to write a play which is not better at its third than at its first performance through the condensation suggested by actual acting.

Taking full advantage of the huge stage of the Châtelet, Léon Bakst, that accomplished Russian master of scenic effect, planned the spectacular dressing of the piece on a generous and gorgeous scale. Cyprus of the thirteenth century gave him a venue to his liking, and for result the pictures of the port of Famagusta, the court of King Huguet de Lusignan, the nunnery of the island, with the accompanying scenes and costumes were as barbaric in their beauty as the music of Hildebrando da Parma was colored with the spirit of romance. Unfortunately on the first night the actors were in the main grouped rather too far from the footlights to assume their due prominence in the story, but that is another flaw which experience will correct. In its setting, at any rate, "La Pisanella" haunts the memory as a vivid picture of thirteenth-century life.

While making certain concessions to history, the plot of the drama is mostly indebted to transmuted Greek legend. At the time the story opens the island of Cyprus is under a heavy visitation of plague, drought, and pestilence, from which, according to the oracles, it would not be delivered until a saint should come to the island in bonds on the poop of a pirate's ship. So the first incident in the play depicts the arrival at Famagusta of a pirate's felucca laden with the spoil of a sea raid, chief among that spoil, the "rose of the loot," being La Pisanella, a ravishingly beautiful courtesan of Pisa. Her loveliness is such that all men rave for her possession, and when she is put up to auction in the market square the bidding is excited and generous. The uncle of the king, the Prince of Tyre, is the successful bidder, but ere he has time to claim his prize the half-mad young king, Huguet de Lusignan, rides into the market-place and at once falls under the spell of Pisanella's beauty. The two men, uncle and nephew, are affected differently; the Prince of Tyre looks upon La Pisanella as food for lust, the young king discerns in the woman the fulfillment of the prophecy of the saint whose advent was to free his kingdom from plague and pestilence. So Huguet wrests the woman from his uncle's hands and takes her away to a convent.

That convent provides the next scene of the drama. La Pisanella, renamed Beata, has become the leader of the nuns, but in the moment of her spiritual triumph a horde of courtesans bursts into the convent to recognize Beata as one of their own band. But Huguet, who has killed his uncle to prevent all danger from that quarter, arrives in the nick of time, rescues her once more, and takes her to his court. But the unfortunate woman has an enemy there, too, none other, in fact, than the king's mother, who is determined to free her son from the magic of this fascinating female. So La Pisanella is invited to an entertainment at the court, is given poisoned wine to drink, and then, as she sinks exhausted at the climax of a dance to which the wine has inspired her, she is smothered beneath a mass of roses. This, of course, is the "La Mort Parfumée" of the title.

What D'Annunzio means by this blend of myth and symbolism is hard to decide. Two years ago he told us that "The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian" was intended to glorify faith; perhaps his purpose in "La Pisanella" is to warn us against the witchery of woman. As in his imitation morality, so in this attempt to modernize the romance of the sixteenth century, he has relied for his heroine upon Ida Rubenstein, that sinuous Russian Jewess whose "fleshless beauty" is one of her chief assets in the opinion of the Italian dramatist. She interpreted her rôle as La Pisanella with singular charm, making of the courtesan a woman of almost serpentine fascination. The young king was portrayed in an ecstatic manner by M. Hervé, while M. de Max gave vigor and haughtiness to his sketch of the Prince of Tyre. In fact, so far as the acting could be judged at the abnormal distance imposed by the stage management,

the author could have no fault to find with his exponents.

When the dialogue has been condensed to a modern standard and is less reminiscent of D'Urfé's five thousand pages, and when the actors are less handicapped by being brought nearer to the audience, "La Pisanella" promises to be a distinct addition to contemporary drama. Perhaps, too, D'Annunzio will by and by allow a French company to try what can they can do with the play. It is a commonplace that the Italian poet is a master of the French language, even to its mediæval forms, but hitherto he has shown a strange mistrust of French histrionic talent. Translated into English and mounted with as much art as M. Bakst has shown in the original production, "La Pisanella" might even appeal to American and British playgoers. It is a production of a type eminently fitted for the stagecraft of David Belasco.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

PARIS, June 17, 1913.

Elmley, one of England's oddest little islands, though only forty-eight miles from London, is a parish where roads, shops, lamps, telephones, motor cars, public houses, and postoffices are unknown. The island has an area of about 2000 acres, and is the property of Oxford University. Some time ago the island was the home of thirty-five men, women, and children. The inhabitants are mostly "lookers" or shepherds of large flocks of sheep. The oldest man of the village is in his seventieth year. He has yet to see a motor car. The school and church are the two chief landmarks on the island. The reason they were built in such a sparsely populated spot is that in winter it is almost impossible to leave the island. The mud is literally knee deep, and the ferry which runs to and from the island is dangerous. A novel method of obtaining the services of the ferrymen, who live opposite the island, is the opening of the white door of a hut facing the shore. The ferrymen on the lookout know that the open door is a signal for the ferry. At night a lighted candle held aloft serves the purpose of the open door.

Since 1590 the town of Stewarton, Scotland, has been noted for its manufacture of the "blue bonnet," famed in song. In the infancy of the trade Glasgow was its chief market, and was visited yearly at the great July fair by the bonnet makers with their year's manufacture of nightcaps and bonnets. A record of 1650 shows that the Stewarton incorporation was penalized by the Glasgow trades because of the insufficiency of its yearly product. In 1729 the Stewarton corporation consisted of thirty-five members, who were bound by very stringent rules to keep up the price of bonnets, by periods of compulsory desistance from trade. In one instance an offender was fined \$20 for going to work at Kilmarnock. The Stewarton bonnet makers held themselves and their goods superior to those of Kilmarnock, and a fine of \$250 was imposed for the offense of selling Kilmarnock bonnets as Stewarton ones. In 1750 a law was passed enforcing the use of indigo only as the dyestuff. In the early days of the industry the bonnets were knitted in the open air, when the weather was favorable.

A citizen of Reichenberg, Bohemia, has invented a process for producing a substitute for all classes of marble, including the most highly prized Italian, Egyptian, and Salzburg marbles. The claim is made that this product is superior to genuine marble, being stronger, more substantial, and less liable to crack or damage, and that especially in working, boring, or in installation work the danger of injury is much less than with real marble, while it costs only one-third as much. This artificial marble is made partly by hand and partly by machine. The cutting and polishing is done by machinery, the process being already in operation in Vienna, Berlin, Mannheim, and Hamburg.

A significant mark of the phenomenal growth of business on inland waters in this country is the completion of the *Secandbee*, the largest vessel on the Great Lakes, and the world's greatest fresh-water ship. Recently it made its initial journey from Cleveland to Buffalo. The new vessel has a passenger capacity of 6000 under the governmental regulations; it has berth accommodations for 1500 persons, and provisions for carrying 1500 tons of freight on its main deck. Its engines are of 12,000 horsepower, and its speed is twenty-two miles an hour. The *Secandbee* is 500 feet in length.

The new Chinese dictionary, published recently at Shanghai, represents five years' labor of many of China's greatest scholars, and supersedes as the standard the famous dictionary published in 1716 by the authority of the Emperor Khang-hsi. Many scientific words are included in the new dictionary, and many obsolete characters have been dropped.

Famine seriously threatening, continued drought having prevented the planting of crops, the Chinese in Honan district have taken their gods out of their temples and set them in the sun to bake until they appreciate the need of rain.

Sidon oval blood oranges from Palestine are the most prized in the world, according to a firm of fruit brokers in Liverpool, which is now importing nearly a million boxes of oranges from that country.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Colonel George W. Goethals, chief engineer of the Panama Canal, has just been given the honorary degree of doctor of laws by the University of Pennsylvania.

Benjamin E. Wallace, the largest individual owner of circus property in the world, is about to retire from the amusement business. A syndicate has been formed to purchase from him the Hagenbeck-Wallace shows.

The Archduchess Isabella of Austria will become a trained nurse. She is now undergoing training at Rudolfiner House, one of the largest Vienna hospitals for the poor. Upon graduation she will join the Red Cross organization.

Sir Chinubhai Madhowlal Runchorelal, upon whom the dignity of a baronet of the United Kingdom has just been conferred, is the first Hindu to receive such an honor. He is a prominent merchant and mill-owner of Bombay, and has given munificently towards the advancement of education and for philanthropic purposes.

Count Christian Glenher von Bernstorff, son of the German ambassador to the United States, has entered the office of Speyer & Co., New York, as a clerk. The count intends to remain with the firm for a year to acquire the knowledge of finance and banking necessary for those who plan to enter the German diplomatic service.

Miss Hallie M. Daggett, said to be the first woman in the United States appointed to the position of lookout at a forest reserve station, lives in Siskiyou County, California. She has been placed in charge of Eddy's Gulch Lookout, situated on a peak of the Salmon Alps, 6000 feet high. Her duty is to keep a lookout for fires and report to the nearest forest station.

Count Itagaki, founder of the first political party in Japan, has been distinguished by the erection of a statue in his honor in the famous Shiba Park of Tokyo. At the unveiling, which took place recently, he was an interested spectator. The cost of the monument was 17,000 yen, and the remaining amount of the 54,000 yen raised by subscription was presented to the count.

Lord Willoughby de Broke, who recently issued a lurid appeal for volunteers to join the "British League for the Support of Ulster and the Union," "with those who are going to defend our country," was a member of Parliament from 1895 till 1900. He is a large landholder of Warwickshire, where he has been a justice of the peace, and, since 1900, has been master of fox hounds.

The Rev. Frederick S. Atwood, grand chancellor of the Knights of Pythias of Minnesota, is blind, having lost his sight several years ago. Despite this handicap he has continued in active work for the order, and is now serving his second term as grand chancellor. He travels extensively, and generally alone. To enable him to attend to his voluminous correspondence he uses a special make of typewriter.

King George of England will be offered the Albert medal by the Royal Society of Arts, this course having been decided on at a recent meeting of the society's council. The Albert medal, which is awarded annually for distinguished merit in promoting arts, manufactures, and commerce, was established in 1862 as a memorial of his royal highness, the prince consort, who had been president of the society for eighteen years. It was first presented in 1864 to Sir Rowland Hill for the introduction of the penny postage.

Harold John Tennant, whose appointment as governor of Ceylon is considered probable, is a member of Parliament, and is also parliamentary under-secretary to the war office. In the House of Commons he represents Berwick. At one time he was private secretary to the Right Honorable H. H. Asquith, and among the posts he filled are those of parliamentary secretary to the Board of Trade, chairman of the committee on scientific and statistical investigations, and chairman of the committee on miscellaneous dangerous trades.

James Cran, who astonished the world by his reproduction of flowers in his Belgian blacksmith shop, works at a forge in Cranfield, New Jersey. Not long ago he was doing common blacksmithing work. Art critics say that he has gone much closer to nature in his work than Van Boeckel. He uses no models, and works with only the simplest tools. He began his apprenticeship as a blacksmith in Scotland at the age of eighteen, but since 1896 has lived in this country, where he was one of the first men to make an iron golf club.

The Rev. Daniel Croshy Greene, recently decorated by the Japanese emperor with the Order of the Rising Sun, the highest honor which is ever given by the Mikado to a civilian resident in Japan, has been a missionary on the island almost continuously since 1869. He is a native of Massachusetts, a graduate of Dartmouth, and of Andover Theological Seminary, having taught school to give himself a college education. He assisted in founding Doshima College, where he taught, 1881-86, and is still a trustee of the institution. His greatest literary work was as one of the translators of the New Testament into Japanese. Incidentally he is now chairman of the committee which is discussing the revision of the Japanese version of the New Testament.

TIGE.

A Brazos Hero from the Broken Arrow Ranch.

Texans they were. Where old John Warder was born none asked, for to ask such questions is not the fashion in the West before the tourist pushes in. However, old Tige the buckskin was a Brazos horse, from the famous Broken Arrow ranch. Amidst the half-dozen stamps upon his flank and shoulder could be seen the Broken Arrow horse-herd brand, singling him out to every cow-man who knew aught of the Southwest and the Texas Trail days.

With the passing of the cow business from the Big W plains ranch, old Tige and old John together found their occupation gone. John's range of almost half a state was reduced so rapidly before the sudden influx of farmers that he must hasten to establish claim to a pitiful 160 acres. Upon forty of these he annually raised his hay, reaped on shares by aid of a "nester's" harvesting outfit. Tige, the trail horse and cutting horse renowned among a thousand which of yore figured at drive and round-up all the way from the storied savannahs of Texas to the marts of Kansas, now never used except by old John, gathered burrs and dreams in the almost deserted pasture near by the ranch cabin. Miss Bessie, John's daughter, scorned him as a disreputable, shabby cast-off; and even the itinerant horse-dealers viewed his shamble askance. But old John, his master, loved him, as knight loved pensioned charger.

When in a spring of the late 'seventies the renegade Cheyennes and Arapahoes blazed their last red trail straight down the plains country from the Bijou to the cimarron, the Big W ranch lay right in their route, and Elizabeth Warder and her young farmer lover were on their runaway flight to Denver. At the ranch were to be found only John and Tige—worn-out man and worn-out horse.

From a jaunt of twenty miles and back, upon an errand, they arrived home before sunset. Having turned Tige into the pasture, John, dusty and hungry, entered the house—there to read the note which he discovered on top of the yet warm stove. His brows closed down, his mouth set under his close-clipped gray moustache. He crushed the note in his palm, and continued on to the kitchen cupboard for his piece of pie.

The fugitives had been gone more than two hours. There was no way to stop them save by a vigorous pursuit. The ranch team had been hired out to a "nester." Here was old Tige—but John did not pursue. Having eaten his pie, he resolutely, as resolutely as ever he burned hide of calf or hauled colt to snubbing-post, went into Elizabeth's room, and taking every garment of hers, every other article that he could remove, carried them into the yard and made a bonfire of them. The little sanctum wherein she so long had slept was laid bare. Then he lighted his pipe and wandered to the pasture bars. Leaning upon the bars he gazed in at old Tige.

Tige, lazy, advanced to greet him; rested head inquiringly upon the top bar, beside his master; and black lashes heavy, waited.

"Curse 'em!" declaimed John, shaking with his vehemence. "Curse 'em, lock, stock, and bar! They've taken my land, they've taken my business, and now they've taken my gal! Frank, does she call him? I'd like to see him naked in a bunch o' rattlers! If ever he and the gal show up hyar I'll kill him as if he was a coyote. Curse him! Curse 'em both! Let 'em go their way, and let 'em see that our trails don't cross. They're not wuth the strength of a good hoss."

For an hour old John leaned, almost motionless, upon the one side of the rails; old Tige stood, almost motionless, upon the other. Then the man without a sigh rousing himself, set about his evening chores; the horse proceeded to graze.

John had finished his lonely supper, and was emptying the dishwater at the kitchen doorway, when from the threshold he saw something that made him catch his breath and peer, statuesque. The years were swept aside as by sweep of a wizard hand, and out of the past into the present came riding a band of hostile reds.

There was no mistake; there could be no mistake. The half-naked figures upon hurrying ponies without camp impedimenta, the tossing feather and lance and shield, the scouts in advance and upon the flanks, all at this hour composed a picture full of meaning to the plainsman's eyes.

John muttered an astonished oath, and slipping inside closed the door and barred it, as in the old days. He sprang to the corner where leaned shotgun and Winchester; grabbed the latter (his battered but tried and true .45-70, favorite calibre and model of the early West) and also his cartridge belt hanging from a nail beside it. He closed the wooden shutters of the four windows. The log cabin would look deserted—although the chances were that the approaching Indians already had noted the change in appearance. However, John crouched at a convenient break in the chinking and listened.

In due time sounded upon the door a dull thumping. He did not respond, save by tightening his grasp upon his rifle. The thumping was renewed. A few guttural comments were uttered among the visitors and a soft shuffle of moccasins passed around the house. John could only squat, vigilant, ears alert and nose sniffing for fire.

Rightly had he deemed that the marauders would not

stop to pillage much this poor old place, nor would they take the trouble to fire it and thus raise a beacon to mark their course. The windows were tried by crafty hands, the guttural comments swelled as the main band arrived, and died away as all seemed to be retreating. Chickens squawked high as ruthless fingers disturbed their rest, hoofs thudded, and silence reigned again.

Old John cautiously slid the bar from its first notch, and, rifle ready, every faculty keenly poised, opened the door a crack, his foot pressed as a stop. Nothing happened. He lifted the bar, and stepped boldly out. Dusk had flowed from the bases of the low hills into the valley, but it cloaked no enemy, for the Indians had gone.

The chicken-house had been torn asunder, the ranch yard ransacked, things stolen right and left, but his first and practically his only glance was at the pasture. It was empty. Nothing else mattered, then, for John held aloft his clenched rifle and furiously shook it down the road here extending on through unfenced sage.

"You skunks! You red dogs!" he raged. "Fetch back my hoss. God! How can I get to my gal? Tell me!"

As if in answer to his adjurations, back up the road came at trot and lope a figure familiar even at the distance in the dim light. He whistled shrill.

"Tige!" he called, hysterically. "Tige—you old bum! Hyar!" He strode hastily to where upon its side, under the eaves of the little-used blacksmithy, was lying his saddle. This was one thing that the hurried reds had overlooked or declined—the fifty-pound cow-saddle, with its single cinch and Mexican tapaderos of the Texas Trail. Bridle was ready upon it, and whisking it free, as he ran he whistled again for Tige.

Tige was standing at the down pasture-bars, about to enter but pausing to know what might be expected of him. That even the bandit Indians had not considered him worthy of much effort, and that he had been permitted to turn off at first opportunity, and back-track upon the homeward way, had not particularly dejected him. On the contrary, he was well content with himself. The sight of the approaching bridle caused him to prick his ears.

"Steady, boy," spoke old John, nearing him. "Steady, now. I need you mighty bad."

Tige was faithful to his training; he only playfully nipped John's sleeve as the bridle was slipped over his nose. He was led to the blacksmithy; almost together blanket and heavy saddle landed upon him; the cinch was drawn tight; rifle in hand, John swung aboard, before his right foot found the stirrup sending Tige forward in a trot across the dusky sage for the hills.

By the main road Denver was fifteen hours away, even with such a team as the lover Frank must have commandeered for application to his use of young Lochinvar. It might be counted that the fugitives had in the five hours traveled thirty or even forty miles—and that in the next five the raiding reds would cover twice or thrice the distance. The valley of the Bijou was filled with claims, but not yet with people, so that, on their trail, punctuated only occasionally with ranch shack, the marauders themselves would be the first news of their coming. Whatever they overtook would be blighted. Old John thought upon his Elizabeth and groaned and pricked with the spur. Tige responded valiantly by wheeze and jump.

This cow-trail through the sage and into the hills should cut the main road some twenty-five miles beyond, and should be a saving of more than an hour. Now at trot and canter they had crossed the flat and were beginning to climb. Luck favoring, they would strike in ahead of the Indians, with a clear road before—with a countryside to be alarmed and a daughter perhaps to be saved.

Tige was wearied by his day's jaunt; the innovation of this night excursion did not appeal to him; he had done his night rides, sufficient for any horse, on trail and herd throughout a dozen and more years. The saddle and man weighed heavily upon him, and he was hungry. But voice and pressure of knees said "On!" and consequently on should he go at his best pace.

The horse must pick the trail; the man wisely let rein hang loose—the while leaning forward in the seat, anticipating every step and by attitude lifting his mount along. There must be no faltering; Tige found himself rebuked by prick and word when he only would clear his nostrils by a sneezy snort.

"Boy! Quit it!"

As they crossed the first little divide John took note of the pointers in the Great Bear, revolving like the hands of a clock about the North Star. Although, as seemed to him, the ranch yard was hours behind, the pointers had moved scarcely perceptibly.

Now the trail dipped over into Cottonwood Cañon; and back hunched, forelegs braced, Tige must descend, plunging at a blind trot. Standing in the stirrups, with palm upon horn, old John grimly pricked him to the gait.

The trail wended through Cottonwood for a couple of miles. The willows were thick, but head down, nose to the ground, smelling like a dog, old Tige steadily ambled, rounding every turn. John let the lines sway free, while he leaned forward, his hot eyes peering. Out of Cottonwood climbed the trail at last, and starting some deer grazing on the slope Tige climbed bravely with it, his dogged haunches exerting their leverage on tired legs and dragging hoofs. At the top was the other little divide, beyond which lay the main road, John glanced back at the pointers; they had moved further.

The main road was six or eight miles across the sage. The great black dome of the sky, sparkling with the stars, spread over; the sage, fragrant with dampness, was equally as black, underfoot. To the southwest appeared a mellow glow—but this was not the quarter for any rising moon. John saw, he accepted it as burning buildings, and with a muttered exclamation he shook rein, pressed knee, and—

"Tige!" he spoke.

More effective than rein or pressure or prick was word and tone. With a grunt old Tige, already wearied old Tige, picked up his leaden feet and broke into a lope. As he followed the unseen cow-trail the sage reeled darkly past, the glow increased.

"Tige!" Whenever he would slacken, this word pealed into his ear, quickening him again. "Tige!" A hand patted his neck. "Go on, boy; go on!"

Yes, Tige was tired—dog tired, horse tired, phrase it how you would. And his wind was short, his muscles were inert, ancient wounds pulled, only his heart (that which in a horse is called nerve) was right. To check a stampede, or to reach a dance, or to evade an irate sheriff of some shot-up border town, he had before been thus relentlessly pushed; but of later day his pace had been less strenuous. So he was out of training, as well as out of the heyday of his youth.

He must not indulge even in the luxury of stumbling. His stomach rumbled with emptiness, his nostrils clogged, his lope was short like his breath, but his old crony upon his back did not or would not understand.

The glow ahead was brighter. Tige brought up suddenly against the first fence, unseen by his rider. With an oath John hurled himself from the saddle and groped. He tore loose the top wire, and with his boot drove slack the others, and, hand bleeding, he led Tige through. He remounted; they resumed the lope across the sage.

The glow would intercept. Now a pole fence bounded on the right, forcing them to keep the left. Tige, good cow-horse who almost could climb a tree and who could leap any eight-foot arroyo, was no high jumper of any five-foot fence. John barely halted a moment, giving Tige chance to hang head and blow; then he turned off sharply to the left to strike the road further down.

The reds had arrived ahead of them. The Morris ranch was ablaze, blackly outlined figures were busy around it, and the enemy held the trail to Elizabeth.

In this trackless sage, and albeit disgusted at the detour, Tige was prone to stumble. But ever the voice admonished him, between the ears: "Tige!" The tone was lower, and it was tenser; therefore it conveyed as much as before.

Where they reached the road the glow did not extend. Here was a wire fence and a ditch. The wires of the fence were driven free, as previously, with palm and sole; over them and through the ditch Tige floundered, to stand, panting and trembling, in the road. What next, now?

The voice that he so well knew spoke masterfully to him; the bit was hauled back, raising his head; the knees against his ribs signaled him, and prick of spur against his groin completed the warning. The rider of him settled more firmly, with grip which somehow was portentous of stern effort.

"Tige! What's the matter with yuh!" Tige dumbly realized, but he sprang forward and at fast trot bore his burden up the road.

"Tige! Now, boy!" The voice, vibrant, hissed into his ears, the knees squeezed his sides, and with quick jabs both spurs cruelly burned his groin. Wildly he leaped from trot into gallop; but that was not enough for this tyrant of a master, and he must stretch from a gallop into a run.

Thus he thudded into the circle of light. From his rider burst high and exultant a yappy cowboy yell of the Texas Trail. The Winchester, in lieu of six-shooter, spat with vicious "bang! bang!" from the saddle; there was answering "bang! bang!" of welcome, vying, and figures mounted and unmounted recoiled from the path. This was the goal, then, was it, of the unusual night jaunt? Or no! For in the glow of the round-up camp or whatever the spectacle might betoken he was not permitted to stop. The voice and the lines and the knees and the spurs and the shots lifted him onward, so that straight through must he speed.

Surprised by this apparition of sweaty horse and shouting horseman careering into their midst, the Indians dodged right and left; Parthian-like delivered hasty fire or making bolder stand at either side plied thence gun and bow.

"Tige!" Tige heard the voice—and at the same instant he felt such a hot, intense pang, as of long rowell deeply rending the flesh, that he shrank and swerved. With frantic leap upon leap he passed the outer range of light and gained the dimness. The road unrolled before him. He galloped up it, unchecked. He had done well. When would the race be over? He had beaten, had he not? No?

Behind sounded the thud of rapid hoofs, the screech of eager voices. Whither, then, was this race leading? To a single street, and a hitching rail before a noisy lighted doorway? To a chuck-wagon waiting in a hollow? To a camp of sprawling tarpaulins beside a water-hole? To a sagy meadow and the company of other horses? His rider was leaning forward, hugging him, lifting him, talking to him.

"Tige! Tige! On, boy! Tige!"

His nostrils were dry, his chest was tight, his straining sides ached with a dull ache and a strange, deadly sickness blinded him. But, tough cow-horse, he had

entered before in many a mad tilt, and had won; so would he win, if he possibly could, this time. He was old, and he knew that he was old, and he had been accustomed of late to admit it; only now he must not admit it.

The hoofs and the screeches urged him; the voice upon his back urged him.

"Tige! On, Tige!" it besought, inspired, commanded. And it crooned: "Good horse! Good old boy! Keep it up. For Bessie, Tige! You know Bessie! My little gal Bessie. Got to get her, Tige! Hear 'em yelp—those red devils a-chasin' us? But they can't ketch us, Tige; they can't ketch us! Tige! You Tige! TIGE!"

Tige had stumbled; at quick emphasis and savage rake of the spurs he recovered. The spurs stung him fearfully. They almost made him careless of the sickening throes that clogged brain and muscles and weighted his hind quarters with an annoying numbness. Again the rowels jabbed through hide and flesh, out-rivalling all other pain. He tried to jump to the significant smart.

The hoof thuds and the screeches behind seemed to be fading, as if pursuit was outrun; but the dim road stretched onward, and the race appeared to be having no end. His gait was convulsive, he breathed with choking gasps, he had run far; where was the goal? Yet whenever he would slacken those spurs renewed his torture; he was not to stop, and evidently he had not won.

"Tige! Tige!" admonished the voice. "Got to do it, Tige."

Tige had not the reserve force of a young horse, but he had that mechanical strength of the cow-pony habituated to doing his uttermost under every handicap of long day and night, heavy saddle, little forage, and bad water. The pangs of exhaustion and of that strange sickness dragged him down; the spurs held him up and his true heart sent him on, and mile after mile he pounded out upon the endless road.

Now ahead gleamed a light. He tried to prick his ears. Perhaps this was the goal. Could he make it? It looked far; his pains were many, his strange, racking sickness paralyzed and blinded him, upon his back John was gigantic heavy; the gleam clouded and darkness closed densely about him. But—

"Tige! Got to do it, Tige!" rang in his ears.

He strove, staggered, swayed, and was almost to his knees, when the spurs drove into him, momentarily diverting that nausea, and the voice, harsh, unusually harsh, volleyed with biting curses. He rallied; he kept going, for the spot of the light, which flickered and lured and mocked, so that when he had reached it and old John had sprung from his back he scarcely knew. He only hazarded that now was he free to fall; therefore fall he did, gladly, to lie as he dropped, in the dust.

John lurched into the ranch yard, calling as he went.

"Hello!"

"Hello!" Strong voices answered, as if their owners had been aroused by the rhythm of the hoofs.

"The Injuns are out! A hoss! Give me a hoss!"

"Where?"

"Back up the trail. A hoss! Got a hoss?"

"Dad!" Another voice, the voice of a girl, broke in. A form rushed at him from the lantern group. "Oh, daddy, daddy! Don't you forgive me?"

"Is that you, honey? Thank God! I got yore note." They clasped each other. The little group weirdly revealed by the lantern about a buggy gazed, interested.

"Were you following us? I'm all right, daddy. I won't marry him if you say no. We—I made him stop here to wait, anyway. We just got in."

"Say, what about Injuns?" demanded the sharp query from the group.

"They're out," replied Old John, prompted. "They passed my ranch; they've burned the Morris ranch. Didn't you see the fire?"

"Then how did you come?"

"Through 'em."

"On Tige, daddy? All the way?"

"On old Tige," he answered, grimly.

"Whar's yore horse?" This from the group.

"Down, outside. Give me another, and I'll go on."

"No, we'll send a man on with the word. You've done your share."

There were quick orders and bustle of feet. In a moment fresh horse and rider were pounding away into the darkness bearing the wild news.

"Now to the house, everybody. We've got enough to stand 'em off with till mornin', if they come. But they'll likely strike soon."

"I want to see to my hoss," spoke old John.

With the lantern, and Elizabeth, and Frank the young rancher, old John hastened to the road. A heap in the trail before the fence was lying Tige, his buckskin color indistinguishable through the matted dust and blood. He moved not as they approached.

"Tige! Tige, boy!"

But the familiar words brought no responsive stir—no turn of ear nor quiver of nostril nor roll of staring eyeball. His flanks were dark with ominous red showing black in the lantern-light. Frank it was who leaning touched abruptly with finger the notch of an arrow buried to the feathers in the groin, amidst the raw open scars from armed heel.

Old John peered for an instant; then he threw aloft tragic hand.

"My God!" he cried. "And I spurred him, I spurred him!"

EDWIN L. SABIN.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1913.

COL. WATTERSON ON GEORGE HARVEY.

"Harper's Weekly" and Its Editors Discussed in the "Courier-Journal."

The change in the editorship and ownership of *Harper's Weekly* is bringing out many aspects of neglected or forgotten history, with respect to times and events well worth examination and retrospect. The latest contribution of importance is a characteristic article by Colonel Watterson in the *Courier-Journal*, from which we select these extracts:

Upon the passing of *Harper's Weekly*—and, if it be a passing, of George Harvey—the press has naturally had a deal to say. The "Journal of Civilization," established in 1857 by the most prosperous and distinguished publishing house in the country, had from first to last a varied experience. The original Brothers Harper were Methodists and Democrats. Their leaning before the war was a little Southerly. The coming of the war threw the pendulum rather violently in the opposite direction, although the Harpers themselves were always personally kind and generous to Southern men.

From George William Curtis to George Brinton McClellan Harvey witnessed a swinging back of this pendulum.

Between the two extremes lay a world of history. Curtis belonged to the Brook Farm School of political transcendentalists. In style and manner he was an English rector. He had for a pictorial yokemate Thomas Nast, something of a cross between a German metaphysician and a direct-from-the-shoulder-hitting Philistine. In the beginning Curtis held Nast in a kind of contempt as merely an illustrator. But, as Nast began to grow, a jealousy sprang up. With Nast's increasing reputation and importance this assumed the dimensions of a sharp rivalry and finally of intense hatred on the part of Nast, who bitterly resented the lofty self-complaisance and suave disdain with which Curtis habitually treated him. Franklin Square made a fatal mistake when it let Nast go. It should have bidden good-by to Curtis.

George Brinton McClellan Harvey, born in 1864, is, as his baptismal name implies, a Democrat; that is, his tather was a Democrat; a New England Democrat, meaning a man of conviction and endurance. In those days it took such a Yankee to stand his ground and hold his own. At the instant of well-nigh ruinous disaster George Harvey came to the head of the great House of Harper. That he has kept it afloat is a tribute to his prowess as a man both of affairs and letters. That he should part with *Harper's Weekly* is tribute to his wisdom and courage. Under the circumstances it was a hard thing to do.

The *Weekly* has been losing money for twenty years. It was losing money long before George Harvey came to it. In assigning a reason for this Colonel Harvey falls into a kind of anachronism when he says:

Times have changed. The country was conservative and thoughtful in those days. Now it is radical and impetuous. The *Weekly's* general policy has never veered. It has always stood for progress along cautious lines. It has always held positive convictions and has never been timid in expressing them. It has always hated hypocrisy and despised humbug. Its open eyes have always been turned forward, never backward. The dominant issue thirty years ago was civil service reform; in recent years it has been tariff reform. The *Weekly* has been a staunch and persistent advocate, even leader, of both great movements.

Here Colonel Harvey confuses two periods: the one of Curtis and Nast, the other of himself. The cause for the failure of the *Weekly* is not to be sought in its character and management under either régime. The simple fact is that the illustrated weekly has been superseded by the illustrated daily. Nothing more need be said.

Curtis in his day and order did admirably—Nast yet still more so—from their side of the fence; Harvey as well or better from his side; but if all their energies and talents had been combined they could not have saved the day. Harvey was just as vigorous, just as scintillant, just as representative of the modern as was Curtis of the ancient world of American politics. Indeed, he showed greater reach and was more successful, for he actually made a President of the United States and saw him safely inside the door of the White House.

Whatever may happen to George Harvey, that is a distinction which can not be denied him. To take a more or less obscure scholar and college president by the hand, to lead him from the far-away glimmer of suggestion into the limelight of the probable, to conceive and arrange a state campaign with this creation of his single idealistic fancy at the actual head of it, proves two things, extraordinary prescience in discovery and uncommon genius for organization.

He made no mistake in the ability and aptitude of his man. Neither did he miscalculate his availability. His error seems to have been that of the hapless swain who—

Grieved for friendship unreturned

And unregarded love.

His "star" showed himself equal to every emergency, even that of kicking the step-ladder away from him when he required an aeroplane. But, when the history of these times is written, however large the man may loom upon the page, his maker can never be made to look small; not any more than the spot upon the kingly hand which the multitudinous seas incarnadine could not wash clean, will the neglect of the debtor be forgotten in the glory of the ingrate!

Eh bien, as we Irish say. It all goes in a lifetime.

Sic transit gloria mundi—to quote expressive language of the folks on Bitter Creek—George Harvey may thank his stars that he is well out of it. "It was tough on Harvey," says a pert paragrapher, "to have a rival publisher preferred over him and sent as ambassador to the Court of St. James." That, however, is as a body may think.

Office is but a badge of servitude. Greeley and Raymond were unwise to seek it and would have found it so. George Harvey has made his mark even as they made theirs; a bold, strong mark; and we do not see that he could have added much to his fame by prolonging what is at best but a grind from day to day to the last syllable of recorded contumely, travail, and drudging. Even if his career be behind him it is solid and brilliant. He is his own master, not poorly off in this world's goods; what more could he want?

It is to his credit that he put *Harper's Weekly* in clean hands and when he might have had more for it from yellow hands. He did not take the pitcher too often to the well. In short, henceforth he is a free nigger and not a slave nigger, and can go a-fishing whenever he likes, amusing himself meanwhile with his *North American Review*. Though the golden bowl of politics be a trifle fractured at the fountain, what boots it to the pure in heart? We are passing through a period of probation. Public life is tentative. With partyism the merest trade and party labels only trademarks, we do not perceive that George Harvey, or for the matter of that any of those in the same boat, has anything to cry about over the milk that may be spilled, or the water that is passed. There's lots of ale—and a few cakes—left in the cupboard, and a long life and a merry for those that serve God and love their fellow-men!

In the historic old building in Burlington where Benjamin Franklin printed paper currency for the colonial government of New Jersey Annis Stockton Chapter, Daughters of the Revolution, has just established its permanent home. Annis Boudinot, the famous woman after whom the chapter is named, spent her youth in Burlington with her brother, Elias Boudinot, and later married Richard Stockton, one of the five Jerseymen who signed the Declaration of Independence. The Franklin cabin is one of the oldest buildings in South Jersey, having been erected more than two centuries ago. It is near what was the end of the New York post road in Colonial days, where the Philadelphia boats tied up at the old Burlington wharf. While Franklin was working as a printer in Philadelphia his employer received an order from the government of New Jersey for a big issue of paper money, and Franklin, as a trusted and expert foreman, was sent to Burlington to set up the print shop and print the currency.

In Morris Berbeck's "Journey in America" is the following account of a breakfast in Fairfield County, Ohio, on June 16, 1817: "A gentleman, myself, and three children sat down this morning to a repast consisting of the following articles: Coffee, rolls, biscuit, dry toast, waffles (a soft hot cake of German extraction covered with butter), pickeler salted (a fish from Lake Huron), veal cutlets, broiled ham, gooseberry pie, stewed currants, preserved cranberries, butter, and cheese—for all this, for myself and three children, and four gallons of oats and hay for four horses, we were charged six shillings and ninepence" (or about \$1.65).

The three great advantages which the paper manufacturers say they find in Alaska are abundant supplies of timber, cheap hydro-electric power, and tide-water transportation—all of these in one and the same locality. Areas offering these attractions adjoin deep water, and it is probable that plants will be so located that ocean freighters can be loaded right at the mills. A cutting period of twenty years will be allowed, with two years additional for construction work. The prices may be adjusted at five-year intervals to take care of possible advances in lumber values.

A subterranean river in the island of Palawan, one of the Philippines, has been explored and surveyed by two officers of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, and is described in the last annual report of that service. The river is navigable for a small boat for about two and a half miles from its mouth, the tunnel through which it passes widening in places into large chambers containing beautiful stalactites.

Paris now has a Chinese settlement, which is both law-abiding and picturesque. The first families arrived a year ago, and now one hotel shelters fifty-three Chinese in five rooms. The men are mostly engaged in making toys, which the women and children sell throughout the city.

Dogwood, the principal source of shuttles for use in cotton mills, is growing scarcer year by year, and various substitutes are being tried, but with no great success.

The Balkan war has brought about a rise in certain lumber prices in Europe because of the big demand for wood for ammunition boxes.

Culebra slides began to be troublesome as long ago as 1884, when the French were working in the

THE SPIRIT OF PARIS.

Frankfort Somerville Recalls Some of His Experiences in the French Capital.

We are rather tired of the old-fashioned descriptions of Paris written by those who visit the French capital with all the zest of pioneers. But Mr. Somerville has given us something quite new. He assumes that we know where the Louvre is and what we may see there. He takes it for granted that the guide-book is within our reach, and so he confines himself to what no guide-book can ever do. He tells us of the spirit of the streets, of the theatres, of the studios, and of the salons. He searches his memory for the amusing things stored through long experience. He deals in incidents, view-points, and impressions, and the result is a picture in which everything is living, moving, and colored. It is an animated Paris, and not one of bricks and mortar. Here, for example, is a scene witnessed by the author on a Seine steamer and illustrating the economy of the French bourgeoisie:

An old gentleman carelessly throws away a burning cigarette-end: it lodges in the sunshade of a young lady, who is with her mother. They are all of them of the lower middle-class type, and the parasol is cheap and gaudy. The thoughtless old gentleman to throw cigarette-ends about on a crowded steamboat! Presently the sunshade begins to smoulder, and there is great indignation on the part of mother and daughter, ending in vicious recriminations. The offending old gentleman apologizes profusely. The parasol is exhibited with two holes singed through it. "It cost three francs!" declares the mother. "Do you want me to pay the three francs?" asks the thoughtless old man.

"Yes, decidedly," snaps the old lady; and out comes the old gentleman's purse, and the money is handed over, and the mamma settles down like an angry cockatoo. Every one thinks the incident is finished. But there is an old lady beside the old gentleman who has so far taken scarcely any notice of the scene. It is his wife. Now she whispers in agitation to the old gentleman, getting more and more angry on her side, and a moment later you hear her exclaim, "They are not going to have the three francs and the parasol! I could make use of it with a little mending." "Tu as raison" (You are right), says the old gentleman. The remark is repeated, and amid great amusement all over the boat the damaged parasol is handed over to the careless old cigarette-smoker's economical spouse.

Mr. Somerville tells us that he learned French long ago, as a child of six, at the feet of an old lady who was once a young marquise, but who had never lost the habit of laughter. Her lips were always smiling with wit and merriment, which bubbled out like champagne from a bottle:

When she was on her death-bed, the priest who came to see her protested against her smiling so much. "Ah, mais, monsieur l'abbé, la vie a été si drôle!" she said. She and the abbé had often laughed together till they cried over the peaches or the coffee, for they both loved a gossip; but now he was in a professional mood, and he shook his head as if he wished to appear very profound. He did not care to commit himself to an opinion, but he doubted whether the next world would be quite as droll. At which intelligence, I believe, she wept a few tears. They were the first she had dropped for many a long year.

Let us hope that the old marquise is still laughing in spite of changed conditions and that the "next world" supplies food for merriment. Indeed we can hardly doubt it when we consider some of the people who go there.

The outdoor cafés supply endless opportunities for the study of French life, never so vivid as when amusement rules. All sorts of solicitors and vendors move with the moving crowds:

And those other solicitors, too, the daughters of Babylon—"daughters of joy," the French term has it—who pass and repass and watch for their opportunities, who are everywhere, naturally thickest near to the cafés, though in the gond-class café no woman is allowed to sit unaccompanied by a man. Do not think, however, that you will always know these women: some of them are painted and loud; some of them leer like livid harpies in the faces of men; some glance at the tables inopportunely under their eyelashes; others pass with insolent stride, swinging their hags; but many, very many, are little distinguished from other women, being neatly and quietly dressed, pretty, graceful, and even modest in their bearing. These sometimes are the same who, later at night, in evening dress (and very beautiful some of their dresses are) to the night cafés, where champagne is drunk and money spent galore; but at present they pass along, not anxious to attract attention, though very ready if the opportunity offers itself.

The theatre, says the author, is the most stable institution in Paris. Religion and government rise and fall before the shifting winds of popular favor, but the theatre survives. The small piece of one or two acts is the favorite, and therefore the Grand Guignol holds its place above them all:

The Grand Guignol is a theatre apart in a category all its own, and is one of the curiosities of Paris. Originally a church, it consists of a small hall with a single gallery to which the audience—like a choir loft—has been added. Interior decorations still date from or

are reminiscent of the time when the building was devoted to sacred purposes, and its Gothic ornamentation is quite ecclesiastic. It is directed by the gifted dramatist M. Max Maurey, and some of the most clever Paris actors have started their careers in this quaint theatre. The Grand Guignol is noted for its highly dramatic little plays, which are often extremely horrible. They are very cleverly planned, and worked up to a climax; the director and his authors are masters in the art of working upon the feelings, and they consider they have not succeeded unless one or two women in the audience shriek as the sensational episode of the evening approaches. These plays are chosen for their power of acting upon the "nerves"; and the acting usually being superb, they never fail in their effect. A perceptible wave of nervousness communicates itself through the audience; some people begin to giggle in a perturbed manner, there is a tense silence broken by a scream or two or an exclamation, and then an "ouf!" of relief.

The Grand Guignol is always "creepy." Its patrons love to feel their flesh creeping. They pay to be thrilled and horrified by such scenes as this:

Another even more ghastly scene was "Horrible Experience," by André de Lorde (a master of the gressome) and A. Binet. Dr. Charrier has invented a curious instrument which he hopes will restore the beating of the heart after the extinction of life by syncope or a similar accident. The public executioner has arranged that he shall try an experiment on a man who is to be beheaded; and during his visit this official relates a curious experience of having had his arm grasped by the hand of a guillotined man after the head had rolled away, and with such force that it had to be torn off. "Convulsive contraction of the muscles," says the doctor; "nothing extraordinary." Suddenly news comes of an accident. The doctor's beloved daughter has been in a motor smash; she is brought home dead. All the efforts of the father, his pupil and future son-in-law, and two others doctors are unavailing. In the middle of the night the grief-stricken father determines to try his electrical instrument on the dead girl's heart. He will turn a powerful electrical current on the sensory centres of the body. The corpse is placed on a table in his study; a battery is set to work. The muscles of the members begin to be affected; the fingers open. He bends over the corpse in great excitement to watch the effect, placing his hand on the heart. The fingers contract again; they close violently on his throat; he can not free himself. Just at that moment the window is blown open by an apparent gust of wind and the lamp overthrown with a realism that makes the holdest shudder. A sickening gurgling sound is heard; the fiancé runs into the room, and finds the doctor dead on the floor, throttled by the hand of his dead daughter, whose corpse has fallen across his.

The Rue de la Paix is the centre of the first-class dressmakers who rank as "creators." No one knows exactly how their ideas are worked up, as they fully understand the value of mystery:

"What are we going to wear this winter?" a lady asked a great *couturier*, who looks so like an artist, with his exquisitely fitting morning coat and a gardenia in his buttonhole—and he is an artist, and he studies effects as much as any other artist.

He shrugs his shoulders with an air of intense mystery. "How can I tell, madame? I will see that you, above all others, have something very beautiful, but I can not tell yet what it will be; it does not rest with me." And he spreads his hands out with an almost Oriental resignation, as if he were a mere blind instrument in the hands of Providence. His designers are at work in a room close at hand, and he has an hour before been trying the effects of new stuffs and new colors on the lithe shape of one of his tall and beautiful models.

The reception of foreign buyers is a great occasion at these establishments. No one is admitted without credentials lest he be a spy from a rival house or a reporter, for the majority of the buyers are men:

At last the visitor is admitted to one of the salons, which are *en suite*, as is customary in Paris, and takes a seat on one of the comfortable couches arranged along the walls between hanks of flowers and tall palms. A *mannequin* enters and sweeps across the thickly carpeted floor in some beautiful "creation." It is a parade of loveliness in every sense of the word. These girls are chosen for their beauty of face or form; and knowing it, they hear themselves like queens of the occasion. As they advance, they pose and lay themselves out to please by little gestures and smiles of self-conscious satisfaction. They are evidently happy, for are they not being admired? They are taught how to walk, to stand, and to hold themselves in order to show up the particular set or "hang" of each dress and cloak. In many cases their hair is specially dressed, so that their whole appearance shall be in harmony; they are manicured, and their footwear suits the robe they are showing. The models, being made for them, naturally fit like gloves.

The small restaurant, usually in the open air, is a peculiarly Parisian sight. It is patronized by workmen, girls, cabbies, office-boys, and clerks:

Very modest these meals usually are. Great quantities of bread are consumed, and much red wine, *coupé* with water; and for the rest, often a plate of vegetables or of *poisses frites* or *deux œufs sur le plat*, followed by salad, are sufficient to help the bread down. The less humble will have a

little meat done up in some form with vegetables; but meat is not much eaten—it is too dear. Coffee follows—there are few but can afford two sous' worth of black coffee. These modest houses are usually served by the *patron* or *patronne*, assisted by one drudge or two, male or female.

But the man of leisure, the little *rentier* or retired shopkeeper, takes his meals at home and whether he lives alone or with relatives is usually something of a gourmet:

My neighbor D. is one of this kind, and is evidently very particular about his meals. He lives alone with his wife—a round, comfortable little body with white hair like himself, but less active. They keep a maid-servant, but D. goes himself every morning to the butcher or the market; and you will see him returning about eleven with a melon or a fine cauliflower under his arm and a gleam of pleasurable anticipation in his eye, while you know that in the parcel dangling from his wrist there is a nice juicy piece of veal or turbot or—joy of joys!—some *côtes*, whose frying he will presently himself superintend, regulating the right proportion of garlic. He has already been down to the cellar, and brought up a bottle of his good red wine—and he sees to the restocking of the cellar himself once or twice a year. Now the bottle is being *chambred*—not warmed before a fire or an open stove; nothing so barbarous—but having its temperature gently heightened by three or four hours' sojourn in a normally warmed room. Then he tucks his big wine serviette round his neck, helps his wife to wine and water, clinks glasses with her, and falls to—and you have the real French gourmand, one of the chief pleasures of whose life consists in the recurring good things of the earth as the seasons and the sun bring them around.

The more important Paris cafés have individualities, and if one knows where to go it is easy to combine the perfection of cooking and service with a moderate cost. For example, there is "Monsieur Edouard's," who needs only to be informed of your prevailing state of mind and he will do the rest:

"A little dinner," my friend told him; "nothing elaborate." We want to chat. I leave it to you."

"Then I recommend you the dinner *Perdrix*."

"What is that?" I asked.

"An excellent little dinner meant to satisfy and to interest, but not too much distract the attention. Suited to persons who wish to talk—and not merely of the things they are eating. It's very elegant, but simple. Twenty francs a head. You leave it to me—you will be satisfied."

"But why 'Perdrix'?" I asked.

"Because," explained the head waiter confidentially, "it is the dinner that Monsieur Edouard and myself ate with a few friends in 18—, after *Pedrix* (M. Edouard's horse) won the Grand Prix."

"Have all your dinners names, then?"

"Oh, yes. This restaurant is one of the few left where one dines—where dining is an art. Here, gentlemen, you do not merely masticate and swallow food. You foster a noble art. How, then, can we refer to different meals, with their nuances and their appropriate settings, situations, and meanings, if not by names?"

"Quite so," we assented.

In his chapter on "Things Seen in Paris" Mr. Somerville divides his topic under such headings as "Scorn," "Economy," "Modesty," and "Contempt." Here is the incident embalmed under the first of these descriptions:

On the "terrace" in front of a café every table was occupied by parties sipping coffee or beer. Behind, in the brilliantly lighted *salle*, the glass doors of which were removed, others were still dining. Red-jacketed handsman jingled out the "Merry Widow." A newspaper-seller came up, waving an open newspaper in the faces of the seated crowd. "Strike riots," he shouted. "All the details." Nobody paid any heed. He took a big breath, waved his paper ferociously, and yelled again. "All the horrible details!" Still nobody noticed him. The *camelot* paused, watched the diners for a moment, and in a voice quivering with anger, cried out so that all should hear: "Are you not ashamed of yourselves, sitting eating and drinking there, and not one of you interested to know about your fellow-creatures being killed!" And he passed on.

The White House

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Raphael Weill & Co., Inc.

And here is another, applicable as much to the rest of civilization as to Paris:

It was four o'clock in the morning, and the gray dawn was creeping up the street. Every moment became faintly lighter, as if invisible candles were being lit for the feast of the day. The air was cold, and thin clouds scudded overhead. Two workmen had just started their labors on an excavation in the street, and leaning upon a trestle with their sleeveless arms, were looking around them. A newspaper cart rumbled by, and steps were heard in the distance. Lighter became the day, and a faint glow began to be visible at the end of the street. The two men turned to their work and started hammering. The steps grew nearer. They were those of a man and two ladies in evening attire. Very tired they looked; but the man was chatting to his companions to make them laugh, and they smiled wearily, stifling a yawn and lifting their pretty dresses up again from the ground as they passed the place where the workmen stood. The latter stopped again and watched. "Well," said one of the workmen, stooping to his task, "I wouldn't care to live as some of those people live."

A most entertaining and humorous book, this, and resplendent with twenty full-page illustrations in color by Gustave Fraipont, Lucien Gautier, Raphael Kirchner, and others equally competent.

THE SPIRIT OF PARIS. By Frankfort Somerville. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A Penniless Playwright Who Became a Millionaire

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Debit Account

This novel is a sequence to "In Accordance with the Evidence" and reaches the same level of excellence. In the first story we saw Jeffries and Merriwether in love with Evie, with Merriwether the accepted suitor. On the eve of the wedding Jeffries discovers that his rival is physically unfit to marry at all, and so under the disguise of a shorthand exercise he dictates to him the confession of a supposed suicide and then deliberately kills him. In the sequel we find Jeffries married happily to Evie, rapidly prospering in the world, and wholly without remorse or regret for a crime that it seems almost equally difficult to defend or to condemn. As its title implies, "The Debit Account" is an effort to present the slow operation of a natural nemesis, and although the author writes with an extraordinary and weird power we are not sure that he does not somewhat force the situation where he makes Jeffries so needlessly confess his crime to Louie Causton, whose own suspicions seem hardly to be accounted for on the ground of feminine intuition. The idea of a natural nemesis is not a new one to the novelist. It corresponds with a certain innate conviction common to thinking minds, and probably it is a wholesome conviction. At least it provides what we may call a moral. Certainly the idea has never been presented with more extraordinary force than in the present case, and in these two novels that place the author at a high point in the world of fiction.

THE DEBIT ACCOUNT. By Oliver Onions. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

Schleiermacher.

This third volume of the Great Christian Theologies series is described as a "critical and historical study" of Schleiermacher, whose philosophy, we are told, marked a parting of the ways in religious thought, the first serious attempt to reconcile faith with the scientific and philosophical invasion of the century. The importance placed by the author upon Schleiermacher may have been justified twenty years ago, but it may be that experimental psychology has now marked a fresh parting of the ways and that such systems as that of Schleiermacher have now lost much of the relevance that they once had. But however that may be, the author has given us an acute and comprehensive presentation that leaves nothing to be desired, at least from the historical standpoint. In the critical department of his work he seems sometimes to set up as a standard his own interpretation of Christianity and to judge Schleiermacher's philosophy in accordance with it. Thus, for example, he is censured for pantheistic forms of expression and for a mysticism of thought that seems to impugn the "ascendancy" and the "personality" of God, and yet there is no one who can say with authority that pantheism or Divine Imminence are unchristian. Schleiermacher's interpretation is as good as any other and as authoritative. None the less the work as a whole is a fine one, lucid, logical, and scholarly.

SCHLEIERMACHER. By W. B. Selbie, M. A., D. D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.25 net.

The Uphill Climb.

Mr. Bower tells so delightful a frontier story that we are willing to forgive, but not to forget, the homely moral that so visibly underlies it. Ford Campbell of Sunset is a distinctly bad man. He looks with such fervor upon the flowing bowl that he has only the haziest recollections of the lady who invaded Sunset the previous day and married him. The lady having evaporated immediately after the ceremony, taking the parson with her, Campbell naturally feels that he has the restraints of matrimony without its compensations, and therefore he again gets so exceedingly drunk that he is practically run out of town. Proceeding to the ranch of a distant friend, he is made foreman, persuaded to begin the struggle against alcohol, and finally becomes so desirable a character as to be coveted by a young woman who is staying in the locality. The situation is a difficult one in view of the Sunset experiences, but everything is cleared up in a satisfactory manner and we all feel that if Ford Campbell could reform his life so thoroughly there is no reason, except lack of inclination, why we should not do the same thing.

THE UPHILL CLIMB. By B. M. Bower. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Clara Schumann.

Berthold Litzmann may be congratulated upon a biographical work of exceptional value. The material upon which he worked was also of exceptional value, consisting as it did of copious correspondence and of a diary that was probably kept without thought of future publication. From these two sources it has been possible to reconstruct the artist's life in all its essential parts, and the unessential we are not concerned with. Thus we have a connected narrative of external events, as well as a delightful insight into mental and emotional worlds that can only be given by intimate letters and by diaries. That the course of true love never did run

smooth was never better exemplified than in the case of Clara Wieck and Robert Schumann. The courtship lasted five years, and it was bitterly opposed by Clara's father, who was disgusted that his daughter should seem to prefer a domestic to an artistic career. He little foresaw how astonishingly they could be combined, or that a proper care of seven children was compatible with such an eminence as pianist and composer as has fallen to no other woman. When Schumann eventually became insane it was the wife who supported the family and did so with comparative ease. Indeed she speedily eclipsed the fame of her famous husband, and at the time of his death, when she was only thirty-four, the name of Schumann in the musical world implied the woman and not the man.

The intimacy with Brahms thenceforth colored the whole of Clara Schumann's life. Not only did she place him at the head of the musical pyramid, but all her judgments and estimates were borrowed from him. She was friendly with Jenny Lind until she found that the great singer did not share her opinion of Brahms. She placed him above all other pianists. Liszt and Rubinstein were as nothing to Brahms. She nearly worshiped Liszt until she found that Brahms disliked him and instantly disliked him, too. Compositions that she had once admired became now "nothing but a diabolical buzzing and banging." Rubinstein sometimes played "abominably" and Bülow "thumped." All these verdicts are reflections from Brahms, under whose guidance Mme. Schumann was always ready to reverse any of her own opinions overnight. Wagner, of course, was wholly detestable and his cult a "passing intoxication." This naturally tends to deprive Mme. Schumann's musical opinions of much of their value, but as a revelation of character they are charming.

No merely summary sketch can adequately represent the contents of these two large volumes translated and abridged by Grace E. Hadow, whose skillful workmanship contributes substantially to the value of the edition. Mme. Schumann's life was packed with activities, fully loaded with tragedy and sentiment. We find it all in these volumes and largely in her own words. Whether they belong more rightly to the musical or the biographical shelf of the library must be left to the determination of the reader. They will be a decoration to either.

CLARA SCHUMANN: AN ARTIST'S LIFE. By Berthold Litzmann. In two volumes. Translated and abridged by Grace E. Hadow. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$8 net.

The House of Thane.

It is to be feared that Elizabeth Dejeans is trying to be modern, which is a pity, seeing the artistic powers that she has at her command. It is hard to believe that she really conceives of love between men and women as a matter wholly of physical attraction or as based wholly upon physical gratification, but she writes as though this were her conviction and it is expressed so clearly as to be fatal to art. Her hero is essentially coarse in his absurd ambitions to found a "house" and to discover the woman with the bodily qualifications for the task. Of course he chooses the wrong mate. She is wrong in every sense of the word, and so John Thane meets the disaster that he deserves. That the author writes with all her usual skill may be said ungrudgingly, but there can be no admiration for her chief characters. They are not worth while.

THE HOUSE OF THANE. By Elizabeth Dejeans. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net.

The Loeb Classical Library.

The steady appearance of these dignified volumes may well justify the hope that a love of classical literature is not yet to be numbered among the exiles from the national life. The publication of the first twenty volumes announced on the earlier list is now practically completed, and they fully satisfy the high expectations that were aroused not only among those who wish to possess the great classics in the original languages, but also to those to whom a translation is a convenience if not a necessity. For the benefit of readers who may be forced to make a selection from a wholly desirable shelf it may be said that the volumes now available include "The Apostolic Fathers," in two volumes; "The Confessions of St. Augustine," in two volumes; "Euripides," in four volumes; "Philostratus, the Life of Apollonius of Tyana," in two volumes; "Propertius"; "Terence"; in two volumes; "Apollonius Rhodius"; "Apollonius Roman History," in four volumes; "Catullus, Tibullus, and Pervigilium Veneris"; "Cicero's Letters to Atticus"; "Lucian"; "Julian's Orations"; "Petronius"; "Sophocles," in two volumes. The volumes are, of course, of uniform size and admirably printed.

THE LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY. Edited by T. E. Page, M. A., and W. H. D. Rouse, Litt. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net per volume.

Virgil.

It is pleasant to see a second edition of Dr. T. R. Glover's fine work, the substance of the lectures delivered by the author to a Canadian university during five years of professor-

ship. Dr. Glover laments the movement in education away from the classics, but he still believes that the threatened literature may be able to save itself upon its own merits and by the appeal to its own obvious values. He tells us that there are always some students whose classical scholarship, as such, seems to be hopeless and who yet persevere because they love the "humanities." Certainly those fortunate enough to hear these lectures could hardly resist the contagion of the author's enthusiasm that finds such constant expression in lucid and eloquent phrase.

VIRGIL. By T. R. Glover. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.

Briefer Reviews.

"Like English Gentlemen," by the author of "Where's Master," is a singularly moving little account of the last days of Captain Scott and his companions on the South Polar expedition. It is published by the George H. Doran Company.

"Philip of Texas," by James Otis (American Book Company; 35 cents net), is the latest addition to the Pioneer series intended to show how the descendants of the early colonists fought their way through the wilderness in search of new homes.

"A Plea for the Younger Generation," by Cosmo Hamilton (George H. Doran Company; 75 cents net), is a plea for the teaching of sex hygiene by parents instead of by schools. Children, he says, should be taught that parenthood is a religious duty, and not a mere imitation of animal functions. Mr. Hamilton has eloquence as well as sincerity, and his little volume ranks high among works of its kind.

The Stewart & Kidd Company have published a volume by Emil Braun entitled "Economy and System in the Bakery," otherwise and sufficiently described as "a handy manual of up-to-date money-earning suggestions and

form-sheets for small and large bakeries, the result of years of study and practical experiments."

Sherman, French & Co. have published a translation of one hundred sonnets from a volume of Auguste Angellier, entitled "A L'Amie Perdue," so highly praised by Dr. Henry Van Dyke. The translation is entitled "To the Lost Friend," and the translators, Mildred J. Knight and Charles R. Murphy, explain that they have endeavored to make a selection from the original sonnet sequence that will in no wise break the slender thread of the story.

An attractive little volume is "British Pictures and Their Painters," by E. V. Lucas (the Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net). Mr. Lucas describes his book as "an anecdotal guide to the British painters and pictures in the National Gallery." He gives us a short history of the gallery, and this is followed by biographical sketches, alphabetically arranged, of the artists represented. Mr. Lucas is so well qualified for his work that there is no suggestion of the perfunctory or the conventional. The book is well illustrated.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Old Age Dependency.

The fact that 1,250,000 people of the United States above sixty-five years of age are dependent on public and private charity to the amount of about \$250,000,000 annually is ample justification for such an inquiry as that undertaken by Mr. Lee Welling Squier. Evidently there must be something gravely amiss with the social machine, and what that something is we are helped to understand under the four headings of "Dependent Superannuation," "Causes of Old Age Dependency," "Efforts at Relief," and "Plans for Prevention." Whether a system of old age pensions would do all that the author seems to expect of it is quite another matter. It is true that practically all the countries of civilization except America have made some efforts along this line. It is equally true that social discontent in all these countries remains unchecked and that to a large extent those plans have failed in their ultimate object. An old age pension always assumes the form of a dole. It draws a caste line between recipient and non-recipients. The unemotional economist will always feel that the only effective remedy is, on the one side, such reforms as may lead to a better distribution of wealth and, on the other hand, such changes in individual character as shall promote the practices of thrift. The book contains one extraordinary statement that arrests the attention. We are told that the wage-earners of the United States pay annually for medicine alone without doctor's fees the sum of \$486,000,000, an individual average of \$27 a year, or nearly double the amount expended in charity on the dependent aged. If this extraordinary waste were lessened the result would probably be a vast improvement in health and the solution of a good many domestic financial problems.

The author is justified in describing his volume as "a complete survey of the pension movement." It shows at a glance everything that has been done in each state of the Union by fraternal and industrial establishments, as well as by municipalities and governments. It is comprehensive, accurate, and suggestive.

OLD AGE DEPENDENCY IN THE UNITED STATES. By Lee Welling Squier. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

The Unknown Steersmen.

Irene Burn gives us a fair story of life in India, although, so far as the essentials of the story are concerned, it might just as well have been life anywhere else. The heroine is Celia Ferriby, who has been trained by her father in one of those special ways that exclude a knowledge of all the things that matter. Naturally Celia is curious about unexplored territory, and when on the death of her father she goes to India she finds that there are ways in which curiosity may be gratified, and rather more easily in India than elsewhere. That she emerges from her tour of exploration without visible wounds is due rather to a kindly chance than to design, and if the story can be said to have a moral it is to the effect that all little girls, especially pretty ones, ought to have mothers to warn them that a hook may lie hidden in the most tempting morsels, and that there are some forms of curiosity that are more safely satisfied by theory than by practice. The sketch of life in India is distinctly good.

THE UNKNOWN STEERSMAN. By Irene Burn. New York: Brentano's; \$1.35 net.

The Wind on the Heath.

A certain prophetic sense of weariness with which we open a volume of new verse gives place to a surprised pleasure as we read May Byron's collection of ballads and lyrics. It is a small volume and it contains nothing superfluous and nothing without a certain exuberance of diction that is never at variance with the rules of the craft. Sometimes, and especially in her poems of action, the author has something more than a suggestion of Kipling, as in "A Ballad of Famous Ships":

Blake he prowled by the Kentish Knock, to am-
hush De Ruyter there,
Boasting himself of his huge three-decker, wonder-
ful past compare:
Black and gold as a wasp, she spread her gorgeous
wings to the breeze—
The Dutchmen fled from the "Yellow Devil," the
Sovereign of the Seas.

And again in "The Pageant of Seamen":
The filibusters of Tudor years, that held the ocean
in fee,
The buccanniers and the privateers, the outlawed
sons of the sea:
Terrible swift, unsleeping,
Like bolts from the azure leaping,
Like birds of prey on their quarry sweeping,
foraging far and free.

But there are nature poems, too, and poems of the home, and most of them energetic and musical, to a unusual degree.

THE WIND ON THE HEATH. By May Byron. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

In honor of the George Borrow celebrations this month the house in which the gypsy novelist lived has been purchased by the lord mayor of Norwich, who has presented it to

the city for a museum. The house, which stands in Willow Lane, is an oak-paneled one, and is to be restored as far as it is possible to its original condition.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have just published "Ellen Key, Her Life and Her Work," by Louise Hamilton, which has been translated by Anna E. B. Fries. Louise Nystrom Hamilton is one who has been intimate with Ellen Key since her youth. She is the wife of the founder of the People's Hospital in Stockholm, where for over twenty years Ellen Key taught and lectured.

Coincident with the publication of the second volume of Hauptmann's Dramas in English by B. W. Huebsch, New York, comes the news that "political and intellectual Germany has not for years been so torn asunder as at the present moment over the action of the city of Breslau in banning Gerhart Hauptmann's epic centenary drama on the ground of its alleged unpatriotic tendencies," to quote a special cable to the New York Times. The dispatch goes on to state that the play was taken off at the instance of the crown prince and that the country "is fairly divided into Hauptmann and anti-Hauptmann camps. Their charges and counter-charges fill the press and dominate private conversation."

General Nelson A. Miles, author of "Serving the Republic" as well as major-general of the United States Army, was in London a few days ago on his way to the Balkans to visit the battle-fields.

From January, 1910, to January, 1913, a total of only thirteen novelists achieved the distinction of reaching the 100,000 circulation mark. It is interesting to note also that this honor is as nearly as possible divided between men and women novelists, there being six women and seven men who had books during that period exceeding in sales 100,000 copies. That in so far as education goes any one may, with a plain school education, become a successful novelist is evidenced by the fact that none of the six women and two only of the men had a college education, while another of the men was a graduate of the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

New Books Received.

THE OLD ADAM. By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company.

PITY THE POOR BLIND. By H. H. Bashford. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.35 net.

IS IT ENOUGH? By Harriette Russell Campbell. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1 net.

THE THUNDERHEAD LADY. By Anna Fuller and Brian Read. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1 net.

THE AMBASSADOR. By William Wriothlesley. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

THE ADVENTURES OF DR. WHITTY. By G. A. Birmingham. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.20 net.

GERTRUDE. By Edward Hungerford. New York: McBride, Nast & Co.; \$1.25 net.

HARLETTE. By Marion Polk Angellotti. New York: The Century Company; 75 cents net.

A new novel by the author of "The Burgundian."

THE INFLUENCE OF MONARCHS. By Frederick A. Woods. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.

"Steps in a new science of history."

THE MASKED WAR. By William J. Burns. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50 net.

A detective story of the arrest of the labor-union dynamiters.

THE IDEA OF THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL. By Georg Kerschensteiner. New York: The Macmillan Company; 50 cents net.

Translated from the German by Rudolf Pintner, M. A., Ph. D.

RAMBLES AND STUDIES IN GREECE. By J. P. Mahaffy, C. V. O. New York: The Macmillan Company; 50 cents net.

A re-issue of a popular work.

THE SPIRIT OF PARIS. By Frankfort Sommer-ville. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A survey of Parisian life. Freely illustrated in colors.

UNIVERSITY AND HISTORICAL ADDRESSES. By James Bryce. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.25 net.

Twenty of the more important addresses delivered by Mr. Bryce while in this country.

RELIGION AS LIFE. By Henry Churchill King, D. D., LL. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1 net.

An inquiry into the meaning of life.

THE STATESMAN'S YEAR-BOOK. Edited by J. Scott Keltie, LL. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$3 net.

For 1913. Fiftieth annual publication.

WEBSTER'S SECONDARY-SCHOOL DICTIONARY. New York: American Book Company; \$1.50.

Abridged from Webster's New International Dictionary. With 1000 illustrations.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG. By Jesse Bowman Young. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2 net.

An account of the great battle written by one who fought in it himself, who for many years has lived in or near Gettysburg, and is familiar

with every foot of the ground fought and tramped over by both armies; one who has conversed with many survivors and who has made an exhaustive study of all that has been written on the subject of the famous campaign.

MISSIONARY EXPLORERS AMONG THE AMERICAN INDIANS. Edited by M. G. Humphreys. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net.

Biographies of celebrated missionaries.

THE MAN AMONG THE MYRTLES. By the Rev. John Adams, B. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; 60 cents net.

Issued in the Short Course series.

JEHOVAH—JESUS. By the Rev. Thomas Whitelaw, D. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; 60 cents net.

Issued in the Short Course series.

THE SEVENFOLD "I AM." By the Rev. Thomas Marjoribanks, B. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; 60 cents net.

Issued in the Short Course series.

SAFETY. By William H. Tolman, Ph. D., and Leonard B. Kendall. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$3 net.

A handbook of practical information for industrialists showing how big business can be good business in surrounding the workers with adequate safeguards and in promoting shop hygiene.

ELLEN KEY. By Louise Nystrom-Hamilton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25 net.

Her life and her work.

SUNIA. By Maud Diver. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25 net.

A Himalayan idyll.

THE NEW UNIONISM. By André Tridon. New York: B. W. Huebsch; \$1 net.

A statement of the philosophy and practice of Syndicalism, its history and its present status all over the world.

THE UNREST OF WOMEN. By Edward Sandford Martin. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1 net.

A discussion of a modern problem.

THE REPUBLIC. By Madison Cawein. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company; \$1 net.

A volume of verse.

MANSUELLE OF THE WILDERNESS. By Augusta Huiell Seaman. New York: Sturgis & Walton Company; \$1.25 net.

A story of La Salle and his pioneers.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A WORKING WOMAN. By Adelheid Popp. Chicago: F. G. Browne & Co.

Translated by E. C. Harvey. With introductions by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, August Bebel, and J. Ramsay MacDonald, M. P.

EL DORADO. By Baroness Orczy. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

An adventure of the Scarlet Pimpernel.

MARXISM VERSUS SOCIALISM. By Vladimir G. Sinkovitch, Ph. D. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50 net.

An account of all the intimate theories, problems, and difficulties of modern socialism.

THE MEN WHO BLAZE THE TRAIL. By Sam C. Dunham. New York: Barse & Hopkins.

A volume of verse with an introduction by Joaquin Miller.

STORIES OF OLD JAPAN: THE "NO." By Marie C. Stopes, D. Sc., Ph. D., F. L. S., and Joji Sakurai, D. Sc., LL. D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.75 net.

With a preface by Baron Kato.

ECONOMICS OF BUSINESS. By Norris A. Brisco, Ph. D., F. R. H. S. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

Intended to assist business men in their efforts to obtain greater efficiency.

THE COUNTRY CHURCH. By C. O. Gill and Gifford Pinchot. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

The decline of its influence and the remedy.

ROMAN FARM MANAGEMENT. By a Virginia farmer. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.

Translated from the treatises of Cato and Varro.

SCHATZKASTLEIN DES RHEINISCHEN HAUS-REICHES. Von J. P. Hebel. New York: American Book Company; 40 cents.

Edited with notes and vocabulary by Menno Stern.

Gas Revolutionizes Fire-Engines

San Francisco claims the distinction of being the first city in the world to successfully make use of illuminating gas for maintaining a constant steam pressure in every fire-engine within its incorporated limits.

The fire department of San Francisco has forty-five engines, or steamers, as they are called, in service at the present time. Each engine must be ready at any time, day or night, to answer an alarm of fire, which means that a certain amount of steam must be carried in the boilers at all times. Often the fire is within a stone's throw of the engine house, and unless the gauge shows from five to ten pounds of steam when the alarm is answered there is a possibility of much damage before a sufficient steam pressure is raised to start the pumps.

The old method of keeping the engine ready for work was by the use of a coal-fired circulating heater installed in the basement, and working on the same principle as a circulating gas water-heater on a coal range connected to an ordinary kitchen water-tank. The engineer on watch necessarily had to make frequent trips to replenish the fire, occasionally finding it entirely out, meaning, of course, a cold boiler, before the fire could be rebuilt. Besides being unsatisfactory, these heaters were extravagant coal consumers and their upkeep expensive.

The gas apparatus, which successfully maintains a steady pressure on the boiler, consists of polished brass pipes, a combination of swing-joints, valves, and a burner of the Bunsen type which can be quickly and easily removed from the fire-box. An indicator valve regulates the flow of gas, the valve being set to pass just enough gas to maintain the desired pressure.

The loss by radiation, writes John B. Redd, industrial fuel engineer, from the boiler varies but little during the twenty-four hours, and this loss acts automatically in not allowing the steam to raise beyond the point for which the valve is set.

A surprisingly large percentage of saving is shown in the cost of fuel by the use of gas. In fact, the cost of gas operation is ONLY ONE-TENTH the cost of the old type coal heater.

While San Francisco has attained this unusual position of advancement in her fire department, the other factor in the case—the gas factor itself—must come in for admiration. Only a company of advanced ideas and large proportions could have enabled the city to meet all these unusual requirements. Not only must such a company be progressive—a little in advance of the times—but it must also be in a position to supply gas at a very acceptable rate. The Pacific Gas and Electric Company, which has the contract to supply the fire department, and which installed all the required apparatus, combines all the elements needed to meet any demand, and the fact that "Pacific Service" now supplies two-thirds of the State of California is ample assurance of the faith which the company has kept with the public.

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VAUDEVILLE AND THE LEGITIMATE.

There are many reasons why the faddists will never be able to inflict permanent injury on the theatre, but the principal one is that you must have actors, real actors, with natural gifts and perfected technique, or you can have no play. Another is that you must have a general, not a selected, audience, of varied tastes and diverse manners of collaboration with the people on the stage. Arnold Bennett is one of the more recent writers on the drama who emphasizes this second proposition, which is almost as important as the first.

At the Orpheum this week there is a suggestive contrast in the work of a "legitimate" player and one who, so far as appears, has yet only a series of vaudeville triumphs to look back upon. The auditor who cares to reflect may see in their appearances, exemplified in miniature, the highest influences in the drama. He may realize how much depends on what would seem to be unimportant details. He may learn, if he will, that first the player, second the play, and third the audience, are all vital elements in theatrical success.

Zelda Sears was here a few months ago as the principal figure in a \$2-a-seat comedy, and both the actress and the play were approved by the critics and the public. Now she comes in a farce as one of the numbers on the Orpheum programme, and though she wins a few laughs and some applause she does not gain the favor that she seemingly had the right to expect. Her playlet, "The Wardrobe Woman," is a behind-the-scenes theatre story, a mixture of hasty burlesque and practical but little known details of stage presentation. Miss Sears works like a Trojan through all its length, with lines of farce-comedy, mock heroics, and sentimentality. She attempts no illusions of personal attractiveness, but, on the contrary, with intention makes herself ridiculous in costume and movement. The general result is disappointing. Good stage management would improve the farce—the supporting members of the cast might be taught to speak singly and intelligibly—but the conspicuous fault, even with the star, is a hurried neglect of the niceties of expression. Miss Sears did not act in this style on the legitimate stage. She has yet to learn that vaudeville audiences are quite as critical, even if more demonstrative, than those of the exclusive playhouse.

Later on the same programme Miss Norton and Paul Nicholson appear in Miss Norton's "Dramatic Cartoon." The players and the play were seen on the Orpheum stage a year and a half ago, and in the audiences this week there are of course many who remember the act. But there is only added interest and enjoyment for these, as they notice new, deft touches here and there, and the ease and polish that continued repetitions have brought. As was said in these columns, on its first production here, Miss Norton's sketch is a work of genius, with only here and there a little hlemish mistakenly allowed to persist as a sacrifice to "variety" taste. Miss Norton's acting is the perfection of art. It is realism, with the dashes of color in tones, laughs, tears, smiles, and frowns, that only the richly gifted ones of the stage know how to fuse for footlight exhibition. Her audiences are all appreciation and sympathy. They chorus with laughs at every new detail of her play-housekeeping activities, they hush unanimously with a lump in the throat at the sudden surrender to transient sorrow. There are emotional stars who might well listen and learn when this six-dollar-a-week department store clerk makes every woman, and man as well, gasp with quick pain when she says—"They wouldn't let me wear my new shirt-waist. Gee! How I hate black!"

Perhaps Miss Norton could not sustain this interest through a long play, but there are a good many who would like to see her try. She actually does an hour's acting in the twenty-five minutes of this sketch.

It is hardly justice to Mr. Nicholson to say that he is a worthy partner of Miss Norton. He is almost as frank, as real, as his wife in the play, but he is not given so wide a range of expression.

Of course there are many other good things in this week's bill: G. S. Melvin, a Scottish dancer and mimic, light of foot and nimble of wit; Chief Caupolican, an Indian harytone singer and humorous lecturer, who need fear no pale-faced competitor; the eight London Palace Girls, all in black and white, with co-

quettish face patches and wonderful symmetricals, who dance as one.

But the star of the whole show is Miss Norton. GEORGE L. SHOALS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

A Winter Garden Show at the Cort.

From the Winter Garden comes "The Passing Show of 1912," the production which broke all records for attendance at this famous place of entertainment, and repeated the triumph in Chicago, Boston, and Philadelphia. The local two weeks' engagement, which will be played at the Cort Theatre, begins Sunday night, July 6. "The Passing Show of 1912" is one of those spectacular affairs which challenge description. There are seven scenes and the musical numbers follow one another with remarkable dispatch. Ned Wayburn was the producer, and it is agreed that he has never done more excellent work in the way of arranging novel numbers.

Bits from nearly every important drama and musical play of the past season are joined together in the plot. There are many characters, and each and every one is easily recognizable. The harem scene from "Kismet" is employed to good advantage. There is the immense swimming pool occupying the centre of the harem, and into it plunge—not three girls, as in the case of "Kismet," but sixteen, and even the gorgeous Trixie Friganza goes headlong into the tank. Then there are brief scenes from "Buntz Pulls the Strings," "Officer 666," "The Quaker Girl," "A Butterfly on the Wheel," "Oliver Twist," "Bought and Paid For," "The Return of Peter Grimm," and others.

The entire performance is remarkable for the great number of lively dancing numbers, spectacular dances, and what not. Seldom if ever has such an array of travesty artists congregated in one production as in "The Passing Show of 1912." Charles J. Ross, famous for twenty years as a king of travesty; Trixie Friganza, who needs no introduction; Adelaide, the Bernhardt of the ballet; J. J. Hughes, whose dances have become international; Clarence Harvey, Texas Guinan, Howard and Howard, Moon and Morris, and a chorus of eighty are included in this extraordinary organization.

Kinemacolor Pictures at the Columbia Theatre.

Thanks to the wonderful invention of kinemacolor, or motion photography in natural colors, it is now possible for one to sit in a cozy seat in a theatre in any part of the world and see vividly portrayed in motion and color events that have happened thousands of miles away.

It has been vouchsafed to only a few to see perhaps the mighty work of the building of the Panama Canal, scenes in the Balkan War, or perhaps a glimpse of the army of Japan in manoeuvres. But the kinemacolor process has recorded all these remarkable events, not in the monotonous black and white, but glowing with natural colors, actually photographed and recorded by the sun's rays only.

A special and entirely exclusive presentation of kinemacolor has been arranged for by the management of the Columbia Theatre and patrons will have the unique opportunity of seeing "The Building of the Panama Canal," "Actual Scenes of the Balkan War," "Japan's Army in Manoeuvres" and "The United States Navy" and also the "United States Battleships at Practice," which form the kinemacolor programme to be presented exclusively for a limited season at the Columbia, commencing Sunday night, July 6, with daily matinées thereafter.

The presentation of these remarkable kinemacolor subjects come most opportune. The pictures of the Japanese army in manoeuvres were taken by special consent of the Emperor of Japan and are the only ones of the kind in existence. The kinemacolor pictures showing the United States Navy being reviewed by former President Taft were taken by arrangement with the government, as were those showing the mighty fleet at war practice and firing their monster guns.

During the engagement of the kinemacolor pictures at the Columbia Theatre the evening prices will be 25 cents, 35 cents, and 50 cents. Matinées will be at 25 cents.

"Princess Chic" Next Week at the Tivoli.

"Iolanthe," the delightful Gilbert and Sullivan work, will be presented for the last times at the Tivoli Opera House this Sunday afternoon and evening, and on Monday night "Princess Chic," a jolly opera comique by Kirke LaSelle and Julian Edwards, will receive an elaborate presentation.

The action of "Princess Chic" takes place in Burgundy in 1468, and the story is based on the trouble which arose between Louis XI of France and Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy over the encroachments of the French king on the authority of the Burgundian.

There is rollicking fun and a succession of bright musical numbers in the three acts, and Rena Vivienne will show her versatility as the Princess Chic, while Sarah Edwards will be her faithful page, Lorraine. Henry San-

trely will be the Duke, John R. Phillips will enact François, the Marquis of Claremont, and the funmaking will be placed in the capable hands of Thomas C. Leary, who comes back to the Tivoli after many years. Robert Pitkin, Teddy Webb, and Charles E. Gallagher. Ilon Bergere will have a jolly part as Estelle and there will be half a dozen others in the cast in addition to the big chorus, which will be greatly in evidence. The production, scenic accessories, and costumes will be up to the high Tivoli standard. Matinées will be given as usual on Saturdays and Sundays.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum announces six entirely new acts for next week.

Quite the most charming of Jesse L. Lasky's productions is said to be his newest musical play, "The Trained Nurses," featuring Clark and Bergman, two well-known vaudeville players of more than usual ability, which will head the coming bill. The book is by William Le Baron, the music by Leo Edwards, and the lyrics by Blanche Merrill.

Willard Mack and Marjorie Rambeau, supported by a clever little company, will present a one-act play of sustained interest written by Mr. Willard and entitled "Kick In."

Professor Ota Gygi, the celebrated violin virtuoso, who is making his first American tour, will make his debut here. He is a pupil of the famous Joachim.

The Four Le Grohs, three men and one woman, will contribute a mélange of contortion and acrobatic feats.

Walter De Leon and "Muggins" Davies, late stars of "The Campus," will introduce a clever line of original songs, dances, and dialogue. Their act is brimful of character, ability, and comedy, and their "proposal song" is a miniature musical comedy in itself.

Cecile Beresford, popular in London both in musical comedy and vaudeville, will make her first appearance here. She will sing character, eccentric, and popular songs to her own piano accompaniment.

The only holdovers will be Miss Norton and Paul Nicholson and the London Palace Girls.

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

"Girls from the Golden West," a spectacular musical production, tops the new bill opening at Pantages Sunday. Cora Youngblood Carson is the leader of the tuneless sextet, and is a musical soloist of national prominence. Miss Carson's specialty in her latest act is a solo on an immense horn which completely hides her from sight of the audience. The six girls wear beautiful costumes, changing several times during the act.

"The Sweetest Girls in Vaudeville" is what they call the Misses Adair and Hickey, a duo of exceptionally talented and beautiful girls. Miss Adair is of the Leslie Carter type, and is an exceptionally talented pianist. Her partner, Miss Hickey, is slender and dainty, and revels in ragtime songs and dances.

Miss Myrtle Vane, one of the best-known stock actresses on the Pacific Coast, will make her first appearance in vaudeville in Walter Montague's bright little playlet, "An Obliging Wife." Miss Vane possesses unusual dramatic versatility.

Brown, Wood, Barry, and Dore, called the "Four Kids," have a hudget of nonsense termed "Days of Youthful Pranks." They sing well, crack jokes, and wind up with a dance of the rapid-fire kind.

Ed Vinton and an almost human canine, "Buster," are one of the best features of the bill. Apparently without signals "Buster" goes through a routine of the most amazing tricks and obeys every suggestion of Vinton without the slightest hesitancy.

Harry Fisher and company will present a trick novelty cycling act, with a lot of humor, on big wheels, half wheels, and a combination trick wheel.

Grace Nardini, the lady with the accordion, will render a programme of ragtime popular hits.

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THE GIRLS FROM THE GOLDEN WEST, Cora Youngblood Carson's Famous Musical Sextette; VAUDEVILLE'S SWEETEST GIRLS, ADAIR and HICKEY in "A Revelation in Ragtime"; MYRTLE VANE and Company in "An Obliging Wife"; ED. VINTON and "BUSTER," the Dog with a Human Brain.

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VANITY FAIR.

Old Stuff.

If I go to see the play,
Of the story I am certain;
Promptly it gets under way
With the lifting of the curtain.
Built all that's said and done
On the ancient recipe—
'Tis the same old Two in One:
A and B in love with C.

If I read the latest book,
There's the mossy situation;
One may confidently look
For the trite triangulation.
Old as time, but ever new,
Seemingly this tale of Three—
Same old yarn of One and Two:
A and C in love with B.

If I cast my eyes around,
Far and near and middle distance,
Still the formula is found
In our every-day existence.
Everywhere I look I see—
Fact or fiction, life or play—
Still the little game of Three:
B and C in love with A.

While the ancient law fulfills,
Myriad moons shall wane and wax.
Jack must have his pair of Jills,
Jill must have her pair of Jacks.

—Bert Leston Taylor, in the *Chicago Tribune*.

The precise moral difference between a "flutter" on the stock exchange and a bet on a race-horse is one that must be left for determination by parsons and women's clubs. Various evil habits, long continued, have robbed us of that fine ethical discrimination that was once ours in the days of our extreme youth, but evidently there is a difference, since there are a good many financial speculators who would hold up their hands in horror at the idea of playing the races. Indeed many of them are pillars of the church, class leaders, Sunday-school teachers, and all those other edifying things that are usually urged by counsel for the defense in mitigation of sentence.

We are reminded of this by a rapid perusal of one of those records of royalty which occupy so large a place in certain New York newspapers. And let it be said here that we are grateful to these newspapers. Without their aid we should be unable to hark vicariously in the smile of courts and kings. We should not know what the crowned heads of Europe were doing after they had taken off their crowns on going to bed or before putting on their crowns in the morning. Sam Weiler complained that having only eyes instead of million-power magnifying glasses he was unable to see through two doors and a staircase, but the American correspondent in London who could not do a little thing of this sort would hardly be worth his salt.

All this is apropos of two news items that reach us from the English court. The first is that King George has lost a considerable sum of money in an unfortunate stock exchange deal, and the second is to the effect that one of Queen Mary's dressers has been punished for betting on a horse-race. We do not know precisely what a dresser is or the nature of her functions. Personally we invariably dress ourselves, and although the result is not an impressive one it has to do. Putting on one's trousers seems to be a one-man job, and we can hardly imagine how help could be effectively given, but then of course we are not queens, which makes a difference. It seems that Miss Adelaide Chandler, who is the queen's "second dresser," placed a bet on the Derby race and was so ill-advised as to lose. The bet was for \$125, and as Miss Chandler was hard up at the moment—a thing that might happen to any one—she had to sell an autograph book containing the signatures of the royal family. Confiding this fact to her dear and intimate friend Miss Selby, who is the chief dresser, Miss Selby naturally hurried away and told the queen, which is the kind of thing that women do to prove their love for each other. The queen sent round to the pawnshop, or rather the "dealer" as we usually say at court, and bought back the album for \$200. She returned it to Miss Chandler, but at the same time banished that unfortunate damsel to York Cottage for a year, and upon ordinary pay instead of the special pay usually received by those who actually do the buttoning up behind.

Now we don't want to interfere in a matter of this kind, but it seems to us that King George ought to go to York Cottage, too—of course figuratively speaking. York Cottage is not shown on our astronomical charts, but we assume it to be some sort of Bastille or donjon that is used for disciplinary purposes. We have lately come into contact with the higher life and have been assured that there is absolutely no difference between stock exchange gambling and betting on the races and that the stock exchange is much the worse of the two. Since becoming attached to the uplift movement we have pledged ourselves to do all in our power to discourage and to punish all the vices of other people, and while we are aware that this country is unprepared for war it is none the less our duty to protest against a savage and cruel punishment inflicted upon a defenseless girl while the

higher-ups are allowed to escape through influence and pull.

The Eastern rector who begs that "no lady will again present herself at the altar in a hat resembling a parasol, or in that other, and even more repulsive, shape which resembles a beehive or an inverted large and shallow basin" seems to have been guilty of a piece of clerical impudence. The ladies inculpated might well retort that however absurd their own costume may be it is not at all more farcical than that usually worn by rectors themselves, and far less preposterous than that affected by bishops.

Nowadays every one has something to say about the new dances. No matter what our own personal habits may be, we are all willing to express opinions about the habits of others, and so there is a veritable outpouring of the spirit on the habits of the modern ball-room. Actually and essentially there is nothing new in human folly, although it shows itself in new ways. Lewd people will always act in a lewd manner, and the manner most in favor at the moment is the tango and the turkey trot.

First comes Miss Alice Eis, the professional dancer of Dayton, Ohio. She says that the tango and the turkey trot are not necessarily indecent. She has seen them danced in Berlin, and although they were danced awkwardly they were not danced vulgarly. In Vienna the turkey trot ceased to be a turkey trot because it was danced so gracefully. In Russia the dancing was of the mad kind, and in Great Britain it was done "most politely" by staid matrons. "Not until I saw it in New York," says Miss Eis in the *New York Sun*, "did I realize how immodest it could be."

The tango, says Miss Eis, is a beautiful and a graceful dance, and not at all immodest. A woman is "quite as safe at a tango tea in a first-class New York café as at an afternoon tea among friends."

Now all this is doubtless true enough if we adopt the proper standpoint to make it true. All depends on what we mean by modesty. Miss Eis tells us that no woman can dance the tango unless she wears a skirt split to the knee. Now it is well known in heaven that we are not prudish. Quite the contrary. Modesty and immodesty are usually matters of convention, and among white women it is usually considered immodest to show the knee. There is nothing immodest about the feminine knee, at least we have been told not by those who know, our own opportunities being limited. A woman's knee is much like a man's knee, and we can observe our own knees without a blush—have often done so. The actual indelicacy is not in showing the knee, but in doing something that is forbidden by the conventions of the day in such matters. The Turkish woman of caste thinks it indelicate to show her face, and therefore it is indelicate so long as the present Turkish convention continues. In an American hotel it is not customary to depute a maid servant to assist the male guests at their full length and altogether ablutions. We should think it indelicate and therefore it would be indelicate. But this very thing is the practice in Japan, for example, and because it is the practice it is not indelicate. That is where our prudish usually make their great mistake. They suppose that the indelicacy is in the act itself, which is a mistake. The indelicacy is in the defiance of the convention that rules in such matters. And the conventions of white civilization demand that the knee shall be suitably covered and therefore it becomes immodest to display the knee in public, no matter whether it be displayed for the purposes of dancing or securing the garter. There are always a lot of supremely silly people who think it meritorious to defy a convention. They ask triumphantly what there is indelicate about a woman's knee. Of course there is nothing at all. But there is something indelicate about defying a convention, simply because it suggests an equal willingness to defy a morality. The Turkish woman who uncovered her face would be suspected of a laxity in matters of real morality, and therefore she shows her modesty by wearing her veil. In the same way the white woman who wishes to keep an untarnished reputation for virtue will be careful to avoid all breaches of convention that expose her virtue to mistrust, and for this reason the tango is immodest. We could write much more upon this point but for certain undue editorial influences which we scorn not submit to.

The prevailing warm weather in England reminds a writer in the *Daily Chronicle* that there is etiquette to be observed even in being warm. In an old volume for the instruction of youth a young lady declares herself to be "all amuck of sweat" and is at once severely rebuked by her governess with "Hush, miss! Horses sweat, men perspire, but ladies only glow."

Mrs. Eve—Some husbands win their wives by sheer audacity. Mrs. Wye—Yes, and many others by sheer mendacity.—*Boston Transcript*.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An American gentleman recently went over the field of Waterloo with a guide, who boasted that he escorted General Sheridan over the scene of Napoleon's great defeat. "What did General Sheridan say?" asked my friend. "Oh, nothing." "He must have said something." "Well, he only said, 'It was a good place for a fight.'"

The Duke of Wellington was Prince of Waterloo, though he never called himself so, and had many other titles, for which he once had to pay dear. He told a man to order dinner for him at a particular hotel, and the man did so, mentioning all the duke's titles. Presently the duke came and waited a long time. "Is the dinner not coming?" he asked; "why don't you bring the dinner?" "We are waiting," replied the waiter, "for the rest of the party." They had prepared dinner for about twenty people.

Queen Victoria, who was very fond of step dancing, one night at Balmoral asked her maid, who she knew had been taking lessons of an eminent dancing mistress, for a little exhibition of her art. Princess Henry of Battenberg, chief musician to her mother's court, struck up a tune on the piano, and Miss Lamhart forthwith began her dance. The queen, delighted, asked her at its close to name something she would like for a reward. Now the maid of honor was conservative in the extreme. "I should like," she said, "the head of Mr. Labouchere on a charger."

It is related of Mendelssohn at a public dinner, at which ladies were present, and where he was surrounded by a chorus of aggressive women clamoring for his autograph, that he allowed himself to be victimized with good nature until finally a fleshy matron of mature years handed him her card. Whether with malice prepense or not, it is not stated, but the composer wrote upon the card the music and words from Haydn's "Creation": "And God created great whales." This brought the autograph-hunting to an end, and Mendelssohn was allowed to go on with his dinner.

Among the legends connected with the great Cardinal Borromeo, the following is told to visitors to the huge palace of that ancient family on the Borromean Islands in the Italian Lakes. When Cardinal Borromeo had shown to Cardinal Giulio the vast abode which he had just completed, the latter maintained a strict silence until they had inspected the whole. When departing, he said: "Your eminence, I have been reflecting that the huge sums spent on this palace might have been given to the poor." Cardinal Borromeo replied: "Your eminence, they have been given to the poor. But our notions of charity differ. I pay the poor for their labor, and your eminence for their idleness."

His pride was natural, for he was quite a young artist; and there it was—there could be no doubt about it—his picture, his great picture, was hanging in the Royal Academy. What's more, two people stood motionless in front while the artist stood afar, gazing at them. Then, "I say, Charlie," he asked his friend, "do saunter carelessly by and find out what they are saying about my picture. Perhaps they want to buy it." Forthwith Charlie set out to do a careless saunter. Presently—to the expectant artist the wait seemed an eternity—he returned to his friend. "No hushness doing," he sighed. "She's only blowing him up for leaving off his winter flannels too soon."

A certain eminent judge who was recently reelected, when he was asked about the facility with which he turned from one case to another, replied that he had learned that from what he saw at a baptism of colored people when he was a boy. The weather was very cold, so that to immerse the candidates they were obliged to cut away the ice. It befell that when one of the female converts was dipped back in the water, the cold made her squirm about, and in a moment she had slipped from the preacher's hands and was down the stream under the ice. The preacher, however, was not disconcerted. Looking up with perfect calmness at the crowd on the bank, he said: "Brethren, this sister hath departed—hand me down another."

A good-natured curate, who firmly believed that God was continually working miracles to enable him to help the needy, and who seldom had a coin in his pocket, was accosted one day by a heggar woman. He pleaded utter lack of money, but on the mendicant he-seeching him to search his pockets, he hopelessly put his hand in one, and, to his amazement and joy, found a five-shilling piece there. "Another of God's miracles!" he exclaimed; and then, addressing the woman: "This coin belongs to you of right. Take it and go in peace." Having told the story, a few hours later, to his worldly minded parish

priest, and suggested that they should both go down on their knees and render thanks to God, a strange, unpleasant light suddenly broke on the mind of the shrewd pastor, who exclaimed: "Good God! Are those my breeches that you've on you?"

On a certain Southern golf course the sand pits are famous for their difficulty. A New York man played into one of the pits, and then cursed, none the less malevolently, if silently, while he took six ineffectual strokes, raising only clouds of sand and fairly burying the ball. Presently he was aware of an interested and incredulous dorky who had never seen golf played before watching him. "Whar you see dat snake you're tryin' to kill, man?" he demanded.

Not long ago Samuel G. Blythe, the magazine writer, and Otto Carmichael, the late Washington newspaper correspondent, were driving about Muncie, Carmichael's home town, when the latter expressed a desire to see the schoolhouse where he received his first impressions along educational lines. So the nose of the automobile was pointed southward, and a few miles out of Muncie they arrived at the old schoolhouse, a one-room brick structure, dilapidated and fast falling into decay, having been abandoned many years ago in favor of the modern "consolidated" schools. "That," said Carmichael, his voice trembling with emotion at sight of the old building, "is where my education began. How many memories of happy childhood days it recalls!" "Yes, I see," remarked Blythe, dryly, letting his eyes wander over the doors and windows that were completely hoarded up, "they educated you and then shut up shop."

M. Colomhey, in his history of dueling, tells an anecdote of a certain noted duelist of his time. One day this man, M. B—, was at Desenne's shooting-gallery watching the pistol practice. There was one man who was shooting very well, and Desenne was threatened with the loss of all his glass balls and swinging dolls. Every shot was greeted by the spectators with exclamations of admiration. B— looked on for a while, and finally, in a calm voice, made the remark: "He could not do as well on the field." The object of the slighting remark turned around, and in a loud and angry tone cried: "Who are you to say that? Would you like to test the truth of your remark?" "Willingly," replied the unrecognized duelist, as he led the way out to a secluded place. After taking their respective positions, they drew lots, and it fell to B— to shoot last. He waited in silence for his adversary's shot. The man fired—and missed. B— lowered his pistol. "What did I tell you?" he said, with a smile. Then, putting his pistol in his pocket, he walked away whistling.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Evanescent Joy.

I met her in a crowd;
She sweetly smiled at me;
I felt extremely proud,
For she was good to see.

Alas, my gladness died
Almost ere it began;
I heard her ask (aside):
"Who is that nice old man?"
—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Suffragist's Dilemma.

I shall not vote for Mrs. Briggs,
I do not like her gown;
And I remember well the digs
I got from Clara Brown.
Jemima Patterson Magee
Shall get no vote of mine;
A horrid, stuck-up thing is she—
And also I decline
To vote for Anastasia Bunce,
I fairly hold with rage
When I recall that more than once
She lied about my age.
And Mahel Jones and Agnes Carr
And Clementina Ball,
I'll scratch, because they never are
"At home" the days I call.
I can not vote, you understand,
For Angelina Pratt,
Because she isn't stylish, and
She wears a last year's hat.

Oh, goodness me! That brings me through
The list. This ballot's small.
There's no one left. What shall I do?
I CAN NOT VOTE AT ALL!
—Springfield (Mass.) Union.

The late Count de Lesseps never seemed to lose sight of the education of his children, even in the smallest detail. One morning at breakfast a beautiful Dresden tea-cup was broken. "Ah!" cried the countess, "a disaster! Two more of that set will now be broken. It always happens so." "Are you so superstitious," asked the count, "as really to believe that two more will be broken?" "I know it." "Then let us get it off our minds." And, taking two of the cups by the handles, he dashed them together. The anger and dismay of the countess proved conclusively that she had not seriously held to her superstition. It also loosed any hold the absurd idea may have had on the minds of the children.



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mrs. Randall Hunt has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Florence Hunt, to Lieutenant H. Kent Hewitt, U. S. N., son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Hewitt of New Jersey. Miss Hunt is a sister of Mrs. Herbert Baker. She is a niece of Judge William H. Hunt of Washington, D. C., Pay Director Livingston Hunt, U. S. N., and Lieutenant Ridgely Hunt, U. S. N. (retired). Lieutenant Hewitt is attached to the U. S. S. Florida, which is at present with the Atlantic fleet at Newport.

Mrs. Oscar Schulze of Dixon has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Olga Schulze, to Mr. Horace Bradford Clifton. Miss Schulze is a sister of Dr. Otto Schulze, whose wife was formerly Miss Edith Curry. Mr. Clifton's family reside in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Palmer have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Dorothy Palmer, to Second Lieutenant George Alexander Spear, U. S. A., son of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Spear of Atlanta, Georgia. Miss Palmer is a sister of Miss Evelyn Palmer and a niece of Mrs. Richard Derby and Mrs. G. A. Hastings of this city, and Mrs. James R. McCrackin of Portland.

The wedding of Miss Eleanor M. Schmidt and Mr. Joseph Libby King, Jr., took place Monday evening at Trinity Episcopal Church. Mr. King is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Libby King and a brother of Mrs. Lawrence W. Harris and Mr. Percy King. He is a nephew of Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mrs. Edward Dutton, and Mrs. I. L. Regua.

The wedding of Miss Sue Miller and Mr. Seyd Havens took place Wednesday evening in Oakland. Mrs. Havens is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. K. Miller. Mr. Havens is the son of Mr. Frank C. Havens and a brother of Mr. Harold Havens.

The wedding of Miss Elena Robinson and Mr. James Willis Goodwin will take place the first week in August in Woodside. Miss Robinson is the daughter of Mrs. James A. Robinson and the late Mr. James A. Robinson. She is a sister of Mr. Porter Robinson.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson and Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman entertained a large number of young people at an informal dance Monday evening at the Burlingame Country Club in honor of their sons, the Messrs. Mountford and Russell Wilson, and Mr. Robert L. Coleman, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Whitney gave a theatre party last week and later entertained their guests at a supper.

Mrs. Frank Howard Allen entertained a number of friends Thursday evening in honor of Mme. Louise Sinkel of New York.

Mrs. W. D. K. Gibson and Mrs. W. I. Thorne were hostesses recently at an auction bridge tea in Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hoff Cook entertained a number of friends at a musicale Saturday evening at their home on Commonwealth Avenue in honor of Mrs. Frank Allen.

His Excellency, Dr. Lauro Muller, envoy extraordinary from Brazil, has recently been entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Moore at their country home in Santa Cruz and by Mr. and Mrs. William T. Seson in Soquel.

Major Sidney Croman, U. S. A., and Mrs. Croman entertained a number of friends at a dinner at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Señora and Señora Frederico Alfonso Pezet, who were again the complimented guests at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott at their home in Burlingame.

Captain William Holmes McKittrick and Mrs. McKittrick gave a dinner recently at Pebble Beach Lodge in Monterey to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage.

Mayor James Rolph and Mrs. Rolph entertained a number of friends at a dinner in Paso Robles to celebrate the thirteenth anniversary of their marriage.

Mrs. Wendell P. Hammon was hostess at a luncheon Thursday at her home on Washington Street.

Mrs. George B. Sperry entertained thirty members of the New Era League at a picnic at her home in Redwood.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker gave an informal dance Saturday evening at the Menlo Park Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. James Athearn Folger have issued invitations to a dance Saturday evening, July 19, at their country home in Woodside. The affair will be in honor of Miss Lois Cunningham of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph G. Hooper gave a dance Friday evening in Carmel in honor of their daughter, Miss Helen Hooper.

Mrs. Hearst was hostess at a luncheon at her home in Pleasanton in honor of Ambassador Dr. Lauro Muller, representative of Brazil.

Dr. and Mrs. William Martin gave a dinner last week complimentary to Miss Geraldine Fitzgerald and her fiancé, Mr. Ralph Heger.

Mrs. Charles Josselyn entertained a number of friends at a luncheon and bridge party Thursday at her country home in Woodside.

Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt was hostess at a luncheon Thursday in honor of her cousin, Mrs. M. Eyre Pinckard.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear gave a dinner Thursday evening at their home in Menlo Park.

Captain Louis Chapplear, U. S. A., and Mrs. Chapplear gave a dinner at their home at Fort Winfield Scott in honor of Colonel Charles Phillips, U. S. A., who was also the complimented guest at a dinner given by Captain William Monroe, U. S. A., and Mrs. Monroe.

Captain Frank M. Bennett, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bennett entertained a number of friends at a dinner preceding the dance Thursday evening at Mare Island. The guests included the young friends of their daughter, Miss Dorothy Bennett.

Lieutenant Harold Jones, U. S. N., and Mrs. Jones gave a dinner at their home in Mare Island in honor of Captain Frank M. Bennett, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bennett.

Movements and Whereabouts

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. Washington Pezet arrived Saturday from Washington, D. C., and has joined his parents, Señor and Señora Frederico Alfonso Pezet at the Fairmont Hotel. Mr. Pezet is an attaché of the Peruvian Embassy in Washington.

Miss Margaret Carriagan and Miss Elizabeth Bull have gone to Carmel to spend the holidays with Miss Helen Hooper.

Mr. and Mrs. James Otis and the Misses Cora and Fredericka Otis will continue their travels in South America until the middle of July, when they will sail for Europe. They are planning to spend several weeks in Spain.

Viscount Philippe de Tristan, Viscountess de Tristan, and their children left Monday for their home in Paris.

Mrs. A. P. Hotelling, Jr., Miss Jane Hotelling, Miss Frances Stewart, and the Messrs. Richard and George Hotelling motored to Lake Tahoe last week.

Dr. Charles Minor Cooper, Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. Edwin Goodall, and Mr. Arthur Goodall will return Monday from a week-end visit in Monterey.

Mr. Elliot Rogers has returned to his home in Santa Barbara after an extended stay in this city.

Mrs. Alanson Weeks and her mother, Mrs. John T. Harnes, have returned from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Redding, Miss Katherine Redding, Miss Elise Clark, and Miss Edith Rucker are in Monterey for an indefinite visit.

Mrs. Randall Hunt and her daughter, Miss Floride Hunt, spent the week-end in Woodside with Mrs. James Cunningham and the Misses Sara and Elizabeth Cunningham.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Jones and the Misses Marie and Elena Brewer will move next week into their apartment on Filbert Street.

Miss Sara Collier has recently been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Charles Hickox arrived last week from Cleveland, Ohio, having been called by the death of her mother, Mrs. Chrystal Harrison.

Mrs. William S. Tevis left Tuesday evening for Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Baldwin and Mr. and Mrs. Orville Baldwin have returned from the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean and Miss Helen Dean have gone to Lake Tahoe to spend the summer at the Tahoe Tavern.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell and Mr. and Mrs. Edward McCutchen have opened their bungalows on Lake Tahoe for the season.

Miss Amy Brewer left Monday for the East after an extended visit with friends in California.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wright, Miss Helen Wright, and Miss Augusta Foute are spending the Fourth of July holidays in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wheeler and their daughters, the Misses Lillias, Olive, and Elizabeth, are established for the summer in their country home, The Bend, on the McCloud River, where they will be joined in a few weeks by Mr. Charles Wheeler, Jr., and Miss Jean Wheeler.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralston Hamilton have returned from Menlo Park, where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Breeze.

Mrs. Alexander Garceau has recently been visiting Judge James A. Cooper and Mrs. Cooper at their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Carter Pitkin Pomeroy has returned from Portland, where she has been visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott Brooke. Miss Harriet Pomeroy did not accompany her mother, but will remain a few weeks longer.

Miss Alyce Warner has gone to Auburn to visit her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Moulton Warner.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Deering are established for the summer in their bungalow in Los Gatos.

Mr. and Mrs. Emory Winship and Miss Margaret Casey are among the visitors in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Newhall, Jr., are established in a flat on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Egbert Stone and their daughters, the Misses Harriet, Marian, and Helen Stone, have gone to their country home on the Russian River.

Mrs. Frederick Knight has returned from Honolulu, where she has been visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Smart.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bancroft sailed on the *Moana* for the South Sea Islands.

Mrs. E. D. Tenny has arrived from Honolulu for a few weeks' visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Austin Wood (formerly Miss Romola Bigelow) moved Monday into an apartment on Presidio Avenue and Jackson Street.

Master Kittle Boyd has returned from the East and will spend his vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George D. Boyd, in San Rafael.

Miss Leslie Miller has returned from an Eastern school and will spend her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinckard have returned from the East and have rented the home in San Rafael of Mrs. Henry Glass.

Dr. James W. Keeney and Mrs. Keeney have gone to Woodside to remain during the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker in Santa Barbara.

The Messrs. Gordon and Lansing Tevis returned Monday from a six weeks' visit in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton are a congenial party motoring through the chateau district in France.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Miss Henriette Blanding, and Mr. Blanding's sister, Miss Lena Blanding, are established for the summer in Belvedere.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver have gone to San Rafael to spend a month. They are occupying the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Madison, who with their children will spend the month of July in Inverness.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Fraser Douglas and Mrs. Ursula Stone Shean have gone to the Santa Cruz Mountains for a month's visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Eyre Pinckard are spend-

ing a few days in Monterey. Mrs. Pinckard's father, Mr. Gardner Williams, of Washington, D. C., accompanied them on their week-end trip.

Miss Florence Braverman has returned from a visit in the East.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Miss Jolliffe, Mr. and Mrs. Morris Meyerfeld, Mrs. Florence F. Schloss, Mrs. Leon Greenbaum, and Mr. Henry Hadley, of San Francisco, are registered at the Hotel Crillon, Paris.

Mr. James W. Byrne and his mother, Mrs. Margaret Irvine, have arrived in New York en route home from Europe and may be expected to reach home early this month.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice J. Sullivan have returned from their wedding trip and will be at the Hotel St. Francis until their apartment on Fillmore and Vallejo Streets is ready for occupancy.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Wolff (formerly Miss Sydney Davis) are established in their new home on Jackson Street near Laurel.

Mrs. Dixwell Davenport will spend the summer visiting her relatives in Maine. During his wife's absence Mr. Davenport will reside at the Holluschick Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Michels have gone to Lake Tahoe for a week's visit.

Mrs. A. Gerberding, who has recently returned from a visit in Sonoma County, is established in her home on Russian Hill. Miss Beatrice Gerberding is visiting friends in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Frederick Van Devender Stott of New York is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tiley L. Ford.

Mrs. Eugene Bresse, Miss Metha McMahon, and Miss Marie Louise Tyson left Monday for Monterey for a few weeks' visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Boardman, Miss Mary Boardman, Mr. George Boardman, Miss Dora Winn, and Miss Ethel McAllister have gone to the Kern River Cañon, where they will camp for a month.

Mr. H. M. A. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Christian Miller, and Miss Flora Miller will spend the next two weeks motoring through Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Seymour are established for the summer in their country home at Glen Ellen.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt have gone to Monterey to remain over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker and the Misses Mary Ethel and Helen Crocker have returned from Europe and are at their home in Burlingame. Mr. William H. Crocker, Jr., and Mr. Averill Harriman sailed last week for London to attend the regatta on the Thames. They accompanied the Oxford coach of the Yale crew.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Germaine Vincent, Jr., have returned from New Orleans, where they have been visiting relatives. They are residing in San Mateo with Mrs. Vincent's mother, Mrs. Barry Coleman.

Mrs. George A. Batchelder of Menlo Park and her son, Mr. Kittredge Batchelder, have gone to Deer Park Inn on Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Edward Martin returned Tuesday to her home on Broadway after spending several days in Napa County with her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tohin have returned from a motor trip to Elina Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Remi P. Schwerin and Miss Arabella Schwerin are at Hotel del Monte for an indefinite stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Barron are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper at their ranch in Mendocino County.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Newell Fitch have returned from their wedding trip and are established in their new home, 2100 Lyon Street.

General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., Mrs. Murray, Miss Sadie Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Ord Preston of Washington, D. C., and Captain Herbert Brees, U. S. A., left Tuesday for a visit in the Yosemite Valley.

Colonel Walter Finley, U. S. A., has joined Mrs. Finley and their son at Fort Bayard, New Mexico.

Colonel Calvin D. Cowles, U. S. A., commanding the Fifth Infantry, has been retired. Colonel Cowles is the father of Captain Calvin D. Cowles, Jr., U. S. A., Lieutenant William H. Cowles, U. S. A., and Lieutenant David F. Cowles, U. S. A. Through the retirement of Colonel Cowles Lieutenant-Colonel William T. Mayor has been promoted to the rank of colonel.

Lieutenant-Colonel Robert H. Noble, U. S. A., left Thursday for Portland and Seattle. He will visit the militia camps at American Lake and Tillamook before returning home.

Lieutenant-Colonel Benjamin W. Atkinson, U. S. A., will sail October 5 for Hawaii.

Second Lieutenant George A. Spear, Jr., U. S. A., has been appointed to membership in the general court-martial to meet at the Presidio. Lieutenant Spear's engagement to Miss Dorothy Palmer has recently been announced.

Mrs. E. A. Selfridge is visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Captain Frederick Kelland, U. S. A., and Mrs. Kelland at Fort Douglas, Salt Lake City. Mrs. Selfridge went East to attend the graduation of her twin sons, the Messrs. Samuel and John Selfridge.

Lieutenant Henry T. Burgin, U. S. A., and Mrs. Burgin (formerly Miss Winona Derby) will sail August 5 for their future home in the Philippines. Since their marriage Lieutenant Burgin has been stationed in New Orleans.

Lieutenant H. G. Ball, U. S. A., has arrived at the Presidio from his recent post, Fort Douglas, Utah.

Paymaster Roland Schumann, U. S. N., Mrs. Schumann, and their baby are visiting Mrs. Schumann's parents, Judge J. J. Sullivan and Mrs. Sullivan, at their home on Pacific Avenue. They will leave shortly for Mare Island.

Ensign Hamilton Bryan, U. S. N., who recently graduated from Annapolis, has been assigned for duty to the U. S. S. California.

Mrs. F. N. Munson is visiting her mother, Mrs. Henry Glass, in Berkeley, where she is awaiting the arrival of her husband, Dr. Munson, U. S. N.

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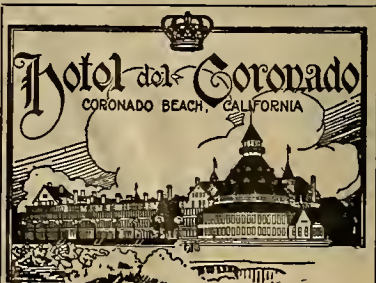
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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Ambassador Dr. Lauro Muller of Brazil, accompanied by representatives of the State Department at Washington, army and navy officials, and by representatives of the Brazilian government, has been entertained with ceremony this week. During his stay here he selected and dedicated Brazil's site on the exposition grounds.

Work on the Stockton Street tunnel began Monday with a big steam shovel just above Sutter Street.

Under an ordinance now effective all billboards in the city must not exceed a height of ten feet except those locations where the billboard companies secure special permission of the city to maintain them.

Six more policemen have been suspended under charges of graft. This makes fourteen, so far.

The Italian colony of North Beach Thursday night banqueted John F. Fugazi, the pioneer banker and steamship agent, who has just built a \$100,000 home for the Italian educational, benevolent, and kindred organizations of that district. The King of Italy recently bestowed the order of Sts. Maurice and Lazarus on the banker and the banquet was in recognition of this honor, and of Mr. Fugazi's philanthropy.

Edward W. Hibbs, general superintendent of the United Railroads, died June 30 in his fifty-first year. Mr. Hibbs came to San Francisco from long and responsible service with the Pennsylvania Railroad in 1902 to take up the general superintendency of the United Railroads, and he has served in that capacity since. Since his arrival in San Francisco Mr. Hibbs had never been absent from his post more than a week at a time. He is survived by a widow and daughter.

Charged with having embezzled \$7000 from the estate of a dead friend and with owing banks and merchants more than \$75,000, John

H. Speck, well-known San Francisco real estate man, former director of the Western Bank, until recently director of the Young Men's Christian Association, and a member of the State Realty Board, is missing.

Both of the fireboats will remain in service, notwithstanding the fact that Governor Johnson has vetoed the appropriation of \$50,000 for the state's half of the expense of maintaining the tugs. One of the boats will be used to protect the buildings at the exposition grounds.

A temporary injunction, restraining the mayor and board of supervisors of the city and county of San Francisco from enforcing the water rates decreed in a measure which finally passed the board June 23, was granted by United States District Judge William C. Van Fleet Tuesday to the Spring Valley Water Company. Similar orders have been made annually, for several years, at the beginning of the fiscal year, by the late Judge J. J. De Haven.

With a score of twenty-five wins out of thirty-one games played simultaneously, Frank J. Marshall, champion chess player of America, won added honors Tuesday night at an exhibition at the Mechanics' Institute.

Mrs. John Hermann, Mrs. Roy Williams, Mrs. B. F. Wilhoit, Mrs. Christiana Kleinhammer, Mrs. J. C. Levy, Mrs. D. Rothchild, Mrs. Charles Bauer, Mrs. A. L. Bradley, Mrs. Isidor Jacobs, Mrs. M. Regensburger, Mrs. E. McLaughlin, Miss A. Drohatz, are members of the first woman jury ever impaneled to try a felony case in the superior court. Next Monday they will sit in the trial of Mrs. Bertha J. Williams, accused of sending a letter to Nanette Robinson, a nurse, demanding \$150 for the trunk left by Mrs. Robinson in the room occupied by John Junglaus, a motorman, murdered last February by Joseph Macia, a waiter, in a fight over her. Mrs. Williams threatened to expose facts in the life of Mrs. Robinson if the money were not forthcoming, it is charged. When arrested she demanded a woman jury.



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THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (the German Bank), 526 California Street; Mission Branch, corner Mission and Twenty-First Streets; Richmond District Branch, corner Clement Street and Seventh Avenue; Haight Street Branch, corner Haight and Belvedere Streets.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1913, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, July 1, 1913. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividends from July 1, 1913.
GEORGE TOURNY, Manager.

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 783 Market Street, near Fourth.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1913, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, July 1, 1913. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1913.
H. C. KLEVESAHN, Cashier.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 316 Montgomery Street.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1913, a dividend upon all deposits at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after July 1, 1913.
S. L. ABBOT, Vice-President.

BANK OF ITALY, southeast corner Montgomery and Clay Streets; Market Street Branch, Junction Market, Turk, and Mason Streets.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1913, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after July 1, 1913. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1913. Money deposited on or before July 10 will earn interest from July 1, 1913.
L. SCATENA, President,
A. PEDRINI, Cashier.

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.....Tuesday, Aug. 12, 1913

S. S. Shinyo Maru.....Saturday, Aug. 16, 1913

S. S. Chiyo Maru.....Thursday, Sept. 11, 1913

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Assistant General Manager.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Bix—So you are now living in the suburbs?
Do you have to walk to the train mornings?
Dix—No, run.—*Boston Transcript*.

She—I heard about the elopement. Has
her mother forgiven them? *He*—I think not.
I understand she has gone to live with them.
—*Puck*.

"Your friend Jaggs seems to think well of
himself." "Yes, and thereby afford a pa-
thetic example of a hopeless minority."—*Bir-
mingham Age-Herald*.

"He never seems to question a thing his
wife says." "No, he never argues with her."
"I wonder why?" "I suspect that she has told
him not to."—*Houston Post*.

Miss Snowflake—Does yo' believe in wish-
hones? *Mr. Jackson*—W'y, it's a sign ob ex-
ceptional luck to hab a fresh one in youah
pocket every day or two.—*Puck*.

Jill—Is Gill a good judge of cigars? *Bill*—
I think he must be. He had two last night
and he gave me one. He must have kept
the best one.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"Brown has just inherited a thousand dol-
lars from his uncle." "What's he going to
do with it?" "Buy a four-thousand-dollar
car, I think."—*Detroit Free Press*.

She—Mr. Brown does not pay his wife
much attention. *He*—No; the only time I
ever knew of his going out with her was once
when the gas exploded.—*Pick-Me-Up*.

Hall—What are you doing now? *Gall*—
Oh, I'm making a house-to-house canvass to
ascertain why people don't want to buy a new
patent clothes-wringer.—*Chicago News*.

"Darling," he cried, "I can not live without
you." "But," she replied, "my father is
bankrupt." "In that case," he despondently
replied, "I guess I'll go and shoot myself."
—*Chicago News*.

Tramp—Yes'm, I wunst had a good joh
managin' a hand laundry, but it failed on me.
Lady—Poor man! How did it happen to fail?
Tramp—She left an' went home to her folks.
—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"My dear, I see you are having some
clothes made for your poodle." "Yes; it is
the latest fad." "Well, I serve notice right
here that I don't button any dogs down the
back."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"You are getting very hald, sir," said the
barber. "You, yourself," retorted the cus-
tomer, "are not free from a number of de-
fects that I could mention if I cared to be
honest personal."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Bass—I suppose you think I'm a fool?
Cass—That's what troubles me. If your
supposition is correct, then you are a mind-
reader, and therefore you can not be a fool;
and yet—well, you understand.—*Boston Tran-
script*.

"These shoes you sold me last week squeak
so that they keep me awake nights," said the
customer, entering the shoe store. "My dear
sir," replied the shoe dealer, reassuringly,
"you shouldn't sleep in them."—*Yonkers
Statesman*.

"You ought to be ashamed to spend the
best part of your life in jail," said the kind
old lady to the prisoner. "Madam," replied
the convict, "don't blame me for it. I assure
you that I am here against my will."—*De-
troit Free Press*.

"Don't you think peace would be promoted
if nations could be persuaded to talk things
over deliberately before going to war?" "Pos-
sibly. But sometimes the more you talk things
over the more you find to fight about."—
Washington Star.

African Explorer (dumfounded)—What,
you, Clarence Vere de Vere, in the heart of
darkest Africa! What in the world are you
doing here? *Clarence Vere de Vere*—I'm
wearing the necktie Miss Darling gave me
for Christmas. I promised her I would, you
know!—*Puck*.

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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Weak Under "Pressure."

When immediately following his inauguration President Wilson was asked his intentions with respect to the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill, vetoed by President Taft as class legislation, he replied that "any bill carrying a rider" was "objectionable." Mr. Wilson might with more emphasis have declared that any bill carrying a rider is essentially immoral. A rider to any measure always embodies some proposal which dares not stand on its own legs. It is always snaked in or tacked on to some proposal necessary or desirable in the hope that the merit of the main proposition will carry the rider. In effect a bill with a rider is a measure which offers something very desirable as a bribe for something not desirable.

It is ten thousand pities that President Wilson, seeing the essential wrong in the practice of attaching riders to appropriation bills, did not then and there serve notice that he would approve no bill thus in violation of morality and propriety. If he had done this—if he had had the hardihood to do what he knew was right—he would have saved the country from the humiliation

and injury inflicted by his subsequent acceptance under protest of the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill with its offensive and immoral rider. And he would have saved himself against the loss of respect which has followed upon a concession which should never have been made.

There is only one safe rule in matters of this kind; and that is to conform strictly to fixed and essential principles. To falter, to concede, to yield to expediences—this is to sacrifice principle and in the end to fail. It does not call for exceptional wisdom to see a straight course. Almost any man of normal vision can distinguish wrong from right. But it takes hardihood, it takes character to stand always firmly for the right; and the greatest of all aids to a man in President Wilson's position is to stand upon fixed and known principles.

In the immediate instance President Wilson knew the principle well enough. He knew that any bill carrying a rider was a thing in contempt of sound principle in legislation. He had the conscience to see it; he had the wit to say it. But when it came to action he had not the strength—the moral hardihood—to resent pressure and to stand by a known principle.

The President's course in this particular matter is bound to plague him through his whole administration. He can not now make any stand upon principle without incurring the reproach that he does not always stand upon principle. Observant men can not fail to see that no matter what his professions, if the pressure be strong enough he will yield. The fact is exposed that for all his preachments President Wilson is really a weak man.

Colonel Irish's Letter.

If all Colonel Irish declares, and obviously believes, and sets forth with his usual force and plausibility, accorded with common knowledge, and if much of it were not at odds with common observation, then there would be nothing for the *Argonaut* to do but to plead guilty of bearing false witness against a superior, kindly, and gracious race, sent by Providence to lead us to higher planes of moral and industrial life. But the Colonel has, we are constrained to believe, observed the Japanese in California with a biased eye; and he has apparently read the *Argonaut's* article with more attention to his own preconceptions than to its assertions. With all due respect to the Colonel, we must maintain that in its remarks to "Eastern readers" the *Argonaut* has given, not "the point of view of European aliens among us, the followers of Tveitmo," but rather the point of view of multitudes of Americans who have carefully observed the facts and earnestly thought upon them.

Much may be said for Colonel Irish's general habits of observation and for his opinions, but in this instance we prefer the testimony of our own eyes and ears to the judgments of a mind plainly obsessed by sympathy and so little discriminating as to confound all who hold other views with "European aliens" and sympathizers with anarchy and its champions. Very distinctly Colonel Irish discredits himself as an impartial judge and takes his place as a special pleader when he seeks to promote his case by the not scrupulously nice method of discrediting all who happen not to agree with him. The Colonel's friendly familiarity with the *Argonaut* through a "third of a century" should have informed him that it at least is no "European alien" and that it is no "follower of Tveitmo."

If Colonel Irish had read with attention the article which he criticizes he would have noted its assertion that there are two widely separated and little sympathetic phases of the Japanese issue as it presents itself practically here in California. One reflects the jealousies of trade unionism—and is made up largely of "followers of Tveitmo"—and the sordid calculations of "reform" politics. The other represents the observation and the judgment of large numbers of intelligent people

neither alien in character nor in sympathy with movements of social disturbance. The *Argonaut* undertook to present the views of this latter element and carefully discriminated its statements with respect to this purpose. If Colonel Irish had been equally careful and as considerate he would in criticizing the *Argonaut's* article have dealt with its statements; he would not have sought to confuse the issue by jumbling together unrelated and non-essential matters.

The issue as it presses upon public attention and as it was presented in these columns "for Eastern readers" is not the narrow one of the Japanese "in their position as farmers and farm laborers," as Colonel Irish has it. Rather the question relates to the Japanese regarded as "neighbors and fellow-citizens." It is quite true and it was so stated in the *Argonaut's* article that the land-owning element welcomes the Japanese as laborers in default of any other supply. But this is far from supporting the colonel's claim for the little brown men of an exceptional integrity, an exceptional faithfulness to contracts, and of pretty much all the virtues and graces, including the character of exemplar in our schools for the benefit of the rising generation.

Now the *Argonaut's* observation differs from that of the Colonel at many points, these among them: It has not found Japanese laborers as a class "regardful of the employer's interest and welfare." It has found them oftentimes undependable, very frequently dishonest, and nearly always whimsical, subject to fits of childish resentment against ordinary and necessary discipline. It has not found any public or other school in which there is a demand for Japanese to serve as patterns for the imitation of American children. It has on the other hand found universal resentment on the part of white parents when Japanese have been brought in school or elsewhere into intimate association with their children. It has found that there is a general, instinctive aversion to immediate association with Japanese in street-cars and elsewhere. The editor of the *Argonaut* rides daily in street-cars much used by Japanese. He has observed carefully and he has yet to see a white man, white woman, or white child sit down by a Japanese when there has been any other vacant seat. Obviously Colonel Irish is himself without the kind of sensibility illustrated in this connection, but that circumstance does not alter the general fact that white people as a rule and as manifested in the everyday life of San Francisco have a fixed aversion to physical contact with the Japanese. The *Argonaut* knows from immediate personal observation that a house once occupied by Japanese is not easily sold or rented to white people. It has the best reason for knowing that property values sharply decline in any district "invaded" by Japanese. If Colonel Irish really wishes enlightenment upon this point let him make inquiry of any real estate broker in San Francisco.

Now as to George Shima: We are glad to believe everything Colonel Irish says of this man and his family. And we will go further to concede—this from personal observation—that he is the one man in Berkeley able to wear a high hat with dignity. Nevertheless we do know that there was the very devil of a neighborhood agitation when Shima bought his house at Berkeley. Shortly thereafter the editor of the *Argonaut* was one of a company of gentlemen entertained by a Berkeley resident. The Shima purchase was under discussion, several of those present being immediate neighbors, and resentment against the man who sold the property to Shima was positive and emphatic. Colonel Irish knows people who "lived in the neighborhood" and were "pleased" when Shima came. The *Argonaut* knows people in the neighborhood who had a very different feeling about it.

Colonel Irish makes much of the economic aspect of the matter, but the article which he reviews dealt not at all with this subject. Let it be admitted that the more workers you establish on the land the more

and the more potatoes. But it is not a matter of prunes and potatoes. In its larger aspects—the only aspect which the *Argonaut* thought it worth while to discuss for the information of "Eastern readers"—it is a question of race—whether or not we shall permit the establishment in California of communities insolubly alien, unassimilating and unassimilable, impervious through differences of blood and traditions to our ideas and standards and without any mental or moral propensity for responsibility under them.

We have the highest respect for Colonel Irish on many accounts. But in the immediate instance he appears plainly biased, curiously misinformed. When a man ordinarily so clear in his mental processes throws an issue into confusion, when a man ordinarily so fair and courteous descends to denunciation of those who hold views opposed to his own, no further evidence is needed that it is a case where partiality and emotionalism have overborne natural and habitual tendencies.

The New Balkan War.

The Balkan war has now entered upon its second stage, and it seems likely to be more dangerous than the first. The Bulgarians, Greeks, and Servians have been fighting among themselves for two weeks, and that the fighting is no mere skirmishing is shown by the fact that the losses are estimated already at over 50,000 men. The war against the Turks was deadly enough in all conscience and marked by a ferocity almost without parallel among religious struggles. The new clash of Christian against Christian, Slav against Slav, is likely to be fiercer still, and must be the cause of infinite satisfaction to the unspeakable Turk. The Mohammedan faith doubtless has its demerits, but at least it keeps the peace among its followers, and in this respect it puts Christianity to shame.

The cause of the new war is to be found in the agreement among the Christian allies as to the division of the lands that they expected to take from Turkey and that they now have actually taken. The agreement was made before the war against Turkey was begun, and naturally it made no allowance for European interference. By the terms of this agreement Serbia and Montenegro were to be allotted the northern part of Albania and Greece was to receive southern Albania. But no sooner was the war over than the powers intervened. For reasons of their own they decided that Albania must be an independent state and that Serbia, Greece, and Montenegro must seek for compensation elsewhere. Now Bulgaria had no particular cause to resent this intervention, seeing that it left her own share of the plunder practically untouched, but the other states, thus left out in the cold, were naturally quick to demand the abrogation of the old agreement and a repartition of the loot. It was equally natural that Bulgaria should object to any disturbance of an arrangement that left her in possession of practically all she wanted. Hence the attack upon her by her former allies. The good offices of Russia have been rejected, and so there is nothing left for the powers but to keep the ring and to pray that they be not led into the temptation to pick and steal, a prayer that has usually been left unanswered in the past.

That the Balkan states should mutually exterminate each other would not be a matter of very grave import, but that the fire should spread beyond their confines might result in almost anything. Already there are reports that Turkey intends to take advantage of a situation so favorable to herself and to recover her lost property. If her old enemies are now to kill each other to the tune of a daily average of four or five thousand men it is evident that she need not wait very long, but what Europe would have to say to the return of the Turk is a matter for interesting speculation.

Of course everything is speculation except the supreme fact that Bulgarians, Servians, and Greeks, who stood shoulder to shoulder before Adrianople and elsewhere, are now hating each other for the love of God and killing each other as fast as circumstances will permit. The war against Turkey cost Bulgaria alone over half a million dollars a day. It cost the allies four times their annual income. For years to come these nations must stagger under a load of debt, while the load of misery and bereavement is awful and incalculable. For their struggle against the Turk, a struggle largely of sentiment, they deserved and received a certain amount of sympathy. But what is to be said of their present struggle against each other in defiance of all sentiment, and for ends that are frankly acquisitive and sordid? What is to be said for the human intelligence that believes that a strip of Albania, even though Al-

bania were the kingdom of heaven, which it certainly is not, is worth such atrocious suffering, such moral and material ruin.

Hypocrisy in Administration.

Nobody who has observed the operations of government under the party system—and the party system is the only system possible with us—blames the Wilson administration for wishing to get Republicans out of the offices and to put Democrats into them. It is natural that those responsible for the working of the government should wish to get the administrative organization into sympathy with their aims and purposes. Then there is the multitude of faithful party adherents who have borne the brunt of battle in victory and in defeat and who clamor for recognition. Take the case of the San Francisco postoffice, for example: It is no great thing, regarded intrinsically, but it is a tremendously big thing when considered in its relation to political feeling. Democrats in San Francisco who fought the fight and won the victory would like to see a man of their own faith in the postoffice. They resent the fact that a political enemy continues to hold so important a post of official authority. Having won the presidential office, they want all the other offices, not so much for the emoluments—though this phase of the matter counts for something—as for what office, regarded as a symbol of political authority, stands for.

If when he entered upon the presidency Mr. Wilson had said frankly that the policy of his administration would be to reorganize the public service by creating vacancies wherever possible and filling them with Democratic partisans, we believe he would have made a hit with the country. A few sentimentalists would have resented it, but the great mass of politically and morally healthy people would have approved. There is that in most men and women which appreciates the thing that accords with human nature and warmth of blood. A purpose frankly avowed almost automatically wins support.

What gives offense in the course of the administration towards Republican office-holders is not that the latter are being put out for partisan reasons, but that there is an effort to disguise the facts by a sugar-coating of pretense. Mr. Fisk, for example, is asked to resign on the score of "incompetency"—this in face of the fact that he has held the office for a long term of years and has made a record for exceptional efficiency. The charge of incompetency is obviously and ridiculously trumped up. It deceives nobody. It indicates only this: that the administration is undertaking to do under pretense what it is ashamed to do openly and above-board. It wants the office for a Democrat—that is plain enough. But it is not sufficiently straightforward to proceed in the open and upon a frank avowal of its reasons.

Here, we repeat, is the chief offense. It is an offense common to all parties, especially to parties which in pre-election campaigns bear down with a melodramatic emphasis upon the pedal of a sanctimonious morality. Somehow, so weak is the moral spine of the average reformer, that it seems to him more right to do a natural thing under fraudulent professions than to do it straight from the shoulder. It seems, for example, to Postmaster-General Burleson less a violation of propriety and morality to falsely charge Postmaster Fisk as an incompetent than to dismiss him with a straight avowal that he wants the job for a Democrat.

We see conspicuously exhibited a similar aberration of mind in the case of the administration at Sacramento. Governor Johnson has used the powers of his office in a thousand arbitrary ways to the end of building up a personal machine. He has, under the confidence and sufferance of the people who have trusted him, recast the fundamental law of the state. He has filled the state offices large and small with his partisans and helpers. He has even created a multitude of new and unnecessary offices to be used to the further advantage of his scheme of personal politics. He has done these things, not with an honorable openness and directness, but under hypocritical professions. Loudly exploiting himself as the champion of purity, loudly declaring his devotion to the principles of simplicity and honesty in administration, he has belied and betrayed every principle to which he professed devotion. He has done the things he said he would not do. He has not done the things he said he would do.

It is not surprising that this sort of thing tends to moral confusion, and through decline of public confidence in anybody or anything, to the breakdown of that patriotic faith which has carried us through

so many crises. Of all the influences tending to loss of confidence on the part of the public, the most grievous, we think, is this habit on the part of those who present themselves as moral champions in the political sphere to break faith and to do by underhand and fraudulent means things which would have offended nobody if done in the open. Every man of political observation knows that after a partisan fight the winning side expects the rewards of victory. Its champions demand concrete evidences of their triumph. They want the offices, not so much for what is in them in a financial sense as for the fact that possession stands for success and authority. And they will have the offices. Cleveland, strong man as he was, tried to stand against the storm, but could not do it. Wilson is helpless in the presence of demands, persuasions, and threats. He has yielded, as every wise man knew that he must. Now, having yielded, he ought to be honest enough to proceed by the straightforward method. He ought to throw over pretense. Any other course is rank dishonesty, and it deceives nobody.

Sex Hygiene in the Schools.

Every now and then comes a gratifying and unexpected flash of intelligence from the educational authorities of the country. Among the latest expressions of a conservative common sense is the veto placed by the Chicago board of education on the course in sex hygiene outlined by Mrs. Ella Flagg Young. The board will have nothing to do with it. It refuses to sanction or to touch such an explosive as this. It says in effect that while there are certain things that children ought to learn it is far better that they should go wholly untaught than that the instruction should be given to them outside the family circle. There are some kinds of knowledge that become poisonous when administered by the wrong hands, and sex hygiene is among them.

It is hard to believe that this new mischief can be advocated by any one with a practical, as opposed to a theoretical, knowledge of children, or by any one who is aware of the school-class consciousness that always tends to descend to the level of its lower units. A proper sex hygiene can not be taught as arithmetic or geography are taught. It does not consist in the imparting of facts. It can not be written down in books, or even talked about in a formal and definite way. Sex hygiene is a matter more of moral than of intellectual consciousness. It comes only from the ceaseless vigilance of parents, from the constant inculcation of self-restraint, and from those wise "words in season" that can never find a place in a school curriculum. No one who can look back upon his own boyhood days and so imagine the effect of a class lesson on sex hygiene, no one who has any recollection of the school-class consciousness on such matters, could fail to look upon an experiment of this kind with consternation. If any educational effort of this sort is to be made—and it ought to be made, and it is being made—it should not be directed toward the children, but toward the parents. That parents are gravely remiss is true enough, but this is an evil that can not be remedied by adding a new subject to the school curriculum. Sex hygiene can properly be taught only by parents and guardians. In the hands of others it is a virulent poison. It is far better that it should be untaught than taught wrongly.

A Last Word from Fresno.

The Fresno *Republican* makes an amusing rejoinder to the contention of the *Argonaut* that a minimum wage for women must result in an increase of unemployment and a consequent extension of vice. But perhaps the word rejoinder is not exactly the right one. Actually it is not a rejoinder at all. The *Republican* does no more than feebly repeat its first contention that the minimum wage will not lead to unemployment and that it will not lead to vice, but since its intermediate articles expressly admit over and over again that it will lead to both these evils and that in some mysterious way it is good that it should do so we may charitably assume that this tangle of contradictions is due rather to a hopelessly bad cause than to mental obliquity. For example, in its issue of June 28 the *Republican*, speaking of the girls who are not worth a minimum wage, says: "They must be supported at least partly now and wholly then from the only remaining sources—vice or charity." Since this was the precise contention of the *Argonaut*, no more and no less, it is hard to see why the *Republican* felt it necessary to intervene. Probably it regrets having done so.

But the amusing part of the reply is the admission that "none of the *Republican's* arguments were original, but all were borrowed bodily from the leading economists and humanitarians who have studied the question." We thought as much, but were too polite to say so. The "arguments" did indeed bear all the earmarks of the shallow effusions of those ignorant alike of history and economics and who endeavor by a certain shrill enthusiasm to compensate for a lack of reasoning powers. The air is full of them. They are written for the most part by conceited quackery for the mentally childish. They weave a tissue of infantile debate around the facts of life that they conceal or suppress. There are of course exceptions, but nine out of ten of them are mere special pleas to hysteria. If the *Republican* will now put all this rubbish on one side and not only face the facts, but think about them, it may be able to avoid disasters from which its own unadulterated intelligence is amply sufficient to save it. In the meantime we shall preserve the *Republican's* articles as incontrovertible evidence that the minimum wage agitation is the most effective—because so innocently unconscious—among all the adjuncts of the white slave trade.

The Secretary of Labor and the Law.

We may reasonably wonder if the President was aware of the jail record of the man whom he placed in his Cabinet as Secretary of Labor. It seems that Mr. William B. Wilson was arrested in 1894 on a charge of unlawful assembly and conspiracy in connection with a strike organized by the United Mine Workers of America. The case against him seems to have been smothered by one of those stealthy proceedings so disgracefully common to the criminal law, since the state attorney announced that the warrant was "missing" and the matter was therefore dismissed. This was the second time that Mr. Wilson had been in trouble. In the early part of the same year he was charged with contempt of court in disobeying certain injunctions, and this time he escaped through lack of legal proof as to certain dates, although the judge remarked that his conduct was "very reprehensible." These facts are hardly open to dispute, since Mr. Wilson himself has issued a statement admitting that they are facts. Neither does he attempt an explanation or defense except the usual demagogic plea that he was fighting against "big business," and that some one had been paid \$300 in order to kidnap him.

The President made a grave mistake in the appointment to his Cabinet of a rabid labor agitator, but its gravity is increased by these unpleasant revelations. The dignity of the Cabinet is not enhanced by the presence of a man doubly charged with law-breaking and law defiance, and who is still as fanatical a partisan as when a court of justice placed on his shoulders the responsibility for lawlessness. There are a hundred men in the country who could have been placed at the head of the new Department of Labor and who could have brought to that office not only an untarnished reputation, but also experience, capacity, and impartiality. Why, then, did the President choose a man so seriously smirched as a law-breaker and one whose sympathies are so violently enlisted on behalf of a minority of labor whose activities are always anti-national and often criminal? The Department of Labor was not intended to be a department of labor unionism.

The incident is peculiarly unfortunate, coming as it does at a time when labor unionism stands arraigned for sympathy with crime. How is it possible to make headway against the present campaign of outrage and violence while the President of the United States admits the implication that lawlessness is no bar to Cabinet honors? How is it possible to scotch such creatures as Tveitmoe and Clancy and McCarthy so long as they and their kind are able to hoist their friends into the Cabinet? And it may be asked further how it is possible to combat such iniquities as the legal exemption of labor unions from the criminal law while those who themselves have been charged with violating the criminal law and who have been reprimanded by the bench for so doing are beckoned to the right hand of the President as his special advisers and counselors?

Judge Van Fleet and the Grand Jury.

The function of the United States Grand Jury is not that of a miscellaneous censorship. Its obligations are specific, and they do not include guardianship of the proprieties and moralities of Department practice at Washington. Therefore Judge Van Fleet was right to eliminate the "roast" of the Attorney-General in the jury report submitted on Tuesday. Judge Van Fleet's

order was wholly apart from the rights or wrongs of the report itself. It merely asserted the fact that the McReynolds-McNab incident lay outside and apart from the sphere of the grand jury and that the dragging of it into an official report was gratuitous and impertinent. None the less it is of interest that a body of intelligent and responsible citizens familiar with all the facts were not only willing but eager to speak in emphatic condemnation of the course of the Attorney-General's office. Properly these strictures were eliminated from a report in which they were improperly placed, but they are not less of value as related to public information and opinion on this account.

Editorial Notes.

A St. Louis professor who is airing his views in the summer school of the Oregon State University at Eugene declares that there is coming very soon a state of society in which woman will select the man instead of man the woman, in the matter of matrimony. Education, with the expanding life of womanhood, declares Professor Mangold, is making woman more independent and readjusting her relationship to society. All this is very fine and, regarded as a theory, only a little less noteworthy than Gertrude Atherton's plan to eliminate sentiment altogether from the scheme of life. None the less we suspect that things will go on in pretty much the same old way. Fashions indeed change—fashions in sentiment, in superficial practice, precisely like fashions in haberdashery—but human nature is the same thing throughout the generations. We suspect that so long as men continue to be physically stronger, and let us say mentally as strong, as women matrimonial practice will suffer no radical change. When Professor Mangold or Mrs. Atherton shall find a race in which the women are physically and mentally stronger than the men, then their theories may work out. But not till then.

Newspapers throughout the country exhibit a commendable common sense in treating as negligible the "exposures" of a confessed blackmailer who under the name of Lamar appeared last week before a congressional investigating committee. The declarations of a confessed scoundrel who admits that the name he bears is a false one and who declines to give his true name merits small attention and no credence at all. The surprising thing is that a figure so sinister should have been given opportunity to testify before the committee.

The *Examiner* is busy these days in support of an interesting theory that San Francisco may put forth a new and colossal issue of bonds for the creation of a municipal street-car system without adding to the burden of the taxpayer. Indeed, if one could get his mind into adjustment with the *Examiner's* method of calculations, the municipality has only to go deeper into debt to make itself rich and prosperous. The principle is not wholly new, having been exploited in its completeness nearly half a century ago by one Micawber of gracious memory. It scarcely needs to be said that in this campaign the *Examiner* is both ridiculous and dishonest. Any system of street-cars which San Francisco can build between now and 1915 must—and the *Examiner* knows it—in the nature of things be pitifully inadequate to the service of the exposition. The work would have to be done under forced orders, which would practically double its legitimate cost. There would be haste, waste, and graft at every turn. Then in the end there would have to be an arrangement with the owners of the present street-car service to do the work. For its investment the city would have an inadequate, overcapitalized, and useless system. The business sense of the situation, the common sense of the situation, the plain honesty of the situation, demand that an adjustment be made now under which the existing system shall be made to serve the exposition.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Letter from Colonel Irish.

OAKLAND, July 7, 1913.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: I have read the *Argonaut* for a third of a century, and desire to continue reading it for another third. When traveling if I see a man reading the *Argonaut* I have found it safe to assume that he is a gentleman.

In this frame of mind I ask the right to traverse the statements in your article on the Japanese, "For Eastern Readers," which appeared in a recent issue.

Every subject has more than one point of view. You have given that of the European aliens amongst us, the followers of Tveitmoe, president of the anti-Japanese league, while I am able to give the views of our horticulturalists, expressed by unanimous vote of their state association, and of numerous

commercial, agricultural, and social organizations all over the state.

The present storm centre over our Japanese is in relation to their position as farmers and farm laborers. Japanese farm labor in California gets the highest wages paid in the United States to such labor, and in return renders the best day's work. It is skillful, intelligent, clean, sober, and regardful of the employer's interest and welfare, which of course is offensive to Mr. Tveitmoe. Japanese farm labor is largely non-competitive and is exploited in a field where white labor will not go, and would not work if there were no Japanese in this hemisphere. The product of Japanese labor in that non-competitive field, after it leaves Japanese hands, furnishes work and wages to thousands of white people who otherwise would have neither. This coördination of labor is a necessity of our physical conditions which can not be changed. The short legged, short backed Japanese is the first element in such coördination. Eliminate him and you obsolete production that adds tens of millions of dollars annually to the wealth of the state, and you obsolete also the work and wages of thousands of white laborers who are the other coördinate element.

The Japanese immigrants brought here the most money per caput, and the largest percentage of them educated, of any aliens that have come to us.

As immigrants their standard of living was and is the highest, the percentage of crime amongst them the lowest. There is not cheap labor, but is the best paid because it renders the best service. They are personally the cleanest people in the state, the most temperate and sober, orderly and law abiding. In disposition they are cheerful, kindly, and polite. Every Japanese laborer seen on our trains or boats is neatly clad and shod, in our costume, and no one objects to traveling with them or sitting by them, except other aliens whose uncleanness and ill manners make them objectionable to the Japanese.

As pupils in the public schools Japanese children take first rank for personal cleanliness, studiousness, kindly consideration of the rights of others, politeness, and obedience to discipline. I have the statement of one of the oldest school principals in San Francisco, based on twenty years' experience with Japanese pupils in the schools of that city, that there has never been a shadow of suspicion of immorality amongst them, and that teachers have always been glad to secure them for the sake of the good example they set to the other children. There is no case on record of manifestation of aversion to them by other pupils, for indeed they are apt to be the favorites of the whole school.

The Japanese who buy houses in our cities are usually business men and financiers, and it is not true that the location of such impairs values. You cite the case of George Shima. I know people who lived in the neighborhood where he located, and so far from objecting were they that they were pleased when he came, and all surrounding property has been benefited by his splendid improvements. If objection were made, it was by aliens at a distance, whom Mr. Shima would not have liked as neighbors. He has one of the most refined and beautiful homes in Berkeley and a lovely family. Mrs. Shima is a college educated Japanese lady, and the best American people of the best society on this side of the bay welcome and receive her and her family, with no thought other than equality of merit and of manners. All that I say of them may be said also of all the Japanese of their standing wherever they have settled.

All of the foregoing that lies outside of personal observation and experience is from indisputable official records.

In 1909 our legislature appropriated a large sum for an official investigation of the Japanese in California. This investigation was had by the state commissioner of labor, and was thorough to the last detail. It covered every locality where they are found and every form of investment, business, and labor. It gave the names, residence, and evidence of the white witnesses who were examined. Thus every facility was afforded to verify or impeach the report. This investigation was made, in the language of the law, for "the information of the state government and of Congress and the President." Its result so completely exploded Tveitmoe's anti-Japanese campaign and exposed as false his statements that the cowardly state government refused to print it, and it exists only in the manuscript, inaccessible to the President and Congress. This is a sample of the treatment of this question by the scurvy politicians of California. You will admit, no matter what your personal views or prejudices, that fair play and common decency demand the publication of that report. The money of the people paid for it and they have a right to the result, and as long as it is withheld the state is discredited in the estimation of every decent, fair play American.

It is outside my purpose to argue citizenship for the Japanese, though I will go bail for such as might be naturalized that they understand our institutions better than 90 per cent of the European aliens, and that by reason of their self-respect and high sense of personal honor they would not be found selling their votes or corrupting our politics.

Now I have had more business dealings with Japanese than the average Californian and have never had one sidestep a contract or betray a promise, and regret that I can not say the same of white men. Mr. George Shima is our largest farmer, outside of cereals. His credit is the best and his observance of commercial honor scrupulous to the last degree. In his organization one-fourth of his employees are Americans, who work in amity alongside Japanese. Ask them what they think of their great employer.

To conclude: for the last thirty years there has been a progressive decline of farm labor, in this country and in Europe. This decline is so rapid now that nowhere in this country can an adequate supply be found. The Japanese and the Chinese are fine land people and farmers. California would be fortunate in this supply of farm labor if she were permitted to use it. But Mr. Tveitmoe, the too handy penman and expert in high explosives, forbids it.

We are inviting Eastern people with money to come here and buy our land. I have recently talked with some who have come, and they assured me that if they had known of the farm labor situation here they would not have come. They asked why Mr. Tveitmoe, with his union dupes in the cities, none of whom will go into the country and work on land, is permitted to dictate and interfere with rural labor. The answer is the odium of California, the disgrace of our politicians, and involves the decadence of the state.

JOHN P. IRISH.

Growers of Turkish tobacco in Tulare County, California, expect a crop of 350,000 pounds this season.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

A news item from London tells us that five unpublished poems by Emily Brontë have been sold for nearly \$200. Now it may be remembered that the three Brontë sisters once published a volume of poems. The trade returns at the end of a year showed that two copies had been sold, and the remainder of the edition was then given away to friends. Some of us have to be dead a long time before we come into our own.

Mr. Carnegie thinks it a pity to spend so much money for American battleships because for "the price of one battleship we could build sixty American embassies at \$250,000 each." What an alluring prospect and how well calculated to fire the imagination. But where could we put all these embassies? Incidentally it may be said that if Mr. Carnegie does not want battleships he should refrain from such public utterances as the one reported in the *New York Evening Post*: "If Japan should force the issue and war should come, there are twenty-two million men in America to repel her. In the first place, she could never land. If, by any chance, she did land, she could never get back." Now this may be true. Indeed it is true, but it is the kind of thing that wise men, and especially wise peace advocates, do not say in public. We have very definite opinions about Mr. Carnegie himself, but it would be grossly insulting to express them in public.

How is it that the consumption of alcohol per head in America is larger than in England? Prohibition is the law in seven states, while in England there is no prohibition and practically no restriction. Is it conceivable that wicked people continue to drink in prohibition states? Or do the people of non-prohibition states drink the more? Is it possible that prohibition is debauching the nation just as the abolition of the canteen has debauched the army? The W. C. T. U. ought to look into this matter. Or would it be better to look into the W. C. T. U.?

A French literary journal, *Les Annales*, has taken the trouble to ascertain the opinions of a number of leading Frenchwomen on the militant suffragettes of England and some of the views have an originality worthy of their source. Mme. Juliette Adam thinks that a good way to begin the rule of equality between the sexes would be to subject all alike to the same prison treatment. But she goes on to say that men and women alike should have the vote, but not unless they are married. Neither bachelors nor spinsters should be eligible for the ballot. Mme. Anne de Bovet is a theoretical suffragette, but she would rather see a few competent women without the vote than a large number of incompetent women with it. She says: "It would be simply funny to pretend that I am not able to understand politics and vote as well as my concierge; but should I get a vote my concierge's wife would get one, too." And Mme. de Bovet, being an intelligent woman, shudders at the thought of the concierge's wife with her substantial but soiled finger in the pie of national politics. Mme. de Bovet does not think that the wife of the concierge could offer any substantial aid to the government in the matter of the religious problem or even in such trifles as international alliances. Finally we have Gyp, the novelist, who says that if the militant suffragette labored under the impression that she—the militant—could annoy her—Gyp—by starving herself to death it would be a fundamental error that time and hunger would correct.

We hear a good deal of the Slav races, and usually we associate them vaguely with the small but lively nationalities of eastern Europe. Therefore it is useful to be reminded by the *Russki-Filologicheski Zhurnal* that the total number of Slavs in the world is 160,132,471. They include Russians, Poles, Servo-Croatians, Bohemians, Bulgarians, Slovaks, Slovenians, and Serbs, and they are said to love each other so much as to give reality and significance to the Pan-Slav movement to which our newspapers occasionally refer when they are short on murders, divorces, and the really important things of life. Solidity is given to the Slav movement by the remarkable intermingling of the Slav races. For example, nearly five million Russian Slavs live in Austria, three and a half million Polish Slavs live in Germany, one hundred thousand Bulgarian Slavs live in Roumania, and so on. And who would suppose that over four million Slavs live in America? This is peculiarly a time of racial consolidation. If the Slavs should "get together" and notify the rest of Europe of what they want it seems highly likely that they would get it. One is reminded of Tolstoy's prediction that the Napoleonic figure about to enter the world stage is a Slav.

The poet laureateship being now in the air we are reminded of Sir Arthur Sullivan's account of a visit paid to his house by Tennyson: "The first time Tennyson came to dine at our house the door was opened to him by a parlor-maid who had been with us for many years and was like one of the family. She was fairly staggered by the appearance of the visitor, who always wore a deep, broad-brimmed black felt hat and black cape, which made him look exactly like a conspirator in an Italian play. . . . When the guests had departed, Kate, the maid, said to me: 'Was that really the great poet, Master Arthur? Well! he do wear clothes.' 'Of course,' I replied, with subtle irony, 'all poets do. Besides, you forget that he is a Poet Laureate.' She hadn't forgotten it, for she had never known it. Then after a slight pause she said thoughtfully, 'What a queer uniform!'"

Those who like to reflect that Portugal now belongs to the glorious army of free and independent democracies are inclined to note the fact that Mgr. Antonio Barroso, Bishop of Oporto, has just been prosecuted criminally for baptizing a baby in defiance of the law. There is no mention of any proceedings against the baby, but doubtless this matter will

be taken under advisement. The modern form of European democracy may be defined as a system under which vaccination is compulsory and baptism illegal.

Professor Flinders Petrie, the Egyptologist, is exhibiting in London an exquisite jewel found by him in a tomb 5400 years old. Its many and various stones are exquisitely cut and cemented together with lines of beaten gold very much like the best work of today. But the curious part of the story is this: The jewel was not found on the body of the lady to whom it belonged, but in the hands of a man whose remains lay a few yards away and who had evidently been killed by a fall of the roof as he was leaving the tomb with his plunder. Nemesis was speedy enough in this case, but we may confess to a certain amount of sympathy with the thief, who doubtless believed that this is a world of the living and not of the dead and that mummified ladies had no legitimate use for jewels.

Mr. Herbert Corder, of the National Peace Council of New Zealand, says that "absolutely shameful and drastic penalties" are being enforced in New Zealand in connection with compulsory military service in that country. There have been already 3439 prosecutions for failure to comply with the terms of the act. Mr. Sellars and his family have lately been forced from the country because of their refusal to be soldiers. Mr. Sellars himself was sent to prison and he and his brother had to leave the country to avoid further confinement, and even then they were liable to arrest on the road. New Zealand boasts that it is the most democratic country in the world, and perhaps it is. But its policy seems to confirm the opinion of Professor Ferrero that the real threat to the peace of the world is not from monarchs and rulers, but from democracies. In the meantime it would be well for young men to avoid New Zealand. If they wish to be soldiers they may as well enlist at home.

The London Missionary Society reports a deficit of \$280,000, which will entail a withdrawal of workers from various parts of Asia and Africa. Let us do our best to control our emotions.

The *Boston Traveler*, commenting on the reported fact that one-seventh of the 700 members of the San Francisco Dishwashers' Union are college graduates, seems inclined to compliment San Francisco on a culture that insists upon the higher education even at the sink. Even in Boston they are not so particular as this. So long as the waiter is a college graduate they are culpably indifferent to the intellectual graces of the man who washes the dishes. The *Traveler* continues: "A business man of this city who was formerly a member of the school board remarked only yesterday that, in his opinion, not one-tenth of the boys who graduate from the Boston schools can spell accurately or write grammatically a letter of ordinary length. Those things are of minor importance. The opportunity of teaching the boys to wash dishes and thus qualify for honorable employment under union conditions must not be neglected."

Germany, say the imperialists—another name for the armament makers—wants to take Canada from Great Britain in order to get wheat for her own people. Norman Angell says in reply that Germany can already get all the wheat she wants from Canada by the simple process of buying it, which is exactly what she would have to do if she owned the country. We have now reached the point where a ray of common sense has all the spectacular effects of a comet.

Mr. Frederick McCormick, author of "The Flowery Republic," found it well to be cautious in bandying words with Sun Yat Sen. Doing his best to explain American delay in the recognition of the Chinese republic, Mr. McCormick said: "As for our government, it may be the last to recognize you. Its policy is to act in such a manner as to exercise the greatest influence with the powers in China's behalf. In the case of the latest new republic, Portugal, it was the last to give recognition." "Yes," replied President Sun Yat Sen. "But it recognized Panama in three days." Of course the conditions were quite different in Panama, but how can one hope to explain such matters to the Oriental mind?

The much talked of shipments of arms to Ulster seems to be about as childish a piece of folly as can well be imagined. It seems that about 6000 rifles were landed in London and conveyed to a suburban warehouse. The police arrived at the warehouse nearly as soon as the rifles, but they allowed the heavy packing cases to be sent on to Dublin and seized them there. The rifles turned out to be of Italian manufacture and twenty-seven years old, with a range of 600 or 700 yards, and of course without ammunition. Now it may be that Ulster means to fight, but surely not with these rifles. Quite good bows and arrows can be bought at the toy shops, although these would cost somewhat more than Italian rifles twenty-seven years old. SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

A majority of the present United States senators have previously held high office in their states by choice of the voters. Of the ninety-two members now sitting, twenty-four have been governors, two lieutenant-governors, one each secretary of state and attorney-general, while three have sat on the highest state courts. Of the rest eighteen have served by popular choice in the House of Representatives. The former governors are equally divided between the Republican and Democratic parties, with a dozen each. Two states—Vermont and Arkansas—are represented in both their senatorial seats by former governors, so that all told twenty-two states have a former governor in the upper house of Congress.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Last Word.

Creep into thy narrow bed,
Creep, and let no more he said!
Vain thy onset! all stands fast.
Thou thyself must break at last.

Let the long contention cease!
Geese are swans, and swans are geese,
Let them have it how they will!
Thou art tired; hest be still.

They out-talked thee, hissed thee, tore thee?
Better men fared thus before thee;
Fired their ringing shot and passed,
Hotly charged—and sank at last.

Charge once more, then, and be dumb!
Let the victors, when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall!—Matthew Arnold.

Shakespeare.

Others abide our question. Thou art free.
We ask and ask: Thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill
That to the stars uncrowns his majesty,
Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,
Spares but the cloudy border of his base
To the foil'd searching of mortality;
And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honor'd, self-secure,
Didst walk on earth unguess'd at. Better so!
All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness that impairs, all griefs that bow,
Find their sole voice in that victorious brow.
—Matthew Arnold.

Philomela.

Hark! ah, the Nightingale!
The tawny-throated!
Hark! from that moonlit cedar what a burst!
What triumph! hark—what pain!

O Wanderer from a Grecian shore,
Still, after many years, in distant lands,
Still nourishing in thy bewilder'd brain
That wild, unquench'd, deep-sunken, Old-World pain—
Say, will it never heal?
And can this fragrant lawn
With its cool trees, and night,
And the sweet, tranquil Thames,
And moonshine, and the dew,
To thy rack'd heart and brain
Afford no balm?

Dost thou tonight behold
Here, through the moonlight on this English grass,
The unfriendly palace in the Thracian wild?
Dost thou again peruse
With hot cheeks and sear'd eyes
The too clear web, and thy dumb Sister's shame?
Dost thou once more assay
Thy flight, and feel come over thee,
Poor Fugitive, the feathery change
Once more, and once more seem to make resound
With love and hate, triumph and agony,
Lone Daulis, and the high Cephissian vale?
Listen, Eugenia—
How thick the bursts come crowding through the leaves
Again—thou hearest!
Eternal Passion!
Eternal Pain! —Matthew Arnold.

From the Hymn of Empedocles.

Is it so small a thing
To have enjoy'd the sun,
To have lived light in the spring,
To have loved, to have thought, to have done;
To have advanced true friends, and beat down baffling foes

That we must feign a bliss
Of doubtful future date,
And while we dream on this
Lose all our present state,
And relegate to worlds yet distant our repose?

Not much, I know, you prize
What pleasures may be had,
Who look on life with eyes
Estranged, like mine, and sad:
And yet the village churl feels the truth more than you;

Who's loth to leave this life
Which to him little yields:
His hard-task'd sunburnt wife,
His often-labor'd fields;
The hoors with whom he talk'd, the country spots he knew.

But thou, because thou hear'st
Men scoff at Heaven and Fate;
Because the gods thou fear'st
Fall to make blest thy state,
Tremblest, and wilt not dare to trust the joys there are.

I say, Fear not! life still
Leaves human effort scope.
But, since life teems with ill,
Nurse no extravagant hope.
Because thou must not dream, thou need'st not then despair.
—Matthew Arnold.

Captain Scott's ship, the *Terra Nova*, will not be taken to London for exhibition purposes. She has been repurchased by the original owners, and will proceed to Newfoundland, where she will again be employed in sealing. Of the natural history collections aboard the ship when she arrived at Cardiff, perhaps the most important, and from a personal point of view certainly the most precious, is the collection of fossils discovered by Captain Scott and Wilson during the ill-fated return journey from the South Pole. This box of fossils was found on a sledge when the relief party arrived at the place where Captain Scott and his companions perished.

Most favorable comment is given to the California exhibit in the Ghent International Exposition. The section was opened June 15 by Theodore Narburg, American ambassador.

ADIEU À MONTMARTRE.

Festivities to Mark the Passing of the Hill of Gardens.

Bohemian Paris is in mourning again. Montmartre is doomed. Not that the whole of the famous Butte is to be shorn level to the ground by some gigantic plow, though as the chief quarry for that gypsum known as "plaster of Paris" it is being carried away piecemeal; but that the speculating builder has bidden a higher price for the gardens of the hill than they produce as pleasure haunts, and that consequently those delectable resorts which Montmartre stands for by way of synonym are to disappear as the sites of skyscraper tenement flats. This is proof enough that the Parisian thinks more of his own housing problem than the "dessous" delights of his cosmopolitan guests. The casual visitor to Paris would sooner cut Notre Dame out of his programme than Montmartre; he must sample the Moulin Rouge and the Moulin de la Galette even if he has to sacrifice less reputable sights; what he is not conscious of is the fact that hardly one in ten of the fellow-rakes he meets at Montmartre is either a Parisian or a Frenchman. It is the tourist rather than the native who most revels in the polished immorality of the Butte. In other words, there are more Parisians to be housed than to be amused and the gardens of the hill are more valuable as building plots than as pleasure resorts.

Of course there is no denying that there is a percentage of Parisians who enjoy Montmartre as much as the globe-trotter; the Butte has always been a favorite haunt of a certain type of poet and painter; its patrons indeed have often led a revolt against the classicism of the Academy, whether in art or literature or the drama; in the stereotyped phrase of the host of the Chat Noir, Montmartre claimed to be "the brains of Paris." Next of kin to these Bohemians were those who were addicted to window-smashing, the tying of cats to bell ropes, and other nocturnal frolics, the race of which is not yet extinct. But it is the more refined Bohemian, he whose daily life begins about midnight and ends about ten o'clock in the morning, who is most distressed that soon Montmartre will be nothing more than one of the traditions of old Paris.

Yet, after the true Parisian manner, which is ever ready to transform a funeral into a fête, the Bohemians of the Butte have celebrated the demise of Montmartre with a series of mock-heroic adieus. As soon as the edict of extinction went forth, a committee of artists was formed to plan the details of the "Adieu à Montmartre" fêtes, two of which were held on Friday and Saturday. The first took the form of two performances at the Théâtre des Arts, for which the artists had written and composed and stage-managed the entire productions. True to their spirit of revolt the two pieces were respectively parodies of grand opera and melodrama, "Gérard et Isabella, ou la Vengeance d'Estéban" being a rollicking travesty of Gounod and Meyerbeer and other masters of the classic opera. Estéban as the villain, Gérard as the tenor hero, and Isabella as the prime object of villainy and virtue were portrayed in the true spirit of grand opera plus a due regard for the convention of parody. There was the inevitable operatic duel between the rivals, a terrific combat with swords, but the tenor, after dropping dead, revived to sing for half an hour! The mortality was tremendous; for hero and villain and heroine all succumbed in the end. In addition to the principals, too, the development of the musical story was frequently interrupted by a kind of Wandering Jew, who also dropped dead as the curtain fell. To add to the grotesque effect the scenery was an inimitable burlesque of grand opera staging.

But the artists of Montmartre scored even a greater success with their melodrama. The title was in the true vein of such productions—"The Secret of the Mortigny, or From Honor to Shame and Vice Versa"—while in its details the parody made capital out of every horror and device sacred in the annals of melodrama. There was the disguised marchioness followed step by step through her career from high life to low life and back again, the marquis himself radiant in the costume of the race-track, the devoted gamekeeper who dies with the secret of his life half uttered, and the wronged and innocent maiden, and a couple of Apaches, and the mysterious man in a mask. The latter was introduced as a kind of chorus; he came on at the end of each act to exclaim, "I am the man you expect," and was duly slain as the curtain fell. This was repeated for four acts, but in the fifth, after his fourth resurrection, his services were required as best man at the hero's bridal, his own prize being the hand of the virtuous maiden.

For Saturday night there was a different programme and the venue was changed to the Moulin de la Galette. The invitation card bore an amazing legend for a Montmartre fête; "Toute mise négligée rigoureusement refusée" it ran, an assertion to the effect that only properly dressed persons would be admitted which must have been a shock to the uninitiated. Perhaps that condition was a concession to the ultra-scrupulous taste of the master of the ceremonies, who was none other than André de Fouquières, that pampered favorite of the salons who has been lecturing Americans on the aesthetics of the toothpick. He was certainly properly dressed, for his evening attire was as faultless as that of the thirteen candidates for the chief prize of the evening. It should be explained that the amusement for the fête consisted in the election of the daughter

of the traditional miller of Montmartre, a kind of beauty show attraction in which the crown was to be awarded to the Queen of the Millmaids of Montmartre.

To while away the evening, however, there was a long programme of music and other amusement preparatory to the judging and crowning of the millmaids. The chairman was the renowned dwarf M. Delphin, as much a dandy as M. de Fouquières, who announced the singers and dancers and gave his orders through a megaphone twice his own height. With his high-heeled American shoes, fashionable frock coat, tall hat, and aggressive diamond pin M. Delphin acted up to the promise that there would be "no funeral" and that "fun only will be allowed." In fact, for a brief spell, the fun was more pronounced than some of the audience relished. Seven waiters correctly garbed down to the regulation apron and napkin and number made themselves busy among the crowd and booked the proffered orders with becoming gravity and gratitude; it was only when the orders were not served that it transpired the waiters were so many of the artists in disguise. The thirsty were furious, until the joke was explained.

There was plenty to restore their good humor. Yvette Guilbert had come up the hill to don her famous black gloves once more and sing "Quat 'z-étudiants," M. Delphin kept the ball rolling with quip and story, and many a Montmartre song sung in the orthodox Montmartre style filled in the blanks. There were dances, too, the Bunny-hug and the Tango and what-not, with willing partners for all. Thus the evening sped merrily along to the midnight hour, when the election of the Queen of the Millmaids was staged as the climax of the entertainment. As said above, there were thirteen candidates, blonde and brunette, brazen and coy, all so gorgeously arrayed that it would seem that modern millmaids buy their clothes in the Rue de la Paix. However, they made a goodly show as they filed on to the judge's dais and submitted their charms to the scrutiny of the jury charged with the arduous task of repeating the judgment of Paris.

What transpired when the jury left the hall was not disclosed. They were certainly a long time over their verdict, and it was a close touch for the blonde beauty who represented Le Moulin du Petit Tivoli, inasmuch as it was but by a single vote that she was declared the long-lost daughter of the Miller of Montmartre. To her, then, was awarded the crown, a circlet adorned with a cardboard mill, and her election was confirmed by the ever-ready M. de Fouquières with a kiss on either cheek. Then there was to have been a torchlight procession round the hill, but the authorities had vetoed that part of the farewell fête. Perhaps they will be more lenient come next October, when—if funds are forthcoming—there is to be a final fête in the form of a procession of twenty-four chariots. Meanwhile the housebreaker will get to work on the Muffin Mill, and if the procession comes off it will pass beside the ruins of that famous haunt.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

PARIS, June 24, 1913.

Venice is confronted by a serious problem. The city is rapidly gaining in population, and so far no place has been found to accommodate the increase. There are now 30,000 inhabitants in Venice in excess of suitable quarters. Among the many plans discussed is the building of new quarters at the Lido Island. Another plan contemplates an additional town at the mouth of the Brenta River. To study the whole housing problem, as well as other questions of local importance, prominent citizens have organized a society named "Pro Venezia." The present population is 165,000, against 161,000 in 1911. The cholera kept many tourists from Venice in 1911, entailing a loss of thousands of dollars. Last year there were no such fears, and the Biennial Art Exhibition and the dedication of the restored Campanile brought an unusual number of visitors.

One thing that convicts careless automobile drivers beyond all else (says the New York Times) is that none of them ever runs down a traffic patrolman. Hundreds and hundreds of bluecoats are on crossing duty in New York every day of the year, and if they were not protected by their uniform their calling would be extra hazardous. They stand in what for civilians would be the most dangerous positions conceivable—right in the middle of the tide of traffic, with automobiles and motorcycles and other vehicles passing them by dozens, scores, hundreds, thousands, and, on holidays, tens of thousands. There is nothing to prevent any traffic policeman from being crushed at any moment of his day's work. No matter how stout he may be, his bulk could not stop an automobile. Yet the significant fact remains that he is not run down.

Germany has more than 65,000,000 people living in an area less than that of Texas, and only five times as great as that of Ohio, but, nevertheless, labor is so scarce in harvest time in many parts of the German empire that about 30,000 farm "hands," as the American phrase is, go into Germany from Russia and Austria-Hungary.

A solid train of thirty-two cars loaded with canteen-loups was sent to the East from the Imperial Valley June 15. Not less than 3500 carloads will be marketed in the valley this year, with an aggregate value of \$2,500,000. California vegetables rival her fruits.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

W. G. Smith, just appointed treasurer of the Territory of Alaska, an office created by the first territorial legislature, recently adjourned, is a bank cashier at Katalla. He is independent in politics.

Philippe Crozier, former chief of the protocol, and recent French ambassador to Vienna, is said to be the most decorated man in Europe. Some time ago it was announced that he could boast of sixty-five decorations.

M. Stourm, just elected permanent secretary of the French Academy of Practical and Moral Sciences, is the well-known French political economist, whose contributions to that form of the world's literature have been widely published.

Dr. Rape, who has been chosen to fill the chair of German law at the Imperial University, Tokyo, is an eminent authority on the subject. He goes to Japan from Bonn University, where he has been a prominent member of the faculty.

William Roscoe Thayer, on whom Harvard recently conferred the honorary degree of Litt. D., is a writer whose work on Italian history led to the King of Italy knighting him. His first book was "Confessions of Hermes," in 1884. Since 1892 he has been editor of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*.

The Rev. John Fryer Mesick, upon whom Rutgers College recently conferred the honorary degree of doctor of laws, is the oldest living college graduate in this country. He graduated from Rutgers in 1834, and has just celebrated his one hundredth birthday anniversary. He lives at York, Pennsylvania.

Vladimir de Pachmann, the famous Polish pianist, announces from London that he is about to retire. He is, it is said, looking forward to a peaceful time in his Swiss chalet with his piano. As the result of his long concert experience he has established a fortune, larger, perhaps, than that of Paderewski.

George Wheeler Hinman, the new president of Marietta College, Ohio, is known as a successful newspaper man. In 1898 he became editor of the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, and six years ago became its owner. Recently he sold the paper. Hinman graduated from Hamilton College in 1884, and studied at Berlin, Leipzig, and Heidelberg.

Colonel J. M. Schoonmaker, chairman of the Gettysburg commission, is in command of the Fourteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, and is also brevet brigadier-general of United States Volunteers. The commission had charge of the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg, which was held on the field from July 1 to 4.

Miss Nebraska Cropsey, on whom the Indiana University has conferred an honorary degree of master of arts, is the first woman in the history of that school to receive this mark of distinction. Only four honorary degrees have been conferred by the university in twenty-eight years. Miss Cropsey is assistant superintendent of schools of Indianapolis.

Algernon Blackwood, son of Sir Arthur Blackwood and the Duchess of Manchester, is one of the newer authors who has had a varied experience. He worked as a newspaper man in New York, farmed and mined in Canada, and conducted a hotel. He has also been in the dried milk business. In 1906 he began writing books. Recently he finished a new volume.

Dr. Mizutaro, who has been inaugurated president of the Aoyama Gakuin, the Methodist college in Tokyo, is a graduate of Victoria College, Toronto, Canada. He is said to be one of the brainiest men in the Christian church in Japan and one of the most popular preachers, especially to young men. He has compiled the first Japanese dictionary of the Christian religion.

The Rev. David Tully, D. D., preaching every Sunday morning in a mission church in Media, Pennsylvania, is nearing the close of his ninety-fourth year. He is the oldest living graduate of Princeton Theological Seminary, and the "grand old man" of Chester Presbytery. In addition to his church duties he attends regularly the Monday morning meeting of ministers in Philadelphia.

Frank H. Mason, American consul-general at Paris since 1905, has resigned, after having been in the service for practically a third of a century. He has been soldier, reporter, editor, and diplomat. A native of Ohio, he left college at the outbreak of the Civil War, entering the ranks as a private. He served until the close of the struggle, returning as captain of the Twelfth Ohio Cavalry. Turning his attention to writing, he did reporting, became an editorial writer, and then found his way to the editorship of a magazine. His first consular post was at Basle, Switzerland.

Professor Charles E. Thorne, the twenty-fifth anniversary of whose directorship of the Ohio Agricultural Experiment Station has just been celebrated, has done more to work out ways and means for the maintenance of the fertility of the soil than any other living American. His fertility experiments are quoted and used the world around. During the twenty-five years of his management the station has grown from an institution having a scientific faculty of three members to one having over sixty. Its state appropriations now exceed \$225,000 annually.

THE TAMING OF PRIVATE TREEN.

How a Regimental Puzzle Was Solved.

The regiment quartered in one of the great harbors of Canada was an ancient institution, having served the crown for more than two hundred years. It drew its recruits at the time from one of the great agricultural countries of England, and the bulk of the men were therefore of the plowboy class—very ignorant and childlike in their loves and hatreds. There was, however, among the men of Company A (the regiment was divided into eight companies of 125 men each) a town-bred soldier who hailed from one of the great manufacturing towns in the heart of England. This man, Private Treen by name, was the despair of his company officer, Captain Smith.

Treen was over six feet in height and magnificently made—"a picture of a man," as the colonel used to say. He was certainly the most powerful man of the thousand who composed the regiment, and it was asserted that he could burst the muscles out of a man's arm so tremendous was the power of his grip. Formidable at any time, he became trebly so by reason of his sullen and morose character. He was known to be a heavy drinker, but he was too cunning to give himself away; however drunk he might be, he would always pull himself together and pass the guard at the entrance to barracks with a firm and soldierly step. He was always the smartest man on parade—you could see your face reflected in the shining brass of his tunic, his rifle was always spotlessly clean, and as far as appearances went he was a credit to the regiment.

He was a puzzle to his officers; nothing could penetrate the almost stately reserve of the man; his face always wore a stolid mask, utterly expressionless, whether assumed or natural it was impossible to say. Whether he loved or hated, or was merely indifferent to his officers and his surroundings generally no one could tell. He had no intimates among the men, and if he had had, nothing could have been learned about him by the officers, as Tommy Atkins is scrupulously loyal to his pals and not communicative at any time.

Such a man as Treen might have served his years with the colors and gone to his own place, unlamented and unloved, had it not been that he vented his morose and savage humor one night upon an unfortunate recruit who had just joined the regiment from England, having come out with a batch of men from the War Depot. Whether it was the uncouthness of the recruit or whatever the cause may have been, Private Treen's nerves were jarred in some way and he gave the newcomer such a savage thrashing that he nearly killed him. The recruit was sent to the hospital the next morning. It was impossible to bring the crime to Treen, as the men in the barrack-room would not expose him.

The company captain was sick at the time of an illness which a short time later brought him to the grave. The senior subaltern was in England on leave, and the company was temporarily commanded by a young second lieutenant named Inglesant. Inglesant, although he did not then know it, was extremely popular with the men of the company. He was a warm-hearted, sympathetic youth, intensely proud of his men and his regiment, everything and everybody connected with that institution being in his eyes of superior tissue to the less fortunate remainder of mankind.

Probably the men were conscious that the young officer's heart was with them, and that it was the hidden bond of sympathy which inspired their devotion rather than any actual intercourse, since the officer seldom had opportunity of talking to the men. His daily passage through the barrack-rooms at the inspection hour, however, gave him an intimate acquaintance with the exterior personality of the men, and some insight probably into their individual characters, from the few remarks that he exchanged with them on his daily rounds.

Inglesant had never made any progress apparently in the good graces of Treen, and the brutalities of which the latter was suspected aroused in the young officer feelings of strong detestation. He decided, however, that he must not allow such natural antipathy to bias his judgment, and he made a point of being scrupulously fair to the man, so far as occasion offered.

On the morning on which the battered recruit was taken to hospital, Inglesant was on his way to the orderly room, where a man of his company was to be brought up before the colonel of the regiment for some minor offense. The company color sergeant reported to Inglesant the latest outrage committed by Treen, but went on to say that it was impossible to put the man in confinement for lack of evidence against him. It is a strict rule of the British service that no man shall be accused of a crime unless there is evidence to support the charge; arrests on suspicion are therefore quite properly impossible. The color sergeant suggested that Inglesant should get authority from the colonel to tell Treen that if he was caught at any time bullying the recruits he would get five years' penal servitude. The colonel authorized this course, and at the request of Inglesant the regimental sergeant-major sent for Private Treen, so as to be a witness of what occurred.

Private Treen came up between two privates, one on either hand, sturdy men enough, but dwarfed beside the immense man whose physical perfection they only served to set off. Treen's face wore a more than usually

impassible look. There was no trace of sullenness in his face, rather an inscrutable lack of all feeling, of unconsciousness rather than indifference. There was something almost appalling in the sight of this gigantic statue. The unknown always has something of the terrible about it, and Inglesant was conscious, as he addressed the man, of a feeling of irritated helplessness in face of this sphinx-like front with the passionless eyes and mask-like visage.

"I do not accuse you, Private Treen," said Inglesant, "of the murderous attack upon that recruit last night, since I can not prove the charge, but I have a shrewd suspicion that you know more about it than any one else. I have sent for you now for another purpose, and that is to tell you, in the presence of the regimental sergeant-major, that I am authorized by the colonel to say that if I catch you bullying a recruit at any time you will get five years' hard labor."

Inglesant fancied that he saw Treen's lips move, as if the man were hesitating whether to say anything or not, but the young officer hardened his heart and did not give him the opportunity. "Turn him about, sergeant-major."

"About turn, quick march," snapped the sergeant-major, and away went Private Treen.

Two or three days later Inglesant was dressing for mess as usual, the dinner being served punctually at eight o'clock every night. It was a bitterly cold Canadian winter's night. The snow lay two or three feet deep on the barrack square and the thermometer showed many degrees below zero. No one would dream of going out of doors in such weather unless absolutely obliged to do so.

About five minutes to eight Inglesant's servant came in to ask if he could do anything more for his master, and was told that he could go back to the barracks, which lay the other side of the square. A moment or two later there came a knock at the door. Inglesant, thinking that his servant had returned for something, said cheerfully, "Come in." The door opened and in came Private Treen.

No private soldier is allowed to address an officer unless accompanied by a sergeant or other non-commissioned officer, much less go to an officer's quarters to see him alone. Where the relations between officers and men were good, private soldiers would sometimes take the risk and come at dead of night to their officer's quarters to ask him to help them out of some scrape. Such visits were, however, quite irregular and were never divulged by either party, officer or man. They formed a secret bond between the officer and his men, and I never heard that the complaisance of the former was ever abused. Tommy Atkins has very strict notions of honor in such cases, and would never dream of invading his officer's quarters unless the urgency of his plight warranted it, and I doubt whether his closest pal would ever know that he had done so. Such visits were probably known by the non-commissioned officers to occur, but occasioned no resentment, since the private soldier never went to an officer except for advice or assistance in some private matter not affecting the regiment.

This will explain the amazement and consternation of Lieutenant Inglesant on the entrance of Private Treen, a private soldier of bad character and more than suspected of a murderous assault upon an unoffending fellow-soldier. A momentary chill of fear passed over Inglesant that the man had come to murder him, but a glance at Treen's face showed that for once at least some strong passion was gripping the man. The impassive face was impassive no longer, but every feature was quivering with some overmastering emotion.

Treen had evidently realized that his intrusion would require some strong justification and had carefully rehearsed his speech. The intense need of the man for human sympathy broke down the silence of years, and his words forced out of him by an overcharged and breaking heart were almost eloquent in their passionate simplicity.

While Inglesant was still gazing with astonishment but growing interest at the huge figure in the doorway the man launched forth into his story, as if anxious to arouse his officer's sympathy before he was interrupted: "I know, sir, as how I have no business to come here like this, seeing as how I am a bad lot. By the way, sir, I did hit that feller in the barrack-room the other night. You were quite right about that—you always do seem to be quite right."

Inglesant hastily interrupted this confession, which was likely to prove extremely embarrassing: "All right, Treen, I do not want to hear anything more about that business. You have no occasion to incriminate yourself, nor have I any wish that you should do so. Get on with your story."

"Well, sir," continued Treen, with evident relief, "you see, sir, when the regiment left England five years ago I was married and had to leave my wife behind at the War Depot. She was a good woman, and I could not get on without her. I got down-hearted and bitter. Then I took to drink and went from bad to worse. I did not mean to hit that clodhopper the other night, but I was half mad with loneliness and got savage like. I am due to go home next year to the reserve, and I was reckoning that when I got back to my missis I would turn over a new leaf, but God has been too much for me. Read that, sir."

The man held out an English telegram from the War Depot addressed to the colonel, and which ran as follows:

Please inform Private Treen that his wife died last night.

"Well, sir, it's this way: If I go into the canteen there are scores of men there and it's the same in the barrack-room, and if I go outside I shall be frozen to death. So seeing as how there aint no place on God's earth where I can be alone for a bit, excepting your room, I thought that, seeing as how you were a gentleman, I would come and ask you to be so kind as to let me sit here a bit and pull myself together."

The tragic truth of the man's contention flashed with intense conviction upon Inglesant's mind. A flood of pity swept over him, mixed perhaps half-unconsciously with a feeling of pride that in his extremity the man felt that he could rely upon his officer's justice and humanity.

In a moment Inglesant had forgotten that the grief-strained face, waiting with an anxiety, childlike in its intensity, the verdict of his officer, was that of Private Treen, the drunkard and the bully. There were simply two men in that room, face to face with the tragedy of life. With quivering lips the officer, as he put out his hand, which was seized in the beastlike grip of the soldier, faltered out: "Sit down, my dear chap, and stay here as long as you like. I will give you a pass till midnight, and you can lock yourself in."

Private Treen sat down, buried his head in his arms on the table, and broke into a passion of weeping. The officer got out some cigars and whisky which he put quietly on the table and noiselessly left the room. God had been too much for Private Treen.

The following morning Inglesant went once more to the orderly room. "Colonel," he said, quietly, "I want you to put Private Treen on garrison military police duty."

"What!" exclaimed the colonel; "why three days ago you wanted me to give him five years hard labor."

"I know I did, sir, but you saw that telegram from England?"

"So that's how the land lies, is it?" said the colonel.

"Yes, sir. I think Private Treen has come to hand at last," said Inglesant, "and I want to get him out of the barrack-room, to pour in oil and wine, you know."

The colonel hesitated. "Are you sure you are right? It's a job where a man has every opportunity to go wrong and bring discredit on the regiment in the town."

Inglesant looked the colonel in the face as he said, "I am sure I am right, sir. There has something passed between me and Treen, and I want to 'heap the coals of fire' now."

"Well," said the colonel, "have your way. You are generally right, but it is a big risk."

Once more the sergeant-major sent for Private Treen. The big man naturally looked rather puzzled and apprehensive; surely his officer would not take advantage of his confession the other night. Impossible, and yet what could he want with him? Some such ideas may have flashed through Treen's mind as he came to the interview.

Inglesant hastened to relieve the man's mind. "Private Treen," he said, in a matter-of-fact sort of way, as if his proposal was quite what might have been expected, "I have been talking to the colonel about you, and he agrees with me that you have been too long in the barrack-room. You have seen a good deal of service and are fitted by experience for a more responsible job, with extra pay. You are appointed to the garrison military police. You will be practically your own master, as you have to patrol the town. I feel sure that you will be a credit to the regiment as a member of the divisional staff. You will report outside my quarters at six p. m. tonight."

Inglesant fancied that he saw a tear twinkling in the corner of Treen's eye, and the man's lips were twitching suspiciously. "Turn him about, please, sergeant-major"—a command which relieved Private Treen the necessity of expressing his thanks, which might have proved a difficulty.

Inglesant went down town and bought a massive cane with a silver top. That night, punctual to the minute, Private Treen presented himself at Inglesant's quarters, faultlessly turned out and the coveted badges, "G. M. P.," on his sleeves.

Both men were much moved. Inglesant said, "Play the game, Treen. Be merciful as well as just and help lame dogs over stiles where you can rightly do so. Here is a cane as the insignia of your office."

Private Treen was speechless. I fancy he was choking. The officer held out his hand, which for the second time was crushed in the huge paw of the soldier, who turned hastily into his quarters.

Inglesant saw very little of Treen after that, as the man's duties kept him down in the town, where quarters were given him with the other members of the divisional police, but the reports of the provost-sergeant under whose orders he worked were very satisfactory. "Private Treen was the best man he had—very tactful and kindly, and always trying to keep the men out of trouble."

A year later Private Treen's term of service with the colors came to an end and he went home with the other time-expired men. Once more he came to Lieutenant Inglesant's quarters alone, a smiling, good-natured giant, standing rather sheepishly in the doorway.

"Beg pardon, sir, but I made bold to come and say good-by to you. Do you think you could see your way to give me a bit of a character. You know that I have been a poor sort of chap, but I have tried to do my best this last year."

Inglesant asked him what he wanted him to do.

"Well," said Treen, "I was born in M——, and want to get into the police there."

"To whom do I write the testimonial?" asked the officer.

"To the chief constable, sir," said the delighted Treen.

The officer wrote:

Private Treen, as you will see for yourself, is physically admirably adapted for the police, and he has learned to govern himself.

"Will that do?" said the officer.

"Fine, sir," said the big man; "just right, you are always right, sir."

For the third time the two men shook hands and parted without more words on either side.

Some years afterwards, Lieutenant Inglesant was crossing one of the principal streets in M——, where he was spending part of his leave, in England. Buried in his own thoughts he started to cross the main street, when suddenly he became aware that the traffic had been stopped for him. A gigantic policeman was standing at attention, holding up his great fist as a sign to the vehicles all and sundry coming up, that they must wait his good pleasure.

Inglesant recognized his old soldier, Treen, and hurried across the road, so as not to keep the traffic waiting, as the policeman evidently intended that no vehicle should move until his former officer was safely over.

For the fourth and last time the men shook hands.

"How are you getting on, Treen?"

"Fine, sir. I am to be promoted sergeant soon. I have married again, and have two kids. I am as happy as the day is long, and I owe it all to you, sir."

MAJOR CHARLES DEVONSHIRE.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1913.

CHANGING RUSSIA.

Stephen Graham Tramps Through the Domain of the Czar and Helps Us to Understand Its Problems.

The author is already well known as an authority upon Russia and as one who obtained his information by a series of tramps through the country and by a personal study of its people on the various social strata to which they belong. Now we have another record of these adventurous wanderings among all sorts and conditions of men. But Mr. Graham gives us something more than a record. He shocks our sense of the social proprieties. He tells us that Russia will never be saved by her new politics, nor by a commercialism that is detestably described as development. Russia needs no modernism. She does not want to become more like us, but less like us. Education, as we understand the word, has nothing to offer her, seeing that the "intelligentsia" are hopelessly opposed to the spirit of the country. If Russia is to be saved from the pit she must be let alone and allowed slowly to evolve under the influences of her national church and of the leaders, who owe their influence to the divine right of character and capacity. Of course all this is very unorthodox, but Mr. Graham wins a hearing for his gospel not so much by argument and plea as by the presentation of his own experiences. He allows his facts to speak for themselves, and whenever he ventures upon generalizations they are apt and to the point. He tells us that Russia, and especially the Caucasus, needs a good, sound, conservative government—a rather masterful one, but one that is paternal. It must be a government that can hold in check the middle class, and Mr. Graham seems to think that the middle class is the *fons et origo* of Russian troubles:

The Russian middle class is incorrigible. It is always crying out for the development of Russia, but it has little national conscience. It calls out politically about the state of the peasants, but it is ready to debauch them by bringing them into factory life under the worst industrial conditions and for the lowest wage; it blames the government for using military force, yet will calmly see strikers shot down if the strikers are their own laborers; it joins in the clamor of "the land for the people," and yet speculates in land, keeping it barren in the hope of selling it selfishly when everybody wants it.

At Olginka the author met a family of educated peasants who were inclined to think on public matters and who called themselves Liberals. The father was full of enthusiasm for the English campaign against the Lords, but he could not be persuaded to admit that there was any visible improvement in Russia:

"You can scarcely complain. I meant, aren't you freer? Don't you feel less tyrannized over?"

The old man rolled his eyes.

"If I go to the court to settle a matter," said he, "does not the *barin* sit whilst I stand? And if I pray to God and the *barin* prays, is it counted equal? Oh, no, not a bit. Of course God hears us both, but it is to the *barin* that He pays attention."

One of the sons came in, and without any "by your leave" broke into our conversation.

"I, you know, am a Socialist. I am going into the army next year; the lot has fallen to me, but I shan't forget to work for the party. All we here are *melky intelligentsia*."

"Melky" means shallow. I thought it rather amusing to hear the boy call himself "shallow" with pride. In the new Russia it is better to be shallowly educated than not educated at all, and the shallow have room to be proud, seeing all the millions who are without letters at all.

Then this boy proceeds to give his ideas of the new liberality in thought that has swept over the Russian people. In the older days there were the restraints of religion and the wholesome sanctions of a virtuous tradition. But now these were despised:

"Do you count it improper to speak to a girl you don't know? We used to think it so in the north where we come from; and if a girl allowed you to speak to her and talk to her it meant that she was bad; but here no one sees

any harm in it. Here all is free. What dances we have! Sometimes we have a public-house ball . . . my! What a time we have! Here the girls let you kiss them; they are much more easily kissed than in the north. There's a girl I know, Tania; ah, if you could only see her—a fine young lady I can tell you! Akh!"

He smacked his lips.

I gathered that when he went to be a soldier he would, like the "absent-minded beggar," leave a lot of little things behind him.

Modern Russian journalism is described as "most refreshing." In the brevity of the sentence and the paragraph one discerns "a sort of Henleyism gone mad." The average length of the sentence is four words, and of the paragraph two lines:

Often articles open with an arresting and abusive sentence like that of the satire of Juvenal, which begins: "Must I always be listening and never reply?" Such a sentence would, of course, be a paragraph by itself. As I opened *Satirikon*, the Russian *Punch*, this idle day on the road to Gagra, I saw confronting me at the head of the first article, on the first page, the astonishing exhortation—

"Spit in my eye, reader! Spit right in my eye!"

There is nothing in English or in American journalism equal to that. But such a sentence is not exceptional. It sets the tone of the paper, and *Satirikon* is read by every one, from the student to the Grand Duke. Every one who would not miss something essential in the Russian soul should look at *Satirikon*. It is to the Russians what *Punch* is to us.

The author's special animus is reserved for the lower middle class, the new *intelligentsia*, which is a parasite on the old and new as big as its source. The new *intelligentsia* has begun to be self-conscious, and "when the class realizes itself as a power in the state, it will be called the democracy, and the good idea of democracy will be attacked on its account, for democracy is easily taken to mean the voice of a class instead of the voice of all the people, or the rule of all the people:

The Russian bourgeois is of this sort; he wants to know the price of everything. Of things which are independent of price he knows nothing, or, if he knows of them, he sneers at them and hates them. Talk to him of religion, and show that you believe in the mystery of Christ; talk to him of life, and show that you believe in love and happiness; talk of woman, and show that you understand anything about her unsexually; talk to him of work, and show that though you are poor you have no regard for money—and the bourgeois is uneasy. He would like to deny your existence there as you face him. He will deny your faith and belief the moment your back is turned.

A bourgeois said to me at Moscow, "There is no man who is chaste." I mentioned to him Nicholas, the boy-student who lived with me there.

"You think so," said he, "but even he has his promiscuous flirtations."

"But," I said, "I live with him. I share a room with him. I know all his thoughts. He is not even interested in women as women."

The bourgeois shrugged his shoulders.

He had been inspecting a girls' school one day, and he spoke of a girl who had some unfortunate love affair, and had taken methylated spirit the day before. The girl was about fifteen and nearly in the top class.

"There is not a girl in that class," said he, "who would blush at an indecency."

"But surely," said I, "many of the girls come from pure homes; many have true ideals; there are many of them who will be beautiful women."

Then my bourgeois friend let his evil imagination have play, and he depicted what he would like to think the girls were like secretly. How strange it is that the sensual describe not what they know or what they believe to be the truth, but what they would like.

Russia, says the author, will never have a literature until she turns her back upon the rotten products of Europe and strives to evolve something of her own. The perversion of the public taste is partly due to a few publishers who have flooded the country with four-cent translations of modern European books, which influence on a people mentally young must be bad:

One day at Vladikavkaz I was calling upon some friends, and a little girl of twelve came in and curtsied. She was in her school uniform, and all Russian girls are taught to curtsy when introduced to their elders. "Ah!" said the host, "here comes our little Englishwoman; she will talk to you; she has read many English books—haven't you, Maroosia?"

"Oh!" said I. "Do you like English stories?"

"Yes," said Maroosia.

"Who is your favorite author?" I asked.

"Oscar Wilde," she replied.

I was amazed. But the answer was not only for herself; it was, in a way, what the whole of modern Russia might have answered. I remember a story that was told me lately, that gives just the same answer but more explicitly.

A child of nine to English governess—Which do you like best, England or Russia?

Governess—England, of course.

Child, after a pause—I also do not like my native land very much.

What is to be said of a nation whose children are beginning to say such things?

It is now easier to buy a volume by W. W. Jacobs than one by Chekhov. Oscar Wilde can be bought for four cents a volume, and it is surprising to learn that he is the most popular author in Russia:

At the moment of writing, Oscar Wilde is the most popular author in Russia, not excluding any writer in the Russian language. For one who knows Tolstoy thoroughly, there are ten who know Wilde. Young ladies sleep with Wilde's works under their pillows, and call "Dorian Grey" their Bible. After Wilde, the most popular contemporary English authors are Jerome K. Jerome, H. G. Wells, Kipling, Shaw, Jack London. Galsworthy also is much read. Jerome is taught in schools as if he were a classic. It is very strange that one author whose writings might be thought likely to please the Russian taste for fantasy, and at the same time lead to truth, is almost unknown in Russia—G. K. Chesterton. It is perhaps because Chesterton is naturally and literally English, and detests cosmopolitanism. His works are inscrutable, whilst those of the other lover of paradox and mystification, G. B. Shaw, are clear as day. Shaw is a sort of second cousin of Wilde and a step-child of Tolstoy. When he was introduced in Russia it seemed every one had had his thoughts before.

Mr. Graham had an illuminating conversation with a monk at Pitsoonda Cape. He believed that the war between Italy and Turkey marked the end of the world

and he loudly deplored an industrialism which he attributed to the Jews:

"We monks," said he, "till the land and make our own bread. We have our own vineyards and press our own wine. We have our own cows and sheep—we are by no means idle. All this land near the monastery is developed by us, and we keep ourselves and sustain the poor tribesmen round about. Well, a year and a half ago, a man discovered coal on our estate, and actually gathered capital to develop the land. Where did he get the money? From the foreign Jews. What does Russia want with coal?"

I suggested it might be thought useful in the case of a railway running from Batumi along the coast. "Are they going to work the coal then?" I concluded.

"No. There are soldiers guarding the place now. The coal is very easily obtained, and there has been much said against our action in the papers, I believe, but the land is government land, and the authorities have refused to let it. Quite right, too. We don't want industrialism. We want more agriculture. What happens when a mine is begun anywhere? The people all cease going to church. They drink more than ever before, swear, cut one another's throats, become revolutionaries, and think the Tsar is to blame for their unhappiness when the real enemy is the owner of the coal mine, the Jew whose money is running the mine."

"You are very hostile to the Jews," said I deliberately. "It is strange. Is not their God the same God as yours? I know they have not Christ, but is not their God the same?"

"What!" said he with a shriek, "the Russian God like the God of Isaac, Abraham, and Moses! Never."

The tribesmen of the Caucasus have a certain predatory reputation that necessitates a wary eye. Mr. Graham tells us that he went unarmed and relied upon the ready word and the cheerful smile to carry him through all possible difficulties. But upon one occasion these nearly failed him. Stopped by a number of hill-men he was asked for his passport, and as they could not read a word of it they demanded to know his nationality:

It was inconvenient for me to say British or English, for unfortunately we have a reputation of great wealth, and all Caucasian robbers know that an Englishman carries about with him about ten times as much money as he is likely to need. Indeed, but a month or so before this an Englishman had been robbed at Tuapse of 14,000 roubles (£1500). I informed my interlocutor with a smile that I was a *Shotlanctz*—a Scotsman.

"Ah!"

That evidently floored him.

"Which province of Russia?" he asked.

"Not Russia at all—a different empire."

"Turkish?"

"No."

"Chinese?"

"I can't say that."

"Where else? There is nowhere else."

I assured him that Scotland existed.

"Towards China or Turkey?" he inquired again.

"More towards Turkey," I conjectured.

"Are you Orthodox Russian?"

"No, we have a separate church."

"Mahommedan, then?"

None the less he was arrested and ordered to work in the hay fields, a predicament from which he saved himself by getting his captors drunk and then slipping away unobserved. But at Gudaout he again found himself an object of interest, and this time to the police:

I had not, however, been seated ten minutes when up comes the chief of police, or one of his officers, booted, spurred, and in a khaki-colored cloak, and demands my papers.

"Not going to be arrested in connection with the murder of Stolypin, I hope," said I, not paying much attention.

The official looked at me acidly.

I handed him a blank English passport of the sort Azef showed when he was arrested in Moscow five minutes after the murder of General Dubasov, a passport whose last visé was at Alexandrov on the frontier. As I had been sleeping out almost all the while, there had not been occasion for office verification. When I had been staying at Nakhichevan the house porter had forgotten to ask for it. The chief of police did not seem satisfied, so I offered him my letter of recommendation from the governor of Archangel. This document certified that I was tramping Russia in the interests of science, and exhorted all official persons to give me any help that might be in their power. I felt rather doubtful in offering it at a point some three thousand miles south, but the doubt soon vanished, for the attitude of the police officer altered at once. How amusing, that the governor of Archangel can influence the police of Transcaucasia!

Not only were suspicions checked, but the khaki-cloaked official was ready to sit down at my table, and chuckled affably. "So that's what you do! All the way on foot! You are a *chudak*—a marvelous fellow. And has nothing unpleasant occurred to you?" said he.

At Sukhum the author met one of the higher *intelligentsia*, who was not only "loving and gracious beyond words, but a most interesting person by virtue of his thought and culture." Vassily Vassilitch wanted to talk about books and was in possession of his guest's "Vagabond in the Caucasus," for which he had sent to England, paying the full price:

Vassily Vassilitch is a great buyer of books. He has bought all Kipling's works direct from England. He has read them all, too, as he assured me, except "Traffics and Discoveries," which he found a "wee bit disconnectit," as the Scotsman said.

"Have you got your 'Traffics and Discoveries' here?" I asked, when we got to the house.

"Oh, ye-e-s," said he, in broken English, "you must look." I looked, and to my astonishment the book was a fault. It opened correctly, but after fifty or so pages it suddenly changed into a stores catalogue, or a report of a missionary society, or something of the sort. Vassily Vassilitch, who has read and understood "The Secret Doctrine," thought Kipling was perhaps writing something particularly occult.

It would be easy to quote almost indefinitely from this illuminating book, a book that throws a wholly new light upon the problem of unquiet Russia. It is a book that persuades us of the total inadequacy of the measures so glibly advocated elsewhere, and of the new significance that we must attach to such words as education, religion, and progress when applied to the vast domains of the Czar.

CHANGING RUSSIA. By Stephen Graham. Illustrated. New York: John Lane Company; \$3.00.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

James Hurd.

There seems to be no good reason for telling a horrid story merely because it lends itself to the art of description or offers scope to the skill of the mental vivisectionist. Doubtless the temptation is a great one, but there can be no other excuse.

In this case we have the story of James Hurd and his wife, whose little son has met with an accident and become mentally diseased. The malady is of a peculiarly repulsive kind. The child has become a sort of changeling, with a weird, uncanny, and mysterious disposition that suggests a sort of inhuman impishness. Naturally so distressing a burden preys on the mother's health and the whole household lies under a morbid shadow that grows deeper with time. The father slowly grows obsessed with the idea that the life of the child not only has no value, but that it would be best to extinguish it. In fact he has murder in his heart, but he is saved from the actual crime by another accident. While walking with his father the boy slips over the edge of a cliff, and although the father could easily have saved him he refrains from doing so and sees his son dashed on the rocks below. But the effect on the mother is not of the kind anticipated and only a fool would have supposed that the second tragedy could compensate for the first. Mrs. Hurd forgets all the circumstances of the boy's insanity and remembers him only as he was in health, and this of course would be the case with any woman. She experiences no sense of relief, but only one of bereavement. The story seems to be of the kind that is better left untold and it is marred, moreover, by a singularly tiresome dialogue.

JAMES HURD. By R. O. Prowse. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net.

French Letters.

Mahell S. C. Smith has written a valuable and suggestive book and one that is open to no more severe criticism than for undue brevity. Perhaps this is due to the choice of too wide a field and to a too great incusiveness. The author's object is "to give such a survey of French letters as will show their connection with the conditions . . . of each period which produced them." To this end we have sections on the beginnings of democracy, on the coming of the printing press, on the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and on the eighteenth century, or the "century of discussion," and the nineteenth, or the "century of inventions." Great condensation is obviously necessary in a volume of 375 pages, while actual comment is still further curtailed by copious extracts which seem sometimes to be too short to be representative and too long for inclusion in such a work. Thus we have fifteen pages devoted to a reproduction of Molière's "Les Precieuses Ridicules," which seems unnecessary, while it is surely superfluous to give us La Fontaine's fable of "The Crow and the Fox."

THE SPIRIT OF FRENCH LETTERS. By Mahell S. C. Smith. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

The Woman in Black.

Detective stories are probably unwholesome, but they are singularly interesting, which is often the case in this wayward world. Here we have the case of Mr. Manderson, who is found dead in his own grounds shot through the left eye, but with no signs of robbery. Naturally there is a sensation. The detectives and the star reporter all play their usual parts with their usual brilliancy, or lack of it. An impressive edifice of circumstantial evidence is slowly raised and we feel that we could arrest that blood-stained murderer at any moment. But of course we could do nothing of the sort. We know from long experience that the detective story writer would never be so awkward as to allow us the least correct suspicion until the last chapter, and it is so in this case. But it certainly is a surprise.

THE WOMAN IN BLACK. By Edmund C. Bentley. New York: The Century Company; \$1.25 net.

Fitness of Environment.

Professor Laurence J. Henderson is to be congratulated on a bold piece of constructive scientific thought described by him as "an inquiry into the biological significance of the properties of matter." Darwin, he reminds us, has found conclusively that the fitness of organic beings for their life in the world has been won in whole or in part by a series of adaptations of life to its environment. But has the process of adaptation been confined to the organism? Has the environment itself done no share in the work? May we not imply a reciprocal activity between the organism and its environment? Quoting a representative passage from the author's conclusions, he says: "The fitness of the environment is one part of a reciprocal relationship of which the fitness of the organism is the other. This relationship is completely and perfectly reciprocal; the one fitness is not less important than the other."

It suffices to state the outline of the contention and to leave its examination to the expert. But it is permissible to

express admiration for a lucid presentation and a cogent argument. At the same time there are two questions that arise to the mind. We should like to know where the author draws the line between the organic and the inorganic, and if he is sure that there is such a line. We may also wonder at so positive a statement as that "We simply can not doubt that the origin of a body like the earth depends exclusively upon chance plus the properties of the elements, their relative amounts, the indestructible forces of nature, and the other known factors of mechanism." This seems like saying that a loom, for example, owes its activities wholly to chance plus known factors of engineering science. Neither can we readily understand how chance and law can exist together in the same universe. We must have either universal law or universal chance.

THE FITNESS OF THE ENVIRONMENT. By Laurence J. Henderson. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

Organized Speculation.

This volume by Harrison H. Brace appears in the valuable series of Prize Essays in Economics established by Hart, Schaffner & Marx. It may be described as an economic analysis of the essentials of speculation as freed from the extravagances of those who have brought all speculation into disrepute. The great mass of transactions upon the exchanges, says the author, are merely the action of unskilled adventurers who know nothing of the trend of commerce and who are seeking, in the most childish manner, to make money without work either mental or physical. But organized and intelligent speculation may be an important factor in commerce when all the repulsive elements have been swept away, and to this end we have six chapters devoted to "Features of Organized Speculation," "The Effect Upon Prices," "Some Fallacies Considered," "Indirect Effects," "Moral and Social Value," and "The Alternative." A number of useful appendices complete a work that shows not only competent and exhaustive research, but cautious and judicial treatment.

THE VALUE OF ORGANIZED SPECULATION. By Harrison W. Brace. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50 net.

Safety.

At a time when the employer is too often cited as an enemy of the human race it is well that we should have so substantial and competent a volume as this to show us the multifarious devices now in use throughout the world for the lessening of accident and disease incidental to occupation. Obviously the whole field can not be covered even in a volume of over four hundred large pages, but a casual survey fails to disclose any omissions. We have sections on yards, railings, hoists, cutting and grinding tools, lights, fire, transportation, iron and steel, mines, electricity, chemicals, poisons, sanitation, and a host of other things in which dangers lurk. We have not only an admirable presentation of what has been done, but plenty of suggestions of what might be done, while the numerous illustrations add largely to the value and interest of the book.

SAFETY: METHODS FOR PREVENTING OCCUPATIONAL AND OTHER ACCIDENTS AND DISEASES. By William H. Tolman, Ph. D., and Leonard B. Kendall. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$3 net.

Mixed Grill.

Here we have fifteen short stories, all of them Pett Ridgian and therefore all of them readable. Mr. Pett Ridge attempts some excuse for the collection of short stories and also for his title by quoting the city wailer who said: "If you can't make up your mind what to order, how about trying the mixed grill? You may not like all of it, but what you don't care for you can easily leave." Certainly the reader will consume the whole of this mixed grill in spite of the relative unfamiliarity of a London setting. The author has a genius for looking straight into the heart of the lower middle class of the English metropolis and for recording whatever he sees there that is worth while.

MIXED GRILL. By W. Pett Ridge. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

The Lost Despatch.

This is a combination of detective and war story. Captain Lloyd does his best to prove that Nancy Newton is a rebel spy, and he has such success that Nancy is arrested. But on the eve of her trial Lloyd is found dead in his bed, and thenceforth until the end we may test our wits in an effort to determine if he was murdered and, if so, who murdered him.

THE LOST DESPATCH. By Natalie Sumner Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.30 net.

Statesman's Year Book.

This is the fiftieth annual publication of a work that long since became indispensable. The present issue contains 1452 pages and is therefore nearly three times as large as at its first appearance. It appears qualified to answer any question that can legitimately be asked of it upon any country of the world and upon any of its aspects. Recent events in Tripoli, Morocco, China, and the Balkan

Peninsula are recorded almost to the day of publication, while under the heading of Canada we find a separate account of each province. Nothing more inclusive or satisfactory of its kind is to be found.

THE STATESMAN'S YEAR-BOOK FOR 1913. Edited by J. Scott Keltie, LL. D., assisted by M. Epstein, M. A., Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$3 net.

The Night Riders.

There seems always to be room for one more story of the early frontier, especially by an author so well known as Ridgwell Cullum. In this case Mr. Cullum tells us of early Montana and of the fortunes of John Tresler and the war he wages against the Night Riders. Of course there is love as well as war and the two are so well blended as to make a story well up to the average.

THE NIGHT RIDERS. By Ridgwell Cullum. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Briefer Reviews.

The American Book Company has published "Schatkästlein des rheinischen Hausfreundes," von I. P. Hebel, edited with notes and vocabulary by Menno Stern. Price, 40 cents.

John W. Luce & Co. have published a fourth edition of "Hindle Wakes," a play in three acts by Stanley Houghton. It will be remembered that this play was first produced in America by Miss Horniman's Repertory Company from the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester.

"Rhody," by Frances S. Brewster (George W. Jacobs & Co.; \$1 net), is a racy little story of an old-fashioned New England woman whose warm human qualities are well matched by her shrewdness and sense of humor. Evidently the author has drawn a portrait whose good workmanship brings it into the art class.

Under the title of "The Child of the Air" Mrs. M. H. Spielmann has written an unusually delicate and graceful fairy story for children. Of equal merit with the text are the numerous illustrations in color and line by C. Wilhelm. Indeed there are few better examples of the illustrator's art. The book is published by Dana Estes & Co.

"Miss Jimmy," by Laura E. Richards, is a well-written story of the homely type and a worthy successor to other successful books that have preceded it. Miss Jimmy is a Down East Yankee who leaves the village where she was born and returns to it after many years of absence and with experiences that have a marked effect upon the village. The volume is published by Dana Estes & Co. Price, \$1 net.

The latest addition to the Short Course series, under the editorship of the Rev. John Adams, B. D., is "Jehovah—Jesus," by Rev. Thomas Whitelaw, D. D. (Charles Scribner's Sons; 60 cents net). The work is more dogmatic than some of its predecessors and therefore less satisfactory. For example, why does the author translate the word Elohim by "God" instead of giving its grammatical plural form?

Among books that reflect the larger modern conception of religious life must be counted "Religion as Life," by Henry Churchill King, D. D., LL. D., president of Oberlin College (Macmillan Company; \$1 net). Without any effort to be original, and still less to be spectacular, Dr. King gives us a vigorous and forceful picture of the results of a sane religion upon human character and the development of its higher powers.

"The Idea of the Industrial School," translated by Rudolf Pintner, M. A., Ph. D., from the German of Georg Kerschenshteiner (the Macmillan Company; 50 cents net), is a plea for vocational education based on the valuably high ethical ideal of service to the state. Pupils must be taught a vocation, not because they may thereby earn money, but because the desire has been developed in them to do their

The White House

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part in communal progress toward an ethical ideal. The author is not only theoretical. He is also practical. He helps to show us how this may be done.

"The Tragedy of Julius Caesar," edited by Robert M. Lovett, A. B., has been added to the Tudor Shakespeare, under the general editorship of William Allan Neilson and Ashley Horace Thorndike, and now in course of publication by the Macmillan Company. Price, 35 cents net.

Sardou and the Sardou Plays

BY

JEROME A. HART

WHAT THE REVIEWERS SAY

Review of Reviews: A clear, vigorous study and critical estimate of the life and work of Victorien Sardou. This book will be invaluable.

Indianapolis Star: At last we have a careful and well-written biographical story of Sardou and his career. Mr. Hart's book is intensely interesting in its portrayal of the "human" side of Sardou, and of his early struggles. The book is well worth reading; its style is bright and crisp; once begun, it will be read through.

Houston Chronicle: In spite of Bernard Shaw's gibes at Sardou, the Frenchman has serious claims to consideration as a dramatist. Unquestionably he was a master in the technic of the drama. Mr. Hart has written an interesting book on a great dramatist.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Dying Fires.

Mr. Monkhouse chooses a theme that is seldom exploited by the novelist, at least in just this way. The temptation to put the wedding at the end of the story instead of at the beginning is a strong one, although most of the dramas of life come after marriage rather than before it. They come with the slow waning of love, the revolt against restraint, the temptations that are offered by novelty, and the foresight of a dreary future in which there are no incidents, no prospects of the unexpected. In this case Richard and Letty Peel believe that they are greatly in love with each other. Perhaps they are at first, but their real point of contact is in their mutual love for their baby. Then the baby dies and the fires begin to die, too. Richard and Letty slowly awake to the fact that they are tolerating each other with that sort of deadly apathy which is to be found where there are no active causes for repulsion. Then comes the interference of Richard's friend Morice, who believes that Letty is being neglected and who gives free play to that sense of chivalry which is so readily exalted into a warmer sentiment. And so we have a sort of *ménage à trois* wherein every one is rigidly virtuous and unaware of the nearness of the abyss. It is the kind of story that may be found in every street and for every one that culminates in catastrophe there are a score that represent the secret tragedies of married life. Mr. Monkhouse is to be congratulated upon telling such a story accurately and without deviation into the sensationalisms of passion.

DYING FIRES. By Allan Monkhouse. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.20 net.

Liquid Fuel.

At a time when liquid fuel is receiving a constantly larger share of attention there should be a welcome for so comprehensive a book as that of Mr. W. H. Booth. We have a precise presentation of the present status of liquid fuel with a technical description of various systems and apparatus. Attention is given to the coal and oil tests made by the bureau of steam engineering and there is also liberal information on petroleum production in general. There are also some good illustrations that are a large aid to comprehension.

LIQUID FUEL AND ITS APPARATUS. By W. H. Booth, F. G. S. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

It is reported that Mrs. Trask's "In the Vanguard" is to be produced by Henry Miller this coming season. It is to be hoped that its success will be as great on the stage as it has been in book form. The play has just gone into its second large edition. It is published by the Macmillan Company.

A long complete story by the Russian writer Dostoyevsky is an important feature of the July Lippincott's Magazine.

C. E. Lawrence, in commenting on Strindberg's "Inferno," which in America is appearing under the imprint of G. P. Putnam's Sons, calls attention to the fact that Strindberg was a victim to himself, that life to him was an insistent ordeal of suffering. Mr. Lawrence goes on to point out an interesting parallel and at the same time a line of cleavage between Strindberg and Poe.

The "Reminiscences of Augustus Saint-Gaudens" have been edited and amplified by his son, Homer Saint-Gaudens, and the work will be issued in the fall by the Century Company in two large volumes, with many illustrations showing Saint-Gaudens's work, and persons and places associated with his life and career.

"Changing Russia," by Stephen Graham, has gone into its second edition, and there is an increasingly large demand for it. The author is in this country, studying the conditions of the Russian emigrant. The book is published by the John Lane Company.

Some graphic pictures of the campaign in Cuba are given in the novel, "Van Cleve and His Friends," by Mary S. Watts, now appearing serially in the Atlantic Monthly.

In "Work and Life," which the Sturgis & Walton Company has just published, Professor Ira M. Howerth of the University of California has written cogently on "how to organize and conduct our economic institutions so that their benefits may be more justly shared by all." The problem is well worth close examination.

Hall Caine's new novel, "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," will be published this month by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona" still sells, its eighty-fifth edition having just been printed.

The battle of Gettysburg is recounted mainly in the victor's own letters, orders, and reports, and in the narrative of Captain Meade, his son, in "The Life and Letters of General George Gordon Meade," compiled and edited by his grandson, and just published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

New Books Received.

THE AMBASSADOR. By William Wriottesley. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net. A novel of diplomatic life.

TOYA THE UNLIKE. By Eleanor Mercein Kelly. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1 net. A story.

THE MASK. By Arthur Hornblow. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company; \$1.25 net. A novel.

LITTLE GREY GIRL. By Mary Openshaw. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company; \$1.25 net. A novel.

THE SOUTHERNER. By Thomas Dixon. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.35 net. A novel.

A PRISONER IN FAIRYLAND. By Algernon Blackwood. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.35 net. A mystical nature story for young people.

JACOB LEISLER. By W. O. Bates. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.50 net. A play of old New York.

CROWDS. By Gerald Stanley Lee. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.35 net. "A moving picture of democracy."

GOLDWIN SMITH'S CORRESPONDENCE. Edited by Arnold Haultain. New York: Duffield & Co. Comprising letters chiefly to and from his English friends, written between the years 1846 and 1910.

MINIMUM WAGE AND SYNDICALISM. By Hon. James Boyle. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company; \$1 net.

"An impartial exposition rather than an argument."

ALL THE DAYS OF MY LIFE. By Amelia E. Barr. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$3.50 net. An autobiography.

REMINISCENCES, SERMONS, AND CORRESPONDENCE. By Augusta E. Stetson, C. S. D. New York: G. F. Putnam's Sons; \$5 net.

"Proving adherence to the principle of Christian Science as taught by Mary Baker Eddy."

THE CONCEPTION OF ART. By Henry R. Poore, A. N. A. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$2. A painter's opinion of the meaning of art in the application to past and present methods.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. By Clifton Johnson. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net. Issued in American Highways and Byways.

CURRENT VERSE.

Train-Mates.

Outside hove Shasta, snowy height on height,
A glory; but a negligible sight,
For you had often seen a mountain-peak
But not my paper. So we came to speak.
A smoke, a smile—a good way to commence
The comfortable exchange of difference!
You a young engineer, five feet eleven,
Forty-five chest, with football in your heaven,
Liking a roadbed newly built and clean,
Your fingers bot to cut away the green
Of brush and flowers that bring beside a track
The kind of beauty steel lines ought to lack,—
And I a poet, wistful of my betters,
Reading George Meredith's high-hearted Letters,
Joining betweenwhile in the mingled speech
Of a drummer, circus-man, and parson, each
Absorbing to himself—as I to me
And you to you—a glad identity!
After a while when the others went away,
A curious kinship made us want to stay,
Which I could tell you now; but at the time
You thought of baseball teams and I of rhyme,
Until we found that we were college men
And smoked more easily and smiled again;
And I from Cambridge cried, the poet still:
"I know your fine Greek Theatre on the hill
At Berkeley!" With your bappy Grecian head
Upraised, "I never saw the place," you said.
"Once I was free of class, I always went
Out to the field."

Young engineer,
You meant as fair a tribute to the better part
As ever I did. Beauty of the heart
Is evident in temples. But it breathes
Alive where athletes quicken airy wreaths,
Which are the lovelier because they die.
You are a poet quite as much as I,
Though differences appear in what we do,
And I an athlete quite as much as you.
Because you half-surmised my quarter-mile
And I your quatrain, we could greet and smile.
Who knows but we shall look again and find
The circus-man and drummer, not behind
But leading in our visible estate,
As discus-thrower and as laureate?

—Witter Bynner, in the Yale Review.

The Exile's Song.

Now I tread the city broadways, and my heart is sore,
For the moor calls, and the wind calls, but I go there no more.
And I'm fain for the lonely road, and a wild gray sky,
And the screaming note in a curlew's throat as the rain comes rushing by.
Out beyond the stream of traffic is a stream I love,
And the old bills, the dear bills, and the stars that climb above;
And it's there my heart is roaming while I stand in the street,
And I hear a sigh of a dream gone by when the world was sweet.
My soul is sick of cities, and the crafty strife;
And if gold were all, and greed were all, I have had enough of life.
But always night and day I hear the moorland music creep
To the heart that shall be aching till I sleep.

—Thomas Moul, in the Academy.

Romain Rolland, the French man of letters, wants to establish a People's Theatre.

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STATEMENT

of the Condition and Value of the Assets and Liabilities

— OF —

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY
HIBERNIA BANK
(A CORPORATION)

(Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco)

DATED JUNE 30, 1913

ASSETS

- 1—BONDS OF THE UNITED STATES (\$5,350,000.00), of the State of California and Municipalities thereof (\$5,886,400.00), of the State of New York \$1,650,000.00, the actual value of which is.....\$13,424,757.10
 - 2—CASH in United States Gold and Silver Coin and Checks..... 2,115,596.20
 - 3—MISCELLANEOUS BONDS (\$5,519,000.00), the actual value of which is 5,537,726.33
- \$21,078,079.63

They are:

"San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$476,000.00), "Southern Pacific Branch Railway Company of California 6 per cent Bonds" (\$340,000.00), "Southern Pacific Company, San Francisco Terminal 4 per cent Bonds" (\$150,000.00), "Western Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$213,000.00), "San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$120,000.00), "Northern California Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$83,000.00), "Northern Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds" (\$120,000.00), "Market Street Railway Company, First Consolidated Mortgage 5 per cent Bonds" (\$728,000.00), "Los Angeles Pacific Railroad Company of California Refunding 5 per cent Bonds" (\$400,000.00), "Los Angeles Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds" (\$334,000.00), "The Omnibus Cable Company 6 per cent Bonds" (\$167,000.00), "Sutter Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$150,000.00), "Gough Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$20,000.00), "Ferries and Cliff House Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds" (\$6000.00), "San Francisco, Oakland & San Jose Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$5000.00), "The Merchants' Exchange 7 per cent Bonds" (\$1,410,000.00), "San Francisco Gas and Electric Company 4 1/2 per cent Bonds" (\$547,000.00), "Los Angeles Gas & Electric Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$100,000.00), "Spring Valley Water Company 4 per cent Bonds" (\$50,000.00), "German House Association 6 per cent Bonds" (\$100,000.00).

- 4—PROMISSORY NOTES and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is..... 34,012,623.27

The Condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated at the corner of Market, McAllister and Jones Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the payment thereof is secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate within this State, and the States of Oregon and Nevada. Said Promissory Notes are kept and held by said Corporation at its said office, which is its principal place of business, and said Notes and debts are there situated.

- 5—PROMISSORY NOTES and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is..... 249,400.00

The Condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated as aforesaid, and the payment thereof is secured by pledge and hypothecation of Bonds of Railroad and Quasi-Public Corporations and other securities.

- 6—(a) REAL ESTATE situated in the City and County of San Francisco (\$1,910,393.99), and in the Counties of Santa Clara (\$12,488.52), and Alameda (\$2779.15), in this State, the actual value of which is 1,925,661.66
- (b) The Land and Building in which said Corporation keeps its said office, the actual value of which is..... 976,968.20

The Condition of said Real Estate is that it belongs to said Corporation, and part of it is productive.

- 7—INTEREST ON LOANS AND BONDS—Uncollected and Accrued.... 235,690.52

TOTAL ASSETS\$58,478,423.28

LIABILITIES

- 1—SAID CORPORATION OWES DEPOSITS amounting to and the actual value of which is.....\$54,794,908.38
(Number of Depositors, 85,402;
Average Amount of Deposits, \$640.94).

- 2—CONTINGENT FUNDS—Accrued Interest on Loans and Bonds\$ 235,690.52

- 3—RESERVE FUND—Actual Value..... 3,447,824.38— 3,683,514.90

TOTAL LIABILITIES\$58,478,423.28

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By CHARLES MAYO, President.
THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By E. J. TOBIN, Acting Secretary.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, }
City and County of San Francisco } ss.
CHARLES MAYO and E. J. TOBIN, being each duly sworn, each for himself, says: That said CHARLES MAYO is President and that said E. J. TOBIN is Acting Secretary of THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.
CHARLES MAYO, President.
E. J. TOBIN, Acting Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2d day of July, 1913.

CHAS. T. STANLEY,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.



"THE PASSING SHOW OF 1912."

Founded though they are on the annual Parisian review of the year's events gotten up for the delectation and amusement of the theatre-going public, our "Follies" are as American as they make 'em. And hugely do the American men enjoy them. Aimed more particularly at masculine tastes, they dip a little into everything that has transpired during the year; politics, drama, passing fads, literature, amusements, and form veritably a "passing show."

At the Cort Theatre "The Passing Show of 1912" seems to have borrowed its speed from humanity's twentieth-century pace. Scenes, marches, songs, dances, and travesties whirl by with incredible speed, sparkling as they fly. They have a great lot of theatre experts there; eccentric dancers, comedy teams, burlesquers, pantomime dancers, comic songsters, tank swimmers, and what not. The chorus girls form the usual beauty relief to the whirl of burlesque that goes bubbling by, and Trixie Friganza is the indispensable centre of the whole thing.

Trixie is a very comfortable piece of architecture. In her presence formality falls dead. She makes frequent irreverent allusion to her plump proportions, but really they are part of her attractiveness, just as, with jolly May Irwin, we wouldn't have parted with a single swelling expanse, always considering her cheerful billows as being the appropriate product of an atmosphere of hilarity.

Trixie Friganza is, undoubtedly, in her line unusually well endowed. Few women can stand up, as she does, and supply a steady stream of comic interlude, keeping a whole houseful in a roar, and appealing particularly to the men's sense of humor. She has a full, rich, hearty voice, ditto figure, ditto individuality. She has also a pronounced talent for burlesque. One of the very best and funniest turns in the evening's programme was the burlesque of the Apache dance given by Trixie Friganza and that nimble man in miniature of the Moon and Morris pair. The dance was enormously clever and Trixie Friganza's burlesqued ferocity of physiognomy as she picked up her tiny partner by the slack of his trousers and hurled him floorward, was killing funny.

So, too, was her pink gauze travesty of Gertrude Hoffman's "Spring Song," with its abrupt aquatic finale. One has to watch Miss Friganza's face as well as her plumply agile legs, when she is giving a burlesque dance, because, as with the higher-up artists, her whole being, mental and physical, pours itself whole-souledly into the representation.

There is such an ample and diversified programme in "The Passing Show" and it is so rich with specialists that to select instances of particularly entertaining bits is like trying to pick out the biggest raisins in a plum pudding. Trixie Friganza, of course, stands out preeminently among the women. Next to her comes Adelaide, an exceptionally graceful and spirited pantomime dancer, who, with her male partner, Hughes, gives a brief play similar in conception and treatment to the pantomimic pieces presented by the Russian dancers, and, like them, is aesthetically beautiful and sensuously poetical. The other girls in the company do not count individually, being bunched on the ground of looks, and legs, and raucous voices.

Perhaps Texas Guinan ought to be excepted, as she captains the fair choral company whenever it parades the runway, and gives a closer view of its charms to devotees in the audience. But Texas Guinan, tall and showy though she is, and standing out like a bright thread in the general glittering weave, has not risen to the dignity of praiseworthy individual achievement. Her voice is too distressing to give pleasure either in songs or dialogue; a fault that might be remedied by industry and practice. And when we fall back on her looks and her shape she is one with the rest.

Among the ranks of the men there are many to commend. Willie Howard, however, is the one whose ability stands out most prominently in the mind. He gave a remarkable imitation of Warfield's Peter Grimm, the vocal intonations, with their occasional curious tendency toward childishness, and the slightly falsetto shrillness that comes out in Warfield's moments of histrionic agitation, being particularly faithful. Like Trixie Friganza, Willie Howard is the kind of performer upon whose lightest accents the audience hangs devoutly. Both of them are so lightning quick that their repartee, extemporized or other-

wise, keeps one on the jump. But you get it, for they never swallow their words.

The comic-paper eye-glasses-and-teeth caricatures suddenly confronted us in the person of Charles J. Ross, who was made up very successfully as "the strenuous citizen," and, in later scenes, as "Teddy Hadji." In spite, however, of his long and honorable career as a burlesque actor, Mr. Ross occasionally carries the dignity or pomposity of the burlesqued character too much into his burlesques, so that he is not invariably as irresistibly funny as a specialist in his line always should be.

The Morris and Moon pair are a remarkably clever team in their line of eccentric or grotesque dancing. The hands-in-their-pockets and reading-the-paper dances were wonderfully skillful in their unanimity of motion, and exhilarating by their lightness and perfection.

In fact, to those whose tastes are met by this particular class of entertainment, the thing is exhilarating right through. One could notice it in the departing audience as they hummed their songs and stepped out rhythmically to the orchestra's march.

The business man in search of stage entertainment is probably getting a little weary of that over-familiar truism that he doesn't want to be made to think, perhaps because he very definitely wants some thinking to be done by the people that entertain him. And this is what has been done, in "The Passing Show of 1912." It requires thought to evolve an entertainment of such a nature as to banish it and dull care simultaneously. Nothing, therefore, is allowed to last long enough to pall on those who crave for constant change.

The burlesqued Rigoletti quartet is a case in point. In flashes it was grand opera, interspersed with continual relapses into clever absurdities of dancing steps or attitudes, or that crackling kind of talk that keeps the sophisticated ones on the alert, avid to lose no joke or allusion. And all the time going so lightly and spontaneously that it had almost the seeming of being gayly extemporized at the moment. In this, of course, the indispensable Trixie Friganza figured, ably reinforced by the two Howards and Ernest Hare.

These "Follies" always begin with a lot of chatter by the lesser ones of the aggregation that is far from reassuring to the fastidious amusement-seeker, but in the midst of this the dryly comic art of Willie Howard suddenly reared its head, and the men roared with delight at Boldenstein's answers to his custom-house inquisitor.

In the same way in the midst of a wilderness of diversissements we suddenly found ourselves gazing at a picturesque harem, with its eunuchs, its reclining favorites, and its dominating lord. The scene was handsomely appointed, and decorated in Oriental style. A plunge bath filled up the rear of the scene, and in this the beauties of the harem, clad principally in startlingly lifelike fleshings, dived, swam, and disported aquatically, while in the foreground several partly pictorial partly comic scenes played themselves out.

That rendered by Adelaide and Hughes, however, caused almost as great a shock of surprise and pleasure as if one had found a rare bit of antique on a hargain counter. This was "The Spark of Life," a scene representing a Hindoo sorcerer's attempt to throw under his spell a beautiful dancing girl under the protection of the gods. The harem scene serves for the sorcerer's palace, and a dim bluish light assists in creating an appropriate atmosphere of mysticism. Adelaide and Hughes, by the spirit and expressiveness of their pantomime and the grace and freedom of their dancing, were able to convey the story graphically, and the aesthetic pleasure caused by the rich, jewel-like colors of the costumes and accessories, and the artistic novelty of the general treatment, was very keen.

A novelty like this would never have crept into "The Follies," however, if it had not been for the Oriental turn given to the reminiscences of theatre-goers by the New York success of "Sumurun" and "Kismet."

The chorus, it follows as a matter of course, was much in evidence throughout the performance, figuring in a variety of costumes, with numerous generous revelations in the matter of shape. The runway traversing the centre of the main circle of the auditorium was, however, the principal source of pleasure to the male auditors; and female, too, for that matter, for though it is disillusionizing to see stage beauties at such close quarters, it is also interesting. Everybody became very alert when the long line of the chorus, headed by the tall and round-limbed Texas Guinan, trod its rhythmic route along the runway, its curvilinear dimensions beautifully illuminated by rosy electric lights. The girls came singing and pacing along, and in their young faces we could see through the paint and the blackening indications of individuality which escape us on the stage.

The chorus girl is always eluding public knowledge, because no two who know her seem to agree about her. One says she is recruited from the ranks of the educated, another from those of the toilers. One that she is interesting, another that she is vapid. One that she is proud and scrupulous, another that

she is cheap and rapacious. Seen at close range it strikes me that she is, under all her gay trappings, much like any other group of working girls save for one thing. It is patently evident that continual physical self-display and the hardening processes of stage competition put out like an extinguished light that pretty look of innocence and inexperience which is as decorative to a pretty girl's face as dependence on the mother cat is to a kitten's in its anti-predatory days. In other words the chorus girl is much prettier on the stage than off.

Nevertheless, nobody is complaining at her coming out from her familiar frame, and I doubt not that many a man paid willingly, nay eagerly, for a seat close to that rosy lighted runway trod by the pretty feet of that peculiarly American institution, the musical-comedy chorus.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The Symphony Orchestra Season.

The third season of the San Francisco Orchestra will open at the Cort Theatre Friday afternoon, October 24, 1913, and promises to be the most brilliant in the history of the San Francisco Orchestra. The board of governors of the Musical Association of San Francisco, which maintains the San Francisco Orchestra, wishes to continue the attention and cordiality of all interested in encouraging a love of the highest forms of music. During the third season ten symphony concerts, all on Friday afternoons, will be given, and the services of famous soloists have been secured to assist in the programmes. Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink will be the first soloist of the season. Mme. Heink's every appearance serves to increase the hold that she has upon the affections of the music-loving public.

Clarence Whitehill, the baritone, whose work in the Wagner operas, both in this country and in Europe, has given him an enviable position as an artist; Fritz Kreisler, whose combination of qualities, intellectual and temperamental, gives him a place among the greatest violinists of our time; Jean Gerardy, the master interpreter of great compositions for the cello, and other distinguished artists will be presented.

The orchestra will be comprised of the best instrumentalists available, several changes having been made in the personnel since last season in pursuance of the policy to maintain the highest point of efficiency.

Mr. Henry Hadley, the conductor, will prepare all his programmes for the third season in Europe, and they will contain the works of the masters as well as the best of the modern school. Many novelties are promised.

Details in regard to prices, programmes, etc., will be announced early in August.

The board of governors of the Musical Association of San Francisco is composed of the following: Dr. A. Barkan, E. D. Beylard, Antoine Borel, W. B. Bourn, J. W. Byrne, C. H. Crocker, William H. Crocker, F. P. Deering, J. D. Grant, Frank W. Griffin, E. S. Heller, I. W. Hellman, Jr., A. C. Kains, J. B. Levison, John D. McKee, J. D. Redding, John Rothschild, Dr. Grant Selfridge, Leon Sloss, Sigmund Stern, Dr. Stanley Stillman, R. M. Tobin.

The executive offices of the San Francisco Orchestra will remain at 711-712 Head Building. Frank W. Healy is the manager.

The largest and most commodious theatre in New Zealand has just been completed at Wellington at a cost of £32,000. There is seating accommodation for 2300 persons, and the stage, which is the widest in New Zealand, will easily hold the property and scenic effects of any production which has visited New Zealand.

Uncle Sam Uses "Pacific Service"

The only electrically propelled vessel of its size ever built, the gigantic *Jupiter*, was turned out at the government yards of Mare Island, where "Pacific Service" plays such an important part.

The connection of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company with the Mare Island Navy Yard dates from 1903. Early in that year, while the Bay Counties Power Company was building its lines toward the Bay, pioneer in high-tension distribution, representatives of the company entered into negotiations to furnish service to the Yard.

The original Yard electric plant was installed in the early months of 1891, and first operated in July of that year. The demands on the plant rapidly increased. A steam-heating system overtaxed the boilers and another manufactured at the Yard was added. The Spanish-American war caused another enlargement, and operations continued under severe requirements until the Bay Counties Power Company laid a cable across the Mare Island Straits and built a sub-station there, installing three 300 kilowatt transformers. At 10:30 o'clock on the night of November 28, 1903, the Yard A. C. plant was closed down and service from the company commenced. Added requirements on the steam plant made it necessary later to install a 500 horsepower motor generator set to handle the direct-current motor load and shut down the steam-driven units.

Since that time all the light and power has been furnished by "Pacific Service."

When the gigantic new dry dock was completed, negotiations were entered into with the Pacific Gas and Electric Company by officials of the Yard looking to secure "Pacific Service" for drydock purposes, with the result that the sub-station was reconstructed and enlarged. Wonders were accomplished under the new conditions. The U. S. S. *South Dakota* entered the new dock on the evening of March 15, 1910, and the following morning the dock was pumped out in one hour and forty-two minutes on a test, the company having "cleared the lines" especially for this purpose. The pumping plant is provided with two 500 horsepower variable speed 2300-volt motor-driven centrifugal pumps. There are two vertical drainage pumps driven by 100 horsepower motors, and a motor-driven hydraulic pump for operating the gates in the 54-inch discharge pipes. There are electric capstans for hauling ships into and out of dock, electric drive for the flooding and emptying of the caissons, all the current for which comes many miles over mountains and valleys and under the water.

The new central plant has at last been completed and is a model. It contains 3200 horsepower in water tube oil-fired boilers, two 5000 C. F. aid compressors, one 1000 and two 500 kilowatt turbo-generators and all the necessary auxiliaries.

The Pacific Gas and Electric Company in rendering service has operated on the policy of "First the Government," and every suggestion as to needs of the Yard has been cheerfully and promptly met with by the company management. Negotiations are now under way for a largely increased use of the company's products.

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"PRINCESS CHIC" AND "KICK IN."

"Princess Chic" is a romantic comic opera, quite as remote from realities as any fairy story, but it is a work of genuine merit nevertheless. Kirk La Shelle wrote the pretty story, and Julian Edwards the music that fits the romance as a violin fits its case. It tells how the Princess Chic of Normandy captured the affection of bluff Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, and joined him in his defiance of Louis XI, King of France. There is a brave showing of trim cavaliers, with distinguished, handsomely costumed principals in the foreground nearly all the time, frequent clashes of will and circumstance, good sword-play, a modest show of wit, and many good songs, duets, quartets, and choruses.

In some particulars the production may justly be praised above any of the three that have preceded it at the new Tivoli. The company improves steadily, or its audiences are discovering admirable features that escaped earlier attention. Suspended judgments have all gone over to the side of the managerial discrimination which assembled it.

Henry Santrey, the baritone, does the best work he has shown so far. He fully justifies the verdict of the princess—"I have seen a man." He wears his dual honors with distinction, and he suits the volume of his voice to his music and his part. In other appearances he first over-exerted his powers and later subdued them to his own loss and that of his hearers.

There is no longer any doubt, and there has been little from the beginning, that Rena Vivienne can easily sustain the interest and charm of the most exacting leading roles. Her "Princess Chic, with its two disguises, as a cavalier and as a peasant girl, is a captivating figure. Her sincerity sweeps away the manifest absurdities of the part, and the personality of a bright, impetuous, high-bred woman shines through all its changes. In voice, as in appearance and manner, she is unvaryingly delightful.

Ilon Bergere makes a good deal out of the part of Estelle, and if not as statuesquely beautiful as in "Iolanthe," is little less attractive. In the duet with Francois, the "Story-Book" number, she proves all her claims to favor.

Fortune is none too kind to John R. Phillips, the tenor, as Francois, the duke's friend, but his voice distinguishes him among the men, and in no detail is he lacking. He will have next week the best opportunity that has yet fallen to him in the part of Ralph in "Pinafore," and it is safe to predict that he will sing its music with better effect than has been given to it here for many a year.

Charles Gallagher has already made himself indispensable. As Brevet, the swaggering soldier of fortune, he is not only the best comic figure in the opera, he makes his song, "War Is a Bountiful Jade," one of the musical gems of the evening.

Little is given to "Teddy Webb, though he must be credited with a clever make-up as Brabeau. He may well be content with a week's semi-obscure between the honors of the Lord Chancellor in "Iolanthe" and the First Lord of the Admiralty in "Pinafore."

Thomas C. Leary makes his first appearance in the new Tivoli company as Chamberlain, the bibulous steward. The regard which he earned in years gone by in the old Tivoli, and before that at the Wigwag as coadjutor and dramatic tutor of Alice Nielsen, however, do not warrant the latitude allowed him by a complaisant stage manager in "Princess Chic." His gags are two hundred years older or two hundred years younger than the setting of the story, and his clowning is very bad. Charles the Bold should have sent him to the block after the first scene.

Some sincere and well-meaning friends of the theatre believe that a play should feed the imagination; that it should suggest the heights as well as the depths of human endeavor and aspiration. Perhaps such theatre-lovers are in the majority; indeed, if the records are examined carefully, it will appear that they have been able to hold on the stage for continued repetition, to the greatest profit of managers, many plays of that kind.

But they will not find in "Kick In," an intensely dramatic scene at the Orpheum this week, an example of their choice. The title is a phrase from the slang of the criminal world, its three principal characters are criminals, and the fourth a sympathizing companion. If the piece has a merit it is that in almost every detail it is a life-like offering of police-court exposures.

Willard Mack wrote the playlet and plays the leading part, that of a nifty, cunning diamond thief. Marjorie Rambeau is his partner in the episode, and her feminine alternations of fear and determination, and equally effective resource, put the high lights in the picture. The pair are in their room at the hotel just after a successful theft, but oppressed with impending disaster. A weak, drug-crazed brother of the woman has been put in jail on a vagrancy charge, and there is danger that under police pressure he will give up his knowledge of the diamond theft and of the thieves' whereabouts. He does tell enough to send a detective to the hotel,

and the contest of the officer with the two crooks completes the story. The thief-chaser is outwitted and overcome, and the two thieves escape.

Mr. Mack and Miss Rambeau do some remarkably tense, interest-compelling, and realistic work as the two crooks. Police reporters will admit that these are more nearly genuine figures of the prisoners' dock than any commonly seen in melodrama. The strange mixture of bravado and hopeless cringing in the actual presence of the detective, the suspense and terror before he comes, are most skillfully depicted. Miss Rambeau's half-hysterical outbreaks and succeeding intervals of desperate calmness are especially notable. It is a powerfully emotional presentation, but artistically and consistently restrained throughout. Such talent and such application is worthy of a better fitting.

As an exemplification of police methods, the piece adds force to newspaper accounts. The thief, at bay, accuses the officer of complicity in crime by ceaseless pursuit and threats, and scornfully advises him to divide the recovered jewels with his mates. "Cut it three ways," he says, "I know where it will go."

More than a word of recognition is due to Henry Bergman and Gladys Clark, the principal figures in Lasky's tabloid musical play, "The Trained Nurses." They sing and dance very cleverly, and make an otherwise tame affair a pleasing novelty.

Walter De Leon and Muggins Davies win genuine approval, though their art is in pastel rather than the raw primary colors of vaudeville. The songs, dances, and burlesque from "The Campus" ring true even in detached form.

The Le Grohs are at the head of their class as acrobats and contortionists. Professor Gygi is a violinist of notable technic who knows how to choose his numbers for Orpheum hearers.

Miss Morton and Paul Nicholson are still the laughing success of the hill, which is, altogether, the strongest the Orpheum has offered for weeks.

GEORGE L. SHOALS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

The Broadway Show at the Cort Theatre.

"The Passing Show of 1912," claimed to be the greatest musical and spectacular entertainment that Broadway, New York, has ever sent to San Francisco, will begin its second week at the Cort Theatre Sunday night. As was the case during the first week, three matinees will be given, namely on Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, at which the top price is \$1.50.

During the past week the Cort Theatre box-office has actually been unable to supply the demand for seats, and the indications are that the second week will equal in point of receipts the record-breaking second week of the "Blue Bird" at the Cort Theatre last winter.

An extended review of the attraction appears on another page of this issue.

"H. M. S. Pinafore" at the Tivoli.

No other comic opera that has ever been presented has achieved the wonderful success attained by Gilbert and Sullivan's remarkable satire on the British navy, "H. M. S. Pinafore." Although thirty-five years have elapsed since its initial production it still retains all its charm and brilliancy. It served to bring its composers into the front rank of comic opera producers, and gave them both fame and fortune and recognition from royalty. At the Tivoli in 1879 it broke all previous records by running for eighty-four consecutive nights.

This delightful offering will be presented at the Tivoli next Monday evening, July 14, with a brilliant cast. Teddy Webb will be Sir Joseph Porter; Robert Pitkin, Dick Deadeye; Henry Santry, Captain Corcoran; John Phillips, Ralph Rackstraw; Charles Gallagher, Bos'n; Oliver Lenoir, Bos'n's Mate; Robert C. Ryles, Captain of Marines; Rena Vivienne, Josephine; Sarah Edwards, Little Buttercup; and Ilon Bergere, Cousin Hebe. The Tivoli chorus of feminine beauty with its admirable male contingent will have every opportunity to display its ability.

The scenic and costume requirements of the production have been carefully prepared and in its entirety "Pinafore" will be given on a grand and elaborate scale. As usual the big Tivoli orchestra under the baton of Conductor Linne will render good account of itself.

No mention need be made here of the story of the opera, which is well known to every one. Suffice it to say that Sir W. S. Gilbert's fancies and charming lyrics are as fresh and charming today as they always were, and just as interesting, while Sir Arthur Sullivan's delightful melodies are an inspiration. Performances are given every evening, with matinees on Saturdays and Sundays, while the regular popular Tivoli prices will prevail as usual.

Kinemacolor Pictures at the Columbia Theatre.

The theatre-goers of San Francisco are not altogether unfamiliar with the Kinemacolor pictures, but without a doubt the Kinemacolor Company have done their greatest work in the programme that is at present being offered at the Columbia Theatre.

The first subject is the Balkan war. Over five thousand feet of film showing the armies of the Balkan Allies and including a special reel of the Greek navy has been taken.

The subject which is perhaps of the greatest interest to the people of San Francisco is "The Making of the Panama Canal," on which some seven thousand feet of film has been made. A most comprehensive photographic description of the working and progress on the great waterway is given.

The first and only motion pictures taken of the Japanese army have been secured by the Kinemacolor Company, and are also included in the Columbia programme. The Mikado of Japan gave his special sanction for the taking of these pictures, which show the fighting men of the Orient in war manoeuvres.

Following these comes the United States Navy in review and the warships in practice. On last Sunday night the pictures were shown for the first time, and fully five hundred people were refused admission owing to the standing-room limit, which was taken as early as 7:30. At succeeding performances enormous audiences have been in attendance, both evening and matinees. The second week of the Kinemacolor season is announced to begin Sunday night. Evening performances begin at 8:30, matinees daily at 2:30.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

Irene Franklin, who heads the Orpheum bill next week, is an American girl who can safely lay claim to being one of this country's most popular comedienne. She has demonstrated her ability and wonderful versatility both in vaudeville and musical comedy. Her songs are particularly characteristic, and her method of treating them is thoroughly original. It is the opinion of the critics in the East that in her peculiar line she is without a peer. She has the assistance of Burt Green, who plays her accompaniments on the piano.

Vaudeville has secured another bright musical light in the well-known composer and operatic conductor, Theodore Bendix, and his symphony players. He has associated with him artists who are famous for their solo, as well as their ensemble playing: Michel Bernstein, Jacques Shore, and Arthur Bernstein. Their programme opens with the prologue from "Faglicci," sung by Signor Prusini. Then follows Brahms's dashing Hungarian dance, switching into a delightfully popular potpourri of Irish airs arranged by Mr. Bendix, including "Killarney," "My Home O'er the Sea," and "The Low-Backed Car." There will also be solos, duets, and other attractive numbers, the act concluding with the Toreador song and the stirring finale from "Carmen."

The always popular McIntyre and Harty, "The Sugar Plum Girlie and the Marshmallow Boy," will amuse with their comedy, songs, and witty dialogue.

Moran and Wiser, comedy boomerang hat throwers, will exhibit their skill. They have just concluded a successful European tour.

The Goyt Trio will present a combination of gymnastics and animal training. A feature of the act is a little fox terrier named Daisy, who accomplishes a number of remarkable feats.

Next week will be the last of the Le Grohs; Willard Mack and Marjorie Rambeau in their immense hit, "Kick In"; and Clark and Bergman in the best musical skit Jesse L. Lasky has sent us, "The Trained Nurses."

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

"A Night in Hawaii," a beautifully staged musical production with ten native Hawaiians in the act, is the stellar attraction on an entertaining bill of seven numbers at the Pantages, opening this Sunday afternoon. The natives are splendid singers and dancers, one of the troupe, an alluring maiden from the Southern Seas, performing the sinuous "hula" native glide.

Plump Belle Oliver, styled the "Tetrazzini of Ragtime," is an effervescent comedienne with twinkling eyes and a mannerism irresistibly compelling.

In contrast to Miss Oliver are Coogan and Cox, whose songs and dances, sprinkled with an abundance of daring fun, are the big comedy hit of the bill.

One of the most startling demonstrations of the working of the "Third Degree" is exemplified in "The Police Inspector," a new dramatic playlet by Clay M. Greene and Harrison Armstrong.

The Florenz Trio, a tumbling acrobatic act, appear in a special scenic setting called "Fun in a Restaurant."

Zalefredo, called the "Ysaye of Vaudeville," has a repertoire of classical melodies combined with the newest rags and modern selections.

A duo of well-known dancers are Hathaway and Mack, who will show the newest steps of the latest New York craze, "The Tango."

Geraldine Farrar and Fritz Kreisler Concerts.

The honor and responsibility of opening the San Francisco concert season falls to Geraldine Farrar, soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York.

Under the management of Charles A. Ellis, manager, Boston Symphony Orchestra, Miss Farrar will make a short concert tour, coming directly to San Francisco from Paris and ap-

pearing at the Cort Theatre, San Francisco, Sunday afternoon, October 5.

This is Miss Farrar's first visit west of Chicago. Mr. Ellis, who is also directing the tour of Fritz Kreisler, has entrusted the management of his local artists to Frank W. Healy, manager of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra.

Mr. Kreisler's first appearance will be with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, Friday afternoon, February 20, and he will give recitals at the Cort Theatre Sunday afternoon, February 22, and at Scottish Rite Hall Thursday night, February 26.

Clarence Whitehill, the baritone of the Chicago and Metropolitan Opera Company, will make his first appearance with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra Friday afternoon, December 5, and will be presented by Mr. Healy in recital at Scottish Rite Hall Tuesday night, December 9.

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VANITY FAIR.

The German government seems to be in a difficulty with its women employees. Women in Germany are quite extensively employed on the railroads in the sale of tickets, and in the postoffices in the sale of stamps, and now the public is raising its voice as loudly as it is wise to raise one's voice in Germany and is making complaints. It appears that these fair but haughty ones are allowed to employ their leisure time in crocheting, which is a slow and laborious process of making a fabric which can be bought in the stores for about two cents a yard. Some day or other we shall write a large hook on the useless things that women make. Indeed the matter has already been referred to in these columns with special regard to the making of Christmas presents, but a glance at the Sunday supplements will show that the manufacture of impossible things is popular all the year round. An article by Bessie somebody or other, or Aunt Jane, on how to make a grand piano out of an old apple box or a ball dress from empty tobacco sacks is sure of an enthusiastic audience. There are only two essentials to the capture of the feminine attention in such matters. A thing must either be impossible to make or useless when made. If these two essentials can be combined the enthusiasm is overwhelming. But of course all this is quite another story.

The complaint of the German public is to the effect that these ticket and stamp-selling ladies object to any interruption of their domestic and personal occupation of crocheting. Sometimes they lay on one side this particular labor in order to refresh their weary spirits with the making and consumption of tea, but it is just as unsafe to approach them at this time as at any other. Now we all know the impalpable but paralyzing demeanor adopted by the lady employee when confronted with a writhing representative of the public. If we don't know we can find out easily enough. It is well known to every married man who has unwisely accepted a wifely commission to a dry goods store and who has been so unfortunate as to disturb one of those lurking behind-the-counter conferences in which "I said" and "he said" so largely predominate. No matter how precise the specification with which we have been furnished, no matter how abject our attitude, we are instantly floored by an unforeseen question and reduced to that state of ignominy in which we wonder why God allowed us to be born. Possibly things might be different if we could only learn to turn over on our backs and feebly beat the air with our paws, but we have not tried this yet.

The German public has therefore raised a plaintive bleat to the authorities. It does not wish to be ignored with that utter unconsciousness of one's existence that the lady employee knows so well how to adopt. It does not wish either to be petrified or scorched. It does not wish to be made to feel that it is a brutal aggressor upon the inalienable rights of the fairest of their sex. But it does want railroad tickets and postage stamps, and it wants them when it wants them, even though it may mean a lost stitch in the crochet work or the water a little off the boil in the tea-making.

What surpassing and verdant innocence we still find on this terrestrial ball. Here is a man writing to the New York Sun and saying that he was once a trapper and that if women only knew the pain inflicted upon fur-bearing animals they would never again decorate themselves in this particular way. Now where has our confiding friend been living for the last few years? Did he ever hear of the egret plumes and of the fruitless agitation that has been conducted for the last ten or twenty years against their use? The agitation has been so continuous and so pervasive that we can not believe there is a woman in creation unaware of the hideous iniquities connected with this trade. Has that agitation been effective? It has not. Do women continue to wear the egret plumes? They do. Do they denounce such legislation as has found its way to the statute books as a shameful interference with their rights? Yes, they do this, too. It would be as useful to appeal to a granite gargoyle, to a stone tiger, as to the fashionable woman whose appearance is in any way at stake. Pitiless, ruthless, shameless, there is no horror that she would not sanction, exact, and applaud if she believed that she could add even infinitesimally either to her personal appearance or to her reputation for wealth.

We do not exactly see what the National Association of Hosiery and Underwear Manufacturers has to do with the morals of working girls, but Mr. Charles Vezin has an undoubted right to express his opinions upon that and all other topics so far as the aforementioned, august association is willing to listen to him. We all have opinions nowadays about the morals of working girls, and we all express them. Also we all have ideas about the morals of girls who do not work, of rich, idle, and luxurious girls, but of course we would never do to express them. The morals of working girls are very much in the air at present. We hang all sorts of

issues to these same morals, just as we hang riders to appropriation bills. Any kind of measure can get itself adopted, any kind of reform can get itself advocated, if we are only clever enough to tack on something about the morals of the working girl. That "gets" us every time. Minimum wage bills, eight-hour bills, recalls, referendums, direct elections, no matter what it is. All you have to do is to hurl something about the morals of the working girl and you can go full steam ahead. Before long we shall be implored to "pass the currency bill and save the morals of the working girl," or "repeal the Panama Canal act and save the morals of the working girl." Nothing is too absurd. Anything will go. Only be quick about it. We can not guarantee to be interested in the working girl after, say, next Friday, or Monday at least. There are other applicants for the attention of an agitating and reforming public that thinks that it is thinking but that actually is only cerebrating.

But to return to Mr. Charles Vezin, who seems to think that the tariff is indissolubly connected with the virtue of the working girl and that if we do or do not do something or other to the tariff the working girl will go from bad to worse and may even take to voting. It seems that it is the modern dances that are really to blame for the extraordinary laxity among working girls. Rich women, says Mr. Vezin, do all sorts of naughty things when they take the floor and begin to dance, and the working girls imitate them, and of course every one knows that the rich woman may commit all sorts of improprieties without danger to her virtue, but that the fact that a girl works for a living is a natural implication that she is no better than she ought to be.

But we are not at all sure that Mr. Vezin has not a large amount of truth and soberness on his side. It is a peculiarity of democracies that assert all men to be equal, that those who obviously are not equal—at least in point of wealth—will make the most strenuous efforts to seem so. The fact that some rich women dance some very dirty dances is reason enough why other women who are not rich should do the same thing. Imitation is a human as well as a simian characteristic. We imitate those who have the things that we have not, under the extraordinary impression that we are thereby asserting our equality. Now the dirty dances do not harm the poor girl more than the rich girl. They damn them both alike, but the poor girl in her effort to get the necessary clothing is liable to sell something that ought not to be sold. And here, too, the rich girl would do precisely the same thing if there were any need, but there is no need, since already she has money enough.

The London *Express* is loud in its mourning over the new skirt. It calls it a freak skirt, and it must indeed be a freak if the dressmakers themselves are complaining that the orders they get are an affront and an offense. Of course, says the *Express*, the dressmakers can not help it, but it is just as well that the wearers of these freak creations should be told that they are spoiling the beauty of the finest dress pageant of the year. It is the extraordinary development of the skirt which is mainly responsible for the appalling effect of these freak costumes. It is a sartorial sob. It fits where it touches, and where it does not touch it just gathers itself up and settles itself down to have a real good cry. It looks as though it were cut by a landscape gardener and sewn up by a navy. The skirts are calculated to give the ordinary man a nervous shock every time he sees one. They always look as though they are just going to come down.

It is a mere layman who writes, but here is an attempt at a detailed description: Beginning at the top, the garment starts life as an ordinary skirt, but then takes a wrong turning and blossoms out as an invertebrate crinoline. Before it has gone far in this way, however, the skirt is collared with a sort of flying tackle just above the knees, and it finishes miserably in slits and puckers. The more puckers the better. Wherever the dressmaker can not get a pucker just by sheer misfitting she seems to make a slit in the dress and then sew it up again in a different place. Whenever the dressmaker runs out of puckers and slits, she throws in a few buttons. But these buttons must not be button-shaped. They can be like marbles, cubes, or hell-pushes—any old shape at all as long as they are not like buttons.

Analyzing the alleged construction of these remarkable costumes, one gathers that the dressmaker's aim has been to get an effect of bulge. Last season it was silhouette. This year it is bulge, with all the bulge at the back. The jacket sags behind as though it had really been made for a hunchback, and the skirt looks like a half-deflated balloon.

The memorial concert given in Albert Hall, London, to aid the widow of the late colored composer, Coleridge-Taylor, netted \$5000. While this was considered a gratifying result it is obviously not sufficient to support the family, and a movement has been set on foot to secure for it a civil list pension.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An angry advertiser rushed into the office of a provincial paper recently and shouted: "See here, our ad. ought to read, 'Thousands of patrons are wearing trousers of our make.'" The foreman of the composing-room looked up and weakly said, "Well?" The irate advertiser threw down a copy of the paper containing the ad. The compositor had made it "matrons."

A friend of the family had been summoned to testify, much against his will, as to domestic disturbances in a certain household. "You saw those blows administered?" asked counsel. "Yes, sir," replied the witness. "Did you witness the beginning of the quarrel between Mr. and Mrs. Dash?" "I did." "When was it?" "Six years ago." "Six years ago! How is that possible?" "I was a guest at their wedding," said the witness.

A doctor was summoned to a police station to examine an unconscious prisoner. The prisoner, very muddy and disheveled, lay on the floor of the cell. The physician bent over and examined him, and then, rising, said in a loud, stern voice: "This man's condition is not due to drink. He has been drugged." A policeman turned pale and said in a timid, hesitating voice: "I'm afraid ye're right, sir. I drugged him all the way—a matter of a hundred yards or more."

In the haymarket one afternoon a couple of farmers stopped to talk crops and horses. "Are you in the market for a good horse?" asked one. "Always ready to dicker," the other answered. "Ever see that little bay mare of mine?" "I think I know the critter." "How'd you like to own her? She's yours at rock-bottom price." Gathering up his lines preparatory to leaving the spot, the other farmer replied: "Well, John, I'd huy her this morning, but I hate to hust a dollar."

A Washington cushman was ciceroning a friend from the West through the social whirl of the national capital. "Who," asked the Westerner, indicating a big, good-looking fellow at one of the clubs, "is that distinguished person?" "That," replied the Washingtonian in the gravest of tones, "is Louis the Fourteenth." "Don't be absurd," exclaimed the friend. "What do you mean?" "Well, his name is Louis, and he is always invited when, without him, there would be thirteen at the table."

The two men who occupied the seat directly in front of the little man in the passenger coach were chuckling over a mysterious pamphlet. They would read a few paragraphs and say: "Gee, aint this hot stuff!" Then they would turn a page and laugh. "This is the spiciest stuff I ever read," said one of the readers. The little man's curiosity got the best of him and he quietly stood up so he could get a glimpse of the spicy reading matter. He took a look and sat down and kicked himself. The legend on the pamphlet read: "Normal Composition of Various Red Peppers. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C."

In a North of England town there was a shiftless man who would never accept gifts outright, although he was always depending on charity. He painted landscapes, and an old lady, when benevolently inclined, would hire him to decorate her walls with rural scenes, highly colored in glaring tints, as if nature had turned color-blind. There were cows in every scene, and the old lady noticed that all the cows were up to their knees in water. Not one stood clear on the vivid green hills. "Jorvery," she remarked to the old man, "why do you always put the cows in the water?" "It's this way, Mrs. Brindin," the old artist responded. "You see, ma'am, I never learned to paint hoofs."

In a village was a youth who had got himself into such a variety of scrapes that his people thought it would be better to dispatch him to Canada, so as to get him away from old and doubtful associations. He agreed to go, provided those interested in his departure secured him some testimonials. Half a dozen were got for him. They sang his praises in unrestrained terms, spoke of his geniality, of his good address and exceptional capability, and all the other virtues that few men have, but many get the credit for. When the young man read the testimonials he turned to his father and exclaimed: "Well, I'm hanged! I had no idea people thought so much of me. And now I know how much they like me I'm blowed if I'll go away at all."

Irvin S. Cobb, the short story writer, recently returned from a Western trip to learn that a dear friend had been snared in a lawsuit. He hurried down to the friend's lawyer. "I want you to call me as a character witness," said he. "Why, Jack is the dearest, kindest, most honest white man in the world. I've got to go on the stand for that boy."

"Not while I'm his lawyer," said the legal sharp. "I know just what would happen. The other man's lawyer would ask your occupation. And you'd say: 'I'm a writer of fiction.' And the lawyer would get up and stand over you and look into the dark recesses of your soul for a time. And by and by, despairing of finding one sweet, aspiring thought in you, he would turn to the jury. And he would exchange an intelligent, likable smile with those twelve sturdy souls. And then he would go back to his chair, and without even troubling to look in your direction he would say: 'That is quite enough, Mr. Cobb. You may stand down.'"

The French critic, musician, and government official, Romieu, was fond of joking. One of his diversions—amusing, but not to be commended—was to go into some shop where he thought he was not known and perplex the shopmen by his questions and remarks. One evening he had taken a good deal of wine, when he went into a little watchmaker's shop and, assuming the accent and air of a countryman, said: "Sir, what do you call those little machines hanging there?" "Watches," replied the shopkeeper. "What are they for?" "To indicate the time." "Really? I never heard of them. How much do they cost?" "Here is one for 200 francs, and one for 100 francs; and here are some for 50 and 25 francs." "Are there printed directions about making them go?" "No; they have to be wound up every day with a key." "Will you show me how, sir?" "This way. You see it is not difficult." "And must one wind it in the evening or in the morning?" "You must wind yours in the morning." "Why in the morning?" "Because in the evening you are drunk, M. Romieu, and might break it."

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Patriot.

He blew a small fortune in crackers and poppers
And got up at dawn on the Fourth of July;
From the Bottles of Chaos he drew all the stoppers
And thoughtlessly shot his best friend in the eye.

He blew down a house with the tail of a rocket,
He murdered a cow with a .44 gun.
A pack of red devils went off in his pocket.
(The burns caused him pain, but of course it was fun.)

He shot off a cannon next door to a cottage
Where lay a pale invalid—noise made him worse.

He filled an old shotgun with Lucifer's pottage
And put his lame aunt in the hands of a nurse.

He strewed his black trail with destruction and hunting;
The fire engines bustled wherever he went.

As he revelled in arson like Baal gone a-bunting
Till money and powder and frenzy were spent.

And when he retired from his labors unnerving,
A Scholarly Person inquired, passing by,
"Pray, what Great Event is the nation observing,
Causing such havoc on Fourth of July?"

The Dangerous Patriot hummed "Yankee Doodle,"
Then cried, "What a question! Say, aint you the worst?"

To ask what it's for never entered my noodle—
Guess it's the birthday of William R. Hearst."

—Wallace Irwin, in Life.

"There Are Tricks in All Trades."

"I'd like to take a run up the coast for a week's fishing," said the proprietor, "and I'll have to leave you in charge. Do you think you can attend to it?"

"Me?" said the bartender with a stare. "Of course! That's what I'm here for."

"But you've only been here two weeks," returned the proprietor, doubtfully, "and I have a special line of custom that I don't want driven away. I know you can handle the cash register all right (with a slight cough), and mix the fancy drinks; but I don't think you're on to the little whims that we have to humor in this trade."

"Which?" asked the bartender.

"There's old Judge Bean—man with the bad hat and gold-headed cane—always take the bottle with the red seal out of the chest for him. Then you've noticed the baldheaded man with the nine-inch moustache? Give him the cut-glass decanter. There are two young men who always drop in about ten o'clock and take two rounds. Take the white glass bottle that stands back of the vermouth for them."

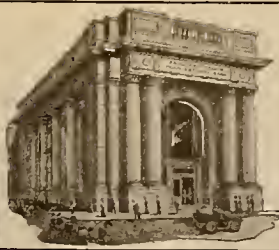
"And how about the tall, lean chap with side-whiskers, that always lays his cane on the bar?"

"Be very particular about him. Make a bluff at picking up two or three bottles, and then give him a short, fat bottle out of some corner, and first wipe it off carefully. Tell him 'That's the boss's special, so I reckon it's all right.' If he takes two drinks, you set up a third."

"I've got all that down," said the bartender. "Well, I don't know but that's all; and if not, I'll remember the others before I go. You won't forget, now; it means money to me."

"You can bet on me," said the bartender, confidently; "but, say, if the bottles give out, where are the barrels?"

"That's all right," replied the proprietor; "fill them all out of that ten-gallon demijohn under the upper end of the bar."—Puck.



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Judge John R. Aitken and Mrs. Aitken have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Florence Aitken, to Lieutenant William Fitzhugh Lee Simpson, U. S. A., son of the late Colonel William A. Simpson, U. S. A. Lieutenant Simpson is a brother of Mrs. Harold Naylor, wife of Lieutenant Naylor, U. S. A., who was formerly Miss Peggy Simpson.

Mrs. A. C. Hinz of Mill Valley has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Gertrude Hinz, to Lieutenant Basil Duke Edwards, U. S. A. Miss Hinz is a sister of Mrs. Bruce Butler, wife of Lieutenant Butler, U. S. A., and Mrs. H. R. Gundlach.

Colonel Almer Pickering, U. S. A., and Mrs. Pickering, of Texas City, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Margaret Mauree Pickering, to Lieutenant Frank C. Mahin, U. S. A. Mrs. Elizabeth Lane Merritt has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Adrienne Merritt, to Mr. Philo Lindley of Los Angeles, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. K. Lindley.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Upham of Palo Alto have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Augusta May Upham, to Mr. Ernest Henry Staher.

The wedding of Miss Mary Selby and Mr. Curtis Crane Hayden will take place today at Grace Pro-Cathedral. Miss Selby is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Vaill Selby.

The wedding of Miss Josephine Beatrice Brew and Lieutenant William Hardigg, U. S. A., took place Monday, June 30, in Newport News, Virginia. Lieutenant Hardigg, who was formerly stationed at Fort Winfield Scott, is now stationed at Frankfort Arsenal, Pennsylvania.

The wedding of Miss Ethel Hatch and Lieutenant William H. Rucker, U. S. A., took place Tuesday evening, July 1, at Marlborough Hall in this city. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Charles B. Hatch of Champaign, Illinois. Lieutenant Rucker is a son of Mrs. Lewis Rucker and the late General Lewis Rucker, U. S. A., and a nephew of the late General C. G. Hennessey, U. S. A. Lieutenant Rucker and Mrs. Rucker sailed Wednesday for the Philippine Islands.

Mrs. Eugene Gallois has issued invitations to the wedding of her daughter, Miss Jeanne Marie Gallois, and Mr. Horace Lewis Hill, Jr., Thursday, July 24, at five o'clock at the Fairmont Hotel. Mrs. John Cheever Cowdin will be Miss Gallois's matron of honor and the Misses Marion Zeile and Louise Boyd will be her bridesmaids.

The wedding of Miss Kate Peterson and Mr. Ward Mailliard will take place September 20 at the home in Belvedere of the prospective bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Peterson.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy M. Pike entertained a number of friends at a dinner at their home on Broadway in honor of Mr. and Mrs. George Creel (formerly Miss Blanche Bates).

Mrs. Charles Josselyn gave a luncheon and bridge party last week at her home in Woodside.

Miss Henriette Blanding was hostess at a luncheon at her home in Belvedere in honor of Mrs. Benjamin Sturtevant Foss, who was formerly Miss Dorothy Chapman.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Moore gave a dinner-dance Saturday evening at their home in Santa Cruz complimentary to Major Sidney Cloman, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cloman.

Mrs. David Crahtree was hostess at a tea at the Menlo Country Club in honor of her cousin, Miss Elena Robinson.

Mrs. James W. Towne entertained her friends at a bridge-tea last week at her home on Union Street.

Mrs. Milton Pray gave a luncheon recently at her home in Burlingame in honor of Mrs. Charles Bancroft, who has since gone to Europe to remain a year.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Chickering entertained a number of friends at a dinner at the Hotel Potter in Santa Barbara.

Captain Charles A. Gove, U. S. N., and Mrs. Gove gave a luncheon at their home in Yerba Buena complimentary to Captain David Sellers, U. S. N., and Mrs. Sellers.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. Thompson H. Alexander of Washington, D. C., is visiting his sister-in-law, Mrs. John Bidwell, at her ranch in Chico.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Wilson, Jr. (formerly Miss Marianne Mathieu), spent the holidays in San Jose.

Mr. and Mrs. David R. Sessions and their daughter, Miss Jeannette Sessions, left last week for Alaska.

Mrs. James Carolan and Miss Emily Carolan have returned from Philadelphia, where they have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. William Timlow (formerly Miss Evelyn Carolan). They are occupying the home in Burlingame of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones have gone to Etna Springs, where it is hoped Mr. Jones will entirely recover from his recent serious illness.

Among recent visitors at Etna Springs were Mr. and Mrs. Warren Dearborn Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney V. Smith, and Miss Cora Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip E. Bowles, Mr. George Bowles, and Mr. Dudley Valentine spent the weekend in Santa Cruz and have since motored to Santa Barbara.

Mr. Robert Bacon, former ambassador to France, Mrs. Bacon, and their daughter, Miss Alice Bacon, spent several days in this city en route to the Philippine Islands.

Mr. Vernon Tenny has arrived from Honolulu and is at the Bellevue Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Ettore Avenali and their children are in Woodside, where they will spend the next few months with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Alston Williams and their children are in the Misses Florence and Corona Wil-

liams, will spend the season in Monterey, where they have rented a cottage.

Miss Marion Zeile is in Santa Barbara with Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker, Miss Helen Keeney, and Mr. Charles Keeney.

Mr. and Mrs. Randolph V. Whiting have returned from the East and are at the Hotel Bellevue.

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Flood have gone on a motor trip through Northern California. They were accompanied by Miss Barbara Donohoe.

Miss Marjorie Shepard is visiting Miss Alice Warner in Monterey.

Mrs. Eleanor Hyde-Smith has returned from Honolulu, where she has been residing during the past year.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bancroft left last week for New York en route to Europe to spend a year in travel. During their absence their home in Berkeley will be occupied by Mr. and Mrs. John G. Kirchen and their daughter, Miss Florence Kirchen.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clark and their children have been spending the past ten days at Castle Crags.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Lathrop and their daughter, Miss Hermine Lathrop, have returned from New York and are again in their home in Stanford University. Miss Lathrop, who has recently graduated from an Eastern school, will be a debutante of next season.

Mrs. Sidney Ashe is visiting her mother in Colorado Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. I. R. D. Grubb and Mr. Hanson Grubb will spend the next month camping in the Kern River Cañon.

Mr. William Goldsborough has gone to Kern County, where he will remain until August 1.

Miss Beatrice Miller of New York and Miss Marie Louise Black, Miss Harriett Alexander, and Mr. Douglas Alexander have recently been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Moody, the Messrs. Corbett, Joseph, and Francis Moody, Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle, and Mr. Douglas MacMonagle will spend the next few weeks at the Weher Lake Country Club.

Mrs. Thomas P. Bishop and her son, Mr. Frank Bishop, have returned from a year's travel in Europe.

Mrs. Anne Bradley Wallace and her son, Mr. Bradley Wallace, have returned from Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas and Miss Gertrude Thomas have gone to Lake Tahoe to spend several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Maud have returned from Europe, having been called home by the death of Mrs. Maud's brother, Dr. Clinton Catherwood.

Mr. Harry W. Sherwood and his daughters, the Misses Avis and Mary Sherwood, spent the weekend in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Deering have returned from Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott Hendricks have returned from an automobile trip to Marysville, where they spent the holidays.

Mrs. Haig Panigian has recently been visiting relatives in Hollister.

Mrs. Edward Lowe (formerly Miss Emily Johnson) is visiting her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Otis R. Johnson, at their home in Fort Bragg.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Piggott will move next week into their new home in Sacramento, where they will reside for several years.

Mr. and Mrs. George Kelham spent the weekend as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon.

Mr. William F. Herrin and his daughter, Miss Katherine Herrin, have returned from a visit to Shasta.

Mrs. Frank Bowden has arrived from her home in Nottingham, England, having been called by the serious illness of her mother, Mrs. John Maynard, who was moved last week from the Granada Hotel to Adler's Sanatorium.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Holmes are established for the summer at the Hotel Vendome in San Jose.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Brownell and their children left last week for a visit in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Cheever Cowdin and their infant son have moved to San Mateo, where they are occupying the home of Miss Frances Howard.

Mr. Wellington Gregg and Miss Enid Gregg have returned from a visit in Monterey. Mr. and Mrs. Gregg and their daughters, the Misses Enid and Ethel Gregg, have given up their apartment and will reside at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Edward Barron and the Misses Margaret and Evelyn Barron returned Monday from Europe. They will spend the summer at their country home in Mayfield.

Dr. Grant Selfridge and Mrs. Selfridge are at present in Munich. They will return home in August.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Boardman have returned from a visit in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Gallagher are en route from their home in Yokohama, and will spend the summer with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Williams on the McCloud River. Mrs. Gallagher was formerly Miss Muriel Steele.

Mrs. Alfred Tubbs, Mrs. J. S. Oyster, and Miss Elizabeth Oyster have returned from Monterey.

Dr. George H. Willcutt has returned from a visit at Lake Tahoe.

Miss Virginia Jolliffe has been spending the past week with Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin in Napa County.

Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, the Misses Marian, Kate, and Mary Julia Crocker are established for the summer in their country home in Cloverdale.

Mrs. Frank S. Johnson, Miss Maud O'Connor, and Mr. Gordon Johnson are at present in Carlsbad.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Schilling are spending the summer in Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Barham of Los Angeles spent last week at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin spent the week-end with friends in Burlingame.

Mrs. Horace Davis Pillsbury and her three children have gone to Boston to spend the summer with Mrs. Pillsbury's parents, General Charles Taylor and Mrs. Taylor.

Mrs. E. H. Ward, wife of Rev. E. H. Ward, of

Fittsburg, is visiting her mother, Mrs. E. T. Taylor, at her home on Jackson Street. Mrs. Ward, who was formerly Miss Somers Taylor, is a cousin of Mrs. George Pope and Mrs. George Almer Newhall.

Mr. and Mrs. Hennen Jennings of Washington, D. C., with their daughter, Miss Katherine Jennings, and their son, Mr. Coleman Jennings, spent a few days at Lake Tahoe, en route to this city. They arrived Monday and are visiting Mrs. Jennings's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Coleman.

Miss Ruth Zeile and Miss Beatrice Nickel have gone to Portland to visit friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliott McAllister and their sons have gone to Miramar to spend the month of July.

President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Mrs. Wheeler, and their son, Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Jr., were at last accounts in Berlin.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Stovel and Miss Marion Stovel have gone to Weher Lake colony. Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle, Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Howell, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Newhall, and Mrs. Frederick Moody are among those who will spend the next month fishing and hunting in the Sierra resort.

Mrs. J. D. Spreckels has returned to Coronado after quite a lengthy visit to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Brown will pass the month of July at Lake Tahoe.

Among San Francisco people who arrived at Hotel del Coronado for the holidays were Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Young, Mr. W. D. K. Gibson, Mrs. George Law Smith, Mrs. G. Cather, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Wigmore, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Amher, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Mathers, Dr. E. M. Parsons, Miss Marie Reim, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Snook, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Hoag, Mr. A. de Bretteville, Mr. C. Cather, Miss K. F. Cronin, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Wells, Miss Hester Mathers, Miss Mary J. Parsons, Mrs. C. A. Holland.

Captain Philip Andrews, U. S. N., commanding the armored cruiser *Montana* of the Atlantic fleet, has been ordered to assume command of the *Maryland* with the Pacific fleet, relieving Captain John M. Elliott, U. S. N., who has been retired by the "plucking board." The *Maryland* is now in Alaskan waters.

Captain Albert P. Niblack, U. S. N., former naval attaché in Berlin, will arrive in this city July 19.

Mrs. Hough is en route to Guam, where she will join her husband, Dr. Frank Hough, U. S. N., who until recently has been stationed at Yerba Buena.

Admiral Chauncey Thomas, U. S. N. (retired), and Mrs. Thomas have rented a house in Berkeley for the summer months.

Ensign Arnold Marcus, U. S. N., who graduated this year from the United States Naval Academy in Annapolis, is visiting his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Marcus, at their home in Mill Valley.

Mrs. J. S. Shepherd has arrived from Japan and will remain in this city during her husband's stay in the Orient. Lieutenant Shepherd, U. S. N., is attached to the Asiatic fleet.

Miss Isabelle McCracken has returned from Mare Island, where she has been visiting Miss Dorothy Bennett.

Lieutenant Harold Naylor, U. S. A., and Mrs. Naylor arrived Tuesday from Fort Riley, Kansas, and are en route to their new station in Manila.

Lieutenant Edwin Pritchett, U. S. A., and Mrs. Pritchett sailed last Saturday on the transport *Logan* for the Orient. Mrs. Pritchett was formerly Miss Marie Lundeen.

Captain Martin Crimmins, U. S. A., has been on duty this week in Monterey. Mrs. Crimmins is at present visiting her father-in-law, Mr. John D. Crimmins, in Long Island, New York.

Lieutenant Edwin O'Hara, U. S. A., and Mrs. O'Hara have returned from their wedding trip to Lake Tahoe and will sail shortly for their future home, Fort Ruger, Honolulu.

Lieutenant William H. Anderson, U. S. A., has arrived from Fort Davis, Alaska, and is at the Hotel St. Francis.

General L. M. Cooke, U. S. A. (retired), and Mrs. Cooke are established at the Hotel Victoria.

Lieutenant-Commander David F. Sellers has recently been promoted to the rank of commander.

Lieutenant-Colonel W. P. Kendall has arrived from Fort Riley, Kansas, and has assumed his duties as surgeon of the Third Division and sanitary inspector of the Western Department, relieving Lieutenant-Colonel Euclid B. Frick, U. S. A., who is in charge of the Letterman Hospital in the Presidio. Dr. Kendall has been ordered to Heber City, Utah, for duty for the organized militia of the State of Utah at their encampment from July 20 to July 31.

The Italian government has bought from the Martelli family, whose gallery is one of the richest in art treasures in Florence, the famous Donatello statue, "The Child St. John," for \$80,000. Eight years ago this statue was offered, together with other works of the same period, to the late J. Pierpont Morgan, and the price then asked for the collection was \$1,400,000.

The Uncle Tom's Cabin Opera Producing Company of New York has filed articles of incorporation with the secretary of state. It is intended to produce an operatic version of Mrs. Stowe's novel.

Eddie Foy's show, "Over the River," collapsed in Calgary, Canada. This is evidence that our Canadian brethren are to be complimented for their agreement on good taste in things theatrical.

"Suomen Laulu," the Finnish choir, visited Copenhagen recently and was received with great enthusiasm. In some respects it was the best and most interesting choir ever heard in Denmark.

Edna Goodrich will have the name-part in the production this fall of a stage version of Longfellow's "Evangeline."

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

At a luncheon tendered to Professor Alexander G. McAdie by the San Francisco Commercial Club Tuesday, eulogistic addresses were made by Allan L. Chickering, president of the club, and Fred J. Koster of the Chamber of Commerce, in which the speakers expressed the regret of the organizations that the city should lose the professor upon the occasion of his leaving to accept a chair at Harvard University. The luncheon was attended by more than 300 members and guests of the club.

The old Dunphy homestead at Washington and Octavia Streets has been sold by the executors of the estate of the late William Dunphy for \$125,000. Miss Mary Phelan is the purchaser.

Monday evening a concert at the Hotel St. Francis marked the formal opening of the annual convention of the Music Teachers' Association of California, which continued its sessions for four days and nights. An address of welcome was made by President J. C. Manning of the San Francisco Music Teachers' Association, response by President Bretherick of the state association. The sessions were largely made up of instrumental and vocal selections by members, with lectures, talks, and demonstrations on the latest methods of teaching music.

Because only 143 of the original members of the Society of California Pioneers are living, and the majority of these are scattered in the four quarters of the globe, for the first time in the history of the society a junior or descendant member, John J. Lermen, was elected to the presidency this week. The society numbers 600 members and the annual election and banquet was held July 7 on the anniversary of the hoisting of the American flag at Monterey by Commodore Sloat.

Albert B. Ruggles, one of the oldest mining brokers of San Francisco, died at his home Sunday morning. Mr. Ruggles had been president of the San Francisco Stock Exchange for twelve years and was a member

of the body for thirty years. He was born in Vermont sixty-five years ago and came to San Francisco when a young man. He is survived by a widow, a daughter, Mrs. Lillian Mattheis of Chicago, and a brother, J. F. Ruggles of West Burke, Vermont.

With practice in using the ten and twelve-inch guns, the ten companies of the First Artillery of the California National Guard are in camp at Fort Winfield Scott, participating in the joint maneuvers with the Twenty-Ninth Company, Coast Artillery, United States Army.

Guatemala, Honduras, and the State of Oklahoma on Thursday dedicated sites for buildings on the exposition grounds.

After deliberating two hours the woman jury selected to try Mrs. Bertha J. Williams, charged with extortion, returned a verdict of not guilty.

Arthur Macphee and Charles Taylor, detectives in the police department, were convicted and sentenced to one year in the county jail for criminal conspiracy with the huncoring.

The home of Lieutenant Charles Elliott Ide, U. S. A., and Mrs. Ide has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Ide was formerly Miss Clarita Blair.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Parker Fullington Wood has been brightened by the advent of a son.

At Lucerne Kursall a Fourth of July celebration, 1913, was given in honor of the American minister to Switzerland, Hon. Henry S. Boutell. The programme included a symphony concert of American compositions by an orchestra of sixty musicians under the direction of Louis Lomhard of New York and Trevano Castle, Switzerland. The numbers played were by G. W. Chadwick, Arthur Foote, Henry Hadley, Louis Lomhard, and Edward McDowell.



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THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (the German Bank), 526 California Street; Mission Branch, corner Mission and Twenty-First Streets; Richmond District Branch, corner Clement Street and Seventh Avenue; Haight Street Branch, corner Haight and Belvedere Streets.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1913, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, July 1, 1913. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividends from July 1, 1913. GEORGE TOURNY, Manager.

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 783 Market Street, near Fourth.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1913, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, July 1, 1913. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1913. H. C. KLEVESAHN, Cashier.

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, corner Market, McAllister, and Jones Streets.—For the six months ending June 30, 1913, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and three-fourths (3 3/4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, July 1, 1913. Dividends not drawn will be added to depositors' accounts, become a part thereof, and will earn dividend from July 1, 1913. Deposits made on or before July 10, 1913, will draw interest from July 1, 1913. E. J. TOBIN, Acting Secretary.

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Knicker—Is he deeply in love? *Bocker*—
Yes, he thinks all the girls on the magazine
covers look like Her.—*The Sun*.

Miss Redbud—Do you think he will love
me when I am old? *Miss Palisade*—There's
one consolation. You will soon know.—*Puck*.

"Is Dobbs a hard-working man?" "I guess
you can call him that. Any kind of work
seems hard to him."—*Birmingham Age-
Herald*.

Bix—Joe says he gives employment to a
large number of men. *Dix*—So he does—
other people's hill collectors.—*Boston Tron-
script*.

Lord Notasent (moodily)—I dreamed last
night, James, that I had plenty of money!
The Valet (eagerly)—An' 'oo was the 'appy
II'american girl, me lud?—*Puck*.

Mory—Ida has a glorious lot of silver,
hasn't she? *Alice*—Yes; every time I dine
there, at the end of the meal I find a lot of
forks left over that I haven't had anything
to eat with.—*Judge*.

"I see they have operated on a Philadel-
phia boy's head in order to make a better
boy of him." "That isn't where my dad used
to operate on me to make a better hoy of
me."—*Houston Post*.

Chlorinda—How can you dream of marry-
ing a man who writes such stupid love letters?
Morigold—But just think, dear—he can write
the most beautiful checks, and that's the main
thing after one's married.—*Judge*.

Doctor—Well, and did you take his tem-
perature. *Wife*—Oh, yes, sir; I put the bar-
ometer on 'is chest an' it goes up to very
dry, so I fetches 'im a quart o' heer, an' now
'e's gone to work.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Powers—I'm sorry you lost your lawsuit.
Bowers—Well, I ought to have known that
my attorney was no good. *Powers*—Why?
Bowers—The very first time the case was
called he told the judge he was ready to go
on.—*Puck*.

"You seem happier." "Yes," responded
the clerk in the department store. "I've been
transferred from the silk counter to the grind-
stone department. And very few women out
shopping insist on pawing over that stock."—
Washington Herald.

"I understand the new Brazilian dance, the
machuza, is becoming quite the rage." "In-
deed!" "Yes, society will take it up formally
at the big dinner-dance tonight." "Then I
suppose the police will take it up officially to-
morrow."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Riggs (facetiously)—This is a picture of
my wife's first husband. *Diggs*—Silly looking
guy! But say, I didn't know your wife was
married before she met you. *Riggs*—She
wasn't. This is a picture of myself when I
was twenty-five.—*Boston Transcript*.

"When people laugh aloud it is a pretty
sure sign they are amused, isn't it?" "Not
always," replied the sad-eyed comedian.
"Sometimes they are merely making an effort
to convince themselves that they haven't
wasted their money."—*Washington Star*.

"Some men never know how to let well
enough alone." "How so?" "Blundern, the
new department head, decided to require a
competitive examination for every single job
under him, and, hless me! if his wife didn't
win the position of private secretary to him."
—*Judge*.

"Don't go near that old fellow in the pas-
ture, sonny," the farmer warned the fresh-
air child. "He's terribly fierce." "I tried
him out a'ready," the lad replied. "He aint
half as fierce as an automobile in the city.
Got any hears or lions around here?"—
Buffalo Express.

"So you depend on recognition from pos-
terity?" said Mr. Dustin Stax. "Yes," re-
plied Mr. Penwiggie. "Another generation
will recognize my genius." "But how are you
going to know whether the opinion of a fu-
ture generation is any more trustworthy and
desirable than that of the present public?"—
Washington Star.



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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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A Difficult Readjustment.

The administration is having a hard time "readjusting" the federal service in California. First there was the McNab incident—a case in which the party of the second part was quick to see the game and prompt to strike first. Then there was the Fisk incident—a case in which a man with a straight record declined to be trampled in the mud of official discredit in the interest of machine politics wearing the mask of a sublimated political virtue. Now difficulty has arisen in connection with the sub-treasurership at San Francisco, to be vacated by the removal of Mr. Ralston, another experienced and capable official, to make room for a Democrat. It seems that there are two voices at Washington to which the administration is disposed to listen, those of Mr. James D. Phelan and Mr. Rudolph Spreckels. But these gentlemen are rot of the same mind or of the same political lineage. Mr. Phelan is a regular Democrat; Mr. Spreckels, who is a Republican in so far as he has any politics, turned Democrat under the special

circumstances of the late campaign. The report from Washington is that Mr. Phelan has asked for the appointment to succeed Mr. Ralston of Mr. L. F. Mooser, but that Mr. Spreckels objects. One guess is as good as another with respect to the outcome of this particular difference, but we are willing to wager something handsome that in the long run Mr. Phelan will win out as against Mr. Spreckels, and become the controlling influence with the President in the matter of California affairs. We advise all aspiring Democrats, anxious to get next in the matter of administrative favor, to step in behind "Jimmy the Hefter."

Some California Comparisons.

Before the Commonwealth Club last Saturday Mr. C. H. Dunton, a director of the Sacramento Valley Improvement Association, read a lecture to San Francisco upon her obligations and duties in connection with the development of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys. It was something of an arraignment and came close to being a dressing-down on the score of shortcomings and delinquencies. Mr. Dunton is an advocate of boost. He would have the "game" of development "played for all it is worth." He would promote, he would boom, raking in men and money from any and every source and by pretty much any and every method, to the end of filling up the country. And he would have San Francisco put up the money and do the work.

Mr. Dunton blamed San Francisco for her lack of initiative in connection with booming operations and by way of emphasizing his strictures referred to the activities carried on by the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, which he credited with being the vital force which had supported a movement of unparalleled progress. This association with its four thousand members, its liberal and regular appropriations for exploiting the fame of the country and its system of glad-handism, was presented as a pattern for San Francisco. He grew eloquent under the inspirations of his theme and succeeded in impressing upon some of those who heard him the idea that San Francisco is an inert and hopeless "back number" as compared with Los Angeles.

This brings us to the point of our contention with Mr. Dunton and with others who, like him, are forever declaring that while Los Angeles and the southern counties are making prodigious and continuous headway, San Francisco and the central and northern districts of the state are "falling behind." Mr. Dunton dealt impressively with figures, invoked to sustain his theory that San Francisco and the northern region is moribund, while the south is vital and progressive. We pass over his statement that "statistics show that Los Angeles County has the largest monthly manufacturing payroll on the Coast." We have heard the like of this before, and it has been so often and so emphatically refuted that nothing further need be said of it.

It was in connection with percentages of growth in population and property values that Mr. Dunton was most interesting. The southern counties, he declared, in the period between 1900 and 1910 have increased in population by 154 per cent, whereas the central and northern sections of the state increased only 38 per cent. This is indeed a striking statement, but like many another it loses something of its force under critical examination. It is, in truth, a case where figures, if they do not actually lie, are mightily misleading. Now the population of the southern counties in the year 1900 was 285,000. In 1910 it was 740,000, or, as above stated, an increase of 154 per cent. In 1900 the population of northern California was 1,200,000. In 1910 it was 1,654,000—an increase of only 38 per cent, as Mr. Dunton declares.

Upon comparison of percentages of growth the northern region appears to have been outdone almost ridiculously. But comparison of figures of

actual increment tells quite another story. The increase in population of the southern counties appears by Mr. Dunton's statement to have been 439,000. In the same period, still according to Mr. Dunton's figures, the increase in northern California was 454,000, which shows an actual growth in the northern and central districts of 15,000 more than in the southern counties. The ratio of growth is indeed vastly greater in the south, but the actual growth has been slightly greater at the north, and it is to be remembered that within this period the northern region and its principal city suffered the greatest calamity in the world's history.

Even more "showy" than his statement with respect to population is Mr. Dunton's presentment of an increase of 382 per cent in property valuations in the southern counties during the period between 1900 and 1911, as compared with an increase of 79 per cent in the northern district. But here again critical examination quite alters the significance of the statement. The official valuation of property in the southern counties in 1900 was \$166,000,000, and in 1911 it was \$800,000,000, an increase of \$634,000,000. The official valuation of property in the northern part of California in 1900 was \$1,052,000,000, and in 1911 it was \$1,800,000,000, or an increase of \$948,000,000. Thus it will be seen that while the southern counties gained in the ratio of 382 per cent and the northern district gained only 79 per cent, the north actually gained \$314,000,000 above the gain of the south—this after making up the losses of the San Francisco disaster.

We might further analyze Mr. Dunton's figures to illustrate certain of his utterly mistaken conclusions. But enough has been said to show how figures may be used to bolster up spectacular statements. Percentages based upon smaller conditions make a tremendous showing when compared with percentages based upon larger conditions. The only true and therefore the only fair method of exhibiting the comparative material progress of communities is to present the actual figures of growth in population and of growth in property values. Southern California has indeed made tremendous strides, but the theory that the southern counties are outstripping the rest of the state finds no support upon a fair presentation of the facts. And it is to be remembered that while the growth of the southern counties has been most industriously worked up—boomed, in other words—that of the northern section has come about in a natural way. It represents, not the results of circus methods, but rather those of normal tendencies in response to appeals legitimately made by the resources and conditions of the country.

We trust that without offense we may add that northern California's growth of 38 per cent in population within the ten years between 1900 and 1910 and her increase of 79 per cent in property values in the eleven years between 1900 and 1911 has been rapid enough for community health. There are other values in community life than those which rest upon the report of the census taker and the totals of the assessor's lists. No community can grow faster than northern California and San Francisco have grown without running tremendous risks of losing the values of community traditions and established community aims. We say this not in disparagement of southern California. Her position is as unique and unprecedented as her amazing growth. She is in a sense to be congratulated upon her extraordinary material development; yet we can but suspect that it would have been just as well for the southern counties in some respects if the march of material progress had been less rapid. It takes time to coördinate the forces of community life, to assimilate incoming elements. The work of coördinating and welding new and heterogeneous forces into a wholesome community life now lies before Los Angeles and the region thereabout, and it is likely to be a more difficult process than if the growth in population and in property values had been less rapid and overwhelming.

A hint of the difficulties now to be encountered is afforded by the social and political manifestations of recent months.

Spots on the Sun.

Oregon was one of the first states infected with the distemper of wild political experimentation. Under the lead of a group of overwrought enthusiasts for novelty and change, that state went the limit—and beyond it—of a reckless progressivism. But it appears that the new scheme of things which has been long enough in force to exhibit its practical workings has not produced a political millennium. It is found that direct processes of legislation have not cured propensities of corruption. Early under the new scheme of things there grew up a new profession, that of the solicitor of signatures for the various petitions which the system calls for. So long as four years ago it was found that a very considerable proportion of the signatures on initiative measures brought in by professional agents, known as "petition shovers," were forgeries. In the referendum petitions on the University appropriations in 1912 hundreds of forgeries were traced by a detective agency. A later incident in connection with the referendum on the workmen's compensation law develops the fact that the petitions abound in duplications, fictitious names and addresses. Now comes the charge of a new form of blackmail, that of soliciting money to suppress petitions. Very recently a former city councilman frankly admitted to a Multnomah grand jury that he had sold initiative petitions to the representatives of the interest which the law would have affected, and that he had not stayed bought.

Curiously enough, there is no provision under the new system for the detection and punishment of these abuses. The presumption seems to have been that under the new order of things honesty and purity would prevail, and now, when corrupt practice has developed, there appears to be no enthusiasm for a movement for their correction. Which leads the *Oregonian* to remark that the people of Oregon who revolted against corruption in the legislature apparently look with complaisance upon fraud in the processes of direct legislation.

The truth is that the people of Oregon have become so confused and so weary under the agitations of the past half-dozen years as to have lost hope of finding any plan tending to sustain old-fashioned standards of simplicity and honesty. Probably it will call for some gross and spectacular fraud, for some striking outrage, to arouse in a badgered, irritated, and politically dejected public a sense of resentment strong enough to make them rise in wrath and smash the whole system into smithereens.

Double-Play.

The slap-dash method in the treatment of social and governmental questions characteristic of Mr. Roosevelt had a fresh and interesting exemplification in connection with a "National Progressive Conference" held at Newport on July 2d. Mr. Roosevelt, after a period of silence, was at his best. He scowled, gritted his teeth, and spoke with his usual vehemence and more than his usual recklessness. The special object of his resentment was President Wilson's "New Freedom," which he characterized as "nothing whatever but the right of the strong to prey on the weak, of the big men to crush the little men, and to shield their iniquity beneath the cry that they are exercising freedom." There is in this a fine rhetorical resonance and it would have been well for Mr. Roosevelt if, as usual, he had limited himself to resounding generalizations.

But Mr. Roosevelt went further. With uplifted fist he declared that he would "fight against the anarchy and socialism of the I. W. W." Then in the next breath he inveighed against the "injustice" of the authorities of West Virginia in enforcing order in connection with the pending coal strikes. Just how at one and the same time Mr. Roosevelt is to give his energies in behalf of both sides of the contest, and against both sides, he did not explain. But there it is in black and white. He will fight against the I. W. W., which under its red flag is sustaining this strike, also against the "injustice" of the West Virginia government, which under the theory of law and order is restraining outrage and bloodshed.

Curiously, Mr. Roosevelt overlooked the fact that the West Virginia strike, which he accredited to President Wilson's doctrine of New Freedom, was begun before the President's ideas were promulgated. Again Governor Glasscock, who defends the President's course, is in full sympathy with Mr. Roosevelt's programme

of "social justice" and thought he was following out its line of thought and action in his official course.

The truth of the matter is that Mr. Roosevelt, thinking it was time to say something in violent criticism of President Wilson, seized upon the West Virginia strike because it happened to be the particular thing in sight. He wanted to condemn the President, and did so in unmeasured terms, because it so happened that his (the President's) theories coincided with the course of Governor Glasscock, who had enforced order by use of the state militia. Having thus thrown a sop to the I. W. W. by criticism of the authorities, including President and governor, he turned flat about and launched another thunderbolt in the opposite direction—this to conciliate the friends of law and order.

Thus after his usual fashion and in imitation of the principle of a famed con trap he calculated to "catch 'em a-comin' or a-gwine." And curiously enough there are cranks and blamed fools in plenty capable of being "cotched" by this kind of double-play. Verily Mr. Barnum was right; the people—or at least a goodly part of the people—dearly love to be humbugged.

Calling a Halt in England.

The American people have always been quick—perhaps too quick sometimes—to avow their intention to paddle their own canoe and to be uninfluenced by the experience and the experiments of others. But there are certain problems that refuse to be circumscribed by national frontiers. There are certain phenomena that make their appearance over the whole of civilization at the same time, and whatever faith we may rightly have in our own powers of adjustment we may none the less profitably turn a not incurious eye abroad, where the same difficulties and the same dangers have presented themselves.

A case in point is now furnished by Great Britain. We find that what is called ameliorative legislation has proceeded even more rapidly there than it has here. Pension laws, employers' liability laws, and insurance laws have followed each other with a giddy rapidity. The vast masses of the people have been registered, indexed, classified, and inspected by specially created boards and bureaucracies until the shadow of officialism is the one thing that is never out of sight. The new legislation is beginning to be known, not inappropriately, as Lloyd Georgism. It seems to be based on the theory that wherever an evil is to be found that evil must be attacked by act of Parliament and remedied by doles of money. No matter whether the evil be economic, and therefore a fit subject for legislation, or whether it springs from human failings for which suffering is nature's scourge, the remedy is always the same. Lloyd Georgism means a vast system of pittances for those who have become socially unfit by their carelessness, their idleness, their incapacity, or their misfortune. And the pittances thus bestowed upon the socially unfit are extracted from the pockets of the socially fit.

But it seems now that England has had about enough of this. In point of fact England is tired of the ubiquitous inspector with his schedules and his note-books, a phenomenon that has always augured ill for the liberties of the people. Mr. Lloyd George has been an honored member of the Asquith cabinet, but Mr. Asquith seems to have sensed the popular revolt against an intolerable supervision that leaves no one beyond its scope. Speaking on the new finance bill—a typical Lloyd Georgian product—the prime minister said:

I do not think there is any doctrine more fatal to the root principle of democratic government than that it should consist of the constant amelioration, at great expense to the community, of the social conditions of the less favored classes of the country at the sole and exclusive expense of the other classes.

Now it is just as well that there should be plain speaking on this problem in America as well as in England. It is just as well that those who recognize and deplore the presence of social evils and injustices should awake to the fact that they can not be cured, that they can only be intensified, by the ignorant meddling of those who suppose that the only possible reform is to filch a dollar from a competent man and to give it to an incompetent man. There are social evils and social injustices. We all know that. We all know also that they produce only a fraction of the sufferings that present themselves for alleviation, and that the great bulk of those sufferings are due to moral failings that are beyond the reach of legislation. But to "pass a law" giving to the poor man the money of the rich man is fatally easy. It is sure of applause.

It ministers alike to vanity and the love of popularity. It is an irresistible temptation to the well-meaning but shallow mind that confuses benevolence with wisdom. It seems to matter not at all why the poor man is poor or why the rich man is rich, nor what industries are crippled, nor what greeds aroused, nor what class hatreds engendered. But the end of it all will be terribly serious. Behind the measured words of Mr. Asquith it is easy to see his alarm.

President Hadley of Yale expressed something of the same apprehension in his recent baccalaureate address. What, he asked in effect, should we do when we see the work of reform wholly monopolized by those whose one conception of reform is political quackery: "We can not always publicly proclaim our faith in a righteous cause when it is being misused by false friends." All we can do is to wait until the false friends have been found out, and in the meantime hold our tongues. And there we find the real evil of the hysterical legislation that is now in vogue. So long as it continues to be popular it must utterly abash and silence the real statesmanship that seeks causes and not effects, and that would not cure social disease by indiscriminate and reckless drugging.

The evil is now nearly universal. Tennessee, one of the richest states in the Union, is now practically bankrupt. It can not sell its bonds, and Colonel Watterson says wisely, "Here we have the culmination of six or seven years of fake politics." Temperance was the moral issue that was to "save the world" in Tennessee. Elsewhere it is the trusts, or the railroads, or white slavery, or child labor, or whatever the whim of the moment may dictate. Good things are to be done in ways that are hopelessly bad, or fatuous, or frankly idiotic, but always easy. Colonel Watterson says:

Struck by a wave of religion and morals appealing to a universal sentiment, the people allowed themselves to be carried away by the single issue of temperance into the most intemperate manifestations. Excess rose to hysteria. The women and the children got mixed up with the preachers and the politicians—all under the prompting of the best intentions—until the business of government and the public integrity and credit became confounded with fake schemes of social regeneration.

Everywhere we see these same "fake schemes of social regeneration" based on a wilful refusal to recognize that men suffer from their faults of character rather than from their faults of action, and that the evils that can actually be reached by legislation are few and far between. That there are great and menacing social wrongs there is no one to deny. It is equally true that the wisest minds of the nation would grapple with those evils if they were allowed to do so. But they are not allowed to do so. They are warned from the field by reckless ignorance and by noisy charlatanism.

Bull Moose Weak in Oregon.

Straws indicate the course of the wind with respect to the Bull-Moose party, which, if we may believe its leaders, cherishes hopes of a sustained and enlarged existence as a force in the political life of the country. The latest comes from Oregon, where the Moose movement was strong enough last year to break the control of the regular Republican party and give the vote of the state to the Democrats. Practically the old-time Republican vote of two-out-of-three was divided between Roosevelt and Taft. But current registrations indicate that the Moose movement has passed.

Reports received up to July 8th by the secretary of state from fourteen counties show that the Progressive party will appear as an almost negligible quantity in the coming registration. In Multnomah County the registrations for the period between June 3d and June 24th were: Republicans 131, Democrats 128, Progressives 4, Socialists 1, Prohibitionists 1, Independents 2. Clackamas County, June 3d to June 27th—Republicans 165, Democrats 90, Progressives 14, Socialists 11, Prohibitionists 13, Independents 7, no party affiliations 3. Coos County, June 3d to June 28th—Republicans 10, Democrats 8, Douglas County, June 3d to June 28th—Republicans 94, Democrats 37, Progressives 2, Socialists 13, Prohibitionists 2, Independents 1, no party affiliations 5. Jackson County, June 3d to June 28th—Republicans 172, Democrats 124, Progressives 13, Socialists 12, Prohibitionists 13, Independents 20, no party affiliations 6. Josephine County, June 3d to June 28th—Republicans 38, Democrats 10, Progressives 3, Socialists 4, Prohibitionists 3, no party affiliations 3. Klamath County, June 3d to June 28th—Republicans 64, Democrats 26, Progressives 1, Socialists 3, Prohibitionists 1, Independents 2, no party affiliations 1. Lane County, June 3d to June 28th—Republicans 83, Democrats 10, Progressives 1, Socialists 1, Prohibitionists 1, Independents 1, no party affiliations 1.

crats 38, Progressives 8, Socialists 4, Prohibitionists 4, Independents 7, no party affiliations 3. Linn County, June 3d to June 14th—Republicans 1. No registration for any other party. Malheur County, June 3d to June 28th—Republicans 16, Democrats 12, Progressives 1. Pope County, June 3d to July 5th—Republicans 5, Democrats 3, Prohibitionists 1. The total registrations within a period of approximately three weeks were: Republicans 782, Democrats 377, Progressives 51, Socialists 49, Prohibitionists 39, Independents 39, no party affiliations 21.

The plain significance of these figures, taken from counties widely separated, is that those who left the Republican party to vote the Roosevelt ticket acted under temporary motives and that they are returning to their normal party affiliation. And if this be true in Oregon where under inspirations of a very exceptional kind the Roosevelt movement was very strong, it would seem to give assurance of what is happening or what will happen elsewhere.

The Seniority Rule in Navy Promotions.

There is something like consternation in the navy over a proposal by Secretary Daniel to suspend the rule of seniority in a particular instance. And it may well be so, since to suspend the rule in one case involves destruction of its validity in others. It is always easy to do a second time what has once been done; it is easier to do it a third time than it was the second; after three exceptions have been made to any rule it can hardly be said that the rule exists at all. And with the seniority rule eliminated the whole scheme of navy promotions in what is called command rank would surely become subject to intrigue and favoritism.

The principle is sufficiently illustrated in the practice of the army, where the seniority rule does not apply to appointments above the grade of colonel. Under this practice a doctor is now the commanding officer of the army by virtue of having been a personal friend and chum of a President. General Persing, now in the Philippines in an important station, is a brigadier-general because his wife is the daughter of a statesman prominent in the military committee of the Senate. And so on, the higher ranks of the army illustrate the partiality and weakness of human nature under endowment to official authority.

Thus far the seniority rule has controlled appointments in the navy up to and including the rank of rear-admiral, and if it has not given to the service special distinction in its higher ranks, it has been a stimulant to professional ambition and professional spirit all down the line. To nullify this rule now would be to eliminate an important element in the life of the navy. And it is not likely that it would yield any advantage in the higher ranks. A certain result would be the putting forward of social favorites, of the sons and sons-in-law of members of Cabinet and of influential members of Congress, with consequent injustice to officers without connections or "pull." It could not fail to demoralize the service—destroy its esprit du corps, make widespread the sense of injustice and of discontent, and destroy working efficiency.

The immediate purpose of Secretary Daniel in seeking to suspend the seniority rule is to pass over an officer assumed to be unfitted for higher rank. It would seem that the wiser course would be, not to break down or weaken a wholesome rule, but to eliminate from the service the unfit individual. The scheme of retirement ought to be sufficiently flexible to apply to any officer who for any cause has become an embarrassment to his service. It is not difficult to see how in a particular case arbitrary retirement might be an individual hardship. But it is far better that one officer should suffer the humiliation and injury of irregular retirement rather than that the whole service should be weakened by the nullification of a wholesome and necessary rule.

Editorial Notes.

It is far from seemly that a member of the President's Cabinet should tour the country as a paid lecturer. Mr. Bryan as a Chautauqua star is distinctly misplaced. Likewise it is unseemly that a member of the President's Cabinet should act as an interpreter of public events in the character of a newspaper correspondent—and the impropriety is not lessened by the circumstance that the newspaper is his own. Mr. Bryan himself sees the incongruity involved in these activities and makes haste to explain that they are necessary to supplement his income, since his official salary is not sufficient to meet his expenses. Mr. Bryan's obviously

proper course would be so to reduce his scale of living as to bring it within his income. The theory that a Cabinet officer may engage in illegitimate activities in order that he may maintain an elaborate style of living at Washington is not one which commends itself to taste or common sense.

It is curious that the preëminent mouthpiece and self-selected champion of the "plain people" should find himself unable to meet his expenses with the neat little sum of a thousand dollars per month, not to mention the income of the fund which he confesses to having accumulated at the rate of \$10,000 per year for a long period. Other Secretaries of State, less pretentious in devotion to simple standards of life, have gotten on very well with less money. Thomas Jefferson and Edmund Randolph, when they held the same office, drew down \$3500 per year. John Marshall, James Madison, James Monroe, and John Quincy Adams while in the same office drew \$5000 per year. Henry Clay, Martin Van Buren, Daniel Webster, John C. Calhoun, and James Buchanan served at \$6000 per year. William H. Seward, James G. Blaine, Thomas F. Bayard, Walter Q. Gresham, Richard Olney, John Sherman, John Hay, and Elihu Root served for \$8000 per year. Really it would seem that where these men scraped along on these lesser sums Mr. Bryan might continue to live on \$12,000 per year, particularly since he has established his entertainments upon a grape juice basis, and goes without his lunch.

The truth is that Mr. Bryan's work in the lecture field is not necessary for his support, for his support is provided for by the government. Furthermore, he is a man of considerable property with a private income sufficient to his needs. But Mr. Bryan loves to appear before the public. To stand before an audience and reel off unctuous platitudes is the breath of his life. Then, he wants to be President, therefore he wishes to keep himself duly advertised—vividly in the public mind. He is not quite candid when he declares he needs the money. In truth, he does not need it. The pretense that he does is simply faked up as an element in a campaign for public sympathy, designed to aid his ambition to step into Mr. Wilson's shoes in the year 1917.

The theory that a man in public or private employment is free to do what he likes with his vacation is subject to limitations. A vacation, if it be under salary, is a grant of time designed by the grantor for the refreshment of the grantee. Now to devote time so granted to exhausting labors is at least outside of the spirit of the contract. An employer may legitimately feel aggrieved if the employee so uses his vacation that when he returns to his duties he is less qualified for them than before. In the case of Mr. Bryan, his department is just now very busy. Negotiations of tremendous importance press upon it at half a dozen points. If the Secretary were an automaton capable of working every hour of the twenty-four and every day in the week, he could find plenty to do. If, therefore, Mr. Bryan is not in need of a vacation he would better stay at home and attend to the duties of his office.

There is reason to believe that Mr. Bryan is not altogether happy in the great office which he holds. His habit these many years has been to make his own policies and to apply them in the leadership of his party. As a member of President Wilson's Cabinet he must accept policies made by another—he must be a follower, rather than an initiator and a leader. This goes hard with him. Then the President in a way is just a bit jealous of Mr. Bryan, for Mr. Bryan, be it remembered, and not Mr. Wilson, is the idol and unofficially the guide and inspirer of the Democratic party. Finding himself under the limitations of his office unable to play the game of party leadership as he would like to play it, Mr. Bryan now seizes the only chance open to him to get before the public upon an independent basis, and to practice the arts of exploitation and appeal in which he is an adept. None the less, Mr. Bryan would do better to cut out his lecture engagements. So long as he holds the office of Secretary of State he should limit his activities to the business of that office and to matters directly connected with its responsibilities. Above all, he ought not to descend to the cheap pretense that it is necessary for him to earn "outside money" in order that he may meet his expenses.

San Francisco and we presume other parts of California are flooded with referendum petitions all to the

purpose of postponing operation of the workmen's compensation act, the so-called red-light act, and one or two other measures enacted by the late legislature. With all due respect to the promoters of these movements we feel called upon to remark that they could in no other way possible so effectively contribute to the putting of the Johnsonian dictatorship into a position of political effectiveness. Besides the resentment very commonly felt towards the referendum idea, there is another important fact, namely, that it will be easy for Governor Johnson to place himself and his faction on what nominally appears to be the moral side of these issues. Agitation under such pretensions and disguises as Governor Johnson may easily fake up will surely tend to his advantage. The invoking of the referendum against the Johnson measures by those who assume to hold the referendum scheme in distrust and contempt is, first of all, a violation of principle, and second, regarded from the standpoint of policy, a piece of rank stupidity. That gun is loaded—better leave it alone!

Are we a civilized people? This question becomes emphatic in the face of events reported almost daily illustrating a growing taste for entertainments involving tragic hazards, an increasing contempt for the discipline essential to orderly life and a general disposition to take desperate chances. The itinerant circus, if it would attract patronage, can no longer limit its exhibitions to feats of strength and of adroitness; it must have a "loop-the-loop" or some other "feature" of terrible hazard in order to make the right kind of "thrill." At Los Angeles on Sunday a gang of hoodlums in a spirit of rank lawlessness gave a signal which caused a collision with results terribly tragic. And day by day come reports of accidents fatal or otherwise terrible, due to the taking of desperate chances with automobiles, motorcycles, etc. All this would seem to indicate that as a people we have lost our relish for simple, wholesome, and natural things, that we have lost the restraints of order and obedience to proper rules, that we have lost the caution both of reason and of instinct. And we see similar manifestations in the social and political sphere. Extravagance and vulgarity are the fashion in society. Contempt for history and tradition, with a desperate eagerness for novelty, reign in the political sphere. For its moral regeneration—to recall it to its senses—the country needs above all things a period of universal stress—something so grievous and general as to bring to every fireside a solemn consciousness of the realities of life as distinct from artificialities and vanities. And it will come. A people can not go on from one stupidity to another, from one extravagance to another, from one act of moral heedlessness to others still more reckless, without reaping a whirlwind. The laws of nature and of common sense and of civilized restraint can not be successfully defied for an unlimited period.

There is an element of pathos in the circumstance that the California Society of Pioneers has passed on the administration of its property interests to its junior members—that is, to the sons of pioneers. It is in the scheme of nature that the hand of age should relax and that it should find support from the hand of youth. There is indeed sadness in the thought that only a tottering remnant of the great pioneer army remains; yet there is satisfaction in the reflection that the hardihood, the nobility, and the romance of pioneer life have inspired in succeeding and oncoming generations such reverence for the men and the days of old that the Society and the purposes for which it was organized are worthily sustained and carried forward.

It is reported from Washington that the Central Presbyterian Church of that city, stimulated in its vanities by the fact that President Wilson has become an attendant upon its services, has thought it necessary to abandon its simple house of worship in an "old part of the city" and reëstablish itself in a fashionable quarter. The change, with the motive for it, does not appear in entire accord with the professed motives and purposes of religious life, and they make no very profound appeal to taste or common sense. Now, if the President is the man he ought to be—if his religion be under right inspirations and right motives—he will decline what no doubt is intended as a compliment to him or to his office, and find some simply ordered and unassuming church in which to worship.

Rear-Admiral Thomas T. Caswell, retired, died in Providence, Rhode Island, July 9, aged seventy.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

There seems to be a general opinion in England that the militant suffragette movement is practically at an end. The outrages are now few and far between, the headquarters are abandoned, and the funds are exhausted, thanks to an official intimation that all contributors are guilty of criminal conspiracy. In the meantime Miss Pankhurst is doing what she can to direct the movement from Paris, but this is difficult, as the telephone service is not good and very expensive. And, by the way, why does Miss Pankhurst remain safely in Paris while her associates, including her mother, are in such peril in London? If all the militants were to follow the example of Miss Pankhurst and take up their residence abroad it would be a very good thing for the country, but what would become of the sacred movement. It would seem that Miss Pankhurst has an enlightened sense of self-interest.

Thanks to Commendatore Boni, the excavator of the Roman forum, we are learning a good deal of the aristocratic luxuries of ancient Rome. Among recent discoveries is the dining-room of Nero, which revolved by machinery. Underneath were three vertical shafts, down one of which the Commendatore descended for 120 feet without reaching the bottom. But near one of the other shafts he found a tank, and below this a chamber twenty feet wide by sixty feet long, with stones carved as cog-wheels, which evidently represented the machinery by which the dining-room was made to revolve. Presumably slaves furnished the power. Close at hand and under the dining-room was a bath with rooms for various bathing processes, the walls being beautifully decorated with pictures. Revolving rooms are not wholly unknown to modern luxury, but they are usually looked upon as freaks and yet the pleasure of looking on a moving panorama of scenery while sitting at table must be a real one. Here is one point at least where the art of luxury was better developed in ancient Rome than it is now.

The new English insurance act has been a very good thing for the doctors, and this in spite of their opposition to its terms. Indeed the advantage to the profession is so obvious that the medical schools have already reported an increase of from 10 to 50 per cent in their membership. Every one with an income of \$15 a week or less is entitled to benefit under the new act, if indeed free medical attendance can be described as a benefit, which is a very doubtful point. Poverty dearly loves to take medicine, and with a widespread order of ignorance sickness becomes a luxury. The average income of the English doctor before the passing of the act was \$1500 a year. In the large majority of cases it will now be doubled, and we may be reasonably sure that the habit of taking medicine will be much more than doubled.

Religious animosities are not now so acute as they were a few years ago, and of this we are reminded by a story told of his father by Mr. Leonard Huxley in connection with the meetings of the Metaphysical Society: "One of the speakers at an early meeting insisted on the necessity of avoiding anything like moral disapprobation in the debates. There was a pause; then W. G. Ward said: 'While acquiescing in this condition as a general rule, I think it can not be expected that Christian thinkers will give no sign of the horror with which they would view the spread of such extreme opinions as those advocated by Mr. Huxley.' Another pause, then Huxley, thus challenged, replied: 'As Dr. Ward has spoken, I must in fairness say that it will be very difficult for me to conceal my feeling as to the intellectual degradation which would come of the general acceptance of such views as Dr. Ward holds.'"

Anti-militarism seems to be almost a fact in France. Violent protests against the three-year army bill have been common all over the country, and these protests have come mainly from the soldiers themselves. The army is said to be saturated with socialism, syndicalism, and anarchy, which must be a very disquieting condition for the armament firms. The *Manuel du Soldat*, which the authorities are trying with feverish haste to suppress, says: "It is for this word that we are shut up for three years of military service; that we are made slaves, perhaps murderers, or the victims of the brutality of the epaulet, for our officers are brutes, and the best officers the worst brutes. The whole army is a school of crime, vice, laziness, hypocrisy, and cowardice. Better for the soldier to desert than to put up with the insults and punishments which await him while he wears the livery of slavery and crime." The eloquence of M. Clemenceau has been invoked to stem the tide of anti-militarism, but even his oratory will not be able to persuade the soldier that the army is "the last refuge of all greatness and of all beauty." If France is actually prepared to turn and rend that Dweller on the Threshold, the spirit of militarism, then indeed we have one more proof that France still leads the world.

The *British Weekly* tells a good story of the late poet laureate, Mr. Alfred Austin. He had been talking a good deal about himself after a dinner, as was his wont, to the annoyance of the other guests, and at last he said: "Lady —, is it time for the poet laureate to go to bed?" And every one in the room said "Yes."

Mrs. Chapman Catt, speaking as the American delegate to the International Woman Suffrage Congress at Budapest, said that when the women of the Orient were bestirring themselves and that new sects had arisen that were espousing the cause of equality of rights for men and women. Now does Mrs. Catt wish it to be understood that she herself wishes for equal rights for the sexes before the law? Is there any intel-

ligent suffragette in the world who would do other than protest against any proposal for the legal equality of the sexes? It is safe to say that there is not one.

The practice of tacking some popular moral issue to our various pet legislative schemes is not confined to America. We find something of the same sort in Italy just now. The premier anticipated a bad time in persuading Parliament to vote another \$20,000,000 for continuing the war in Tripoli which is costing Italy about \$200,000 a day. But he played the old game with much success. The Socialists, he said, were opposed to a continuance of the war. They wanted to deprive the country of its "benefits." It was a case of glorious war versus inglorious Socialism. Let Parliament assert its contempt for Socialism by voting the desired appropriation. And Parliament at once did so.

Dr. Haenkel, a well-known German physician, writing in the *Hamburg Nachrichten*, recommends the education of the left hand as a method of mental development by bringing the right lobe of the brain into activity. He says that in this way we can add fifty per cent to our power, and that the left hand is actually more deft and has a more delicate touch than the right. The violinist and the pianist exact the same service from both hands, and many of the greatest artists, such as Leonardo da Vinci, Holbein, and Landseer, were ambidextrous. The Japanese are taught in school to use both hands alike, and, says Dr. Haenkel, "their astonishing manual dexterity and military genius, I believe, are traceable to this alone." If ambidexterity can actually add to our mental power it certainly becomes our duty to recommend it to our friends and to urge it upon their attention.

The New York committee on the relation of women's wages to the social evil have issued a report practically to the effect that there is no such relation save in exceptional cases. The most important causes of immorality among working girls, says the report, are "weakness of mind and will, individual temperament, immoral associates, lack of religious or ethical training, cramped living accommodations, rendering privacy difficult; injurious home influences, lack of industrial efficiency, idleness, unwillingness to accept available employment, love of finery and of pleasure, unwholesome amusement, inexperience, and ignorance of social temptations." Now all this was well known to most persons who know anything at all, but it seems too bad that the efforts of the long-haired exponents of progressive reform should thus be stultified by a brutal presentation of fact. For what will become of minimum wage bills and the like if we once allow an attack upon the exquisite theory that working girls are usually ready to sell their virtue as soon as the pay envelope gets thin. And now that the New York committee has explained the causes of immorality among poor girls will it have the kindness to continue its good work and explain the reasons for the immorality of rich girls. For that seems to be the more important question of the two.

The recent death in London of Dr. G. H. R. Dabbs reminds us of the death of Tennyson as described by the deceased physician, who was his medical attendant. "Nothing," wrote Dr. Dabbs, "could have been more striking. . . . On the bed a figure of breathing marble, flooded and bathed in the light of the full moon streaming through the oriel window; his hand clasping the Shakespeare which he had asked for but recently, and which he had kept by him to the end; the moonlight, the majestic figure as he lay there, 'drawing thicker breath, irresistibly brought to our minds his own 'Passing of Arthur.'"

We should consider it a very grave matter to be accused of indifference to medical science. It would be a charge of ignorance and therefore humiliating. But we want to know, and a desire to know is always commendable. Now a few days ago the *New York Sun* published a long statement from Dr. Kenneth F. Junor of Brooklyn to the effect that surgical interference with cancer is nearly always useless and usually harmful. Chemical agencies alone, we are told, should be the "goal of research." And now the *New York Sun* prints an editorial based on the verdict of Dr. Howard Lilienthal to the effect that we must rely on surgery alone and that an operation offers the only hope. Now which of these two eminent men is right? Obviously they can not both be right. Which of them is speaking from knowledge? Clearly not both of them. If we believe Dr. Junor, shall we then be guilty of an indifference to medical science? Or shall we incur that charge because we believe Dr. Lilienthal? And what will be said about us if we suggest that both these gentlemen are guessing?

The late Henri Rochefort was a good deal of a man, although we may smile at some of the Gallic eccentricities that marked his cyclonic career. Rochefort did one of the finest physical feats on record when he escaped from Cayenne, to which inferno he had been sentenced for life. He was by no means a young man at the time, but he swam for over three miles in a sea infested with sharks, some of them following him all the way and actually snapping at him. Six years later he fought a serious duel in defense of his son and was badly wounded. It may be some time before France produces another of the Rochefort breed. STONEY G. P. CORVY.

The Secretary of Commerce desires to lease these islands in Alaska waters for use in propagating foxes: Chirikof Island, Long Island, Marmot Island, Little Konijui Island, Simeonof Island, Little Naked Island, Carlson Island, Middleton Island, Pearl Island, Elizabeth Island, Agihyuk Island, Chowiet Island. The government will supply blue foxes for breeding stock.

LUCIUS HARWOOD FOOTE.

An Appreciation.

It is not many weeks since there died in San Francisco one who was held in general esteem as a good and valued citizen, a courteous and kindly gentleman—General L. H. Foote. He was full of years as well as of honors when he died, for it was in 1826 that he first saw the light in New York State. He was among the gold-seekers who came to California over half a century ago, but he soon left the mines for his own profession, the law. From the bar he was called successively to various positions by his city, by his state, and finally by the Federal government. Thirty-five years ago he was appointed American consul to a South American city; four years later he was sent on a special diplomatic mission to Central America; following that he was accredited as the first American minister resident at Korea, when that "Hermit Nation" at last threw open its doors to Occidental envoys. Few in the diplomatic corps ever had so unique an experience as was his in Korea. With the changing politics of the administration at Washington he returned to private life. He took up his residence in San Francisco and became secretary of the California Academy of Sciences, which post he held for twenty-three years until his death. For forty years he was prominent in the Bohemian Club, and was one of the best loved of its members.

In the course of this long and honored and honorable life General Foote wrote many poems. The Muse of Poetry is a jealous mistress. In the pursuit of that fleet and fickle nymph it is indeed melancholy how many are called, how few are chosen. He was one of the few. This is not to say that his lyre always sounded the highest strains. Of no poet may that be said. But in re-reading the work of his long life, one can not deny that the fickle muse often favored him with her caresses. He wrote much verse. But he also wrote much poetry.

In his collected poems there is evinced a remarkable versatility. Where he shows the deepest thought is in contemplative or didactic verse, of which the fine "Ode to the Deity" by the Russian Gabriel Romanowicz Derzhavin is a well known type; four striking poems, "Faith," "To the Unknown God," "Who Knows?" and "The Mahatma's Ride," well repay perusal. His poems of nature are unquestionably in his best vein, for he was as sensitive an idolater of the beauties of nature as were the ancient Greeks of the beauty of the human form. It is hard to select from so many, but among his poems of nature "A Red-Letter Day" is a masterpiece; some of its lines sing in one's memory as did in his "the sibyllistic whisper of the leaves," "the pine's pathetic monotone," what time he wrote of California, of our mighty mountains, our dim forests, our flashing waterfalls. A striking poem entitled "California" likens this state to Italy, which in many ways it resembles. Another remarkable poem is "El Rio Sacramento." General Foote had a keen love for the picturesque Spanish side of our civilization here, and wrote many poems of the days "before the gringo came." Among them are "A Reverie," "San Carlos," "Sutter's Fort," "Padre Kino," and "El Vaquero"; the last is a poem of but eleven lines, but it is indeed a little gem, cut like a cameo. Fond as he was of the forests and mountains, he was also a lover of the sea, as is shown by "The Iceberg," "Point Bonita," "In Calm and Storm," "The Derelict." Two of his mountain poems are "In the Sierras," and "On the Heights"; the latter, a wonderful word-picture of grim granite cliffs and abysmal precipices, is one of the five of Foote's poems selected by Edmund Clarence Stedman for his "Anthology of American Poetry."

In the course of his long life, General Foote was at times influenced by the changing tastes of the day in verse. A number of years ago there swept over the English-speaking world a furor for Old French forms of verse—the ballade, the rondeau, the rondeau, the triolet, the villanelle, the chant-royal—those rhythmical and metrical forms so deftly handled by Ronsard, by Villon, by Clément-Marot. Their vogue was begun by Austin Dobson, intensified by Andrew Lang's charming "Ballades and Verses Vain." At this new-old form General Foote tried his hand; one finds among his poems three ballades: "Art Eternal," "The Muse of Romance," "When Richard Lovelace Came to Woo"; two rondeaux, "O Sly Bopeep," and "Dedans Paris"; a villanelle, "The Gloaming." Of these exotic forms—

Through all their maze of to-and-fro
The light-heeled numbers laughing go,

wrote Austin Dobson, and our California poet handled the artificial meters, the difficult recurrent rhymes, with grace and skill. But his heart was not in such rhythmic gymnastics. Poems of nature and of sentiment appealed to him much more strongly. He has many poems in the vein that "Owen Meredith" made so popular with "Aux Italiens" years ago—poems that tell a human story in somewhat irregular rhythm; among them are "Neither do I condemn," "De Profundis," "A Memo-graph," "Ma Pauvre Petite," "Types," "The Death Watch," "Vignettes." He wrote intimate poems of Bohemia, in which occur the names or nicknames of many members of the club—poems full of charm to those who knew them; of these are "Con Amore, Con Dolore," "Au Revoir to J. D. R.," "To Raphael Weill." As he grew older his pen inclined to serious and prophetic poems—"Peace be with you," "Forecast," "Mene, Mene, Tekel Upharsin"; the world-old problems with which, like Sisyphus, we still struggle, oppressed his spirit, and with an old man's forebodings he began to doubt their ultimate solution.

Long ago he wrote "Four Score Years and Ten," in which a white-haired veteran casts a backward look over his vanished years. To him, then still young, that great age must have seemed an impossible goal, yet he nearly reached it, and when he looked over the work of his age, his middle age, and his young manhood, this sonnet must have come to him with a curious impressiveness across the waste of years.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1913.

JEROME A. L. R.

"BY COMMAND."

A Revival of "London Assurance" at Royal Behest.

King George is still working hard at his job. Credited with the predilections of a domestic man of sober tastes, he is suppressing all that and making strenuous efforts to cultivate an interest in the diversified propensities of his subjects. As I write, for example, the newspapers are full of details of the "busy month" which begins for the king today, a month which will be spent at race-meetings (to placate the sporting fraternity), at Portsmouth (to keep the navy in good humor), at agricultural shows (that the farmers may not feel slighted), and in Lancashire (as proof that the sovereign takes a paternal interest in the industries of the north). The other afternoon it was the turn of the theatrical profession, for whose welfare King George established his Pension Fund for Actors and Actresses, that benevolent scheme having had its origin in the gala performance of the coronation year. The object of the fund is to provide annuities for those players who fall upon evil days, and who, to qualify for the benefit, must have attained the age of sixty and have spent fifteen years on the stage. A lengthy list of annual subscribers has already been compiled, but to swell the capital fund the founder expressed a wish for a special *matinée*, coupling with that desire the further stipulation that Dion Boucicault's "London Assurance" should provide the entertainment of the occasion. This, of course, was equivalent to a performance "By Command," and the selection of the old comedy is a significant indication of the trend of King George's dramatic taste. His father has been charged with deriving his dramatic amusement chiefly from "the theatre's more frivolous phases" and with having showed "small capacity for dramatic criticism"; when King George's life comes to be written his biographer will probably conclude that his preference was for the very early Victorian type of play.

And yet the selection of "London Assurance" for that special *matinée* may have been due to the tradition that it is a suitable comedy for charitable purposes. Most of its numerous revivals, indeed, have been associated with benefits; nor was last week's performance an exception to the rule that on such occasions it should be presented by an all-star cast. At its first staging in 1841 Boucicault's prentice comedy had the good fortune to be played by such famous actors and actresses as Charles Mathews, William Farren, Mme. Vestris, and Mrs. Nisbett; its subsequent revivals have enlisted the strength and flower of every company in London, the latest performance being no exception to the rule, for the players included Sir Herbert Tree, Godfrey Tearle, H. B. Irving, Arthur Bouchier, Irene Vanbrugh, Phyllis Neilson-Terry, and Marie Tempest. As the stars gave their services, so the St. James's Theatre was lent as a donation, and from each of the London theatres came a charming actress to act as programme-sellers. With the prices raised some three hundred per cent it was not surprising that the *matinée* produced the useful sum of more than thirteen hundred pounds, plus royal promises of substantial annual donations.

Profusely decorated with crimson roses and hydrangeas, and densely crowded in every part with a smartly dressed audience of distinguished persons, the auditorium was for once as interesting as the stage; it served, too, to date the play as effectually as Dion Boucicault's stilted dialogue. In fact it may be said that in one sense the occasion was more notable than the performance, though that must not be interpreted as a slight upon the acting. Apart from the audience, ranging from royalty in the stage boxes to those enthusiastic occupants of the pit who had waited outside the theatre all night for the opening of the doors, the interest of the occasion was historical, for the performance gave one a vivid object-lesson in the theatrical manners and technic of seventy years ago.

Few first plays can have been so phenomenally successful as "London Assurance." The cast counted for much, of course, but the skill with which Boucicault catered for the spirit of the pit of his day was a still greater factor in the hit he made with his first effort. When contrasted with later successes, such as "The Colleen Bawn" and "Arrah-na-Pogue," it may seem juvenile in construction and characterization, but its extraordinary vivacity, its unflagging pace, and its dashing Dazzle and Lady Gay Spanker, to say nothing of Sir Harcourt Courtly and Grace Harkaway, were sufficient to overcome any crudeness of workmanship. And there was another important matter; with that alertness to utilize the work of others which distinguished him all through his career as a dramatist, Boucicault laid both Dickens and Pierce Egan under a heavy debt. When he wrote "London Assurance" Pickwick was fresh in the memories of the public, while the Tom and Jerry of Egan's "Life in London" were still regarded as the choice models of young men about town. In fact the performance of the other afternoon, with the old characters appearing in correctly designed costumes of the period, had all the effect produced by turning over editions of Dickens and Egan illustrated by H. K. Browne and George Cruikshank. Lady Gay Spanker and Grace Harkaway were rotund in the old-time crinoline, Sir Harcourt Courtly was resplendent in dressing-gown and wig, Dazzle came back from the early Victorian days in all the glory of a plum-colored suit, while Charles Courtly made a brave figure in a symphony of fawn and primrose.

By resisting the temptation to play for his or her own hand, all the members of the cast were successful in catching the early Victorian manner. That is to say, Charles Courtly was made to carry his liquor like a gentleman, his father behaved himself in the best style of traditional pomp, and the ladies were as demure as they could possibly have been in the early days of the young queen's reign. Not that high spirits were lacking; there were boisterous moments when Charles displayed the door-knockers which he had gathered as the spoil of his midnight revels, and Dazzle—who is none other than our friend Jingle over again—made things lively whenever he took the stage. Between them, then, Sir Herbert Tree as the old roué on the eve of a second marriage, and Godfrey Tearle as his wine-loving son, and H. B. Irving as that son's new friend Dazzle, and Henry Ainley as the bluff old squire whose daughter Sir Harcourt is to marry, with the assistance of Marie Tempest and the other ladies, played with the zest of personal enjoyment and made the old comedy more than tolerable for a single afternoon. The thinness of its story—which tells how the elderly Sir Harcourt was supplanted in his match-making by his own son, and transfers a set of London society folk to the rural shades of the squire's abode—did not matter; the riotous scenes between the younger members of the comedy and the love-making between the older characters provided excellent fun, flavored as it was with sufficient archaism to make it so different from the drama of the present. There were types, too, of such an unchanging nature as to link the comedy with our own or any day: the roguish lawyer, faithfully portrayed by Arthur Bouchier, the eternal Semite, sketched to the life by Weedon Grossmith, and the joker, who lost no humor in the hands of James Welch.

That, remembering the self-denial referred to above, the acting was on the level of the players' reputation needs no affirming. Sir Herbert Tree lived again in the grand air of the days of starch, assumed a wonderful accent, occasionally muffling his eloquence by his false teeth; as the Jewish bailiff Weedon Grossmith dashed into the picture with as much zest as though his last shilling were at stake; as Dazzle H. B. Irving proved how well he knows how to rattle along an old play of this type; and Miss Neilson-Terry as the young lady for whom father and son were rivals was winsome enough to prompt a sigh for the return of early Victorian love-making. Snatches of the dialogue sounded odd and strained, but it all accorded with the old-fashioned names of the characters by whom it was spoken. In fact there was an old-fashioned tinge about the entire performance, which is the shortest way of saying that the revival was both successful and its own justification.

LONDON, July 1, 1913.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

The salutation given when a vessel lowers or "dips" its flag is one of the oldest and most honorable of all forms of marine greeting (says the New Orleans *Picayune*). This form of salute has always been demanded by English-speaking seamen, and its exaction has warmed the hearts and used up the powder of generations of naval commanders. In the old days, for a foreign ship, whether merchant or naval, to enter an English port without veiling topsails or dipping its national flag was to run the risk of war, although the profoundest peace existed. Without warning or argument the shore defenses of a man-of-war should send a round shot across the bows or between the masts of the foreigner, and if the offending flag did not instantly come down the insolent intruder was brought to her senses by being raked through and through. Such was the reception accorded by Sir John Hawkins in the sixteenth century to the Spanish admiral who, in time of peace, sailed into Portsmouth Sound without veiling his topsails or lowering his flag. Salutes are essential matters of naval etiquette, and are exchanged on an elaborate code fixed by the maritime powers. The number of guns to be fired in all circumstances is minutely stipulated.

An Englishman wished to reach a customer living in a remote part of Balham, one of the suburbs of London, and it was very urgent that he find him quickly. Knowing nothing of the locality, he called at St. Martin le Grand to consult a directory. Stating his case to a clerk, he was amazed to learn that he could be sent to the address by "parcel post" by paying a fee of three pence a mile. The gentleman had never heard of such a thing, and it is said that very few in England know that it can be done. Accepting the offer, the gentleman was placed in charge of a messenger familiar with all parts of the city, and was soon on his way. The boy carried a printed slip on which was written a description of the "parcel" in charge, under the heading, "Article required to be delivered," and before leaving the customer's house both the customer and the gentleman were required to place their signatures on the paper. The limit in weight for anything delivered by parcel post in England (as in this country) is generally understood to be eleven pounds, but there is one clause which reads: "A person may be conducted by express messenger to any address on payment of mileage fee."

Purchase of supplies by weight instead of by the bushel has been recommended as being more just to householders in the purchase of food products, and it is probable that the new move will be started in Washington.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

William C. Greene, winner of the Charles Oldham prize at Oxford University for an essay on "The Sea Power in the Greek Poets," is an American, a native of Massachusetts. He is a Rhodes scholar, and last year won the Newdigate prize.

Sir John Hare, the English actor, has just begun his sixty-ninth year. He made his first appearance on the professional stage at Liverpool, in September, 1864, and will next year celebrate his theatrical jubilee. He is a native of London, where he lives.

Cristabelle Millgate, though only twelve years old, is lady mayoress of the town of Newport, England. Her father is mayor, and her mother being dead, she performs acceptably the duties of the position on all public occasions. She is undoubtedly the youngest person holding such a position in England.

Said to be the only living member of the little band of thirteen men who captured Jefferson Davis, Casper Knobel lives in Philadelphia, and though at an advanced age, is still hale, with an intellect undimmed by the years. During the war he was a member of the Fourth Michigan Cavalry.

Joseph Hume Cook, Australia's new premier, is a free trader and was formerly minister of defense in the Liberal cabinet, under Premier Deakin. It was he who introduced the bill for the construction of warships and the introduction of compulsory naval and military service in Australia in 1909.

Miss Gladys Taylor has won the distinction of being the first woman advocate to conduct personally a case in the courts of Victoria, Australia. She recently appeared in the district court and assumed personal charge of an action at law. Miss Taylor is a graduate of the Melbourne University, an M. A. and LL. B.

Prince Rangsit, brother of the King of Siam, has returned to his native country, having completed nine consecutive years of study at Heidelberg University. He will probably enter the ministry of education in Siam for further instruction. Before leaving Heidelberg he received the grand cross of the Zähringer Lion Order from the Duke of Baden.

Sir Gerard Lowther, who has resigned the post as British ambassador to Turkey, has been in the diplomatic service for thirty-four years, representing his country in Chili, Morocco, and Turkey. He has been in Turkey for nearly five years, and the unsatisfactory state of his health is said to have contributed to his decision to retire to private life.

Herman Scheffauer, whose first play, "The New Shylock," has been accepted for production in Germany, is a Californian now residing in London. He is said to be the first American dramatist who has had the distinction of having a play accepted in a foreign land, in a foreign tongue, before its production in his own country. The play has an American theme.

Having undoubtedly set a world's record, Inspector Thomas Arnold has just retired from the Southeastern and London and Chatham Railway, after having spent forty-nine years underground. He joined the service at the age of fifteen, and has been platelayer, signalman, ticket collector, and inspector. He believes that underground work is conducive to longevity, and cites his own robust health as proof of his contention.

Congressman John N. Garner of Texas, now serving his constituents for the sixth time, has been cowboy, ranchman, and lawyer. Soon after he began the practice of law he took his bride to Uvalde, their home being a two-room frame structure. They return there every summer, sleeping outdoors in the midst of a grove of live oaks. The congressman often makes long horseback trips to remote parts of his big district, which borders on the Rio Grande for more than 500 miles.

Albert Broden, whom the King of Sweden has honored with a decoration of knighthood, having made him a Knight of the Order of Vasa, first-class, is the superintendent of an iron company at Reading, Pennsylvania. He has always displayed great interest in the development of commercial relations between Sweden and the United States, and the decoration came in recognition of his work in strengthening the international friendship between the two countries.

Rear-Admiral Lionel Grant Tufnell, retiring as naval adviser to the Greek government, has received from the king the grand cordon of the Order of the Savior, as a token of the country's appreciation of his labors. He went to Greece in 1911, from England, and brought the little country's navy to a high state of efficiency. With the other English officers connected with the naval mission he decided to retire on the renewal of the contract of the mission for a further period of two years.

United States Senator Nathan Goff served in a presidential Cabinet thirty years ago. During the Hayes administration he was appointed Secretary of the Navy to succeed Richard M. Thompson, and served for a year. Later the distinguished West Virginian was appointed to the federal bench, serving for years as judge of the Fourth United States District Court. He did not seek the Senate, and was out of the state holding court when the election took place. He has already figured as a master of law in Senate debates, citing precedents without opening a book, and giving decisions without looking at the text.

THE ABDUCTION OF MOOSE BENTON.

A Twinkletown Drama.

The Miners' Rest seemed about to burst with its fullness of joy. Because of the uproarious carnival within, the huskies and malamutes curled up around the entrance of the sheet-iron structure snoozed restlessly, and with slant eyes but partially closed. Snarling and yelping, they scattered as the doors swung wide apart, and out into the summer night—night lacking the distinctive feature of darkness—staggered Moose Benton, followed by two dozen brothers of the frozen north. But like their country, then, they were considerably thawed. Moose's long arms folded six large bottles with foil tops against his breast. His fellow-revelers bore full cases of the same expensive liquid.

Moose gave his best imitation of a pack of sleigh dogs in full cry as he stopped at the edge of the walk and deposited his bottles. "I'm a-going to turn the streets of this here Twinkletown into sparkling rivers of wine!" he bellowed. "Listen to 'em pop, boys!" Then, as fast as he could start corks, he emptied wine into a trench that had been dug with the forlorn hope of making the new camp's main thoroughfare different from a morass.

A small man elbowed his way through the yelling crowd and laid a protesting hand on Benton's arm. "Don't do it, pardner," he pleaded. "It don't flow—it just soaks into the tundra. You've tackled too big a job."

"Too big a job?" Benton threw back in derision. "Nothing's too big for me now!" To substantiate his contention he ripped the top from one of the cases and reached for more wine. The cheering that greeted this action drowned for the moment the small man's protestations, but he did not stop, and when a lull came he was heard to say: "Twinkle aint overstocked, Moose—let's keep it to drink later on."

"Forget it, Shorty; a boat's coming up the river now, and I'll bet she's loaded down with wet goods. This little town is beginning to look like Dawson in her best days—and I'm a-helping! I'm a-going to make this here street a sparkling, bubbling lake! It'll be a proper place for to swim in, boys!"

"It's me, your pardner, that's asking you not to do this, Moose," the little man persisted. "Do you know you've throwed away 'bout four thousand dollars in two days?"

"Well, what's that? We've got millions, Shorty!" Moose roared, and in his ecstasy he flung three unopened bottles into the street. The crowd howled with delight, and Moose reached again into the case. In desperation Shorty lay hold and started to drag it out of reach. He was not quick enough, however, and the crowd roared happily while the two partners tugged, nor did it cease when they released their holds on the case, and clinched. For an instant they swayed, then fell and rolled off the walk and into the trench with the Moose on top. Astride his partner, who struggled without hope, he delivered his ultimatum:

"Shorty," he gasped, "I'm rich, I'm happy, and I'm a-going to have my fling! There aint nothing can stop me!"

Not one lonely cheer or word of approbation followed. A hush had fallen over the assembled roysterers, and in embarrassed silence they fell back to make way for a woman. She was tall—taller than most of the men about her, and a tailored suit set off the splendid lines of her figure. Her heavy black hair was dressed in a style elaborately portrayed in the first Sunday papers that came in that spring. She was heavy-jawed, but full-lipped, and far from unattractive of face. Stooping, she reached down and touched Moose on the shoulder. "Mr. Benton," she said, "I'd like for you to come with me."

Moose released his struggling partner, rose, hesitated an instant, wiped the mud from his hands, then reached out and took the woman's arm. To a few of the on-lookers it did not appear that Moose Benton was led away.

"Seems like there is one hereabouts that has a heap more influence with Mr. Benton than Mr. Doyle has," remarked the proprietor of the Miners' Rest. "We'd a give him a run for his money. It don't look like his stake was a-going to last long now."

"The Moose is sure captured," another said, laughing. "Hypnotized, like has been several unfortunate operators in the past."

The crowd then filed back into the Miners' Rest, where they discussed silks, furs, and jewels, and man's greatest weakness.

The low-hanging midnight sun, a blood-red disc, cast its slanting rays across the tundra land to Twinkletown, and the cabins, the corrugated iron buildings, the slow-running river, the scattered growth of spruce and birch, all took on a rosy hue. Not rose-colored were the thoughts of Shorty Doyle when he fled from the sound of clinking glasses, the rollicking company within the Miners' Rest, and sought the solitude that went with a lonely seat on a stump near the river bank.

Has a man a right to express his sentiments regarding another's love affair? Could there be such circumstances as would justify interference? Should a man sit still and see his partner—his close and constant companion through more than half a score of years—rush blindly on to financial ruin? Such questions whirled and turned in Shorty's brain while he sat on the river bank, saw the sun balance on the smoky horizon,

then slip from view. The coming of that single hour of darkness which passed for night during the summer months at Twinkletown did not change the subject of his ponderings. Still he sat and thought, motionless, save when he reached back and brushed away the winged pests that settled on his neck.

Voices close by brought him back to a sudden realization of his surroundings. He peered out into the dark and saw two figures approaching. Arm and arm the couple advanced and took seats on the gunwale of a boat drawn up on the shore less than a dozen yards from where Doyle sat. It was Moose Benton and Lillian Terrill, popularly known as "The Duchess." Shorty's first thought was to sneak away. He did not, for escape without discovery seemed impossible. Then he thought of calling out—warning them, but he did not do it. His confusion increased as the seconds went by.

"This foolishness has got to stop, Moose," he heard the Duchess say. Her admonition was followed by laughter on the part of Moose. In a dazed way Shorty still thought of calling out—but he only thought of doing it.

"How much is left of the bonus in the Big Swede lay?" It was the woman who asked.

"Mighty little, Lil," Benton answered. "But we close a deal tomorrow—if they put up the money at the bank—that will net me and Shorty—well, it will make us independent for life. That's what I'm here in Twinkle for—and on account of you. When it's paid, there aint nothing I won't get you."

Shorty Doyle struggled valiantly with the embarrassment which held him paralyzed. His tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, but he tore it loose and shouted:

"It's me—it's Shorty over here, Moose! I don't want to hear none of your secrets! But I'd just like to ask you a thing or two, Moose," he said, advancing to where the couple stood, they having risen at the first sound of his voice. "What about that other girl, Moose? That's what I want to know!"

It may have been well then that the pistol-carrying habit which prevails in the Nevada camps is unfashionable in the country adjacent to the Circle. Having no weapon, Moose, in an access of rage, grasped his little partner by the throat and started to throttle him.

"Stop it, Moose!" the woman commanded in a ringing voice. "Stop or it's all off between you and me!" Reluctant, yet with haste, Benton did as bidden.

"Now talk to him, Moose; answer all he has to say—and don't fight," the woman commanded. "What is it, Mr. Doyle? Speak up."

"I didn't follow you two here," said Doyle, massaging his throat. "You followed me. But I'm your pardner, Moose, and being here I'm bound to speak my mind. It's for your good."

"Never mind that talk," growled Benton. "What is it you've got to say?"

"Well," Shorty responded, "I'm a-asking you about that other girl, hey?"

"What other girl?" Moose retorted, shaking with anger.

"The one Outside, Moose. You know—the one with the blue eyes and yellor hair!"

"You've got me a-guessing, Shorty."

"And you aint the only one guessing, Moose," answered Shorty, and he looked toward the woman. "I just thought maybe you had forgot about your real sweetheart—the one you always talk about; her with the yellor hair—the dream. A perfect dream you says she is."

"Oho! She was sure enough a dream, pardner!" answered Benton, laughing heartily. "Yes, indeed, she sure was a dream; you was always talking 'bout your girl; I didn't have none, so I made all of that up! Yellor hair—blue eyes! I aint got nary a girl Outside, Shorty."

Doyle was completely routed. He had fired his heaviest shot first, and it proved to be a blank cartridge. He did not doubt the truth of Benton's explanation. Worse, he saw that the woman accepted it; perhaps he had only furthered the cause he was fighting against. Helpless, he stood for an instant, then without further word he whirled on his heel and bolted back to the Miners' Rest.

"Hadn't we better be a-getting back, too," Moose suggested, as Doyle's figure merged with the gloom.

She shook her head. "This is a good place to talk. Moose—and there's lots I want to tell you." Then she was silent for a brief interval, and when she did speak again her earnestness was unmistakable.

"Moose," she began, "our trails—yours and mine—never crossed before we hit this camp, but both of us have been stampeding in this country too long. You know me, Moose—all Alaska knows me. They say I'm an adventuress. I'm like the rest of us in here; I'm out to make a stake. I have made 'em, too, as you may have heard—made 'em and thrown 'em away, because I was going to make bigger ones. It seems like we all lose our senses up here, don't it? Now, Moose, I suppose you've heard that I have broke several men. It's a lie; they broke themselves. I have backed men, and every last one tried to do me dirt. I'd pay for the machinery, but I never got much of a look-in when it come to the clean-up, without going to law. Maybe that's business. I got enough of it. I got my little stake now, and I'm bound for Outside for keeps. I'd like to help—like to see you get safe Outside with your stake, too."

"I like to hear you talk that way, Lil," Moose answered. "But I don't think I particular need any help." She did not seem put out by his words. "Listen to

me, Moose," she continued. "You 'are in the money now; you may never be again. Because you're up, don't go down like the rest of them before you. I know; I've seen it happen dozens of times. You have started just like the rest. Stop short, Moose, before it is too late."

"I've only been having a little fling, Lil. Ten, fourteen years, and never in the money before—I got a little fun coming!"

"I would cry, Moose, if I was a crying woman, when you talk like that. In the last week you have—you're as helpless as a child! Swiftwater was a tightwad along side of you. Now, Moose, aint I right—honest, now?"

"I guess I have been a little reckless-like," he admitted—but he smiled as though the realization of his extravagances pleased him.

"We won't talk about it any more, now," she said. "We'll go—come."

The sun occupied about the same position above the horizon it had two hours before. Seven of Benton's friends had deserted the Miners' Rest and were crowded in a small cabin across the street. Shorty Doyle stood on a box and his eye traveled around the circle.

"Eleven long years, winter and summer," he began. "me and the Moose have cut new trails and followed old ones in this here Land of Promise. What we went up against in them years you, gentlemen, can understand—you know. You know what it is to think you've struck it; and you know what it is to put down holes all winter and have spring find you further away than ever from the pay streak. Two of you gentlemen know what it is to get in the money. We won't talk 'bout that—nor how you got out. But, gentlemen, here is the Moose and me. We always had plans. For years, on the trail and in the cabin, we talked them over. Always we had plans. Moose he talked of orange groves, or farms, lambs and long horns. 'That's the life for me,' says he. 'Quick as I make my stake you'll see me stampede for Outside.' And, gentlemen, he meant it, every word. And he had other plans—plans too personal for me to talk about. But he has forgot them, gentlemen, every one. Why? I'll tell you; because he aint in his right mind. He's gone plumb crazy over a lady that's out to clean him. She's most got him, boys—but not complete. If something happens, he aint a goner. I calculate to make it happen. And I'm a-asking you gentlemen to assist me."

"What is it you want done, Shorty?" one asked. "We're ready to try and help our friend, but you aint a-going to find any of us willing to harm a lady—or place restraint on her actions."

"No, no! Gentlemen, don't get a wrong idea," Doyle pleaded. "I was thinking that if Moose should wake up and find hisself out on some quiet creek, a long ways from here, why maybe he'd get his senses back again. Do you ketch on?"

They did.

Two poling boats containing a month's provisions for five men lay in readiness behind a clump of willows on the river bank back of the Miners' Rest. In the cabin across the street Shorty Doyle again met his fellow-conspirators—"the rescuing party" they called themselves. One who had been sent out to reconnoitre had just returned with the information that Moose Benton was then in the Reindeer Café. With a prearranged plan of action—and a rope—they set forth.

"Now, don't rope me until I begin to help Moose—it'll look more natural," Shorty cautioned as he took the lead, leaving the others straggling along a few rods behind.

"The Moose never will quit trying to get back at every last one of us!" chuckled one.

"It aint no joke," remonstrated another, and some day the Moose'll be grateful for what we're going to do to him."

Stealthily Doyle tiptoed up to a window and peered into the restaurant. Then he turned and signaled to his friends.

"It's all off, gentlemen," he said as they drew near. "We're too late!"

"No you aint altogether too late, gentlemen," said Moose Benton, who had come to the door.

"No indeed, you aint too late!" said the lady sometimes known as "The Duchess." With flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes she clung affectionately to Moose's arm as she said: "You aint too late for the banquet. Me and Moose and the Judge was just about to sit down with only the witnesses." JOHN ALFRED GALPIN.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1913.

Morenci, Arizona, has no streets, only steep trails over the rocks and mountains. The town contains no automobiles or vehicles of any kind, and sturdy ponies, mules, and burros pack all the supplies, while funerals must be attended by train. It is said that this is the only town in the United States without a street or a conveyance of any kind.

A Viennese composer has written an operetta intended for use in the films only. The characters in it will not be heard. They will be seen, while an orchestra plays the music intended to illustrate their story.

A new printing, gumming, and perforating machine in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington turns out a mile of finished postage stamps every five minutes.

THE LIFE OF JOHN BRIGHT.

George Macaulay Trevelyan Writes a Competent Biography of the Great Tribune.

George Macaulay Trevelyan reminds us in his preface that the two blunt Saxon syllables "John Bright" were once the rallying cry of the masses, and the trump of doom to Whig and Tory in possession. The career that made of John Bright the tribune of a nation is set forth in as fine a piece of biography as this century has seen, a biography rounded, polished, and perfect, a biography that sets forth the complete man in his public and private capacities as statesman, orator, and philanthropist.

The work is indeed so large and so varied that any attempt to represent it by means of extracts must be futile, however well selected. Some of it may be considered as relatively unimportant from the American standpoint, dealing as it does with the political struggle of another country and of a period long past. But the character of John Bright himself does not so readily fade. It belongs among the ideals of the race. It appeals as forcefully to the people of today as to those of forty years ago, and it is from the incidents that throw some light upon that character that some few examples of Mr. Trevelyan's work may be chosen.

John Bright was a Quaker and at a time when religious intolerance gave a peculiar significance to dissent. Quakers, or Friends as they are more properly called, were allowed by their own rules to marry only within their own ranks, and so we find that John Bright met his fate at the Friends' General Meeting at Ackworth, Yorkshire, in 1838:

In the summer of 1838 a general meeting was held at Ackworth in Yorkshire, in connection with the old school where John Bright had been educated and his father before him. To Ackworth meeting came the Brights out of the west, and out of the north Elizabeth Priestman of Newcastle, taking care of her grandmother Margaret Bragg, a noble old lady, famous in the Quaker world for her religious journeys through England, and the power of the Spirit in her when she preached. Elizabeth was left by herself during the meeting, her grandmother presumably being called up among the elders of the congregation; but seeing two pleasant girls nearby, Elizabeth asked if she might sit with them. They proved to be Sophia and Priscilla Bright, and they were so much charmed by their new friend that when the meeting was over, they ran up to their brother John—much in the spirit of two young ladies at a ball in other circles, but in similar circumstances—crying, "Come here, John, we've some one who'll suit thee." Many a true word is spoken half in jest. Before the day was over John felt the power of love.

John Bright was evidently something of a disturbing factor in the Friends' meetings of those days. We are told that he never "believed," nor "hoped," nor "trusted" in the conventionally moderate language of those occasions. He was always quite sure, and said so. Many things were doing in the world at the time of the yearly meeting of 1843, and among them was the Corn Law agitation:

One sentence in the "Yearly Meeting's Epistle" ended with the words, "We trust friends may always be found amongst those who are quiet in the land." John Bright sprang to his feet to express a hope that this sentence was not intended to condemn those who were striving to effect the repeal of unjust laws! The clerk rose to call the speaker to order, but before the reproof could be uttered the young man went on, "Now the clerk need not fear that I will introduce politics into this assembly," and proceeded to make an effective speech, in which the word "corn" did not occur, but which was in effect a defense of the action of himself and friends. Applause is unknown in the yearly meeting, but a slight tapping noise was heard as John Bright resumed his seat.

That the narrowness of the Quaker creed was eventually relaxed was due in no small part to the protests of Bright, who was enraged because his sister was cast out for the offense of marrying one who was not a Friend. He wrote in his diary:

Today my dear sister Priscilla was disowned on the ground of her marriage contrary to the rules or practice of the society. I protested against this course as unjust to her and injurious to the society. But our monthly meeting seems to be unable to perceive any distinction in cases; flagrant immorality and the marriage of a member with a religious person not a member are visited with the same condemnation. The society may well not extend. It is withering to almost nothing. Its glorious principles are made unsightly to the world. Its aspect is made repulsive. It keeps out multitudes by the imposition of tests and observances which can never be of real importance, and it excludes many from its fold who have done no moral wrong and whose assumed error may have been highest virtue.

Contemporary diaries record many of Bright's utterances that are curiously illustrative of his honest and penetrating mind. Of John Stuart Mill he said: "The worst of great thinkers is they so often think wrong," and elsewhere we have another illuminating paragraph that shows the constant dominance in his mind of the humanitarian sentiment:

His conversation was not without its surprises, though they were always characteristic. When Sir Henry Hawkins was made a judge he met Bright at dinner and told him of his promotion, expecting to be congratulated. John Bright put his hand on his shoulder and said in a voice of deep emotion, "Be merciful, Hawkins, be merciful."

Although Bright was a Quaker he never belonged to the "peace at any price" party. He admitted the right to take up arms on good occasion and he strongly applauded the cause of the North in America:

During the Indian Mutiny, September, 1857, Bright wrote to Joseph Sturge: "Does our friend Southall think our government should rest quiet, and allow every Englishman in India to be murdered? I don't think so. They must act on their principles, seeing that they admit no others. I have never advocated the extreme non-resistance principle in public or in private. I don't know whether I would logically maintain it. I opposed the Crimean War as contrary to the national interests and the principles professed and avowed

by the nation, and on no other ground. It was because my arguments could not be met that I was charged with being for 'peace at any price,' and by this our opposition to the war was much damaged."

But Bright made no excuses for the Crimean War. He believed it to be a crime against God and man, and he said so. In his great speech in the House of Commons he recalled the members of the House whose places were vacant. There was Colonel Boyle, the member for Frome. "The stormy Euxine is his grave; his wife is a widow, his children fatherless":

The House, we are told by one who saw it all, gave their antagonist "the most deferential attention, deepening every instant, until it reached a climax probably unparalleled in the recollection of any individual present." Before he had gone half-way through his speech, while he was still talking of the Vienna note and the occupation of the principalities, half the ministers had turned round in their seats, to gaze in motionless fascination at their terrible assailant. Lord John sat with his face in his hands, giving an occasional nervous laugh, not of merriment, until the words on Colonel Boyle and the "stormy Euxine" hushed every lighter sound. Mr. Gladstone was in deep and apparent distress. What, if anything, Lord Palmerston felt was concealed as usual beneath his tilted hat. When John Bright sat down there was some "loud cheering" on the Opposition side of the House. Then followed silence, broken by cries for "Gladstone" to answer him. Never was there a speech that more called for reply. But no minister rose, and the House trooped out to a division.

There is no assembly in the world more quick to decide a false sentiment than the House of Commons, but there was no derision for the author's solemn words, "The Angel of Death has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear the beating of his wings":

He afterwards said to his sister, Mrs. McLaren, that the figure of the Angel of Death "came to me very simply and naturally. I was lying awake in bed in the morning, thinking of my speech and of all the calamities which the war had brought about, when suddenly the idea, without being sought for by me, flashed upon my mind. I did not think anything more about it except that it was true, and I was surprised at the effect which it produced on the House of Commons." After the speech—so Bright told Spence Watson—"I went into Bellamy's to have a chop, and Dizzy came and sat down beside me, and he said, 'Bright, I would give all that I ever had to have made that speech you made just now.' And I said to him, 'Well, you might have made it if you had been honest.'"

Bright's resentment against the Russian war and against Lord Palmerston was never moderated. He said that 50,000 Englishmen had been sacrificed in order to make Palmerston prime minister:

Twenty years later Bright was passing through London with Philip, his youngest boy. They drove by the Guards' Monument in Pall Mall, one of the few public memorials in London that shows any appetitiveness of feeling for the men or events commemorated: three headed privates in their bearskins and greatcoats stand with heads hewed, in sorrow for their comrades fallen at Inkermann, while a Victory in mourning crowns them from above. No general or statesman is honored in the word Crimea at the base. As father and son drove by that day the Rochdale lad, looking out eagerly at the great city, asked the meaning of that word. Bright was silent for a moment, and then he said "A crime." He offered no further explanation, and the boy, a little frightened by something in his father's voice, asked no more, but always remembered what he did not then understand.

The author makes much of his conviction that aristocratic English sympathy was given to the South, not on the merits of the quarrel, but because a Northern triumph must largely help the cause of democracy in England:

The American historian Motley, a favorite of London Society in spite of the land he hailed from and the opinions he professed, for once found residence in England unbearable, owing to the irrepressible rejoicing of his high-born friends over the misfortunes of his country. He traced their feeling to its source. After Bull Run he wrote: "The real secret of the exultation which manifests itself in the *Times* and other organs over our troubles and disasters is their hatred, not to America so much as to democracy in England." A no less competent observer, Charles Francis Adams, the great American minister over here, who shares with Bright the chief merit in keeping the peace between the two countries, was deeply impressed by the connection between English and American politics. During the last part of the war he used to say that if the North won John Bright would be the most powerful man in England. And the event proved Adams to be right.

Bright's influence in the House of Commons on behalf of the North was inconsiderable, but in the country at large he raised up a public opinion that reacted upon Parliament and the government:

After Lincoln had proclaimed the Southern slaves free, the Nonconformists became strong partisans of the North. Spurgeon, then at the height of his great influence, made the thousands congregated in his Tabernacle pray together: "God bless and strengthen the North; give victory to their arms. Bondage and the lash can claim no sympathy from us." Exeter Hall, which has "hrayed" as often on the right side as on the wrong, witnessed on behalf of the North "a more earnest demonstration of public opinion that had been known in London since the days of the Anti-Corn Law League." "I know nothing in my political experience as striking," wrote Cobden, who had seen some striking popular movements in his day. The working man throughout the country, instructed by Bright, saw in the Southern Confederacy the men who would degrade labor to a chattel of the capitalist, and in the great Northern Republic the central force of democracy whose fall would involve the baffling of their own hopes of enfranchisement. In short, the same hopes and fears with regard to the near future in England attached our wealthy class to Jefferson Davis, and our artisan class to Abraham Lincoln, while the middle class was divided.

The news of the surrender of Lee found Bright mourning for the death of Cobden, with whom he would have rejoiced at the glad tidings from America. He wrote in his private journal:

News received of the surrender of Lee and his army to General Grant. This may be taken to be the end of this great and wicked rebellion. Slavery has measured itself with freedom, and slavery has perished in the struggle. How often have I longed and prayed for this result, and how much have I suffered from anxiety whilst it has been slowly working out. I only know! This great triumph of the republic is the event of our age. The friends of freedom everywhere

should thank God and take courage—they may believe that the world is not forsaken by Him who made it and who rules it.

John Bright's speeches are still good to read. He wrote nothing except the peroration, but he thought long and anxiously of the ideas that he wished to drive home:

His chief artistic inspiration lay in his sense for the value of words, and for the rhythm of words and sentences. In spite of what is sometimes said, he had not, any more than Milton, a special fondness for short words with Anglo-Saxon roots, but loved and understood all good, honest English words, whether their ancestors had come over from Germany or France, Rome or Norway, and whether they themselves were short or long, high or low, provided they did not come stale from Fleet Street, like the language of most politicians. His invariable quality is the choice of the right word or run of words. The volumes of his speeches are one long illustration of this: "a small hut exultant voice within me tells me that I shall not appeal in vain." "This incapable and guilty administration." "I should like to ask him whether this Irish question is above the stature of himself and his colleagues." After his "Angel of Death" speech Cobden said to him: "You went very near that time. If you had said 'flapping' instead of 'beating' of his wings' the House would have laughed." But Bright could no more have said "flapping" than Mr. Gladstone could have made a false quantity.

His greatest passages are those in which his sense of poetry and of grandeur come closest to his vision of homely, common life, which was to him, as it was to Wordsworth, the source of high thoughts and great imaginings. Thus, in his other Crimean speech, he leads up to the death of Colonel Boyle by telling how he lately met the colonel at "Mr. Weston's, the bookseller, near Hyde Park corner," a place well known to the members whom he was addressing, and how their late colleague had there told him his fears as a husband and father at going to the war. Then comes the thunderous climax—"the stormy Euxine is his grave; his wife is a widow, his children fatherless"—which quite overpowered his hearers. If Bright had been in the habit of using adjectives freely, "stormy" would have carried less weight, but it was one of his first principles to eschew adjectives unless they meant much. The Miltonic "Euxine" for "Black Sea" also marks a solemn occasion, and the words together have "a sound like the sound of the sea."

Bright's first visit to Queen Victoria was an ordeal, but it passed off well. The incident was described in a letter from Lord Granville to Mr. Gladstone in which the writer says:

The beginning of dinner was awful—the queen with a sick headache and shy—Princess Louise whispering unintelligibly in my ear, and Lady Clifford shouting ineffectually into the still more impenetrable receptacle of sound belonging to Charles Grey. Bright like a war-horse champing his bit, and dying to be at them. At last an allusion to children enabled me to tell Bright to repeat to her majesty his brother's observation, "Where, considering what charming things children were, all the queer old men came from." This amused the queen, and all went on merrily.

Next day Bright had a private interview with the queen and this also passed off satisfactorily. He wrote in his journal:

Soon after one o'clock a servant came for me, and I followed to an elegant room, where I waited for the queen. She came in immediately by another door, howing to me, as I to her. I drew a chair from the table and she sat down. I standing by the fire. She said she wished to say how much she had been touched by the kind manner in which I had spoken of her on more than one occasion—that I had said "kind words which she could not forget." I thanked her for this, and said what had happened on the occasion referred to was an unhappy accident, that I had only said what I had always felt and said in private, and that the people were just and sympathized with what I had said. She replied that "some people pretended they did not care for sympathy and could do without it." She thought there was great good in sympathy, and "that it was often a great alleviation in sorrow, and sorrow comes to persons of all classes." Something was said about my dear friend Mr. Cobden; she regretted she had not known him, but the prince had a high regard for him; she asked after his family.

Room may be found for one final extract illustrating Bright's opinion of General Gordon, a man whose character was, and is, much overestimated:

Gordon cared little for his own life and apparently less for the lives of others, or he would not have devoted himself to the savagery of war in China and the Sudan. No Chinese and no Soudanese had injured him, and yet he accepted the business of war and slaughter in countries many thousands of miles from his own country, and I suppose thus imagined he was serving God and his country. This seems to me a sort of madness, which I can not understand. Would the merciful Savior have deemed this a service rendered to Him? The war spirit which reigned supreme in Gordon seems to me wholly at variance with the spirit inculcated in the New Testament.

It need hardly be said that Mr. Trevelyan's name on a title page is a guaranty of competence and literary grace. In this case he seems to have accomplished a difficult task in such a way as to earn unstinted applause for thorough and elegant workmanship.

THE LIFE OF JOHN BRIGHT. By George Macaulay Trevelyan. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$4.50 net.

Grazing sheep on a range entirely destitute of water is a recent innovation due to the increasing demand for forage and the efforts of the forest officers to find a place on the forest ranges for all the stock that can safely be admitted. The area on the Nebo National Forest, in Utah, which has now proved usable by sheep, is high and rocky, a portion of it being above timber line, and it has neither springs nor streams of sufficient size or accessibility to be used for stock watering purposes. The grazing season lasts from June 15 to October 31, and during this period of four and a half months the animals do not get a drink.

The hard climate and the perilous task undertaken by the monks of the famous St. Bernard hospice usually ruin the health of these originally robust men in the brief spell of fifteen years, when they return to Martigny to conclude their days. Even the dogs sent in intervals to Martigny for a rest.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Lanagan.

The average detective story fails either through the supernatural cleverness of its characters or because it hears too evident traces of having been constructed backwards. The stories that are usually called the best are those that are farthest removed from probability and therefore from the facts of criminal life.

Mr. Hurlbut has committed none of these mistakes, and this is presumably due to his experiences as a San Francisco police reporter. We may reasonably suppose that in these ten capital yarns he has somewhat embellished or decorated the actual events as they happened. Otherwise we should have a mere series of police reports without any of the artistic effects that are presented to us so skillfully. But none the less these stories are true in the sense that they depict the life of the underworld and do it with accuracy, that they are true to human nature, and that they come well within the range of experience. Lanagan, it need hardly be said, is a newspaper man and therefore an amateur detective, since all newspaper men must naturally develop the inquisitive instinct that asks who, why, and when. And Lanagan is a remarkably good detective, as well as an extraordinarily good fellow with a vivid human personality that impresses the imagination. To tell a detective story is one thing, to tell it in such a way as to arouse sympathy as well as interest is quite another. But Mr. Hurlbut has done it, and in the doing he has produced a book peculiarly readable among San Franciscans and notable among detective stories in general. It ought to meet with a welcome.

LANAGAN: AMATEUR DETECTIVE. By Edward H. Hurlbut. New York: Sturgis & Walton Company; \$1.35 net.

Victorian Literature.

This volume by Mr. Chesterton, which appears in the Home University Library, is wisely prefaced by a statement that it is not an authoritative history, but a presentation of Mr. Chesterton's opinions, which are so much more amusing than history. Thus we are told that in French revolutionary days it was the French who did wild and elemental things and the English who wrote them. Verhally considered Carlyle's "French Revolution" was more revolutionary than the revolution itself. Macaulay, we are told, typified the Victorian Age, the cheapness and narrowness of its conscious formula, the richness and humanity of its unconscious tradition. Macaulay rational was generally wrong. Macaulay romantic was almost invariably right. Dickens was a revolution, and the Brontës brought into fiction what Carlyle brought into history—a blast of mysticism. These seem obviously to be truths, but we should have to think a little over the assertion that the novel must not be too easily called an increase in the interest in humanity, but rather an increase in the things in which men differ. But who can better Mr. Chesterton's summary of Dickens that "he did truly pray for all who are desolate and oppressed." Charles Reade is "the first of the angry realists," and Kingsley's best books "may be called boys' books." Of Lytton, Mr. Chesterton has a suspicion "that there was something in him after all," and Tennyson is "the Englishman taking himself seriously—an awful sight." Tennyson's power of expression was greater than the thing he had to express. He was sometimes foolish, as when he wrote of Napoleon, He thought to quell the stubborn hearts of oak, Madman.

But compare this with Mrs. Browning's epigram on the fall of Napoleon:

And kings crept out again to feel the sun.

Mr. Chesterton's little book will not be skipped. A moment's inattention on the page may result in serious things that he really believes.

THE VICTORIAN AGE IN LITERATURE. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 50 cents net.

The Happy Family.

If Frank Swinnerton should fail of a deserved audience in America it will not be for lack of narrative power or of literary skill, but rather because he deals with English social strata with which most of his readers here are unfamiliar. He shows us an extended picture of lower middle-class life in London, an unbeautiful and even a sordid life exteriorly, but none the less shot with gold threads that it is the duty of the novelist to indicate. The Amersons are a typical suburban family. The father is the manager of a printing house, the mother is a vain, fretful, self-conscious creature, the boys are clerks whose one serious aim in life is to avoid being "fired," and the girls are silly, quarrelsome, and inconsequential and with eyes fixed undeviatingly upon the marriage market. Mary is the one swan among all these geese, and for Mary we are unfeignedly grateful to Mr. Swinnerton. The story is certainly true to life, and its veracity makes it all the more depressing. We are likely to reach the last page with a vague, unquiet wonder

why all these people were born, what conceivable purpose they can serve in the general scheme of things.

THE HAPPY FAMILY. By Frank Swinnerton. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

Italy's War for a Desert.

When stories of Italian atrocities began to filter into the world they were at first discredited and at last reluctantly accepted by those who liked to look upon the war against Turkey as a sort of religious ceremonial or as a pious duty. Then came a revival of the denials from sources obviously interested and inspired, and under their influence what may be called the Crusader sentiment once more made itself felt. Therefore it is well that we should have such an account as that now given to us by Francis McCullagh, whose account must be regarded either as a damning and conclusive indictment of some parts of the Italian army or as a piece of conscious and wanton perjury. And the latter theory is unthinkable.

Mr. McCullagh's is no hearsay story. Nor is it a special plea. His book is just such an account of the war as would be furnished by any competent correspondent. He does not seek sensations nor accentuate them. From the military point of view his story is exactly what it should be, and so far as the rest is concerned he tells us what he saw, and he shows us by means of illustrations what his camera saw. To attempt to explain these horrors upon any airy theory of the general hellishness of war is futile. These things do not belong to a war that is fought by men. They were the work of fiends. They are incompatible with any tolerable theory of human nature, and so when we are asked to regard the struggle in Tripoli as of the nature of a holy war we may properly resent so vile an imputation upon Christianity. Mr. McCullagh's book may be heartily commended to those whose sympathies have been misled against a Mohammedan people who are doing no more than fight for their country.

ITALY'S WAR FOR A DESERT. By Francis McCullagh. Chicago: F. G. Browne & Co.

The Infancy of Animals.

The human and the animal kingdoms seem to be at the point of nearest approach during infancy and before contact with the great wicked world has spoiled their innocence. This is made delightfully clear by Mr. W. P. Pycraft, whose wide zoological experience entitles him to speak with authority. We have had many books about the young of animals, but for the most part they are written from the purely physical point of view. We are told all about their bodies, but comparatively little about the finer animal forces that correspond with mind and that possibly are mind. This omission the author makes good, and while no such work could cover the whole animal world he shows us enough of it, and in its most youthful stages, to make us wish for more and also to look upon our humble animal friends with a new interest and sympathy. Not the least admirable feature of the book is the illustrations, that are not only numerous and well chosen but veritable triumphs of the photographic art that is never so severely put to test as in work among animals. Mr. Pycraft's book is a delight from first page to last.

THE INFANCY OF ANIMALS. By W. P. Pycraft. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.75 net.

Out of the Depths.

This is a story of early life in Texas at the time when irrigation projects first aroused the apprehensions of the cattle men. The hero, if he can be said to be a hero, is Lafayette Ashton, the son of a millionaire who finds himself suddenly disinherited under suspicion of a dirty piece of work in connection with the engineering plans of a projected bridge. Ashton is a dude cigarette fiend and seemingly incapable of honest work, but under the spur of necessity he takes a job on a ranch and makes good in more than one way. It is an old but wholesome idea and worked out with much vivacity and attention to historical accuracy. Those who like stories of the frontier told with moderation and restraint will find much to admire in Mr. Bennet's latest addition to a successful list.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS. By Robert Ames Bennet. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.35 net.

Lost in the Arctic.

Although the average reader has hardly even heard of the Mikkelsen Arctic expedition its substantial record forms one of the most extraordinary stories of adventure and heroism ever given to the world. Captain Mikkelsen and Engineer Iverson set out for the north of Greenland to discover the documents of the lost Erichsen expedition of 1907. The journey began in 1909 and it finished twenty-eight months later, after hardships that have probably never been surpassed. They made a permanent camp on Shannon Island and they began their second sledge journey from there early in 1910, traveling 1500 miles. They lost most of their dogs and their provisions before beginning the return journey, and they had to rely on the food caches left by the Erichsen party three years before. Most of the food was spoiled, and to crown

their misfortunes Mikkelsen was taken ill and his companion had to drag him with the help of the few remaining dogs through the heavy snow as well as search for the caches upon which their lives depended. Shannon Island was eventually reached and there the two men waited for nearly two years before relief came, and perhaps this is the most terrible part of the whole story. Mikkelsen and his companion knew that they must talk or go mad, but after every conceivable subject had been exhausted they almost dreaded to hear a repetition of what had already been said a hundred times. When relief eventually came the new arrivals actually fled in terror from the inhuman appearance and strange demeanor of the two victims of Arctic rigors. The very considerable scientific results of the trip must be left for competent appraisal, but in the meantime we have a story of stirring heroism and adventure that has never been surpassed and very seldom equalled.

LOST IN THE ARCTIC. By Captain Ejnar Mikkelsen. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$5 net.

Wallingford in His Prime.

We hardly expected to see Wallingford again unless it might be by chance encounter in a jail. He has made two public appearances, but here he is once more as fresh as ever, and as resourceful as ever in extracting hard cash from the guileless. But why Wallingford should make an incursion into the realms of virtue and enlist in the cause of civic purity is a little mysterious. Possibly he needed the sense of contrast, but we may congratulate him upon even so brief a deviation into righteousness. Mr. Chester evidently knows his ground and his characters and he is always past master in the patter of the four-flusher.

WALLINGFORD IN HIS PRIME. By George Randolph Chester. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1 net.

Briefer Reviews.

"The Tragedy of Julius Caesar," edited by Robert M. Lovett, A. B., has been added to the Tudor Shakespeare now in course of issue by the Macmillan Company under the general editorship of William Allan Neilson and Ashley Horace Thorndike. Price, 35 cents net per volume.

The American Book Company has published "Public Speaking for High Schools," by Dwight Everett Watkins, A. M. (75 cents net). The instruction is of a useful and practical kind, but it would be well to lay greater stress on the art of impromptu speaking. A speech that has been written and committed to memory is hardly a speech at all. It is a recitation.

The J. B. Lippincott Company has published a little volume entitled "Everyday Phrases Explained," being a collection of curious words and phrases in popular use with their meanings and origin. A good many of the explanations seem hardly to be needed by ordinary education, but then what is more extraordinary than an ordinary education? The price is 50 cents net.

Among late additions to the Short Course series, under the editorship of Rev. John Adams, B. D., is "The Man Among the Myrtles," or "A Study in Zechariah's Visions," by the editor (Charles Scribner's Sons; 60 cents net). The work is of the conventional theological type and somewhat marred by the forced and fanciful interpretations so much in vogue in the last generation.

The latest addition to the Loeb Classical Library is "Quintus Smyrnaeus: The Fall of Troy," with an English translation by Arthur S. Way, D. Litt. Quintus Smyrnaeus took up the story of Troy where Homer left it, that is to say at the death of Hector, and he carries it onward to the taking of Troy, his poem being about half as long as the Iliad. The Loeb Classical Library is now of respectable dimensions, a delight to the student and an ornament to his shelves.

In the preface to "Strange Stories from the Lodge of Leisures" the translator from the Chinese, Mr. George Soulié, explains that the "Lea chai Chi yi" was written in the second half of the eighteenth century by Peu Song-lin of Tsy-cheou. It consists of over three hundred stories of a mystical or occult nature, and of these Mr. Soulié has selected twenty-five of the most characteristic. They are well worth publication as throwing a light upon Chinese religious thought and upon China's heirloom of tradition and custom. It is published by the Houghton Mifflin Company. Price, \$1.

In the preface to "Malaria: Cause and Control" Dr. William B. Herms, M. A., of the University of California tells us that the material presented in his volume is based on nearly four years' practical study in nearly every part of the state. Certainly his book bears every mark of competent observation by a trained mind. The disease itself and its remedies receive ample treatment, while preventive measures, both those that exist and those that ought to exist, are fully presented. The illustrations are in full accord with the practical nature of the work, which is published by the Macmillan Company. Price, \$1.50 net.

THE NEW POET LAUREATE.

Robert Bridges, M. A., M. B., D. Litt., Oxford; LL. D., St. Andrews, F. R. C. P., has been chosen poet laureate by Premier Asquith. Mr. Bridges was born in 1844 and consequently is in his seventieth year. He was educated at Eton, and Corpus Christi College, Oxford. After leaving the university he traveled, then studied medicine, and became casually physician at St. Bartholomew's, London, and assistant physician at the Children's Hospital. He retired in 1882, and lives at Oxford. Various plays and poems have come from his pen, with critical essays. In Burton Egbert Stevenson's "Home Book of Verse" the poet is represented by the following selections from his works:

"MY DELIGHT AND THY DELIGHT."

My delight and thy delight
Walking, like two angels white,
In the gardens of the night:

My desire and thy desire
Twining to a tongue of fire,
Leaping live, and laughing higher;

Through the everlasting strife
In the mystery of life.

Love, from whom the world begun,
Hath the secret of the sun.

Love can tell, and love alone,
Whence the million stars were strown,
Why each atom knows its own,
How, in spite of woe and death,
Gay is life, and sweet is breath:

This he taught us, this we knew,
Happy in his science true,
Hand in hand as we stood
Neath the shadows of the wood,
Heart to heart as we lay
In the dawning of the day.

"WHEN DEATH TO EITHER SHALL COME."

When Death to either shall come,—
I pray it be first to me,—
Be happy as ever at home,
If so, as I wish, it be.

Possess thy heart, my own;
And sing to thy child on thy knee,
Or read to thyself alone
The songs that I made for thee.

"SO SWEET LOVE SEEMED."

So sweet love seemed that April morn,
When first we kissed beside the thorn,
So strangely sweet, it was not strange
We thought that love could never change.

But I can tell—let truth be told—
That love will change in growing old;
Though day by day is naught to see,
So delicate his motions be.

And in the end 'twill come to pass
Quite to forget what once he was,
Nor even in fancy to recall
The pleasure that was all in all.

His little spring, that sweet we found,
So deep in summer floods is drowned,
I wonder, hatched in joy complete,
How love so young could be so sweet.

"AWAKE, MY HEART."

Awake, my heart, to be loved, awake, awake!
The darkness silvers away, the morn doth break,
It leaps in the sky: unrisen lustres slake
The o'ertaken moon. Awake, O heart, awake!

She too that loveth awaketh and hopes for thee:
Her eyes already have sped the shades that flee,
Already they watch the path thy feet shall take:
Awake, O heart, to be loved, awake, awake!

And if thou tarry from her,—if this could be,—
She cometh herself, O heart, to be loved, to thee;
For thee would unashamed herself forsake:
Awake, to be loved, my heart, awake, awake!

Awake! The land is scattered with light, and see,
Unoccupied sleep is flying from field and tree;
And blossoming boughs of April in laughter shake:
Awake, O heart, to be loved, awake, awake!

Lo, all things wake and tarry and look for thee:
She looketh and saith, "O sun, now bring him to me."

Come, more adored, O adored, for his coming's sake,
And awake, my heart, to be loved, awake, awake!"

A PASSER-BY.

Whither, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowding,
Leaning across the bosom of the urgent West,
That fearest nor sea rising, nor sky clouding,
Whither away, fair rover, and what thy quest?

Ah! soon, when Winter has all our vales oppressed,
When skies are cold and misty, and hail is hurling,
Wilt thou glide on the blue Pacific, or rest
In a summer haven asleep, thy white sails furling.

I there before thee, in the country that well thou knowest,
Already arrived, am inhaling the odorous air:
I watch thee enter unerringly where thou goest,
And anchor queen of the strange shipping there.

Thy sails for awning spread, thy masts bare:
Nor is aught from the foaming reef to the snow-capped granite

Peak, that is over the feathery palms, more fair
Than thou, so swift, so stately and still thou standest.

And yet, O splendid ship, unnamed and nameless,
I know not if, ah! shining a fancy, I rightly divi:

That thou hast a purpose joyful, a courage blameless,
Thy port assured in a happier land than mine.

But for all I have given thee, beauty enough is thine.

As thou, aslant with trim tacks and shrouding,
From the proud, untroubled wave of a prow's line

In the offing shalt set forth, thy white sails crowding.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

A West Coast Aviary in Pictures.

A valuable and interesting volume, of convenient pocket-size, is the "Western Bird Guide: Birds of the Rockies and West to the Pacific." All lovers of birds will welcome the book for its concise descriptions and true-to-life pictures of feathered life peculiar to the region. It is made essentially practical in its use of common names, though these are always followed by the scientific appellation, by its careful statements of size, distinctive markings, and habitat. The nest and eggs of each variety is described in detail. In addition the male and female of each variety is shown in colored illustrations, beautifully printed by the quadri-color process. There are 250 pages, each carrying two or more descriptions, and the several families and species are presented in orderly arrangement. A complete index added makes the work most convenient for ready reference. Seldom has so much entertaining information been offered so compactly and so easily available.

To one who is inclined to deplore the seeming paucity of bird-life in the woods of the Pacific Coast, the little book will come as a revelation. It names no less than seventeen varieties of birds whose descriptions carry the distinctive prefix California, while there are several more that are marked by hardly less locally familiar qualifying adjectives such as Leconte, Calaveras, and Sonora. Twenty-nine varieties of wild ducks are catalogued, and these, with many other game-bird offerings, are attractive and informing to the sportsman. Those whose interest lies wholly in observation will note with zest and pleasure the showing of fifteen varieties of bunning-birds, twenty-three varieties of the little warblers of the wood, and thirty-five varieties of the humble and omnipresent sparrow. The great number of water and shore birds shown will occasion surprise among even the sharpest-eyed of those who delight in long days on the beach. To the young, especially, and to those of mature years whose love for the beautiful and curious in nature has not weakened, the little book is commended without reservation.

WESTERN BIRD GUIDE: Birds of the Rockies and West to the Pacific. Illustrations by Chester A. Reed, B. S., Harry F. Harvey, and R. I. Brasher. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.

The Hippodrome.

We do not know with what accuracy the author has described the activities of the Barcelona anarchists, but at least she has told an interesting story. Her heroine is a young English girl who has accepted the position of equestrienne in the Barcelona hippodrome. She is befriended by Count Emile Poleski, an anarchist refugee who is so struck by her reserve and intelligence that he persuades her to join the local group of terrorists. Thenceforth she becomes practically a slave, assigned to all the dangerous undertakings to which her sex suits her and under the perpetual threat of death for infidelity or even indiscretion. The story is a depressing one, and indeed it could hardly be otherwise, but it is well told and is apparently based upon more or less actual knowledge of conditions.

THE HIPPODROME. By Rachel Hayward. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

The Discovery of the Future.

Mr. Wells has given us an intellectual treat, but he fails to convince us. Perhaps he himself is not convinced by his own logical processes. The study of history, he tells us, should enable us to forecast the future, and he makes some tentative suggestions to show us how this may be done. But he seems to overlook the human element and the conceivable actions of free will. An examination of the shuttles in a loom may enable us to forecast the pattern that the loom will produce, but let us suppose that the threads in the loom have the innate and incalculable power to change their color and direction. Could the Crusades have been predicted from a history of history? Could we have foreseen the appearance of Jeanne d'Arc?

THE DISCOVERY OF THE FUTURE. By H. G. Wells. New York: B. W. Huebsch; 60 cents net.

Vanishing Points.

These sixteen short stories are obviously intended to do something more than while away an idle half-hour. They fix the attention not so much upon what people do as upon what they think, or rather upon the threads of motive that lead to the knots of action. Each one is a character study in itself, and it may be said that each one leaves the mind vaguely quiet, as though the reader had been persuaded to identify himself with some problem of decision that might become an actuality. In other words we see the "vanishing points," but with no sense of a conclusion.

VANISHING POINTS. By Alice Brown. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Robert Hichens and Jules Guérin traveled through the Balkan Peninsula to gather material for the articles which have been running through the *Century Magazine* this year, and for the elaborate book which the *Century Company* will publish in the late fall.

The text and pictures—twelve in the colors of Mr. Guérin's canvases—will cover the natural scenic glories of Dalmatia, the classic ruins of Greece, and the wonderful mosques of old Constantinople.

A. S. M. Hutchinson, the author of "The Happy Warrior," one of the successful novels of the year, has resigned his position as editor of the *London Daily Graphic* to devote his entire time to literary work.

Yale University has conferred the degree of Doctor of Letters on Alfred Noyes, the author of "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern," a volume of stirring verse, recently published in this country by F. A. Stokes & Co. Mr. Noyes is one of the youngest men who have ever received this degree from Yale University.

Kate Douglas Wiggin recently sailed from New York for an indefinite stay in England to recuperate from a recent indisposition. She has completed a new story, which the Houghton Mifflin Company will publish in the fall.

"The Journal of Jasper Danckaerts, 1679-1680," just issued by Charles Scribner's Sons, describes the adventurous wanderings in America of the author, and another agent of the Lahadist religious sect. It is a new volume in the Original Narratives of Early American History series.

"My Dartmoor work is done, and the modest epic in twenty volumes, which I set out to write twenty years ago, is now completed with the publication of 'Widecombe Fair,'" said Eden Phillpotts when interviewed recently at his home in Torquay on the South Coast of England. His next book will deal with Italy and art.

In a new biography of Jane Austen by W. and R. A. Austen-Leigh, which E. P. Dutton & Co. announce for early publication, the authors bring together all that is known, using as a basis the original memoir and the letters in Lord Brabourne's two volumes, to which they add other letters, traditions, and family histories.

John A. Moroso, whose first book, "The Quarry," is published by Little, Brown & Co. of Boston, is a product of that school which has contributed so much to American fiction—the daily metropolitan newspaper. For years he was police reporter and the writer of special articles on the *New York Times*.

Mrs. Mary Louise Barroll, wife of a navy officer, who has traveled in every quarter of the globe for many years, and everywhere gathered recipes of the dishes that she found of special excellence, has prepared the "Around-the-World Cook Book," to be issued by the Century Company this fall.

New Books Received.

FROM WHEEL AND LOOKOUT. By Frank T. Bullen. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net.

A series of short sea stories.

THE WHITE QUIVER. By Helen Fitzgerald Sanders. New York: Duffield & Co.

An Indian story.

A SCOUT OF TODAY. By Isabel Hornibrook. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.

A story for boys.

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE. By M. V. B. Knox, D. D. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$2 net.

A survey of current religious beliefs.

THE INNER GARDEN. By Horace Holley. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net.

A volume of verse.

THE SAIL WHICH HATH PASSED. By George Klingbe. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net.

A volume of verse.

THE LIFE OF JOHN BRIGHT. By George Macaulay Trevelyan. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$4.50 net.

A biography.

JENNY S'EN VAIT-EN GUERRE. Par Philippe Miliot. Paris: Bernard Grasset; 3 fr. 50.

Scènes Anglaises.

PUBLIC SPEAKING FOR HIGH SCHOOLS. By Dwight Everett Wath. A. M. New York: American Book Company; 75 cents.

For high school.

EXPERIMENTS IN GOVERNMENT AND THE ESSENTIALS OF THE CONSTITUTION. By Elihu Root. Princeton University Press; \$1.

A course of lectures.

MEXICO: THE LAND OF UNREST. By Henry Baerlein. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$3.75 net.

An account of what produced the outbreak in 1910, together with the story of the revolutions down to this day.

MEN AROUND THE KAISER. By Frederic William Wile. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Sketches of some of the makers of modern Germany.

HOW TO JUDGE PICTURES. By Margaret Thomas. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; 60 cents net.

Intended to give the picture lover the reason why, apart from the subject, he likes certain pictures and does not like others, and why some pictures are called good and others bad by artists.

EVERYDAY PHRASES EXPLAINED. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; 50 cents net.

A collection of curious words and phrases in popular use with their meanings and origins.

A Famous French Journalist.

Henri Rochefort, for years one of the most prominent figures in French journalistic and political life, died a few days ago at Aix-les-Bains from a complication of maladies at the age of eighty-three.

Rochefort has been described as one of the most trenchant satirical writers France has produced (says the *Fourth Estate*). Before politics embittered his heart most of his writings were full of delicious humor. He was one of the most picturesque characters in modern French history. He was a leader in the fight against the Second Empire, but even after the fall of Napoleon III he was constantly at odds with the French government on account of his extreme radicalism.

He was born in Paris in 1831 and first came into prominence when he contributed articles to the *Manuel de la Conversation*, the *Charivari*, and the *Figaro*, in which his vigorous denunciations of the empire resulted in a systematic attempt of the government to squelch him. The publications for which he wrote were seized and Rochefort was thrown into prison.

In 1868 he alone established *La Lanterne*. Near the end of the third month of its existence the weekly was suppressed and its editor was sentenced to pay a fine of 10,000 francs. With other political offenders he was pardoned on the emperor's fête day. Rochefort resumed at once the publication of *La Lanterne* in Brussels. It was more vigorous and denunciatory than ever. It is said that over 200,000 copies were smuggled every week into France.

He was elected to the assembly in the First Parisian District, but his new paper, *La Marseillaise*, was seized and he was thrown into jail. He was convicted of libel, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment. Following the proclamation of the republic the people attacked the jail and took him triumphantly from his cell.

Rochefort became head of the Department of State and was an ardent Communist, serving as a gunner in the ranks. He was court-martialed on September 21, 1871, and sentenced to deportation to Cayenne for life, but escaped.

It was not until the general amnesty of July 11, 1880, that Rochefort was permitted to return to Paris. He started the *Intransigeant* in 1880, and the Boulangist movement owed much of its strength to his advocacy. He was prosecuted and again exiled. He left France to live in England.

The Yale Review.

Were the *Yale Review* a monthly instead of a quarter-yearly publication it would surely be entitled to the first place among American magazines, and American magazines of the better class are worthy of high praise. The July number of the *Review* is remarkable for the excellence of its contents, prose and poetry. It offers essays on timely topics, art, biographical studies, and scholarly criticism of recent literature. Editor Wilbur L. Cross has gathered not merely an interesting array of well-written contributions, but has succeeded in making the quarterly review as comprehensive, as pertinent, and as illuminating as any thoughtful periodical of more frequent issue. The *Review* is published by the Yale Publishing Association, New Haven, Connecticut, at \$3 a year. It should reach the reading table of every serious student of life and its inspiring activities.

A composer whose business instincts are evidently abreast of the times is Ludomir V. Rozycki, who brought out, soon after the theft of "Mona Lisa," a new opera called "Medusa," in which Leonardo da Vinci is the hero. The first performance was given in Warsaw, and the success of the work, from a financial standpoint, was all that could be desired, the box receipts being greatly influenced by the scene in the second act, where the great painter is represented at work on the famous portrait.

The White House

In addition to the Books reviewed in this paper, the largest assortment of English, French, German, Italian and Spanish publications can be obtained at The White House Book Department.

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BY

JEROME A. HART

WHAT THE REVIEWERS SAY

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Philadelphia Record: The life of a gifted Frenchman, with an account of his successful struggle in youth against poverty and adversity. Mr. Hart's book is marked by literary excellence, care in the use of material, and fine discrimination in criticism.

The Independent: A study of almost four hundred pages, including statistical material, analyses of the various plays, and a certain proportion of anecdotes and appreciation, besides many photographs and notes.

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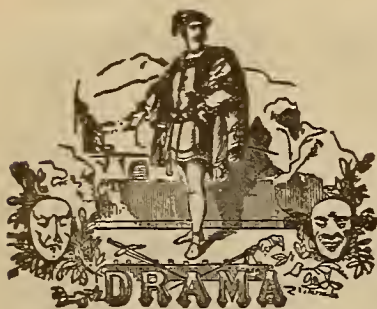
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FIRST OVER THE BARS



THE FIRST ENGLISH COMIC OPERA.

"H. M. S. Pinafore" is full of happy memories. During almost twenty-five years it has been gathering them for all sorts and conditions of theatre-goers, and they are there to be refreshed, and lingered over, and rejoiced in. Every time the opera is offered on the stage. Once, long ago, it was only a new and peculiar cabinet of whimsical portraits, wit, humor, and burlesque, of ingenious rhymes and sparkling, tuneful music; now it is a casket that holds, beside the inspirations of librettist and composer and the art of singers and actors, clustered associations of steadily increasing interest.

This might be said of many operas, but of no other with such general knowledge and appreciation. In many particulars "Pinafore" ranks all other musical compositions of the kind. It has been sung by more people and had more hearers than any other opera. Its music as a whole is more familiar to the English-speaking world than that of any other work. The sum of its qualities is told in the fact that though the object of its most pointed satire is forgotten the piece is still as pleasing, as unique as ever. It was really the first English comic opera ever written, and it is still the model one, after two generations have vainly attempted, not to improve on the design, to catch and imitate its enduring charm.

Gilbert and Sullivan in its making labored with intention and understanding. They determined to create a new style of musical and dramatic entertainment that should be frank and wholesome, full of the spirit of comedy yet elevated in tone, free from the stale conventions, the huffoneries, the gross eccentricities of situation and costume which made tawdry all light operas of the time. "The Sorcerer," it is true, is their earliest work, but it is a love-philter fantasy, fairy only up to the waist, with a mechanical torso, unlike Strophon in "Iolanthe," whose upper-half was immortal. But it marked a start on the way which its authors had chosen, and proved Sullivan's ability to adapt his gifts as a composer to Gilbert's most fantastic flights of fancy. They turned with surer steps to the world of reality. Gilbert's whimsical humor easily brought stern facts into topsyturvy relations and made figures of familiar acquaintance say and do delightfully absurd things with laugh-provoking seriousness, while his facility in rollicking rhymes rounded out his plan. And Sullivan followed his mood with marvelous susceptibility, leading the frolicsome lines through melodies that appear to be their only fit expression, enriching the score with truly classical harmonies. Were it possible to regard the elements of their work apart, it might be asserted that the composer did much the more for its elevation and quickening, but their efforts may not be separated. Neither could work successfully with another collaborator.

All the world applauded "Pinafore" practically from the beginning, though America first gave it unanimous welcome. Within seven months from the time of its first hearing on this side the Atlantic it was being sung everywhere in the country. Boston saw it first in November, 1878, San Francisco in December of the same year. Before the roses of the next June had faded it was almost as easily seen anywhere and as popular as the queen of flowers. It has never lost its royal right of precedence.

These records are often read, but there are others that are more rarely referred to, though they are perhaps of even greater practical value as proofs of the opera's preeminence. "Pinafore" has not only been performed more times in this country than any other musical production, it has introduced to theatrical life more actors than any play that was ever written. It has employed more singers and instrumentalists, it has drawn into box-offices more money, it has paid all interested in its production a greater amount in the aggregate than any other work performed on the stage. It could not have done all this were it anything less than the greatest, as it was the first, of its kind.

Yet, beyond and above its concrete benefits is the intangible one it has bestowed upon a public that had never realized its capacity for musical delights. Where one had discovered a possibility of such pleasure apart from the concert platform, thousands were suddenly made aware of new resources. Waves of comic-opera enthusiasm swept across the land from the Eastern to the Western ocean.

French operas bouffe were translated, fumigated, and offered by many traveling companies. New comic operas of foreign birth were fashioned to suit a new American taste. "The Mascotte," "Olivette," "Billee Taylor," "Fatinitza," and "Boccaccio" were but a few of those conceived to meet the novel and unprecedented demand. Only a half-dozen cities in the United States had ever heard companies of eminent vocalists, and then only in Italian opera, before this era of musical development. A thousand heard "Pinafore" and its successors, given by singers of much more than ordinary attainments. Five thousand towns and villages formed amateur companies that sang "Pinafore" till everybody knew the music, and then took up other works that came within their capabilities, such as Planquette's "Chimes of Normandy" and Willard Spencer's "Little Tycoon."

And now, when the first members of the crew of "Her Majesty's Ship" are all silver-haired, the succeeding generation with almost equal enjoyment sees her ride at anchor on the Portsmouth tide. She is truly a saucy beauty at the Tivoli this week, well manned, and welcoming most politely visitors of pompous pride and blushing beauty. To those who view her deck for the first time, and there are of course many such, she may not appear as staunch and well-ried as the older ones know her to be, but not one can gainsay her clean-cut lines and general air of smartness.

From the day of Alice Oates and the Boston Ideals down to the present time there has never been a better balanced or more generally capable cast in the opera than that presented now by the Tivoli management. Its Sir Joseph Porter, Josephine, Ralph, and Little Buttercup are very nearly ideal. The male chorus is notably good in volume, concerted action, and ease, and the sisters, cousins, and aunts but little less accomplished and much more attractive in appearance. It is with reluctance that attention is called to the fact that Musical Director Linne and Stage Manager Temple produced these effects in a single week's training. It is doubtful if the history of the opera can show a more remarkable feat. There are hundreds who can testify from personal experience that a thorough knowledge of the full score seems well nigh impossible in so short a time.

Teddy Webb again, as in "Iolanthe," takes first honors among the principals. His Admiral is a finely finished portrait, with most of the traditional business of the part and many individual touches that are always strictly in keeping. He sings the story of his rise to the admiralty with unctuous impressiveness, and makes new points for subtle appreciation that more famous impersonators of the character have overlooked.

In no detail of Rena Vivienne's appearance as Josephine can a captious critic find opportunity for complaint. She sings her two solos with high values of expression, and in the duets, the "hell trio," and even the ensemble work is a positive and charming factor. The Tivoli has never had a prima donna soprano with a better technic in acting. Miss Vivienne is gifted with rare intuition, as well as with ready command of her abilities, and her quick response to every advance or suggestion is an invaluable aid to the success of her co-workers as to that of her own characterizations.

John R. Phillips is a manly and melodious Ralph. He is almost another Tom Karl in the part. His romantic scenes are particularly well done, and in his first solo and in the "Refrain, Audacious Tar" duet he sets a mark that few tenors in light opera companies have been able to reach. Mr. Phillips has justified all the hopes that his first appearance encouraged.

There need be no qualification in the praise to be given Sarah Edwards for her Little Buttercup. It was not doubted that she would sing the music with charm, but she gives in addition a seriously sincere interpretation of the bumboat woman's important rôle. Her make-up and costume are realistic, yet she is quite as attractive in appearance to her audience as to the Captain and the Bos'n.

For the first time Robert G. Pitkin has a part that gives full scope to his ability. He is a classical Dick Deadeye in voice and action, and shows a keener understanding of the librettist's idea than almost all of the hundreds who have preceded him in the rôle. He is triangular, and he is ugly in form and feature, but he is not a mere snarling malcontent. It is "a queer world" all the way with him, but he accepts its incongruities with genial contempt, even though he will not smother his convictions. George Frothingham, of the old Boston Ideals, was the first to make this conception clear, and few have followed him. De Wolf Hopper was not only had in the part, but he proved his assumption of superiority to the creator of the character by clowning the action as well as distorting the lines. Mr. Pitkin gets the laughter and the applause legitimately that are his due.

Henry Santrey gives his hearers the impression that there is not much in the part of the Captain. As a reflection of other judgments it may be said that in this rôle George Macfarlane, until that time a stranger here, stepped into sudden popularity, and proved himself a singer of power and charm and a comedian of intelligence and finesse, less than

a year ago. It is a great part, and in its lines is the catch-phrase that for years was the most familiar of all quoted sayings. Mr. Santrey might well give that point a better shading, just as he might though more easily allow Buttercup to speak truly when she declares that he is warbling his woes to the moon.

As is too often the case, those with the least to learn were the weakest in their lines. Charles E. Gallagher was a genial and robustly effective Bos'n nearly all the time, but he hunched his "Englishman" solo. In the finale the feminine chorus corrected his error in phrasing, but the mischief was beyond repair. Ilon Bergere stumbled in Hehe's well-worn refrain, but atoned for the miniature fault in later repetitions. These are, after all, but small spots on the sun, and would have escaped attention in any offering less familiar.

Quite the most important theatrical event in San Francisco this week is this admirable production of "H. M. S. Pinafore." It would be hard to convince those qualified to give a verdict that any one who chooses to miss seeing and hearing it is a true lover of good music and good acting.

GEORGE L. SHOALS.

The motion-picture rights of Thomas Hardy's novel, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," were recently secured by Daniel Frohman from Mr. Hardy and his publishers, Harper & Brothers. Mrs. Fiske some time ago entered into an arrangement with Mr. Frohman to present her dramatic creation of "Tess" before the camera. Mrs. Fiske approached the work with all her original enthusiasm for the rôle, and she has found it extraordinarily interesting. In the film play the story closely follows the novel, entirely departing from the form of the play made from it by Lorimer Stoddard. Many scenes, therefore, will be shown that were not seen in the dramatization.

Margaret Anglin announces that William Furst has completed an overture and musical setting especially composed for her performance of the "Electra" of Sophocles, which she will present at the Greek Theatre of the University of California in September. Mr. Furst's composition is described as beautiful, and purely Grecian in character. In the arrangement and instrumentation of the score Mr. Furst will employ only wood-winds and brass, a mode of orchestral interpretation rarely used, and from which interesting and effective tonal results are expected.

Wagner did not get for his compositions more than a fraction of what the most prominent German opera composer of our time, Richard Strauss, gets for his. The royalties paid today are a hundred times what they were when Wagner sold his operas. When "Tannhäuser," for example, was produced in Berlin, Wagner demanded \$750. That was considered too much, although the opera had twenty-two performances the first season (1856-7).

Aubrey Boucicault, one of the better known actors of the American stage and a son of Dion Boucicault, writer, actor, and producer of Irish plays, died July 10 in New York. Mr. Boucicault was born in London in 1868. He made his stage début in 1888 at Toole's Theatre in London, and came to America in 1889, where he appeared first in St. Louis with Kate Claxton in "The Two Orphans."

The Columbia Theatre announces that George Kliene's eight-reel moving-picture production of "Quo Vadis" will be seen at that playhouse following the Kinemacolor season.

A Great Public Utility

A great public utility like any other business venture has not only to keep abreast of the times in order to give service at the lowest possible charge, but it also has to build ahead, to anticipate the future, in order that it may be ready to meet the demands made upon it through the ever-spreading development of territory, increase of population and growth of industrial enterprise. In order to accomplish all this the public utility has to go into the public market and get the money in large sums. Plans deteriorate in value from year to year, and through developments in science new inventions are constantly cropping out; so there is call for reconstruction work all the time. Then, as business increases, new territories are developed and more uses are found for the commodities in which the public utility deals and there is need of new construction for the purpose of enlarging the scope of the utility's activities. This may mean increase of revenue to the utility, but it certainly involves a tremendous first cost for which the utility has to find the funds, which for a long period are unproductive of returns commensurate with the investment.

Take an instance near home. The development work now being conducted by the Pacific Gas and Electric Company in the Sierras is involving the expenditure of many millions of dollars from which there can be no return whatever until the work is completed and the service being dealt out to the public; yet much labor and material must be paid for in good round coin and it is up to the utility, not to the public it serves, to find this money as best it can. But the work goes on and the public is served just the same.

In time the millions thus expended will yield returns, for new fields are being constantly developed and new uses found for electric power. The Pacific Gas and Electric Company has unbounded faith in the future of the state, and by fair dealing and making every effort to please every consumer is adding largely and steadily to its following. Already it serves two-thirds of California's population, covering thirty of the fifty-eight counties, or an area one-half the size of all the New England States combined. It employs 4800 people, operates 11 hydro-electric plants in the mountains, 5 steam-driven plants in big cities, and 16 gas works. Your problems of power, light, and water are its problems, and it maintains a staff of engineers who will give their time and attention to these troubles if asked, without charge.

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DRAMATIC PICTURES OF NATURE.

Daily we grow used to marvels in this, the most progressive age. One of the greatest, that is, in its far-reaching effect, is moving-picture photography, and when to that is added the colors of nature, why then the world is doing its sight-seeing almost on its own hearthstone.

I imagine that the first scene in a Kinemacolor exhibition gives us all the same shock of surprise and disappointment. The picture seems faint, the colors dim. I fancy that it is because we are unconsciously adhering to the standard of the conventional picture, which is at once too clean-cut and too positive in coloring for the multitudinous blendings and diffusions of nature's hues. At any rate the sensation passes away almost immediately; these earth-colored pictures so make for reality that we are caught and gripped in the engrossing interest of the scenes played in the theatre of war.

Not that they are theatrical; far from it. They are too simple and crushing in their reality. The Kinemacolor Balkan War pictures at the Columbia Theatre awaken an immense consciousness of the pathos of war for the plain soldiers—those young, uniformed beings who go into it with swelling hearts, perhaps for patriotism, perhaps rage, perhaps love of adventure. But to see them in it, playing their parts, receiving their rations, hurrying to the field, huddling in their firing trenches, and being carried dying or dead from the field is to realize that in the eyes of their leaders they are so many head of useful cattle.

In fact, so strong a sense comes over the spectator of the part of insignificant pawns played by the individual soldiers in the great game of nations that the peace advocate can offer no better argument for his contention than these views of modern warfare.

In a moving-picture audience that curious blending of emotions which constitutes the psychology of a theatre audience is absent. Each observes silently, and is delivered over to his own reflections. The deliverer of the explanatory travel-talk probably suffers from this, as the audience vouchsafes no audible recognition of his efforts. But his talk is useful and necessary, as he keeps us informed of many matters beyond the scope of the printed announcements between pictures.

However, the superb feats of horsemanship of the Greek cavalry roused the absorbed audience to some manifestations of the excitement it felt in seeing the daredevil Centaurs come out alive after incredible leaps and almost perpendicular descents.

A novelty on the programme is what is called "an animated map," showing the political history of the Balkan states from 1360 A. D. up to the present time. Wars and invasions are represented by electrically moving colors, which show how often the greedy Turk sought to conquer and absorb his lesser neighbors, and how often he was repelled.

The views of military manoeuvres of the Japanese army are of a different type, and not at all discouraging to the venturesome soul of the young militant. The sturdy little men in their neat uniforms, the fine horses bestrode by the cavalry, the quick, clock-work efficiency of the work done by the ranks in destroying a pontoon bridge, the exact control of the troops by the alert officers, the intelligent system prevailing in the matter of rations, showing the avoidance of heavy field equipment by making each soldier his own commissary, the flight of an up-to-date aerial corps, all these things thus vividly pictured showed us what the yellow peril and the brown menace might do, if they joined in a color symphony and confronted us in an attitude of hostility.

However, a change of subject restored to us our national complacency. We were in Panama, and our first introduction there was to a number of American youths, diving gleefully into a specially contrived swimming-pool, the "pinkish-drab"—as Chesterton puts it—of their skin-tints making startling contrast with those of the swarthy Bulgarians and brown Japanese we had just been looking at.

And then we were plunged into the wonders of the engineering feats they are doing down there, by which mighty ships that go down to the sea will be lifted up again in the locks that witness the embrace. They show us, by the way, a working model of these locks, with the great ships being lifted from one level to another, from which a child of ten could understand what it is all about. But this was almost the least of the gigantic doings.

Ah ha, tired-business-man-who-doesn't-want-to-think, they've got you at last! For he was all around us, looking at these wonders, taking them in with all his might and manifestly thinking very hard. And so were we; doing a little thinking on our own account. We were wondering if the Woman-Who-Thinks-She-Can-Run-the-Earth doesn't have just a suspicion of humility when she sees these marvels. Saying to ourselves, "Does she realize, when she sees this mighty enterprise under way, when she marks the perfection of these enormous pieces of mechanism, and pauses to think of the brains that designed them; when she sees the workings of the executive force that has welded these grinning Barbadians

into an army of working efficiency; when she observes the system prevailing, and reflects upon how much sheer mental power has gone into the working out of all these forces, does she dimly surmise that man's work can not be done by woman, any more than woman's part in life can be played by man?"

The programme puts us in a still greater state of good humor by showing us views of our monster war-leviathans floating on a summer sea, with occasional near views of the mighty decks and groups of trig officers and smiling marines bobbing past the field of the camera, and trying industriously to be "taken." In fact one of the pleasures of these views is the peeps of human nature that get mixed up with the views of grim-visaged war, and the blank faces of rock-devouring monsters at Ancon.

Some of the American officers looked bashfully self-conscious when they were caught and impaled, but several American statesmen faced the camera with the calm of habit, and preserved their dignity unimpaired.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"The Mikado" Next at the Tivoli.

The Tivoli Opera House management has decided upon a revival of the Gilbert and Sullivan series of operas, owing to the popular demand for these works. No comic opera of recent years has achieved the success that for over twenty years has marked the record of "The Mikado." The Tivoli promises a magnificent production, which includes both scenery and costumes.

The cast will include Teddy Webb, who has made a reputation as Koko, a part in which he is inimitable. John R. Phillips will be the Nanki Poo, in which he will have full range for his beautiful tenor voice, while Robert G. Fitkin will have the responsible part of the Mikado. Charles Gallagher will appear as Poo-Bah, while Henry Santrey will play Pish-Tush. The feminine rôles are distributed as follows: Yum Yum, Rena Vivienne; Pitti Sing, Ilon Bergere; Peep Bo, Marie Sherwood; while Sarah Edwards will have the responsible part of Katisha. The large and efficient chorus will render a good account of itself. The orchestra under the electric baton of Conductor Linne will maintain its reputation.

Altogether this will be the most ambitious production ever staged by the Tivoli. Popular Tivoli prices prevail, and performances are given every evening, with matinees on Saturdays and Sundays.

"The Passing Show" Continues at the Cort.

The third and positively the last week of the "Passing Show of 1912" at the Cort Theatre will begin Sunday night. Additional arrangements have been made whereby the company will remain over on Sunday night, July 27, this being the last performance in this city before the departure of the company to Oakland, Portland, and Seattle. It will not be seen anywhere else on the Pacific Coast south of Portland.

Three matinees will be given during the last week, on Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday. In spite of the fact that the month of July is not supposed to be the best in the year for theatricals in this city, the "Passing Show of 1912" has broken all records for a three weeks' engagement of any attraction at the Cort Theatre. As a result of this triumph, San Francisco is now assured of another visit by another New York Winter Garden organization next summer.

The "Passing Show of 1912" boasts some wonderfully clever principals and some sumptuous stage settings. The "Kismet" scene and the roof garden are both beauties. It is all that its name implies—a passing show of 1912, semi-frivolous revue, containing take-offs on five or six shows with which the San Francisco theatre-goers are familiar. There is "Oliver Twist," for instance, "Bunty Pulls the Strings," "The Music Master," "Bought and Paid For," and several others.

In justice to the management it should be recorded that every claim made in advance for this organization was fulfilled, and that not a single one of the many stars who were seen during the New York run was missing when the curtain went up on the opening performance here. In order that this clever array of principals shall not be forgotten for some time, the full roster is printed here again: Trixie Friganza, Charles J. Ross, Adelaide and J. J. Hughes, Howard and Howard, Texas Guinan, Clarence Harvey, Louise Brunell, Moon and Morris, Ernest Hare, Edward Cutler, and Frederick Roland.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum announces for next week one of the most novel bills in its history. Six of the acts will be new, and the entire programme will be of extraordinary excellence.

Miss Orford will introduce her marvelous elephants. It is difficult to convey an accurate idea of their performance. The two immense, ungainly animals, each weighing about three and a half tons, and the baby elephant, are pantomimists and enact a little play of domestic life, concluding with the rescue of

Miss Orford from the upper window of a burning house.

Pat Rooney and Marion Bent will present a diverting bit called "At the News Stand." Rooney is one of the best dancers before the public and also a capital comedian. His partner, pretty Marion Bent, is an engaging actress who also excels in song and dance.

Lamberti, the master musician, who plays upon the violin, cello, and piano, has evolved a distinct and unique method of displaying his genius. In different make-ups he portrays various composers playing their respective compositions, and depicts their mannerisms.

Hal Davis, Inez Macauley, and their company, will present an up-to-the-minute comedy by Archie Colby, called "The Girl from Childs," which is remarkable for its originality.

A sketch by Miss Elsie Janis, the star and authoress, entitled "Three in One," will be an amusing feature, and will serve to introduce Val Harris, Reta Boland, and Lou Holtz, who are three personally developed protégés of Miss Janis.

Ida O'Day, whose versatility has been abundantly demonstrated, will introduce her original songlogue. When last seen here she was the successful star of a pretty little play, "A Bit of Old Chelsea." Now she is doing what in vaudeville parlance is styled a "single."

For the second week of her engagement Irene Franklin, who is scoring one of the greatest hits the Orpheum has ever known, will introduce new songs and impersonations. Theodore Bendix and his Symphony Players will conclude their engagements with this bill.

Columbia Theatre Kinemacolor Pictures.

Remarkable features will be added to the programme of the Kinemacolor season at the Columbia Theatre for the third week, commencing Sunday afternoon, when the main features of "The Making of the Panama Canal" and "Actual Scenes of the Balkan War" will be supplemented by the presentation of the latest products of the Kinemacolor process, consisting of the story of the great American novel, "The Scarlet Letter," by Nathaniel Hawthorne, and remarkable views of Niagara Falls, both subjects being shown in this city previous to their presentation in New York.

That the public is vitally interested in the Panama Canal and in the Balkan war scenes, as portrayed in motion and actual color effects secured by the Kinemacolor invention, is shown by the crowded houses the Columbia Theatre is now enjoying. "The Scarlet Letter" ranks as the great classic of American libraries, and the perfect picturization of this romance of the Pilgrim Fathers and the Puritans, the plainly told plot, and the realism of the actors who posed for the characters, has placed this Kinemacolor production in the classic ranks, just as the novel itself is classed in libraries. To see "Niagara Falls" in all their glory of motion and of color effects is vouchsafed to a favored few, but Kinemacolor shows on its screen all the wonders of the mighty American waterfalls.

Daily matinees at 2:30 p. m. and regular evening presentations at 8:30 p. m., will be given during the remainder of the Kinemacolor season at the Columbia Theatre.

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

The programme for the coming week at the Pantages Theatre, opening next Sunday, bristles with names prominent in pugilistic circles. Arthur Pelkey, the recently acknowledged champion heavyweight of the world, who by his victory over the "cowboy" pugilist, Luther McCarty, leaped to the front overnight, will head the bill with Tommy Burns. This is Pelkey's first appearance in this city, and with Burns, who is acting as his manager, he will be seen in a set-to of three rounds, preceded by rope-skipping, bag-punching, and shadow-boxing by the champion.

On the same bill by a curious coincidence is Mrs. Bob Fitzsimmons, who will be seen in a musical extravaganza, entitled "A Bulgarian Romance." Mrs. Fitzsimmons's principal support is Charles Dano, the operatic tenor, who was last seen here on the first visit of the "Chocolate Soldier." The production carries fourteen people and is well staged and sparkling with jingling tunes. As Julia Gifford Mrs. Fitzsimmons won a name for herself in musical comedy, and she still retains her lyric soprano voice.

"The Newly Married Man," a comedy playlet, will be presented by Bernard and Harrington. The sketch has scored one of the biggest laughing hits ever on the Pantages Circuit.

Sylvester and Vance, a duo of singers and dancers, have a little offering which affords Vance a splendid opportunity of rendering his famous yodeling selections.

A team well versed in acrobatic and gymnastic versatility is the Mars Duo, who introduce art bits of wire-walking, juggling, and a sensational trapeze performance.

Billy Dodge, a well-known local entertainer, will give his imitations of famous singers and character actors.

"The Misallan Play" Coming.

All San Francisco is apparently interested in the announcement published a few days ago to the effect that Gottlob, Marx & Co., of the

Columbia Theatre, had secured for presentation next month the Mission Play of San Gabriel. During the past two years much has been printed and said of the wonderful story of early Californian life, which has been told by the players at the Mission theatre in the little town of San Gabriel, Southern California. All of the effects, players, etc., will be brought to San Francisco, and the story of Father Junipero Serra, Don Gaspar de Portola, and all the others who participated in the making of early California history will be told here just as it has been for the past two years at San Gabriel, in the little theatre opposite the old San Gabriel Mission. George Osborne will make his appearance in the rôle of Father Junipero Serra.

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VANITY FAIR.

Apropos of a recent remark in this column on the incongruity of the clergyman's rebuke to the lady for wearing an eccentric hat while he himself was attired in the absurdity known as a surplice we have a relevant story from England. The Bishop of Taunton has complained because little boys in the street laugh at his curious episcopal dress. What the bishop would like to have done in the matter is not apparent, but if we may venture on a humble suggestion it would be to the effect that the bishop adopt a rational costume. Gaiters and those curious things from the brim of the hat would make a cat laugh, and small boys have a sense of humor which is now unrestrained by a sense of reverence. Personally we have an overwhelming reverence for bishops, and we hate to think that any one should be impious enough to laugh at them, but then boys will be boys, and the best thing that the bishop can do is to dress like a human being.

A letter in the New York Sun has produced in us a train of reasoning that we believe would revolutionize the world if we could only get time of an evening to enshrine it in a book. We often get ideas of this kind.

The letter in question is to the effect that soldiers ought to be better dressed. "Bring back the smart uniforms for all branches of service," says the writer, "and so bring back both quantity and quality in our enlistments." How can we expect that our soldiers shall be filled with the divine afflatus of patriotism so long as they are dressed in khaki? Is it likely that any man should experience the swell of martial valor within his little breast while his official raiment is of such a sad drab hue that his sweetheart can no longer point to it with pride? Not on your life. Never was there a sounder philosophy than that expressed in the colonel's song in "Patience." We all remember it:

When I first put this uniform on,
I said, as I looked in the glass,
"It's one to a million
That any civilian
My figure and form will surpass.
Gold lace has a charm for the fair,
And I've plenty of that and to spare.
While a lover's professions,
When uttered in Hessians,
Are eloquent everywhere."
A fact that I counted upon
When I first put this uniform on.

Now there is something in this, as the monkey said when he put his hand into the sugar bowl. It has not fallen to our lot to wear a military uniform, but we can imagine how exhilarating it must be. We distinctly remember feeling that way some three years ago, when we bought a new suit at a fire sale. We felt that we were a nobler and a better and a braver man. We felt equal to prodigies of valor if only the right people were looking on, and for a time even the most supercilious of waitresses had no terrors for us. There could be no mistake about it. We felt distinctly that we had appreciably ascended the ladder of evolution, that in a sense we had been converted.

Now why not try the effect of new clothes upon our criminal and professional classes, upon suffragettes, reformers, eugenists, and Democrats? Try the effect of a sartorial kindness. In very severe cases it might be necessary to resort to a uniform. It has been said that any suffragette can be cured by timely application of a husband. Mayor Gaynor of New York said this, but he was wrong. It has been tried in some few cases, and it failed. Moreover we have no right to apply to any man the overwhelming and brutal force necessary to make him marry a suffragette. But a new hat might do it, and some of the latest corsets could hardly fail. What we need is suavity, persuasion, and figure improvers.

Now we do not propose to elaborate this idea here and now. We intend to write a book about it, and this will serve as a sort of advance notice. But the main idea is clear enough. Just as the average soldier can be turned into a veritable Sir Lancelot by means of a little gold braid so there must be somewhere a costume corresponding to every sort of moral delinquency all the way from suffragettism to Wall Street. We have only to find that costume in its various degrees of gorgeousness, apply it to the delinquent, and save the world. If we had only thought of this before the California legislature adjourned it might have been a law by this time and with all the necessary boards and superintendents and inspectors in full swing.

So bachelors are actually to be taxed, and not by some freak legislature, but by Congress itself. For that is what the income-tax bill actually amounts to. The exemption limit is to be \$3000, but if a man has a dependent wife he will be allowed a deduction of \$1000 on her account, that being the amount of actual expense, presumably, that one incurs by matrimony. But some wives cost more than this. We know they do. There ought to be an official valuation of wives under the new tax. But no plea of exemption will be

entertained for more than one wife, nor must the \$500 exemption for children exceed \$1000. If in a moment of inadvertence you have more than one wife or more than two children you must stand the racket yourself. And if you are so culpably negligent as to have twins you may consider that your credit with the government is closed so far as children are concerned. And now some curious maniacs are protesting because "only two children are allowed under the new law." But that is hardly a fair statement of the case. Congress does not forbid you from having more than two children. No legal har has yet been placed upon the size of families. You can have as many as a far too bountiful nature is willing to furnish. Only do not expect the coöperation of the government. Do not ask for aid or encouragement from the tax collector. The official motto is well expressed by that old Sunday-school hymn reminiscent of our earliest speculative ventures into the unknown:

Now you're married I wish you joy,
First a girl and then a boy.

So far from offering encouragement to large families our own personal opinion is that any married persons guilty of an aggregate of more than two children should be sent to the penitentiary and to solitary confinement.

A correspondent wants to know if those who are tainted with insanity can legally marry. We are tempted to say "yes" and have done with it, but there is more in this than meets the eye and it is well to be careful.

In a broad and general way it is quite legal for those who are tainted with insanity to marry. In point of fact they are about the only ones who do marry. But if you discover after you are married that your wife is insane—and you will discover this in about two months—you can then nullify the marriage on the ground that a vital fact was concealed from you. She on her part will plead that her insanity was obvious, seeing that she married you, which no sane person would have done, and that therefore there was no concealment. Or she will pay \$1000 to a distinguished alienist and a credit to his union who will swear that she is not insane, and that will put you to the expense of paying a like amount, or more, to another distinguished alienist and equally an honor to his union who will swear that she is insane. You will see that the matter is beset with difficulties and not nearly so simple as it seems. Arguing *prima facie* you were both insane for even thinking of getting married under any circumstances, and the fact of your own insanity would seriously damage your case. You would be a sort of accessory before the fact, and in a sense *particeps criminis*. But you may still argue that your wife was more insane than you, as otherwise she would not have made so had a choice, and you will find that here, at least, the court is enthusiastically with you. But whether a mere preponderance of insanity without the element of concealment would be enough to secure the annulment of the marriage is a nice point and one that we do not feel ourselves competent to settle. Why not make it up.

It seems that King George and Queen Mary are about to visit Lord and Lady Derby at Knowsley and a vaudeville entertainment has been arranged for their amusement. Now we all know that the word vaudeville has had some unpleasant associations to the ultra pure, and so the queen asked to see a programme. One of the items was "a dance in costume by Lady Diana Manners," and as so much depends on the adequacy of the costume in such matters the queen further desired to be shown a photograph of Diana in the act of dancing, possibly with a recollection of another mythical Diana whose garments were so much of the slit skirt variety that nothing but the slit was visible. When the queen saw the photograph her worst suspicions were confirmed. Lady Diana herself was much too apparent. As a seaman might say, she was sailing under bare poles. So the queen suggested that she wear "a somewhat fuller" attire, that she finish dressing, so to speak. But it is said to relate that when Lady Diana heard this, instead of running off to the nursery and washing her face and putting something on, she requested that her name be removed altogether from the programme.

The spectacle of a king who is compelled publicly to beg for a little bread and water is a distinct novelty, but we may be thankful that there is at least some one with courage to protest against the enforced privations of the banquet. When King Alfonso visited Austria a short time ago he allowed it to be known that a loaf of crusty bread and a large jug of water were essentials to his comfort and he desired that they be set upon the table where he could reach them at will. On this particular occasion the dinner was at the Spanish embassy, and presumably the king felt free to make known his wishes, but at the same time he complained that "in Berlin, Paris, and London I had frequently to go short of the two things I like best at my meals—bread and water."

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

It is said that at certain seasons in Scotland, when the fishing is not very brisk, the fishermen act as caddies, and are easily recognized by their costume, a woolen jersey and trousers braced up to the arm-pits. One of these was asked his name by the gentleman for whom he was carrying, and the reply was: "Weel, sir, hereabouts they maistly ca' me 'Breeks' but ma 'maiden' name is 'Broom.'"

In an Ohio town the African Methodist-Episcopal Church of that district held a conference, and for a week the town was filled with colored pulpit orators. A few days after the conference closed its sessions, one of the leading colored women of the town drove out to Pea Ridge to purchase chickens of an old mammy who had supplied the family for years. Aunt Hanna, coming to the gate, said: "I'm sorry, Miss Allie. I aint got a chicken left. Day all done enter de ministry."

The ladies were discussing a wedding which took place in their church the previous evening. "And do you know," continued the first and best informed lady of the party, "just as Frank and the widow started up the aisle to the altar every light in the church went out?" This startling bit of information was greeted by a number of "Ohs!" "What did the couple do then?" finally inquired one who beat the others out in regaining her breath. "Kept on going. The widow knew her way."

Toward the latter part of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's life, he rarely left his house and garden, and preferred to see his friends and acquaintances by appointment. Woe betide the too intrusive stranger. It is said that one day an enterprising man called, duly armed with a letter of introduction, and the servant was nearly yielding to the impulsive stranger, whereupon the painter of "Dante's Dream" leaned over the banister and said, in a firm, mellifluous voice: "Tell the gentleman that I am not at home."

A story once went the rounds in Paris that an enterprising visitor to M. Constans proposed to pick a quarrel with M. Rochefort and kill him. "Many thanks," said Constans, "but I do my own murders." The retort found its way to Constantinople, and when M. Constans arrived there as French ambassador he was struck by the exaggerated deference of the Turkish officials from Armenia. A man who did his murders himself was a remarkable figure to administrators who employed the Kurds for that necessary business.

A young practitioner had one troublesome patient—an old woman who was practically on the free list, but who registered more kicks than all the other patients put together. One day she called to roast him for not showing up when she called him the night before. "You can go to see your other patients at night," she complained, "so why can't you come when I send for you? Aint my money as good as the money that them rich people pay you?" "I don't know, ma'am," answered the doctor, gently. "I have never seen any of yours."

The revivalist, "Sam" Jones, was once taking women to task for spending more time in prinking than in praying. "If there's a woman here," he screamed, finally, "who prays more than she prinks, let her stand up." One poor old, faded specimen of femininity, in the sorriest, shabbiest of clothes, arose. "You spend more time praying than prinking?" asked the preacher, taking her all in. The poor old creature said she did—prayed all the time, prinked not at all. "You go straight home," admonished Jones, "and put a little time on your prinking."

On a visit to St. Louis, Archbishop Ryan, a noted Philadelphia prelate, rode in a carriage to the parochial residence with Bishop Glennon, who is rather diminutive in size and of slight build, especially in the stomachic regions, while Archbishop Ryan is tall and very robust. As they alighted from the carriage, Archbishop Ryan said to his companion: "Bishop Glennon, I once was asked to explain the difference between a bishop and an archbishop. I answered" (and the archbishop extended his arms in a semicircle from his own healthy hody, at the same time glancing rather sharply at Bishop Glennon), "The difference is all in the arch."

Mr. Jones kept a toy shop and among various things sold fishing rods. For the purpose of advertising them he had a large rod hanging outside, with an artificial fish at the end of it. Late one night, when most people were in bed, a man who was rather the worse for his night's enjoyment happened to see this fish. He looked at it and then went cautiously up to the door and knocked gently. Jones did not hear this, but after the man had knocked a little louder he responded at the window up above. "Who's there?" said

Jones. "Don't make a noise," said the man in a whisper, "but come down as quietly as you can." At the request our friend thought there must be something the matter, so, after dressing and coming down as quietly as possible, he proceeded to know what it was. "What is the matter?" he asked. "Sh!" said the man. "Pull your line in quick; you've got a hite!"

Lord Coleridge was driving toward his court one morning in his brougham, when an accident happened to it at Grosvenor Square. Fearing he would be belated, he called a cab from the street rank, and bade the Jehu drive him as rapidly as possible to the courts of justice. "And where he they?" "What! A London cahly, and don't know where the law courts are at old Temple Bar?" "Oh! the law courts, is it? But you said courts of justice."

Thomas A. Edison, who is rather hard of hearing, said recently that on one of his rare visits to New York a man was introduced to him who proceeded at considerable length to make suggestions as to the direction in which for the blessing of mankind Mr. Edison's inventive faculties might be applied. Then the man switched to the question: "Mr. Edison, why don't you use an acousticon?" "What's that?" asked Mr. Edison. "One of those things that help one to hear better. "Oh," said Mr. Edison, "I'll tell you. By a carefully conducted series of experiments I have discovered that the gray matter of the average person frazzles out before his voice does."

Two negro roustabouts at New Orleans were continually bragging about their ability as long-distance swimmers, and a steamboat man got up a match. The man who swam the longest distance was to receive five dollars. The Alabama Whale immediately stripped on the dock, but the Human Steamboat said he had some business and would return in a few minutes. The Whale swam the river four or five times for exercise, and by that time the Human Steamboat returned. He wore a pair of swimming trunks and had a sheet-iron cook stove strapped on his back. Tied around his neck were a dozen packages containing bread, flour, bacon, and other eatables. The Whale gazed at his opponent in amazement. "Wbar yo' vittles?" demanded the Human Steamboat. "Vittles fo' what?" asked the Whale. "Don't yo' ask me fo' nothin' on the way ovah," warned the Steamboat. "Mah fust stop is New York an' mah next stop is London."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Come On.

"I'd give up all for you," he said,
The maid he tried to win,
She, blushing, howed her maiden head,
And murmured: "Well, begin."
—Town Topics.

The Hookworm.

You've heard about the hookworm
That bothers people some,
That makes you wish
That you could fish
An' loaf till kingdom come.
An' me, I guess I've got it,
Although there's lots to do—
I've got the hook,
I've got the worm,
I've got the hookworm, too!
—Douglas Malloch, in American Lumberman.

A Ballad Up to Date.

At the Art Club, O my Darling,
Where the lights are dim and low
And the Futurists and Cubists
Fill you with an unknown woe—

Where the nudes are pale triangles
Goo-goo-eyed Geometry;
Ears and limbs in weird rectangles
And the colors fierce to see—

At the Art Club, O my Darling,
Think not bitterly of me
That I passed in stricken silence
From that grewsome scenery—

For my heart was throbbing strangely
And my brain gone all astray;
It was best, far best, my Darling,
That I made my getaway.
—New York Evening Sun.

Discovered.

It was a summer evening; the sky had turned to gold;
The birds were singing merrily as they have did of old;
The baseball player had come home to greet his darling spouse;
The ghost had walked that day and he had purchased him a souse.
And when he up and handed her the remnants of his pay
She hooked him one upon the lamp and to him she did say:

CHORUS.

"Kick in, dear heart, kick in again;
Come forward with the cash.
You know it always gives me pain
To clout you on the mush.
You may have been a holdout once
And copped the magnate's tin,
But I don't fall for holdout stunts—
Kick in, dear heart, kick in!"
—Springfield Republican.



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June 30th, 1913:

Assets.....\$55,644,983.27
Capital actually paid up in Cash. 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 1,757,148.57
Employees' Pension Fund..... 158,261.32
Number of Depositors.....62,134

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Rev. David Evans and Mrs. Evans have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Madeline Evans, to Mr. Ronald Harris, son of Judge Harris of Fresno.

From Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, comes the announcement of the engagement of Mrs. Elise Ducat Bleeker and Mr. Stewart Brewster. Mrs. Bleeker is the daughter of Colonel Duncan Ducat, U. S. A., and Mrs. Ducat.

The wedding of Miss Mary Ada Pence and Lieutenant Lewis K. Underhill, U. S. A., took place Thursday evening, July 10, at the home in Berkeley of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Pence.

Mrs. V. F. Flower has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Marguerite Flower, to Mr. Julian Kinzie, nephew of Captain Kinzie, U. S. A., and Mrs. Kinzie. Miss Flower is a niece of the late Governor Flower of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Levey have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Flora Levey, to Mr. Campbell McGregor, son of Mr. and Mrs. John A. McGregor.

The wedding of Miss Grace Wilson and Mr. Hugh Fairlie will take place August 14.

The wedding of Miss Dorothy Page and Mr. Charles Buckingham will take place September 6 at the country home in Belvedere of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Page. The Misses Leslie and Marjorie Page will be their cousin's maids of honor and the chosen bridesmaids are the Misses Dora Winn, Ruth Winslow, Marian Leigh Mailliard, Marian Dickson, Kate Peterson, Mildred Bright, and Marion Crocker.

Mr. and Mrs. James Atbeare Folger gave a dinner Thursday evening at their home in Woodside.

Mr. Bernard Faymonville was host at a dinner at the Bohemian Club in honor of his son, Lieutenant Philip Faymonville, U. S. A., who recently graduated from West Point.

Mrs. Duncan McDuffie entertained a number of friends at a luncheon at her home in Claremont complimentary to Mrs. Philip Young of Boston.

Mrs. Hearst gave a dinner-dance and bouse party Wednesday evening at her home in Pleasanton in honor of Mr. and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst.

Mr. and Mrs. Milo M. Potter entertained a large number of guests at a dance Tuesday night in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Chickering of Oakland.

Mrs. Robert Oxnard was hostess recently at a luncheon at her home in Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Chickering and Miss Florence Henshaw gave a dinner-dance recently in honor of Miss Irene Rowland of Ogden, Utah.

Dr. Millicent Cosgrave was hostess at a tea Saturday in honor of Mlle. Yvonne de Treville.

The Misses Evelyn and Genevieve Cunningham will give a dance this evening at their home in Woodside.

Miss Nina Jones was hostess at a luncheon at the Hotel Potter in honor of Miss Irene Rowland of Ogden.

Lieutenant Neilson, U. S. N., was host recently at a luncheon on board the U. S. S. *Buffalo*.

Mrs. Thomas F. Ruhm gave a dinner at Mare Island in honor of Captain Frank M. Bennett, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bennett.

The members of the Burlingame Country Club entertained their friends at a the dansante Saturday afternoon.

The members of the Southern Club gave a dance Saturday evening at their club on California Street.

A dinner was given to the officers of the United States Aviation Camp at Coronado on Saturday evening, at which Mr. John J. Herman was host. The officers present were Captains Cowan, Hennessey, Reasoner; Lieutenants Love, Morrow, Sherman, Ellington, Dodds, Milling, Taliaferro, Seydel, Carberry. Guests from San Francisco included Mr. and Mrs. W. D. K. Gibson, Miss Gibson, Miss Smith, Mrs. Frank Godfrey, Mrs. F. W. Dohrmann.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Miss Harriet Severance of Los Angeles is visiting Miss Louise Poyd at her home in San Rafael.

Mrs. W. H. Le Boyteaux and the Misses Elizabeth and Mary Stuart Le Boyteaux have gone to Miramar for the summer.

Mrs. J. E. D. Trask has arrived from the East and has joined her husband in this city. They will spend the summer in Berkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Findley Montague and their sons, the Messrs. Paige and Kenneth Montague, have arrived in New York from Europe.

Miss Ruth Winslow has returned to Burlingame after a visit with Miss Dorothy Page in Belvedere.

Mr. Loyall Sewall has arrived from his home in Bath, Maine, and is visiting his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Norman McLaren, at their home on Jackson Street. Mr. Sewall is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Sewall (formerly Miss Millie Ashe).

Mr. Frank King has returned from Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Alexander McCrackin and her daughter, Miss Isabella McCrackin, have taken a house in Berkeley, where they will reside indefinitely. Miss McCrackin will attend the University of California.

Dr. and Mrs. Benjamin P. Brodie, who have recently returned from Europe, have gone to Santa Barbara, where they will occupy their country home. They were accompanied by Mrs. Brodie's son, Mr. Austin Tubbs.

Mr. and Mrs. Nieto and their daughters, the Misses Anita and Josephine Nieto, have gone to Santa Cruz for a week's visit and will later go to Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. William Timson have returned

from Washington, D. C., and will reside in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Somers and their children are occupying their country home in Atberton.

Mr. and Mrs. William P. Reddington have been spending the past two weeks in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule and Miss Marie Louise Baldwin have returned from Miramar.

Mrs. Willard Drown has returned from Medford, Oregon, where she has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Frank Preston.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sanborn have recently been visiting Judge Curtis Lindley and Mrs. Lindley at their home in Santa Cruz.

The Messrs. Frederick L. Murphy and John Murphy sailed last week for Australia.

Mr. and Mrs. Graeme Macdonald, who were married recently in Louisville, Kentucky, have come to this city to reside. Mr. Macdonald is a brother of the Messrs. Kenneth and Allan Macdonald.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller and their daughter, Miss Leslie Miller, left last week for a motor trip to Southern California. They were accompanied by Miss Marie Louise Black.

Miss Ruth Zeile and Miss Beatrice Nickel have returned from a visit in Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Symmes have been spending the past two weeks in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Strong of New York have taken an apartment on Jones Street. They have recently been visiting Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson and Mrs. Isabel Strong at their home in Montecito.

Mr. Richard Burke, Miss Edith Burke, and Mr. Richard Burke, Jr., left last week for their home in Ireland, after a two months' visit with their relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McBean have returned from a motor trip to Placer County.

Mrs. William R. Smedberg and her daughter, Miss Cora Smedberg, have gone to San Rafael to spend two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Nickerson Woods are spending the summer in Belvedere, where they are occupying a houseboat.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Payot have returned from a visit in Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Horace L. Hill has rented the Callahan house in Los Altos, where she will remain until October, when she will return to New York to spend the winter.

Mrs. Anne Bradley Wallace and her son, Mr. Bradley Wallace, have returned from Monterey.

Mrs. Kate Stowe Ealand has come from Santa Barbara to spend several months in this city. She is occupying the home on Jackson Street of Miss Frances Jolliffe.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Olney and Miss Anna Olney are at the Taboe Tavern for a few weeks' visit.

Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor has gone to Portland to visit her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Lewis.

Mr. and Mrs. John Johnston have returned from Monterey.

The Misses Evelyn and Genevieve Cunningham have recently returned from Weber Lake, where they spent several days with Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Moody.

Captain William Holmes McKittrick and Mrs. McKittrick have been spending the past week in town.

Judge James A. Cooper, Mrs. Cooper, and Miss Ethel Cooper have leased for two years the apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Gregg. Judge Cooper and his family are at present in Burlingame, where they are occupying the home of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper.

Mrs. James Ellis Tucker is in St. Helena with her mother, Mrs. W. B. Bourn, Sr., and her sisters, Mrs. William Alston Hayne and Miss Ida Bourn.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Dillingham have returned from the East and are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood, with whom they will remain until their departure for their home in Honolulu.

Mrs. Earl Shipp (formerly Miss Anna Weller) is visiting her parents, Judge Charles Weller and Mrs. Weller. Her husband, Lieutenant Shipp, U. S. N., has gone South for temporary duty.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sprague and their sons, the Messrs. William, Tom, and Richard Sprague, Jr., have gone to their ranch in Mendocino County.

Mr. and Mrs. George McNear, Jr., and Miss Ernestine McNear have returned from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Millen Griffith have returned from Ross, where they have been visiting Mr. Griffith's mother, Mrs. E. L. Griffith.

Miss Harriett Alexander returned Monday from a visit with Miss Ethel Crocker and has gone to Chico to spend a few days with Mrs. John Bidwell.

Mrs. Arno Dosch (formerly Miss Elsie Sperry) is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Sperry, in Redwood City.

Mrs. George W. Gibbs has gone to Monterey for an indefinite visit.

Mr. George Whittell, Jr., has gone to Europe for a few months' travel. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell, are spending the summer in Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. James Jenkins have returned to their home in Mill Valley after a visit with Mrs. James A. Coffin and Miss Sara Coffin in Ross.

Mrs. A. W. Foster, the Misses Louisiana and Martha Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kuechler and their children are spending a few weeks at the Foster ranch in Sonoma County.

Mrs. Jeannette C. Jordan has gone to Canada to visit relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Willcutt and Dr. George H. Willcutt are at Lake Tahoe.

Miss Jennie Blair returned Sunday from Bartlett Springs, where she has been spending the past three weeks. Miss Blair and her mother, Mrs. Samuel Blair, will leave August 1 for an extended visit in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant and their daughters, the Misses Josephine and Edith Grant, have returned from Weber Lake.

Mrs. Adolph P. Scheld and her daughter, Miss Margaret Scheld, have recently been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver in San Rafael, they left Tuesday for Inverness, where they will occupy their cottage during the next two months.

Mr. I. W. Hellman has returned from Europe.

Miss Helen Ashton has returned from Sacramento, where she has been visiting her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. John T. Piggott.

Mrs. Lane-Leonard and her little daughter have returned from Pleasanton, where they have been spending a month with Mrs. Hearst.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert P. Blanchard are established in their new home on Jordan Avenue.

Mr. Charles N. Black has leased the home on Broadway of Mrs. G. Russell Lukens.

Mrs. George Tallant, Miss Genevieve Tallant, and Master George Tallant, Jr., have gone to Santa Barbara for an indefinite visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Jones and the Misses Marie and Elena Brewer are established in an apartment on Filbert Street.

Mrs. Hannab Neil Hobart and Miss Mary Eyre have returned from a three months' visit in the Orient.

Miss Edith von Sebröder has recently been the guest of Miss Lee Girvin at her home in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Redding, Miss Katherine Redding, and Miss Elise Clark left last week for a motor trip through Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Henderson left recently for Santa Cruz to visit Mrs. Henderson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. O. McCormick, who are spending the summer in their country home.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Gallagher have leased a home on Union Street, near Devisadero Street. Since their marriage they have resided on Pacific Avenue near Presidio Avenue.

Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson has returned from Napa County, where she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Fuller, Jr., have gone to Nevada to visit Mr. W. P. Fuller. Upon their return they will move into their new home on Vallejo Street.

Mrs. B. F. Norris, accompanied by her granddaughter, Miss Jeannette Norris, has arrived at Coronado for the summer.

Dr. Gustavus C. Simmons, Mrs. Simmons, and their daughters, the Misses Edna and Eleanor Simmons, of Sacramento, are occupying their cottage in Inverness.

Mrs. Leon Penteno of Stresa, Italy, is the guest of Mrs. Rood of Seattle at Coronado.

Dr. James W. Keeney and Mrs. Keeney have returned from Woodside after a two weeks' visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker.

Among San Francisco people at present at Coronado are Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Owen, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Muhl, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Purrington, Miss K. M. Field, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Harrison, Mrs. A. Christie Smith, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Webrman, Mr. D. H. Christie.

Colonel John P. Wissner, U. S. A., Major Jacob C. Johnson, U. S. A., Captain Louis S. Chapplear, U. S. A., and Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Hines, U. S. A., have gone to Fort Rosecrans on official duty.

Major-General Alexander Godley, U. S. A., arrived Friday from New Zealand en route to England.

Lieutenant W. H. Simpson, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Ralph Drury, U. S. A., have gone to the Presidio, Monterey.

First Lieutenant Wylie T. Conway, U. S. A., has been detailed as a member of the general court-martial at the United States Military Prison, Alcatraz.

General Enoch H. Crowden, U. S. A., judge-advocate-general of the army, spent a few days in this city last week en route from Washington, D. C., to the Mexican border.

Colonel Alexander O. Brodie, U. S. A., will be retired from active service November 13.

Captain Douglas McCaskey, U. S. A., has arrived from Camp Sequoia and has joined Mrs. McCaskey and their sons at Pacific Grove. They will sail August 5 for Honolulu, where Captain McCaskey will be stationed for the next few years.

Mrs. Cowles, wife of Rear-Admiral Walter C. Cowles, U. S. N., is visiting Commander John M. Ellicott, U. S. N., and Mrs. Ellicott at Mare Island. Mrs. Cowles will leave next month for the East to visit relatives until the return of her husband, who is commander-in-chief of the Pacific fleet, now in Mexican waters.

Mrs. Leo Sabm (formerly Miss Edith Cowles) will go south shortly to join her husband, Lieutenant Sabm, U. S. N., who has recently been ordered to join his ship pending the arrival of Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels from Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant-Commander Gatewood S. Lincoln, U. S. N., and Mrs. Lincoln have returned to Mare Island after a month's visit with relatives in Missouri.

Admiral Uriel Sebrée, U. S. N. (retired), and Mrs. Sebrée have arrived in New York from Europe and will visit their son, Lieutenant Sebrée, U. S. N., before returning to their home, Seabreeze, in Coronado.

Rear-Admiral Louis Kempff, U. S. N. (retired), has returned from Mare Island, where he has been visiting his son and daughter-in-law, Lieutenant-Commander Clarence Kempff, U. S. N., and Mrs. Kempff.

Paymaster W. T. Wallace, U. S. N. (retired), and Mrs. Wallace have gone to Berkeley to spend the summer.

Lieutenant-Commander William H. Standley, U. S. N., Mrs. Standley, and their children have gone to Ukiah.

Lieutenant Wallace Bertholf, U. S. N., has been assigned as aid on the staff of the commander-in-chief of the Pacific fleet. Lieutenant Bertholf has recently been attached to the cruiser *South Dakota*. Mrs. Bertholf, who was formerly Miss Mary Mariner, is residing on Presidio Avenue and Clay Street with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mariner.

Mrs. Ross Kingsbury will remain at Mare Island until the return of her husband, Lieutenant Kingsbury, U. S. N., from the marine barracks in Charleston.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Fair has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Fair was formerly Miss Clarisse Lucke.

The home in Chicago of Mr. and Mrs. Clinton C. Conrad has been brightened by the advent of a son.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

"For forty-four years, ending at midnight last night," said United States Circuit Judge William W. Morrow Wednesday in speaking of his decision to remain on the federal bench though given the privilege of retiring at full salary, "I was compelled to work for a living. Now I shall go on working because I want to." Judge Morrow is seventy years old. His salary is \$7000 a year. Under the federal statute, any federal judge who has been on the bench more than ten years is entitled to retirement at full pay for life on reaching the age of seventy years. Judge Morrow has been on the bench more than a score of years.

By the votes of thirteen supervisors, five being absent, the board has adopted an ordinance calling a special election to be held in San Francisco on the 26th day of August, 1913, for the purpose of submitting to the electors a proposition to incur a bonded indebtedness of \$3,500,000 for the purpose of the acquisition or construction of municipal street railways from the Embarcadero to terminals at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition grounds, and the Presidio Military Reservation; from various points in Market Street, and in and through Stockton Street to the same terminals; from Market Street to a terminal in the Potrero district; on Van Ness Avenue, and along connecting streets to and along Church Street to convenient terminals; along California Street from Thirty-Third Avenue to First Avenue, and over connecting streets to Geary Street, and for such extensions and additions to the system as may be deemed necessary, and to include equipment thereof, appurtenances thereto, and purchase of necessary lands.

At a farewell luncheon given by Dr. Juichi Soyeda, former vice minister of finance of the Japanese government, and T. Kamiya of Tokio at the Fairmont Hotel Wednesday, Ambassador Guthrie, who sailed a little later for Japan, was the guest of honor. The luncheon was attended by more than a hundred Japanese and American guests. Dr. Soyeda toasted the United States ambassador, and welcomed him in the name of the Oriental

country to his new post. Other speakers were George Shiina, S. Fred Hogue, Consul-General Numano, Chester Rowell, Byron Mauzy, William T. Sesnon, and C. C. Moore.

On a mission to interest San Francisco and other Pacific Coast cities in the work of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, sixteen directors of the association were entertained here Monday and Tuesday.

Eugene Bresse, a prominent broker, died Monday after an illness of only two days. Mr. Bresse was a native of San Francisco, forty-four years old.

The Knights of Columbus Tuesday night tendered a reception to Neal Power, retiring organizer of the Knights in California, Past Grand Knight of San Francisco Council, and for two years head of the order in this state, and presented him with a handsome gold watch.

To the San Francisco Law Library, during the year, 3070 volumes were added, there now being 29,220 volumes in all. The expenditures during the year were \$15,063, of which \$2950 was for salaries and \$9554 for books. The income was \$16,162.

Exonerated by the police commissioners of all connection with the huncor ring, six police men were handed back their stars by Chief White Tuesday, following a week's suspension caused by charges made against them by Mike Gallo and Carlo Cordano, two bunco men. The policemen are Louis F. Balletto, Edwin Mills, Jack Gleeson, Samuel Orr, Charles Braun, and James Hayden.

Thirty-seven so-called "social clubs," many of them not incorporated, where poker playing and other forms of gambling have been permitted to flourish unrestrained for years, have been closed under orders of Captain of Detectives John Mooney.

Friday, July 11, was the hottest day of the year, when the thermometer marked a record of 90 degrees at four o'clock in the afternoon. The next day it was cool again.



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"He says he is always outspoken in his wife's presence." "He means outtalked."—*Houston Post*.

"I feel as if I were going to have appendicitis." "Well, I need a new gown, so you'll just have to wait."—*Life*.

Inspector—Any abnormal children in your class, Miss Pedagogue? *School Teacher*—Yes; one of them has good manners.—*Life*.

"You shouldn't be dissatisfied," said the Optimist. "Look at all you have." "Yes," assented the Pessimist, "but look at all I haven't."—*Judge*.

"Jinks appears to be putting aside something each month for a rainy day." "His failure to return umbrellas made me suspect as much."—*Buffalo Express*.

Hostess—Oh, I hope your dog won't go into the kitchen; the fish for hahy's dinner is on the table. *Coller*—I hope not, indeed. He isn't allowed to have fish.—*Punch*.

The Crank—This is the last time I'll ever camp out. The Enthusiast—Well, you shouldn't camp out unless you can enjoy yourself without being comfortable.—*Puck*.

"Why don't you marry me?" "I have a mission in life. I am working for the uplift." "Concentration is the thing. Let each woman confine her attention to uplifting one man."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Fair Customer—I tell you that I wear a number two. Clerk—But, madam, this shoe that you just took off is a number four. Fair Customer—Yes, I know; but it has stretched horribly.—*Boston Transcript*.

Wife (reminiscently)—I remember when you asked me to say the word that was to make you happy for life, how I hesitated. Hub (grumpily)—Hesitated? Huh! You never did say it.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Success will come to any one who perseveres." "I don't know about that. I've been married for ten years now, and my husband hasn't liked anything I've had for dinner yet."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

First Boy (the day after the Fourth)—Aint I in great luck? Second Boy (amazed)—Luck? First Boy—Yes! Now I can't have my face and hands washed nor my hair combed till these 'ere burns git well.—*Puck*.

Police Magistrate—Hov'n't Oi seen yez here twicet before? Prisoner—Only onct, yer ahner, an' that was last Patrick's Day. Police Magistrate—St. Patrick's Day, was ut? Wull, thot explains ut. Oi must av seen two of yez.—*Puck*.

"Can I send you any literature?" asked the solicitous congressman. "Not for awhile," answered Paw Hoptoad. "A congressman sent me a Patent Office report in 1890. I aint finished reading that yet."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Wouldn't you promise to obey a man of whom you thought enough to marry?" "I might," replied Miss Cayenne. "But I should undoubtedly have a few things to say if he were ever so impolite as to remind me of my promise."—*Washington Star*.

Father—I want to tell you this, my son: The secret of success is hard work. Son—If it's a secret, dad, you shouldn't have mentioned it. Fortunately, I'm too much of a gentleman to take advantage of information gained in that way.—*Boston Transcript*.

Quizzer—What's the matter, old man? You look worried. Sizzer—I have cause to. I hired a man to trace my pedigree. Quizzer—Well, what's the trouble? Hasn't he been successful? Sizzer—Successful! I should say he has! I'm paying him hush-money.—*Judge*.

"Future generations will think I am the president of the Ananias Club," the shade of General Sherman moodily remarked. "What's the matter?" asked Napoleon. "Why, Carnegie has abolished war and the theologians have abolished hell," replied Sherman.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.



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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Some False Alarms.

We hear from time to time of flattering tenders of appointments at home and in foreign lands made by President Wilson to more or less eminent Californians. One gentleman of that interesting type whose importance increases in geometrical ratio with the distance from home is said to have been offered a very important place in the Department of Justice. Another equally eminent citizen has been reported as declining the German mission. Still another citizen of the same high breed has, according to report, been tendered the ambassadorship to Austria, only to decline it in response to the clamor at home for his elevation to the Senate. Now we learn from a source which if not quite infallible is always intelligent that these several reports are just so many false alarms—that in none of these cases have the reported tenders really been made. Our information is to the effect that Mr. Heney was not offered a special prosecutorship; that Mr. Spreckels was not offered the German mission; that Mr. Phelan has not been offered the mission to Austria. Our

information, furthermore, is to the effect that they will not be made. They have, indeed, been considered; but the more they have been considered, the less disposed the appointing power is to act. All this is mightily disheartening to local vanity; for even if these reported tenders of office have not excited enthusiasm here they have in a sense stimulated the feeling of California's importance at Washington. Then, some of us have been quite willing that others of us should be sent to foreign countries—the foreigner the better.

The Crisis in Mexico.

The crisis in the Mexican situation which all thoughtful men have regarded as inevitable, likewise which they have dreaded and wished to postpone, seems now close at hand. President Huerta appears as little able to dominate the country as was his predecessor Madero. Affairs are plainly going from bad to worse and there is no reason to hope for better things. Felix Diaz, who for a brief hour appeared to be a strong man, turns out a weak one—so weak that now in the crisis of affairs he consents to virtual banishment. Nominally an envoy to Japan, under circumstances of an elaborately staged dignity, he is in reality forced to absent himself at the time of all other times when his work, if he were a strong man, is waiting for him. In the meantime foreign interests are suffering severely. England and Germany are calling upon the United States to enforce order in Mexico or to consent that somebody else shall do it. Clearly we are up against a situation where either we must fish or cut bait. Europe is willing to respect our Monroe Doctrine as it applies to Mexico, provided we in our turn shall accept the responsibilities which attach to it. But we must do one thing or the other—we must pacify Mexico or let Europe do it.

Naturally the Washington government is loath to act; first, it does not wish to mix in a disturbed and apparently hopeless situation; second, it doesn't know what to do. Perhaps the truest cause of delay is under this last condition. Assuming our obligation to ourselves and to the world to pacify Mexico, by what processes and means are we to do it? Fighting the Mexican rebels would be easy enough if they would stand up like gentlemen and be shot, but by what process are we to quiet a country where insurrection springs up over night and dissipates with the sunrise, only to reappear the next day in another spot?

As a military problem Mexico tends to make the Washington government pause. Geographically it is a vast region, difficult to enter with armies. More difficult still would it be to march armies through the country and supply them. Warfare in Mexico would necessarily be of the guerilla type, and the danger is that we should find another Moro war on our hands. The responsibilities to be assumed in an effort to pacify Mexico by armed force would be great and there is danger that they would be permanent. It is to be feared that once in Mexico we should never be able to get out. The cost would surely be vast in money and grievous in men.

Still the situation is what we see it. Our responsibilities are what circumstances have made them. That we can sidestep them is impossible. Our government must act soon and it must either act by itself under the sanctions of the Monroe Doctrine, or it must act in conjunction with those European countries whose interests are comparable if not precisely similar to our own.

The direct responsibility falls upon a man of non-militant spirit and temperament. President Wilson is essentially a man of peace, and of course would be more than pleased to see Mexico under almost any régime come to effective adjustment of her own affairs. None the less, there rests upon Mr. Wilson a very grave duty. If it shall come to armed intervention—and this

seems now inevitable—the President may have this assurance, namely, that back of him there will stand the whole resource of the country. Political differences do indeed divide our people, but under a great national necessity—in a vital crisis—Americans may be counted upon to stand as one man in support of national duty.

If the Police Were Upright!

Captain John Mooney has made a profound discovery. After a manner which would accredit Mr. Dooley himself, he has said, "If the police were upright, gamblers would be put out of business!" We have suspected it all along.

There are other things which the police "if they were upright" could do. They could do the work for which they are commissioned and paid, namely, that of protecting the public, instead of aiding and abetting criminals who prey upon the public. They could protect honest men and women in their right to earn a living upon their own contracts without bowing to the authority of and paying tribute to private associations styled labor unions. They could enforce the laws and maintain order, which they have not done these twenty years or more in San Francisco. All this the police could do "if they were upright."

And the police could easily be made upright. But an essential preliminary is the reorganization of the department upon the lines of legality and efficiency. However, it would call for a pretty thorough job of house-cleaning to accomplish this change. First there would have to be a new set of police commissioners selected with a view to a régime of capability, sincerity, and common honesty. Then there would have to be a chief of police so definitely a man of ability and character that he would first understand the law and then enforce it without partiality and without respect to sinister "orders." Then there would have to be fired out a considerable number of scoundrels who, through long training in the villainies of police administration and practice, have become hopelessly corrupted.

To make the police upright is the duty and the opportunity of Mayor Rolph. He has but to say the word and the thing is done. But he will have to put aside any private purpose which he may cherish of employing the police to the end of his personal ambitions or for the gratification of his sense of authority. He will have to inform his interested friends that the police will hereafter serve the purposes of the community rather than the purposes of interest, politics, or private vanities.

We have small hope that Mayor Rolph will do this, because he has not shown spirit or capacity in any other relationship. He has been in office now a year and a half and he has not bettered conditions in any one particular. The same old wrongs, the same old abuses, the same hoary shames are in plain view. The business of the mayor as he understands it appears to be to pose in cheap and vain ways, to shy at every opportunity for real service, to suffer the continuance of gross wrongs, and to sidestep plain duties. We wonder if there be anybody to remember that when this cheap little man was proposed for mayor something over two years ago the *Argonaut* remarked that while he had a certain individual respectability he lacked the force and the character essential to positive action under serious or critical conditions?

Bad News from Colorado.

It is with a feeling almost of horror that we learn of a movement now upon foot to recall Judge Lindsey. The feeling is deepened by the fact that the movement originates with the enfranchised women of Colorado, who have been holding solemn convales in those chaste resorts devoted to feminine deliberations on the salvation of the nation and who are now determined to take appropriate action to that end. The high crimes

misdeemeanors of which Judge Lindsey is accused have not yet been made known in detail. He will be allowed an opportunity for self-defense, which in itself is something of a novelty in matters of feminine justice, but until the charges have been duly formulated we must wait with such patience as we can command.

But the story seems too dreadful to be true. We had supposed that Judge Lindsey was enshrined, beatified, and haloed in the progressive heart. In our simplicity we had assumed that here at least was a just judge and a true friend of the people. For was it not Judge Lindsey who invented "The Beast," and who described his battle with that fearsome monster through so many dreary pages of a popular magazine now probably defunct? Was it not Judge Lindsey who upheld the banner of the one and only democracy against the hosts of Midian now known in the vernacular as the higher-ups? Was it not Judge Lindsey whose fiery harangue stirred the ranks of Armageddon at Chicago and caused even Mr. Heney to envy a power of vituperation that surpassed even his own? Was it not Judge Lindsey who was prepared at a moment's notice to defy the world, the flesh, and the devil with a little batch of new laws that could so easily be knocked together on a Sunday night and passed on a Monday morning? Was not this the champion of the recall, the referendum, the initiative, pensions for all those now unpensioned, and whatever other measures might happen to be on the carpet for giving everything to every one? In brief was not Judge Lindsey a Bull-Moose and the very pick of the herd? And now it seems he is to be hoist with his own petard and to fall into the pit that he helped to dig for others. And in the house of his friends, too; at the hands of the women whom he helped to enfranchise and whose falsetto applause must have warmed his heart upon a hundred platforms.

Frankly we can not spare Judge Lindsey. Let the women of Colorado hold their destroying hands. It is easy to understand that they must recall some one, but let them exercise their privilege and guess again. We have grown to like Judge Lindsey, to admire his omniscience, to rely upon that unfailing intuition that enables him without an instant's reflection to prescribe the remedy for all our social ills. For Judge Lindsey is something more than a judge. He is something more than a man. He is a kind of earthly providence, a miniature Roosevelt, a modified Heney. Let the women of Colorado remember these things and the needs of the nation. Let them sink their local grievances in the higher patriotism. Let them recall some one else.

The Stamford Disaster.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has placed the blame for the recent Stamford disaster upon the New Haven Railroad Company, and there will be no disposition to quarrel with that finding. An important passenger train was entrusted to an engineer who "did not have the special experience and instruction required for the operation of such a train," and who was "inexperienced and uninstructed in this class of work." Those were the plain and damning facts that might be explained, but that could not be excused, by any plea of labor-union coercion. The railroad company that employs an incapable engineer is responsible for the results, whatever they may be, and there is no conceivable defense that could properly be presented before a judicial inquiry.

But the public is not bound by technicalities, and while it will concur heartily in the finding of the commission, there will still be room in the public mind for a recognition of facts that may be legally irrelevant. And among these facts is the undisputed statement of the company that "the employment of this engineer was practically forced upon the New Haven Railroad by the engineers of the company." This fact, as has been said, is undisputed. We know that this engineer was forced upon the company by labor-union rules which compelled the use of untrained men and which required the company to assign to any particular "run" the man whose name happened to head a rotation list, no matter how patent his disqualifications. We know also that there had been dangerous friction between the company and the union, the company demanding a change of the rules which allowed the employment of untrained men and the union insisting on a retention of those rules.

Now all these things constitute no defense. The company allowed itself to be coerced and it is therefore guilty, although every one knows what union coercion actually means. It should have fought the issue to a

finish. It should have used the weapons of publicity. It should have allowed the public to understand that the safety of its passenger trains was involved and that under union rules those trains were being sent out in charge of untrained men. It did none of these things, and now the public is allowed a horrified glance behind the curtain and at secret negotiations involving the safety of hundreds of persons. It sees the union engaged in its habitual struggle, not on behalf of capable men, but of incapable men, not of efficiency, but of inefficiency. It sees the union displaying its usual contempt for the public good, in its new version of the "public be damned" attitude. And now it is for the traveling community to say what it thinks of these things and of the spectacle of a game of pitch-and-toss played in secret and with human lives for a stake. The company deserves all the strictures that have been passed upon it. That goes without saying. But the public is likely to do some deep thinking. It is likely also to wonder how many other labor-union agreements there may be in existence under which passenger trains are sent out upon the roads in charge of novices.

Cabinet Troubles.

Those who observed the internal troubles at Princeton University during the later years of President Wilson's administration, and who attributed the same to Mr. Wilson's lack of judgment of men and things, are taking a very special interest in the Cabinet situation. It is less than five months since Mr. Wilson organized his official family, and already four of the nine Cabinet ministers are in hot water. Mr. Bryan in the State Department is plainly a misfit. He does not comprehend its duties and seems totally unimpressed by its more definite responsibilities. The department itself is demoralized. One who visited it only a week or ten days ago found the three assistant secretaries absent. There is no Solicitor and the whole responsible work of the department is falling on the shoulders of one man held over from the previous administration under the necessity of having somebody trained in the theories and precedents of international diplomacy. All the experienced men in the Latin-American bureau have been let out and in their places Mr. Bryan has put as chief a man from New Mexico without training, and for his assistant a youth who was recently an insurance solicitor. There are several experienced Democratic secretaries of legation who might have been called into this important bureau, but there seems no comprehension of the need for trained competence in diplomatic work. Mr. Bryan himself, as he has appeared to visitors recently, has been full of talk about his scheme of universal peace, but seemingly without any thought of what is going on in the world. With the diplomats of every other country in a state of intense eagerness respecting American policy in Mexico and in connection with the Japanese situation, Mr. Bryan has gone off on a six weeks' lecture tour.

The Department of Justice, if not so demoralized as the Department of State, is nevertheless in a bad way. Mr. McReynolds is no doubt a capable lawyer, but he is far from being a trained administrator. His experience as a "trust-buster" has overemphasized in him the propensity for showy and striking procedures. Apparently he likes to see his department in the newspapers, this being the readiest explanation of his rather too free talk about his plans in connection with the tobacco trust and in criticism of the situation as it relates to Standard Oil operations. But more serious even than the indiscretion of too free talk was Mr. McReynolds's blunder in connection with the California incident. This blunder exhibited the fact that important matters worthy of the interested attention of the Attorney-General are abandoned to subordinates with far too great license of action. It exhibits the Secretary as so careless in his attention to the details of his work as to be mindless one week of what he said and did the week previous. His eagerness to enforce the law appears chiefly manifest in connection with procedures calculated to attract public notice. The vice of political aim does not seem so much to possess him as the desire for sensational effects.

In connection with the California cases there is current at Washington a curious bit of gossip to the effect that the delay in the Diggs-Caminetti cases was arranged directly by the President himself, at the request of Mr. Caminetti; that McReynolds, although requested to postpone the action by Secretary Wilson of the Department of Commerce, later was ordered to do it by President Wilson. This theory is presented in ex-

planation of the President's prompt and rather too hearty letter in justification of the Attorney-General's course.

The third of the President's secretaries to exhibit striking deficiencies is Secretary Wilson. It is said that at the time of his appointment the President did not know that Mr. Wilson had been indicted upon a criminal charge and jailed in connection with it, and that he had escaped trial upon a technicality, but not without a stinging rebuke on the part of a United States judge. He was put into the Cabinet purely as a sop to organized labor in its more rabid form. He has long been identified with the leadership of that branch of organized labor which seeks monopoly of all labor and which would deny to a citizen the right to earn his living until he has paid tribute in the double forms of money and of personal subjection to the labor hierarchy. Mr. Wilson's part in the Caminetti-McNab incident sufficiently illustrates his capacity for blundering. It is, of course, impossible to know whether he acted upon consideration of the seriousness of the case and in cooperation with Caminetti to the end of getting his son free, or whether he simply acted a heedless and complaisant part.

Mr. Daniels in the Navy Department seems to be something of a chump. His first suggestion was that nullifying the seniority rule in connection with navy promotions. The purpose was to punish an officer of the navy presumed to have been actively in sympathy with the Republican party—so actively in fact as under leave of absence to have taken a definite part in Mr. Taft's campaign for the presidency. But whatever Mr. Daniels's purpose, the effect of his proposal was to raise a storm in the navy and out of it. Hitherto promotions in the navy have been in the regular way, although assignments to special duty have been by special order. To so alter the rule as to permit promotions by preference appeared, in the eyes of the navy at least, to be vicious to the point of threatening demoralization of the service. That it would result in scandalous practice was and is the universal belief among navy men. Mr. Daniels has likewise created disturbance in the navy by the brilliant suggestion that officers and men—sailors and marines—on board warships be required to mess together. This, as it was explained, was designed in the spirit of democratic equality, though we suspect that it was more directly intended in the interests of conciliating the *hoi polloi*. It scarcely needs to be said that the suggestion is unpracticable, improper, ridiculous. Mr. Daniels was persuaded to abandon this novel plan, but the proposal shows the calibre of the man. Mr. Daniels is now touring the country after a holiday fashion, and we suspect that this is about the most harmless way he can put in his time.

At Princeton President Wilson managed to keep the water boiling in every professorial and administrative department; and it looks as if this record were to be duplicated at Washington. He is plainly no judge of men and, what is almost as bad, he has little acquaintance outside the academic world in which his own life has been passed. Of professors and teachers he knows more than enough, as his selections for high public posts make manifest, but of men trained and competent in the sphere of political life he has almost no knowledge at all. Himself a Southerner and always profoundly cherishing Southern sentiment, to which he is temperamentally disposed, he has neglected to get in touch with men of the North, and this fact accounts for many of the selections he has made for high administrative and diplomatic stations, even including men for his Cabinet. California's representative in the Cabinet has borne witness to the President's method of finding men. "I never met the President," Mr. Lane remarked after the first Cabinet meeting, "until after he had tendered me the Secretaryship of the Interior."

Then in connection with the deficiencies above suggested there seems in the President an inveterate disposition to act individually in matters where custom and propriety would interpose executive agents. He has the schoolmaster's cocksureness with respect to pretty much everything and is little respectful of the conventional requirements which should restrain a President from hasty and individual action. He is, in the phrase of Washington gossip, disposed to be "the whole thing" when it comes to administration and quite unconsciously overlooks the rules and practices which since time out of mind have controlled the relationship between President and Cabinet officers. That this sort of thing must lead to dissatisfaction on the part of members of the Cabinet and to embarrassment for the President himself is inevitable. Men of Cabinet place, if they have the

character requisite for their work, will not submit to being treated like minor and inconsequential factors of a school faculty—consulted or neglected as the whim may seize the head of the government.

It is the opinion of close observers of both parties, including important men of the President's own party who especially wish him well and who are naturally anxious for his success on party account, that the administration is destined to failure. The administration of a machine so large as the United States government is essentially a business calling for policies in which President Wilson appears wholly lacking. He has small acquaintance with public affairs outside of their scholastic bearings; he does not seem able to distinguish between the men worthy of confidence and trust and those whose purposes are purely selfish; yet he has temerity unbounded and apparently no caution at all. The present troubles in the Cabinet are a direct product of these defects—and we are likely to see more of them as time goes on.

The Little Rebellion in China.

A few weeks ago Dr. Sun Yat Sen issued an hysterical proclamation to the effect that President Yuan Shi Kai was aiming at supreme power and that all good Chinese republicans should unite to overthrow him. A report from Peking now tells us that 4000 rebels from Nanking have been defeated by 2000 loyal troops, that Dr. Sun Yat Sen has proceeded to Nanking in order to encourage the beaten forces, and that a single decisive battle would either end the revolt at once or increase it to a formidable size. In the meantime the southern rebels at Nanking have named a president and government of their own and are said to have great hopes of arousing the country.

It would be rash to predict what will or will not happen in China, but it is hard to see anything very portentous in a rebellion that involves a total of no more than 6000 men. Dr. Sun Yat Sen is, of course, an idealist and an enthusiast, qualities that are admirable enough in their way, but that are only too liable to dim the vision of practical statesmanship. Saturated with his experiences of American republicanism, he is impatient of any delay in the establishment of a complete democratic system in China, and because Yuan Shi Kai knows that this is impossible he is denounced as a traitor and dictator. He may be both the one and the other, but the charge comes with an ill grace from Sun Yat Sen, who loudly acclaimed him as the only possible president of the new republic.

It is not a little remarkable that China should have passed through so vast a change with so little bloodshed. Probably there is no other case on record where an empire has been overthrown with less friction. That the Chinaman is not a natural fighter is true enough, but it hardly explains the ease of the late transition from imperialism to republicanism. When the Chinese are once aroused by national sentiment they have proved themselves to be very fierce fighters. The Taiping rebellion lasted for fourteen years and cost nearly 20,000,000 lives, and the Mohammedan rebellions between 1861 and 1872 resulted in the practical depopulation of Kansu and Yunnan. The Chinese are certainly not prone to accept anything in the way of government that happens to be offered to them. If it should presently become evident that the new government has been popularly accepted it will be because of the practical approval of the people, and not merely because of their passivity.

There is no reason why the republic should not be approved if it is able to gratify the sentiment that called it into existence. That sentiment was one of national dignity. The revolution was a protest not so much against a system of domestic misgovernment as against the results of that misgovernment in lowering the status of the nation in the eyes of the world. The statement issued by Wu Ting-fang—so well and favorably known in America—is usually regarded as complete and authoritative, and it is to be noted that its author harps continuously on the string of the national dignity. In the course of his long indictment of the Manchus it is to be noted that the one supreme grievance is not the oppression of the people, but the disgrace of the nation in the eyes of the world. The Manchus had been unable to preserve the national dignity in the face of civilization and therefore they must go. The pledge of the republic was not so much that the people should be better governed, but that China should now take its place in civilization and that it should win the respect of humanity. The particular form of government was not so much at issue as the ability of any form of gov-

ernment to win back the national self-respect. Such at least is the unanimous opinion of students of Chinese affairs who are best qualified to judge. And it is precisely this view that explains Yuan Shi Kai's sensitiveness on the point of the compulsory loan. He knew that his administration was on trial and that the actual test would not be his ability to devise conventions and elections and parliaments, but to enable the country to face the world with dignity and independence. In this respect he has undoubtedly succeeded, as witness the present fact that even the prestige of Sun Yat Sen has been able to call only about 4000 rebels into the field.

Editorial Notes.

Mr. Caminetti, Sr., who couldn't be spared from his duties at Washington has contrived somehow to get out to California—and the government at Washington still lives! It is an interesting coincidence that Father Caminetti's arrival in California comes fast upon the date set for the trial of son Caminetti under the white slave act. Come to think of it, Mr. Caminetti as Commissioner of Immigration is the official charged by the government with the duty of prosecuting offenders under this act. It is necessary, therefore—we may reasonably presume—for Mr. Caminetti to be here to see that the case is pushed for all it is worth. It does give the public, especially that part of the public interested in the enforcement of the law, a pleasing assurance to know that the strong arm of the government is duly represented here in dealing with men charged under this particular law. Since coming Mr. Caminetti has been busy inspecting the immigration station at Angel Island. If we may believe the newspapers, he put in a whole half day week before last in this important duty. This, of course, enables Mr. Caminetti to duly punch the clock as officially on duty; and no doubt it makes a basis for per diem and mileage during a time when he is actively at work in the enforcement of the white slave law. Taking the incident of Mr. Caminetti's presence here in all its relations and bearings, there is about it an atmosphere singularly sweet and wholesome.

We can but fear that for all of the fine enthusiasm in the cause of avenging justice which has brought to California at this time the official whose duty it is to enforce the white slave law, Mr. Caminetti's labors may be in vain. Multiplied forces are scheming, plotting, and leg-pulling in behalf of the young men criminally charged. To be sure, the prosecuting officer has been instructed to proceed with the cases, but there are many indications that the real wish at Washington is that the trials shall fail. The head of Mr. Caminetti's own department has publicly manifested his sympathies; the Attorney-General has thrown a brick into the machinery of justice, only to have it dug out with some difficulty; even the President himself has shown where his sentiments lie. Then there is the reformed state government at Sacramento with which both defendants had recently an official connection. Naturally this organization of strenuous moralists will wish to preserve their own character for purity by protecting their official associates against the penalty for infamies, confessed even though they be. Then there has been a series of delays with abundant opportunity to suborn and otherwise tamper with witnesses. It is even suspected that the victims—the young women in the case—will either be beyond the state line when the time for trial comes or will swear that the now famous excursion to Reno was a mere Sunday-school picnic party. All these obstacles to the enforcement of the law Father Caminetti, guardian of the law, will have to meet. Still where there is strenuousness of effort backed by profound moral purpose, all under a devoted sense of official obligation, wonders may happen.

It sounds well in connection with announcement of the remarriage of Mr. U. S. Grant, Jr., that the lady in the case, a native Californian, is a descendant of a "Spanish hidalgo." Mrs. Grant is by no means the first or the only descendant of the Mexican régime in California to fly the flag of an ennobled descent. But the truth is that there were no "hidalgos" among the early settlers of California. The best and latest historical authority after careful study of the Mexican régime here declares that the Spanish element in California came not from the sphere of nobility, but from a very simple though a very worthy stock. The supreme authority in the country was that of the church, and in conjunction with the church there were at various points small groups of soldiers. These sol-

diers upon abandoning military service became the grantees of lands and as in the case of the Castros, Mendozas, and many others, set up as graziers, ultimately to become a species of landed peasantry—in these terms do not contradict each other. They were plain people and very worthy people, but they were not hidalgos. If the strict fact takes something of the element of romance from the story of the "splendid idle 'forties'"—before and since—it is none the less historical truth.

Not only in California but in other relatively new countries members of second or third generations, grown prosperous, are wont in vanity to magnify the social station of their forebears. The grandson of an immigrant peasant likes to regard himself a scion of noble lineage, and his son not uncommonly finds somebody for a modest fee to dig up a crest or other insignia of family dignity. Only the other day there was noted in the reports which deal with fashionable life in San Francisco a marriage tracing back to "high aristocratic connections"—whereas in each case the memory of the editor of the *Argonaut*, by no means the oldest man in the community, goes back to a worthy brick yard laborer in the one line of descent and to a bibulous pawnbroker in the other. Not long ago we all read of the theft of certain "old family jewels," whereas some of us remember that there was never a jewel in the family, barring manly courage and female virtue, until some thirty or less years ago. The truth is that dignitaries of traditional wealth—hidalgos, sir knights, and the like—almost never abandon the countries in which they live in established social and material importance. The poor and the lowly emigrate, but princes and lords almost never. Such are satisfied with things as they find them. They have no need to seek new conditions under sacrifice of established prestige, or to hunt a prosperity which they have already. Under the whip of political persecution there did come to Virginia at one time a limited number of adventurers from the aristocratic class in England, but among them, so far as the record has been developed, there was but one real lord. There came likewise to New England in early Colonial times one Sir Harry Vane, but when the storms of his ancestral country passed, this scion of a blue-blooded stock returned to his own. Pretty much all are descended from a stock which left its native home to escape hard conditions or to seek adventures. Reckoned by cleanliness of blood and merit of character there could be no better ancestry. But they were not nobles nor hidalgos.

In connection with the wreck of the *Titanic* and more recently in connection with the death of Mr. John P. Morgan the fact was emphasized that in so far as American investors have ventured into the field of foreign transportation they have found it necessary to borrow foreign flags. Thus the White Star Line, the Red Star Line, the Ledyard Company, the Atlantic Transport Company, and other lines of ships operating in the Atlantic Ocean under English and other flags are largely owned by Americans. In the Pacific the ships of the Pacific Mail Company sail under the national colors, but it is an open secret that the sentiment that the flag stands for has been very costly to those who have so cherished it. Until just now Captain Dollar of San Francisco, a leading Pacific shipowner, has sailed his ships under the Stars and Stripes, though at heavy cost. But the pressure of our ridiculous navigation laws has become too heavy, and for self-protection Captain Dollar, than whom there is no more loyal American, has been compelled to re-register his ships under the Chinese flag. It would seem that a circumstance so impressive should attract the attention of the government, especially at a time when it is busying itself with tariff readjustment.

There is no rule or law to prevent the presiding officer of the United States Senate, sitting in his seat of authority, from fondling a baby, or from eating a watermelon, or from picking his teeth or rubbing up his fingernails. Matters of this kind are subject only to considerations of individual sensibility and personal taste. And of course if a particular man has no sense of dignity and propriety, no delicacy of feeling, there is no known process by which his deficiencies may be supplied. Even under the restrictions of this far-from-free country a man may make a fool of himself without other penalties than those involved in the contempt of people of sense and breeding.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

The German government has succeeded in passing through the imperial parliament the bill for the increase of the army to 870,000 men, but only on the stipulation that justice upon army offenders be less rigorously applied. This concession was exacted by the Socialists, who used as an object lesson a recent saloon brawl between policemen and reservists which was followed by a sentence of five years' imprisonment on the offending reservists. It seems a pity that Socialists are so often allowed to pose as the champions of real reform, and this in face of the fact that Socialists rarely miss an opportunity to be tyrannical and cruel. It is only when they attack existing institutions that they clamor so noisily for justice and mercy.

Pennsylvania has passed a law denying the rights of marriage to persons with transmissible diseases, of unsound mind, or who have received public charity within the past five years. This law has been passed under the surprising conviction that a denial of marriage will prevent the birth of children to the persons thus disbarred. Of course it will do nothing of the sort. What it will do is to bring marriage into disrepute without in any way affecting the birth conditions. Mr. H. E. Dearborn, writing an eminently sensible letter to the *New York Sun*, says: "It would be vain to exclude from consideration the probability of unsanctioned unions between persons barred from legal marriage, unions in many cases as innocent as the most elaborately celebrated marriages, save for their fatal unlawfulness. Wherever marriage has been made difficult such cohabitations have been numerous and have attained respectful recognition. They have involved no loss of good standing and are not to be confounded with merely wanton and lustful association, which no law of man or God prevents or regulates."

The maiden ladies who were doubtless responsible for this silly law are evidently under the impression that there is some necessary connection between births and marriages. Of course there is none. The births will go on as before and a good many people will be taught by necessity that there are no sanctities whatever about a mere ceremony.

Mr. John Lane has been in some trouble over his English edition of Sudermann's "Das Hohe Lied." The book has already appeared in America under the title of "The Song of Songs," but no sooner were the sheets imported into England than the police made some objections to the issue on the ground of public morality. Thereupon Mr. Lane obtained the opinions of various "men of letters," including Miss May Sinclair and Miss Beatrice Harraden. They were all favorable, although some of the referees objected to the American colloquialisms, which seemed to them to be misplaced in a translation. Bernard Shaw's opinion was the most characteristic. Mr. Shaw wrote: "If Germany may read Sudermann and we may not, then the free, adult German man will presently upset the Englishman's perambulator and leave him to console himself as best he may with the spotlessness of his pinafore." Now while the Anglo-Saxon mind will always look with resentment—at least we may hope so—upon a police supervision of literature it will be remembered that there were some American critics who deplored the appearance of Sudermann's novel in this country and who regarded it as an outrage upon good taste. And we must still face the question whether there ought, or ought not, to be an authoritative censorship of literature. If so, in whose hands should it rest? A police censorship makes us laugh. A religious censorship would make us weep. A feminine censorship would be licentious, and a literary censorship would be careless and indifferent to the moral issue. What are we going to do about it?

The new musical prodigy, the violinist Duci Kerekjarte, is eleven years old, but he is quite late upon the stage in comparison with some other marvels. Halle played in public at the age of four and Mozart played and composed at the age of five, while Rubinstein began his performances at the age of eight. And now we should like to hear from the eugenicists and the hereditists as to the particular combinations of conditions that produce the musical prodigy. They ought now to have enough evidence for their verdict, and we should like to arrange for a supply. It may take some few generations, but if we can do anything by selecting a grandpaternal ancestor with a wart on his nose, or a grandmaternal progenitor with a slight cast in the left eye and a tendency toward free silver, we may as well make a beginning. And if the eugenicists can not help us to a supply of musical prodigies then what can they do?

The *London Daily Chronicle* tells us that the uneducated classes of England are in the habit of valuing the spiritual ministrations of the clergy according to their rank in the church. Mr. G. W. E. Russell tells an incident as having happened to a clerical friend of his: "Returning to his parish after his autumn holiday, and noticing a woman at her cottage door with a baby in her arms, he asked, 'Has that child been baptized?' 'Well, sir,' replied the curtsying mother, 'I shouldn't like to say as much as that; but your young man came and did what he could.'" Perhaps the estimate was not so far wrong after all.

We hear a good deal of scientific management in business, but who will say a good word for scientific management in legislation? A Chicago newspaper thus analyzes the work of the Illinois legislature: Electing a speaker, three weeks; idleness, one week; electing two United States senators, five weeks; attending the Wilson inauguration, two weeks; organizing and "getting down to business," two weeks; committee hearings and reading of bills, four weeks; passing 25 per cent of its bills, four weeks; passing 75 per cent of its bills, two weeks. A ten-dollar-a-week messenger boy would

be "fired" if he wasted his time so intolerably, but a legislature may pay itself \$1500 a day for doing either nothing at all or mischief. Now if the Illinois legislature had adjourned before reaching the bill-passing stage the evil would have been somewhat minimized. But that is just where the aggravation of the offense is to be found. It actually passed the bills, and now the whole state has to suffer.

An exhibition of ancient surgical instruments lately opened in London seems to show that operations, and large ones, too, were by no means unknown to antiquity. Some of these implements that were found in Rome were apparently intended for appendicitis, but we may suppose that the operation was not then a fashionable one, since the luckless patient must either have endured the pain as best he could or else submitted to be drugged or stunned. Drugs of some kind were certainly used for these purposes, but they could not have been much more than palliatives.

Mr. E. J. Nally, vice-president of the Postal Telegraph Company, has just returned from Europe, and to a representative of the *New York Evening Post* he was good enough to express the opinion that the British mind does indeed possess a certain sense of humor. He says he took a trip on an omnibus and in front of him on the 'bus sat a swarthy man, evidently from the Orient. On his head he wore a white turban. "The conductor on the omnibus touched me on the shoulder and indicated, with a nod, the man in front. 'I beg your pardon, governor,' he said, 'but what kind of a bloke do you call that chap?' 'Why,' I said, 'he looks to me like a sun-worshipper.' The conductor looked out through the fog of London for a moment, and declared, with a wink: 'He must be here on his vacation, governor.'"

Lady Frances Tennessee Claflin Cook seems to have a keen eye for the practical. Lady Cook was recently in New York, and of course she was invited to attend a suffrage meeting. One of the speakers was explaining that the present purity campaign would put an end to war, when the visitor interrupted with the demand: "Tell them about something we are going to do now—something I am going to see." The report does not mention in what way the request was answered. There is only one way in which it could be answered truthfully, and that is by silence.

We may have hearty good wishes for Rostand, Maeterlinck, and Flammarión in their efforts to "combat the materialism of the present day," but we do not see how this is to be done. Materialism is not a belief, but a habit of mind, and it is to be found in religion as well as out of it. It is curious that materialism should have increased among the masses of people in proportion as it has waned among scientists. There are very few scientists of front rank today who would care to avow themselves as materialists, and still fewer who would repeat the once famous aphorism of Moleschott that "the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile." But there can be little doubt that the popular mind is more materialistic than it was twenty years ago, and perhaps this is due to the general coarsening of mental fibre. In one sense of the word we are also more ignorant than we were twenty years ago if we regard ignorance as the difference between mental capacity and mental efficiency to grapple with the problems selected. The social problems that are now most in the air are wholly out of reach of the average mind. But the average mind conceives itself as wholly competent to grapple with them.

Ellen Key, of whom better things might be expected, has words of strong discouragement for the women teachers of New York who want to fill the double rôle of teacher and mother. Writing in the July *Atlantic*, Miss Key says that this can not be done. A choice between the two professions must be made. A woman has a right to be a mother and she has a right to be a teacher, but she can not be both mother and teacher unless she neglects either the home or the school. This seems so evident that we can only wonder at the need of it, and still more at the feminist indignation aroused by Miss Key's verdict. But the distinguished Swede has something more to say. She abhors the idea that children should be reared in public institutions, a proposal quite seriously put forward by those determined to banish the word duty from the feminine lexicon. The home activities of a married woman, says Miss Key, are so heavy as to constitute a full career, and if they are well done there can be no suggestion of parasitism. It is to be feared that Miss Key will become unpopular among the soaring sisterhood if she persists in using such strange and abhorrent words as duty.

The *London Chronicle* has been collecting a few "earliest recollections," and some of them are very early indeed. Mr. Edmund Gosse remembers an incident that occurred before he could talk. Seated in a baby chair he saw a leg of mutton placed on the table. Suddenly and noiselessly "a large, long animal (obviously a greyhound) appears at one window-sill, slips into the room, seizes the leg of mutton, and slips out again." But Lord Melhourne puts all other records in the shade. We have it on the authority of Lord Granville that "the late Lord Carlisle once said that he remembered being christened (which would mean more if we were told at what age he underwent that rite), upon which Lord Melhourne said that he did not think much of that, as he remembered being born."

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

Curiously enough, in the midst of war alarms from the Balkans, the fact that the city of Tirnova, the ancient capital of Bulgaria and place of the coronation of kings before the Turkish conquest, has been almost completely destroyed by an earthquake passed almost unnoticed.

OLD FAVORITES, BY LUCIUS H. FOOTE.

Types.

The new and the old.
The dross and the gold.
The chaff and the wheat
Commingle and meet
Here, where the hammers of sunset are furled
On the rim of the world.
New forms and new faces
Confront the old races
And challenge the scions of Saxon descent.
Such a wonder today,
On the crowded highway,
Flashed on my sight for a moment and went.
Like the Goddess of Dawn,
With the step of a fawn,
And lithe as a leopard, she passed, and was gone.
Her sire is a Celt, and her mother was born
Where the beautiful light of a Tuscan morn
Falls on the billows of ripened corn.
Escutcheons are nothing to her, although
One ancestor fought under Caesar in Gaul,
And another went down by the bastion-wall
When Sidney, at Zutphen, was slain by the foe.
—Lucius Harwood Foote.

A Reverie.

I.

Turn back with me across the dim historic years.
And pass the portals of the dark mysterious door,
Where pale-faced Sorrow sits beside the cain in tears;
Behold, the spectre of Imperial lust appears.
Its fleshless hands are red with human gore.

II.

Around this sombre silhouette softly plays
The mellow lustre of Castilian days.

On the long, low swell of the sleeping sea
At anchor a galleon swings at her chain;
On the strand a knight, on his bended knee—
In the sovereign name of Catholic Spain—
Unfurls a standard loyally.
Scarred veterans of elder lands,
Their banners red and red their hands,
File rank on rank across the sands.
So fair a sight was never seen,
Broad valleys bound in gold and green,
While stately rivers sweep between.

III.

The pageant vanishes; and in its place
A band of friars, in procession, climb
The consecrated hill, with solemn face,
And plant the emblem of their faith sublime.
Where now they kneel upon the roofless sod
Anon in minster walls they worship God.
Adown the summer silence I can hear
The silver chime of bells ring sweet and clear;
I see the vaulted nave, the surpliced priest,
The wine, the wafer, and the solemn feast,
The altar and the silver candlesticks,
The carved Christ, the gilded crucifix,
The cups of beaten gold for sacred rites,
The smoking censor and the waxen lights,
The sculptured saints, the dusky neophytes.

IV.

Time slowly weaves the web of fate,
Dynasties rise and fall;
And surely, soon or late,
Death comes to all.

Alike, beneath the sable pall,
The monarch and the monk lie down.
And so, his work of love and faith complete,
We see the good man calmly meet
The angel with the golden crown.

And while, methinks, I hear their sweet refrains
On every ripple of the ambient air,
The grass is growing in their fallen fanes,
Their silver chimes no longer call to prayer.

V.

'Tis an o'er true tale in the young New World,
Since that belted knight his banner unfurled.
His cross in the air, his keel on the main,
There's strife on the sea and toil on the plain,
For the white man's blood is the red man's bane.
Bronze statues of the mystic past,
I mark your slowly wasting lines,
Too crude in civic chains to last,
For you no promised morrow shines;
Victims of lawlessness and lust,
The end is certain, "dust to dust."

VI.

The years glide onward with noiseless feet,
And the mystical seasons wax and wane,
Only prolonged by the summer's heat,
Only defined by the winter's rain.
Before me stretches a pastoral land,
Where the patriarch pitches his tent by the rills;
His corn land and vine land on either hand,
And his flocks and his herds on a hundred hills.
When the hampers are filled with the fruit of the vine,
And the sheaves of the reaper are gathered in,
Red from the wine-press flow rivers of wine,
And the feasts of the autumn begin.
The young men laugh loud at their festive games,
And the old men rejoice at the sight;
While the dark-eyed daughters of dark-browed dames
Sing plaintive songs in the dusk of the night.

O nights of rest, O days of ease,
In this the Garden of Hesperides,
Here life is one long summer day,
A day that never reaches noon;
Where smiling May is always May,
And roses bloom from June to June.
—Lucius Harwood Foote.

It has recently been stated officially in Parliament that at the end of March, 1913, there were 907,921 old-age pensioners in the United Kingdom, for whom there is a provision in this year's estimate of \$61,016,200. In England and Wales, since 1906, the number of out-of-doors paupers over seventy has declined 94 per cent; in Scotland, since 1909, the decrease has been 83 per cent.

SAVING THE PALACE.

The Favorite Holiday Place of the Cockney Again in Danger.

To your genuine Londoner there is no palace save one. When he talks of "the Palace" he has no thought of his king's massive mansion in St. James's Park; nor does he refer to Lambeth Palace, the ancient Thames-side home of his grace of Canterbury; just as little, too, does he intend any allusion to St. James's Palace, or Kensington Palace, or that pile of legislative buildings sometimes described as the Palace of Westminster. No, when the cockney speaks of "the Palace" his sole thought is of that glittering structure out Sydenham way of which the full title is the Crystal Palace.

As there is so much for the pilgrim to see in London town itself, few are the Americans who find their way to that huge building of glass eight miles east of Charing Cross. If it were six hundred instead of sixty years old the case would be different; but the tourist of inquisitive mind may be assured that nowhere else can he enjoy so unique an opportunity of seeing London at play. Not merely on Bank 'olidays is the Crystal Palace the favorite Mecca of the cockney on pleasure bent; open on every week-day throughout the year, a Coney Island which knows no season, there is no day when a few thousand Londoners may not be observed under its glass roof or within its beautiful grounds. For more than a generation it has been the chosen venue of flower shows and dog shows and cat shows and poultry shows, while cycle meets and motor displays and cricket and football matches and firework entertainments have added their quota to the varied attractions which have given "the Palace" its hold upon the affection of the cockney.

All this is the growth of less than sixty years, for it was not until the June of 1854 that the palace and its two hundred acres of park and garden ground were formally opened to the public. As a building, however, the bulk of the palace is a few years older, for this huge conservatory-like structure was the home of that famous exhibition of 1851 which was the forerunner of those exhibitions and expositions which have since played so large a part in international education and fraternity. In its first form the model to which the structure was indebted was actually a conservatory, for the original of the Crystal Palace was a huge hot-house reared in the Duke of Devonshire's gardens at Chatsworth. That building was designed by one Joseph Paxton, a gardener whom the duke had taken into his employment and who, by his thoroughness and inventive genius, gradually rose to be his master's closest personal friend. When the prince consort devised his famous exhibition in Hyde Park the competition among architects to provide plans for a suitable structure was tremendous; no fewer than two hundred and thirty-three designs were submitted and rejected. At that juncture Paxton decided to try his hand, and it was his replica of the conservatory at Chatsworth, executed in nine days, which became the accepted design. As a reward for their courage in favoring such a unique plan the prince consort and his fellow-directors became the target of infinite ridicule; a building of glass and iron would either collapse during the first gale or frizzle to death every human being venturing within. But when it was completed all criticism was submerged in admiration; Thackeray became the laureate of the wonderful structure and sang how

A blazing arch of lucid glass
Leaps like a fountain from the grass
To meet the sun,
A Palace as for fairy Prince,
A rare pavilion such as man
Saw never, since mankind began.

As he became the poet of "the Palace," so it is eminently fitting that the most beautiful of the inedited stories of Thackeray should be one connected with that building. A young American couple had come to London for their honeymoon at the time of the exhibition of 1851, but the funds would not allow both being present at the gorgeous opening ceremony. So the bride went alone, but being small of stature she could see nothing of the brave procession of royalty and other notables. And then, at the thought of her disappointment and the money wasted on her ticket, tears began to trickle down her cheeks. A kindly eye had seen and interpreted those tears; and strong hands were placed beneath her arms to lift her above the crowd for a clear view of the passing show. She saw it all, but it was not until years later that, when Thackeray was on a lecture tour in the United States, the tearful bride learned that her "kind, strong Englishman" was none other than the author of "Vanity Fair."

When the exhibition of 1851 came to an end its beautiful home of iron and glass was for a moment in danger of destruction. The government was requested to buy the building and allow it to remain as a permanent ornament of Hyde Park; but the government, as is the way of British officialism, declined to undertake such a public-spirited enterprise. Nine gentlemen, however, formed themselves into a committee, purchased the building for seventy thousand pounds, and then organized the Crystal Palace Company with a capital of half a million pounds. As it cost more than a hundred thousand pounds to take down and reërect the building, it is hardly surprising that, considering the land that had to be purchased and the cost of fitting up the interior, the capital fund had eventually to be increased to a million. Agents were dispatched to the continent

to purchase examples of the works of art of all nations, and Paxton was the means of securing a collection of palms and other rare plants which had taken a century to assemble together.

For more than thirty years the Crystal Palace maintained its position as London's chief place of entertainment. No foreign sovereign came to England without being brought hither for a royal fête, while year by year it was the scene of festivals without number. Horticultural shows, royal thanksgivings, mammoth displays of fireworks, and gigantic musical festivals followed each other in rapid succession, all contributing to establish "the Palace" in the affections of the Londoner. Some twenty years ago, however, the controlling company fell into financial difficulties, largely owing to the rivalry of other pleasure-haunts. Reconstructions have been frequent since that date, but finally a receiver in bankruptcy had to be appointed, and during the past few months it has seemed probable that the fate which was averted in 1851 was inevitable.

So desperate was the position that the lord mayor of London was appealed to to open a popular subscription to save the palace from destruction and its grounds from the jerry-builder. Such a recourse is usually successful, but for once the chief magistrate of the capital had to confess to failure. But he had the happy thought of petitioning the editor of the *Times* for his assistance. A sum of ninety thousand pounds was necessary to complete the purchase price of two hundred and thirty thousand pounds, and as I write the *Times*, by a week's campaign, has raised more than two-thirds of that sum. Begging money from its readers is not a part of the policy of the *Times*; only once before in its long history has it made such an appeal; but its departure from precedent, defended on the ground of the urgency and uniqueness of the occasion, shows how great its influence is when it elects to exert it. Although a few thousand pounds are still required, it may be taken for certain that "the Palace" will be saved long ere these lines appear in print.

Nor can I recall an occasion when a public appeal has elicited such a speedy response from all classes of the community. The members of the royal family, politicians of the most diverse views, artists and actors, musicians and authors, peers and commoners, churchmen and dissenters, all have contributed with good will and promptness. For "the Palace" is more than a pleasure-haunt; its galleries are replete with typical examples of the art of all ages and lands; it has been, indeed, a popular university of art and history and science and music and has done more to educate as well as amuse the cockney than any other institution in his city.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, July 8, 1913.

The Spanish-American Athenæum, an organization formed in Washington a few months ago for the purpose of strengthening the relation of America and the Spanish-speaking countries of the world, has adopted and forwarded to the Secretary of State a resolution suggesting that the first ship to pass through the Panama Canal be one carrying the Spanish flag. Secretary Bryan has taken the request under consideration. The resolution suggests that the vessel go through the canal on September 25 of this year, that being the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the Pacific Ocean by Balboa. On that day there will begin in Seville an exposition commemorating the great event, while in the city of Panama there is to be a celebration for the same purpose.

For ages past the fishing industry of Spain has been an important means of livelihood to the inhabitants. Especially in the northwestern part of the Iberian Peninsula have the inhabitants from time immemorial been great fishermen. In former times the industry was so extensive that the catch of cod and other fish in the North Sea was sufficient to supply the needs of the entire country, and no fish were imported from abroad. However, the fishermen were driven from these fishing grounds, and with this loss commenced the decadence of the Spanish fishing industry. The centre of the fishing industry is now located especially in the provinces of Lugo, Santander, Coruna, and Bilbao.

As it is necessary that the Pope shall have plenty of fresh air, it has been decided to enlarge the Vatican grounds, on the Via Arelia side. Negotiations led to the purchase of the famous Sacchetti pine wood, the property of Prince D. Charles Torlonia. Then came a difficulty. To reach this land the Pope would have to pass over soil which is under the dominion of the King of Italy. That this may be avoided, there is to be opened the ancient Pertusa Gate, and a subterranean passage is to be made to connect the Vatican with lands of religious communities adjoining the pine wood.

The Dominican government has urged on Secretary of State Bryan the retention in office of W. E. Pulliam, until recently receiver-general of the Dominican customs under the terms of the treaty by which the United States acts as receiver of the Dominican revenues and pays the republic's debts. President Wilson has appointed Walter E. Vick, formerly sporting writer and later one of the Wilson campaign managers, to succeed Mr. Pulliam.

It will cost \$18 a minute to talk by telephone from New York to San Francisco.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

J. M. Le Sage has been for fifty years a member of the editorial staff of the London *Daily Telegraph*.

With the remarkable record of having taught school for fifty-five consecutive years, forty-two years of this time in the same school houses, William H. McElroy of the town of Warwick, New York, has resigned. When he commenced teaching he was sixteen years old.

Dr. Pablo Desverniney Galdos, recently appointed minister from Cuba to this country, is a lawyer and a close personal friend of President Menocal, the new president of the island republic. He was one of the official party of Cubans sent to this country to witness the inauguration of President Wilson. Dr. Desverniney is also president of the National University of Cuba.

Brigadier-General Mackenzie, chief of staff and first military adviser to Canada's military council, has resigned. He will return to England, where he will take an important place in the war office. He is a veteran who has seen hard campaigning, having received medals for service in Egypt, Burma, Waziristan, and other regions, in addition to having served in India and later in South Africa.

Charles F. Emerson, who has been at Dartmouth for forty-one years, twenty of which he has served as dean of the academic faculty, has been made dean emeritus. He is a native of Massachusetts, born in 1843. His work as member of a college faculty began at the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and Mechanical Arts, in 1868. He served there six years before going to Dartmouth.

Morris Williams, head of the great Susquehanna Coal Company, started work underground as a mine employee at the age of seventeen years. He studied under a tutor in the evenings, and in this way prepared himself for a position on the engineering corps of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal Company. In 1903 he succeeded General I. J. Wister as president of the Pennsylvania Railroad's combined coal interests. He is also a controlling factor in several bituminous operations in Southern states.

Sir John Fletcher Moulton, now mentioned as probably the next Lord Chief Justice of England, is regarded as one of the greatest legal lights of the English bench. He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, winning fame as a mathematician. He won among other honors that of first Smith's prizeman. He is now a lord justice, is an officer in the Legion d'Honneur, and was a member of the superior jury at the last Paris exhibition. He married an American woman, Mary May Davis, daughter of Major Henry Davis.

George Yule, president of a vehicle manufacturing establishment of Kenosha, Wisconsin, in beginning his seventy-second year of continuous service with one firm, has established a record which is not likely to be equaled. He became superintendent of the factory more than sixty years ago, a position which he held for thirty years. For twenty years he was vice-president, and he is now active head of the company. Although ninety years old, he is one of the first officials to reach the office in the morning, and remains until the day's work has been finished.

Thomas Riggs, Jr., engineer in charge of the American party which joined the Canadian crew in running the longest straight line boundary in the world, between Alaska and Canada, prospected for gold in many parts of Alaska before entering the employ of the government. He joined in the gold rush in 1897, and for four years sought in vain for fortune before returning to Washington, D. C. Then he spent five years helping to survey the international boundary line between the United States and Canada before taking up the Alaskan-Canadian task. The latter boundary is marked by 188 stone monuments set three miles apart, from Mount St. Elias to the Arctic Ocean.

George Westinghouse, this year's recipient of the gold medal of the Society of German Engineers, is the inventor of the air brake, among many other valuable devices, and is also largely interested in the development of electric machinery. He backed Tesla financially and with shop facilities in developing the induction motor, and built the first ten great dynamos for Niagara. He has founded works in this country, Canada, and in several European countries, employing about 50,000 workmen. The Grashoeff medal is awarded annually to the man who has done preëminent work in the engineering field, and is coveted as the blue ribbon of the German mechanical world.

The Honorable Bertrand Russell, who lately signed an agreement with Harvard University to become a member of the faculty as professor of philosophy, is now a tutor at Oxford, where he was a wrangler, and a fellow of Trinity College. He has lived at Cambridge for several years, engrossed in his studies. He is a warm supporter of the suffragist cause, and contested a parliamentary seat as a suffragist candidate. Both himself and wife have pronounced views on the elimination of class distinction, on community of property, and kindred matters. Mrs. Russell is an American, the daughter of Robert Pearsall Smith, a former Philadelphian, and has identified herself intimately with the cause of the English working girls.

OUT OF THE PAST.

A Blind Singer and Her Psychic Sense.

Borne stood a moment before the hotel entrance. Through the fog that had crept in stealthily with the shadows the bright electric signs of Powell Street gleamed, luminously diffused. A block ahead was Market Street, San Francisco's great commercial highway and nocturnal promenade. Behind lay the "cocktail route"—a criss-cross of gay streets where the theatres, clubs, cafés, and gorgeous drinking places clustered.

Borne was in a mood for neither, for his thought was in the past. And, as he ruminated, a street-singer's voice came to him faintly, its slight inharmonies mellowed by distance and memories:

Maggie! Maggie!
The cows are in the clover.
They've trampled there since morn.
Go and fetch them, Maggie, to the old, red barn.

It awoke in Borne some faded recollection, vague, half tender, half sad. He turned back.

Before the street-singer Borne paused and fumbled in his pocket. A commonplace, squat-figured, elderly woman in black alpaca she was, her features homely and disfigured by several huge moles. The fingers that played the guitar so nimbly were short and thick. Her voice lacked the old quality—the sympathy or whatever it had been, and now and then there came a distinctly raucous note.

And yet—there was something infinitely heroic, pathetically gallant about her: an aroma of past charm, a lingering spark of power.

Borne still fumbled uncertainly in his pocket. Then he fingered the piece of money he had withdrawn for some time. "Oh, well," he said, finally, and tossed it into the cup.

Abruptly the woman stopped playing. "God bless you! God bless you!" she cried. "Who's that? Who gave me that five-dollar piece?"

"Never mind," said Borne. "I didn't suppose you could tell by the sound. It's just for old time's sake, that's all."

The singer's mouth quivered. "Old times," she said. "Oh, yes; I used to get lots of them, then. But I haven't heard a gold piece fall in my cup since—oh, God only knows."

"Say," said Borne with a sudden impulse, "you and I—we have our memories, haven't we? Let's go and have something to eat and talk about them."

"What, me?" she cried, astonished. "Eat with you? Friend, you must be pretty lonesome. Or is it some game you've got?"

"No," said Borne, gently, "I haven't any game. You're right—I'm lonely and I want to talk about the old town. I get sick of this new place. You are lucky that you can't see. It saves you some heartache, I guess."

"Oh, you don't have to see to know things are changed," she answered. "I know well enough. But all right. I'll go with you. There's Tony's right up the street. It's only a chop house, but he serves good grub and it's quiet enough. I eat there pretty regular."

"All right," she agreed. "Here, I'll carry your stuff."

She led the way rapidly, tapping her way with a long-feruled cane before her. Borne found it hard to believe she was blind, so confidently did she thread her way through that nocturnal urban maze. Every few feet she accosted some one, a cab-driver, a policeman, a news or messenger boy. "Hello, Harriet," they hailed her, but there was both respect and affection in their tones.

She greeted the smiling Italian proprietor heartily. "See the swell customer I've brought you," she told him. "Now find us a place where we won't be bothered. We want to talk about old times, see?"

He led them to a curtained alcove at the rear, remote from the other tables and the smell of cooking. Faintly through a partition could be heard the notes of a mechanical piano in an adjoining saloon and from across the way, during a lull in the clanging of street-car gongs, drifted the echoing cadence of a soprano entertainer's crescendo.

"That's Mary Sprague," said Harriet. "She's singing at the Dorion now. They pay her \$10 a night."

"Yes," said Borne. "I've heard her. She sings well."

"Oh, yes," returned Harriet. "There's nothing wrong with her voice. But it's like all these new-fashioned things. It's weak and too fancy. How long do you suppose it'd last if she sung for three hours a night in the open air like I used to do—hey?"

"Not very long, I suppose," agreed Borne. "She's a frail little thing. But what do you mean by her voice being fancy?"

"You never heard me try out my voice like I was tunin' a piano at the beginnin' of a song, the way them café singers do nowadays," she flashed. "No, sir! I started right out. I took holt with the first note and sailed into a song without any lah-de-das and trills and such like. And, what's more, I sung honest, simple kind of songs what every one knowed and loved. That's why they used to blockade the pavement listenin' to us. Singin' was different then. In the old days we sung in the streets—me and Jim—and we made money and they wrote pieces in the papers about us with our pictures. Everybody knew us. We could o' sung in cafés or in theatres if we'd wanted to. We didn't have to do street work. Some nights we made fifty dollars—and we never asked no one for a cent."

She stopped and her sightless eyes seemed to peer into some hidden distance, far beyond the faded green wall she faced.

"Jim had the touch—the real, sympathetic touch," she said. "Seems as if I could see him now, settin' at that little street organ—like I used to before I went blind. That was twenty years ago. Many a man would 've left me, but Jim wasn't that kind. He was a handsome boy, too, believe me. He could 've had 'most any woman in his own class."

Borne smiled a bit grimly. His recollection was of an old, watery-eyed, bent-over man with a wisp of gray hair brushed comically over an otherwise bald head. After all, he reflected, blindness had some compensations.

"You'd been married a long time, then," he said.

"We never was married, mister—Jim and I," she answered. "God only knows why, for we had a daughter, too, and we might 've been hitched any time, for we was true to each other twenty-five years. I guess we never thought much about it. The girl didn't know—and she's dead now. That's what killed Jim. He loved her a lot. So did I, for that matter, but I got over it, somehow. Jim wasn't the same afterward. He was with her in the hospital when she breathed her last and it took all the heart out of him. About six months afterwards he follered her." Harriet sighed. "It seems like I might have gone, too—along of Jim and the girl and the old town. But I was always that fond of life, I couldn't bear to think of leavin' it. I was never sick a day. I was always big and strong. Even when I went blind I wasn't helpless. Lots of folks that have their eyesight can't get around this town like me with my bum lamps, mister. Aint it the truth?"

"Yes," agreed Borne. "You amazed me, getting across the street and up here the way you did. I thought for a minute that you must be able to see after all."

"Lots of folks won't believe I'm blind," she said proudly, "but it's all in gettin' used to things—and not bein' afraid. All these years I've thought a lot about that. If you aint afraid, you can do 'most anything, mister. And it kind of seems, too, as though you see without your eyes. I can tell about folks from their voice and I can sense 'em when they're around me. I never made a mistake yet. You heard me speak to those boys comin' up here, didn't you? I knew they was there before they spoke. How do you s'pose I do that?"

"I don't know," replied Borne. "Nobody knows about such things."

"Some newspaper feller I talked to once he called it an 'aura,'" said Harriet. "He wrote up a story on me and my highly developed instinct. The cigar man read it to me."

"Yes," said Borne. "There are all sorts of theories. People are believed to be enveloped in a nimbus, or a—I don't know that I can explain it to you, but it's something, we'll say, like a perfume that fills the air about them and that people with a keen sense of smell can detect."

"Oh, well," said Harriet, philosophically, "what's the difference? As long as it works, it don't matter to me. Here's our Hangtown fries."

She attacked the savory but rather indigestible pot-pourri of shell-fish, eggs, pork, and potatoes voraciously.

"Well, mister," she observed finally, "you aint swoppin' any yarns with me, I notice. How about you?"

Borne toyed with the mixture on his plate mechanically. It seemed to him, after all, that he had lived very little and incompletely, beside this old woman—he, with his fancied sorrows, his cherished recollections. His life seemed, suddenly, like the parlor of a New England spinster: shut in and sanctuarized to a point of mustiness. His hallowed, tragic memory, like wax flowers under a glass case.

Here was an old woman who had lived, fully, wholesomely—masterfully even; who ignored the conventions because she did not feel their need; who, bereft of one sense, had added to herself a higher one—for of her psychic instinct he had had good proof. Aged, alone, forsaken of fortune, she shrugged her shoulders at trouble and declared her naive love for life.

What had he to complain of? Old haunts, sentimentally dear, which the fire had changed and bereft of past charm; old friends that were scattered afar—and a woman who had gone wrong!

He had not even loved her enough to break his heart about her, Borne reflected with a twinge of whimsical self-contempt. He had merely pursued his way, grieving a little and mauling much within himself—bearing censures of self-pity, pompously, up and down the little temple of his heart.

"I've nothing to tell," he said at last. "I'm just lonely, and silly, and sorry for myself."

Harriet paused with her fork half-upraised and an expression of startled curiosity.

"Why—that's just what Jim used to say—after Mary died!"

"Mary!"

"Yes, that was my girl's name."

"Tell me about her," Borne pleaded.

"Oh, all right," said Harriet. "I'll tell you about Mary, though I know little of her since she grewed up. I'll tell you about me first, so's you'll understand. I was born a gipsy. My mother died in the poorhouse when I was a baby, and some folks up in New England they took me in and gave me a home. They treated me

well enough, too, though I was little more than a slavey for 'em—and, when I got big enough, I run away." She made an impatient gesture. "It'll take me all night to tell it, mister. I been through so much—it'd make a book."

"Where did you meet your husb—Jim, I mean?" Borne prompted.

"Oh, that was in Boston," said Harriet. "I come to the city and got work as a hash—er—a waitress, you know. One day Jim come to the place where I worked and we got acquainted. He was a lost soul, believe me, friend. You can figure it out for yourself—the fix he was in. He was studyin' for the ministry and drink 'd got him. Yes, sir, he was about ripe for the D. T.'s that day he come in. He told me all about it."

"And you encouraged him, I suppose," Borne hazarded.

"Encouraged nothin'," retorted Harriet. "I took him home, mister—to my home. He didn't have none. He'd been throwed out. I took him home and put him to bed and for four days and nights him and me fought the cravin' for booze. After that he braced up and they fired us out of the house. We stayed together after that, till he died. God rest his soul!"

There are various ways to dissemble emotion. Harriet attacked what remained of her Hangtown fry so viciously that her companion was torn between a desire to laugh and a sincere respect for her feelings. Finally she washed down the last morsel with a huge gulp of coffee and leaned back serene, controlled.

"I never saw my girl," she said. "I went blind just before she was born—and I was kind o' bitter durin' that time. I guess it affected her some. She was restless and high-strung like Jim, but she hadn't his spirit of lovin' everything, that took the sting out of most o' his troubles. She was contrary as the very Devil, that child was. And what with me still bein' sour about my lost eyesight—she loved Jim better'n me. She was a papa's girl from the start. I wanted her to learn to sing with us after she was old enough to go 'round. But no, he wouldn't have it. When she got her little arms around his neck and asked him for somethin', he'd a-gone straight through hell to get it for her."

"That was the only time I ever was sore at Jim, mister—just for a little while. I was crazy jealous and hungry for my little girl's love; for the feel of her arms around me. But when she hugged me she done it more from a sense of duty than anything else. And, after she grewed up and wanted to be an actress we couldn't keep her no more. She wasn't hardly eighteen when she run away—just like I did."

"It 'most broke Jim's heart. He was afraid of the stage life. It was an actress that first put him on the toboggan. He knowed what a life it was and he prayed every night for God to keep his little girl good."

"Did you hear from her after she left you?" Borne asked as Harriet paused.

"Oh, yes. She wrote to us, reg'lar, after a while. Jim read all her letters to me. She made good from the start and, just before the quake come, she was playin' a ingenue part with a stock company right here in town. Jim used to go and see her, but I never did. Jim said it would tantalyze me too much. I guess he was right. I'd 've give ten years of my life just to see her once."

Old Harriet seemed to be gazing beyond the green wall again—into a world of dreams.

"Poor Jim!" she shook her head sadly. "Poor Jim! He was that proud of her! And she was promised the leadin' part next season—when she took a cold in her lungs an' died. Aint it queer the way things turn out? The last letter we had from her was all about bein' a star. And I never even seen her when she was in town—she was so busy rehearsin' her part."

With an impulse of quick sympathy Borne laid his hand lightly on the old woman's. He felt the pudgy fingers twitch under his.

"The ways of Providence are inscrutable," he said, lamely, conscious of the hackneyed inadequacy of his remark.

"Thank you, friend," said old Harriet, brokenly. "Thank you. Thank you."

"Will you have something more?" he asked. "Another cup of coffee—or something stronger, perhaps."

"No," she said. "I'm full and I'm goin' home to bed. It's kind o' tuckered me out talkin' about the old days, but it done me good, too. Some day will you tell me your story, mister?"

"Some day, perhaps—yes," Borne answered. "And now you must let me take you home. I'll have Tony call us a taxi—"

Harriet laughed. "I live just around the corner, friend. But you can come along and welcome. And you can carry the stuff if you want. I aint had no one do it for me since Jim died."

"It will give me great pleasure," said Borne, sincerely.

He settled with Tony and the two went forth again. Old Harriet seemed indeed fatigued. Her erstwhile self-reliant strength seemed gone. She looked worn and depressed.

They had walked a block and a half in silence, when Borne felt her clutch his arm. He saw that she trembled.

"What is it?" he asked in alarm.

"Mister," she gasped. "There's something wrong. I feel her—Mary—my girl. She's here! She's here!" The last was a wail of terror.

Borne put an arm about the old woman to steady her. And then he saw—

Not ten feet away stood a young woman, evidently a denizen of the Tenderloin through which they were passing and somewhat the worse for drink. Yet, through the fuddle of alcoholic stupor apparent in her face, some vivid horror struggled. She made a mute sign to Borne, entreating silence, even as his lips formed the startled exclamation, "You?"

Borne arose to the occasion. A flood of explanations swept across his mind. He spoke to Harriet, quite calmly.

"Come, come. There's nobody here. You're nervous, that's all. Let's get you home. A good sleep will make you all right."

Soothing, half carrying her, he urged the old woman along.

The other woman awaited him as he returned. She took hold of his coat lapels with a half pathetic, shamed little gesture.

"Tom," she cried, frightenedly, "Tom!"

"Don't," he commanded. "Let me go." Her hands dropped to her sides. "Was that your mother?"

"Yes, yes; you didn't tell her—did you? You didn't let on—?"

"No—she thinks you're dead."

"I know. My father told her that. He didn't want to hurt her. I promised to go away. I just got back tonight."

"He told her you were a great actress."

"Oh, my God!" she laughed shrilly.

"He read her a letter from you—saying you'd have a lead next season."

She covered her face with her hands. "I never wrote them a letter in my life," she wailed.

"You were never anything but a soubrette, were you?"

"No," said the woman. "I might have been—but I went to pieces over a man. That was after you—"

"Never mind," he interposed, sharply. "Never mind about that."

She stood before him silently, catching her breath now and then as though she would like to cry but couldn't. He regarded her stonily, his clenched hands at his sides.

"Is there any chance for you?" he asked finally, "any hope at all?"

She shook her head. "No, Tom," she said. "My lungs are gone. If I hadn't just had a drink I'd be coughing my head off. No, it's too late for me—but you can look after mother a bit, if you want to be an angel."

Borne saw that she shivered though the night was warm. He noted, for the first time, how shockingly thin she was; how dissipation had ravaged her energies.

With a gesture half hungry, half hopeless, she turned to him. "Good-night, Tom," she said, unsteadily, "go home now and—never mind about me."

Dazedly, he saw her pass down a brightly lighted way and enter a swinging door. For a long time he stood there, motionless. Then, slowly and with lagging steps, he turned homeward.

LOUIS J. STELLMANN.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1913.

Undoubtedly the oldest republic extant, San Marino, for nearly six hundred years independent, continues its happy life enclosed on all sides by Italian provinces in the heart of the Alps. It has an area estimated at anything between twenty-three and thirty-three square miles, and a population of about 10,000. San Marino, it is said, was settled in the year 400 A. D. by Marinus, a hermit, and has always been independent. The legislative power of this tiny state is vested in a "princely and sovereign" grand council, whose members are elected for life, with power to fill vacancies—the nobles and the plain citizens being represented in equal proportions. The executive power is wielded by two captains-regent, who are chosen by the council every six months. There is also a kind of senate, composed of twelve members of the council, of which two-thirds are annually renewed. The captains-regent are assisted by two secretaries of state—one for foreign affairs and one for the interior. For local administration, there is an officer called a syndic, appointed in each village. The standing army of San Marino consists of 950 officers and men.

A fleet of vessels is largely employed in the banana-carrying trade of the Atlantic ports. Not much more than a generation ago Captain L. D. Baker of Boston ventured to bring the first lot of bananas to this country. The value of the importations annually is now \$14,000,000.

If an English engineer's plan to run an electric railroad up the side of Mount Popocatepetl, in Mexico, be carried out, passengers will experience a change in temperature from 70 degrees above zero to 10 below within two hours.

Using mercury vapor lamps in her greenhouse, a Scotch woman horticulturist not only forces seeds to sprout and plants to grow in half the usual time, but also produces greater depth of color in the vegetation.

It seems hardly credible, but it is a fact that the architect of the London University is in America in search of new ideas for college buildings. He will find variety, at least.

SOME SECRETS OF LONG LIFE.

Old Men Who Are Still Prominent in All Fields of Activity.

"Now more than ever it is the day of the old man with vitality." That is the belief of Sir George Birdwood, the eminent Asiatic authority, and it is one of many recent statements which show that the old man, even in these days of rush and hustle, is determined not to be pushed aside by youth.

It is astonishing how many old, very old, men are still prominent in all fields of activity in an age which is commonly regarded as that of the young man. The London *Chronicle* has made this list of a half-score of veterans whose ages add up to 833: Lord Wemyss, Lord Strathcona, Sir Charles Tupper, Dr. Russel Wallace, Lord Halsbury, Lord Roberts, Sir George Birdwood, Lord Morley, Sir Hiram Maxim, and Thomas Hardy.

Sir Charles Tupper is at ninety-one still " hale and hearty." He carries memory back a long way, for he is the sole survivor of the "Fathers of Confederation," as the framers of the constitution of Canada, the men who welded the scattered provinces of British North America into a new nation, are called.

In the ranks of the veterans one of the most interesting figures is Sir George Birdwood. He believes, with Plato, that attention to personal health is one of the greatest hindrances to a useful life. He attributes his long life, as he declared recently, "to a certain playful deviltry of spirit, a ceaseless militancy quite suffragetic, so that when I left the India Office on a bilked pension I swore by all the gods I would make up for it by living on ten years instead of one, which was all an insurance society told me I was worth."

He does not believe there is such a thing as overwork, "even in the city." And as for the prescription of lying in bed till noonday, he "would rather be some monstrous flat fish at the bottom of the Atlantic than accept human life on such terms." Sir George has done his life's work with the aid of such a gospel. His extraordinary amount of knowledge on out-of-the-way subjects, which earned him in India the fitting nickname of "Dictionary Birdy," has not put him out of love with life, and he declares that the old man of vitality is the youngest man in the world.

Lord Wemyss, at ninety-four, is perhaps the most astonishing of the Old Guard, which, like Napoleon's veteran corps, may die but never surrenders. He could do most things better than other people, is the verdict of a friend. At eighty he could produce a fine piece of statuary; at ninety-two he could play an excellent game of golf and drive his own motor-car. Born three years after the battle of Waterloo, for a long spell of years he has been, in a way, a modern Don Quixote, but he still preserves broad cosmopolitan sympathies.

He will long be remembered in the Gilded Chamber as one of its fiercest debaters. On one occasion he brought his fist forcibly down on a hat in front of him, the wearer of which was King Edward, then Prince of Wales. "The noble lord is talking nonsense!" he once shouted at Lord Salisbury. He is Dr. Johnson's "good hater," and his hate was almost equally vented on both great political parties. Lord Wemyss is the only legislator now living who sat in the temporary building which was erected after the old House of Commons was burned down and utilized for sittings while the present house was being built.

With Lord Wemyss must be bracketed Lord Halsbury. At eighty-seven he still enjoys life; he will never regard himself as old enough to do nothing. His chin—the test of character—is as firm as ever. His secret of long life is perhaps that he has never given up work, and today he often puts in as hard a day as any one in the legal world. At eighty-five he found that he was just young enough to begin the great work of reducing the whole of the law of England into a handy and complete work of twenty volumes. Is there a young legal luminary who would not quail before such a stupendous task?

He is a believer in early rising, and though a prominent caricaturist once represented him smoking a big black cigar he hates tobacco, and has never touched it in all his life. Probably one of the best bridge players in the country, he is a skillful fencer; he reads Greek for the pleasure of it, though Brown minor can scarcely be expected to believe with him that Greek would become as popular as Henty or Manville Fenn if properly taught. Herodotus he has called "one of the most amusing of boys' books." He never went to school, yet he reached the highest position open to his profession. And he is "still running."

Lord Strathcona's activity at the great age of ninety-two is another example of what the old man can do. Born of poor parents, he is now said to be the largest land-owner in the world, having acquired millions of acres. Unlike Sir George Birdwood, he pays great attention to his health, believing in two fairly light meals a day. "I breakfast at nine and dine at nine, so that I have eleven hours for work," he once remarked. He smokes a little, drinks a little, and his gospel is moderation in all things.

His lordship has always been a most strenuous worker, and for many years at the Dominion offices in Victoria Street he often stayed on at his desk after dinner. The offices became known among government offices as "the Lighthouse," because there was always a light in the high commissioner's room after dark. His motto has always been: "Who rests rusts." A num-

ber of years ago he consulted Sir Andrew Clark, the famous physician, who told Lord Strathcona that there was no apparent reason why he should not live to be 100—"if only you will keep on working."

Indulgences, he has said, make a man slack and spoil him for good work. Here is his advice to young men: "Be content with your lot, but always be fitting yourself for something better and something higher. Do the work yourself; don't wait for friends to use their influence on your behalf. Apart from what we call genius, I believe that one man is able to do as well as any other, provided the opportunity presents itself and he is blessed with good health."

We have just had a new book from Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, who is ninety. Lord Roberts, after all his battles and eighty years of life, can still go "campaigning." He is as active today as when, a young lieutenant, he wrenched a standard from a Sepoy's hands in '58. He is an early riser, like most of the old guard, and he also goes early to bed. Sir Hiram Maxim at seventy-three will give the advice that most old men will give. He has forced his way from the humblest level until his name has added a word to all the languages of the world.

Yet "I am not a clever man," he once remarked, "but I am a worker and have been a worker all my life." He says that he has succeeded because he has "stuck to it." He has "worked harder, studied harder, and wasted less time than many of my fellows. If young men take more interest in cricket and football matches and in horse-racing than they do in their business they must of course be content to remain nobodies in that business."

However the old men of vitality may differ in their views as to how to live long, they are at one in their advice: "Work!" And with Lord Alverstone they believe that men are often at their best between sixty-five and eighty, certainly between sixty-five and seventy-five. "Youth," says R. L. S., "is wholly experimental," and, to end with the authority quoted first, "the old man of vitality is the youngest man in the world, for he has done with the illusions of youth, but he has not done with life, and to the end it remains full of savor. An able man's brain goes on developing right up to ninety and over; only his body decays."

By the purchase of Maiden castle, near Dorchester, through the duchy of Cornwall, the King of England has saved from neglect and possible destruction one of the most perfect prehistoric encampments in Great Britain, the rival of Stonehenge in age and interest. The fortifications were erected by a race who existed long before the days of historical records and who gave it the name of Mai Dun, or Hill of Strength. Maiden castle is an intrenched hill rather than a castle, for on the north side these prehistoric builders raised three great ramparts sixty feet high, with deep ditches intervening, and similar ramparts were cunningly arranged to cover each other on the other sides of the hill. The only entrances are by winding paths, which form mazes among the ramparts and which lead to the top of the hill, where a great dew pond was built, in which, by an ingenious feat of engineering known to the prehistoric people, it was possible to collect quantities of water for the animals and inhabitants of the hill. On the plain at the top, which covers 120 acres, the neolithic man could leave his cattle absolutely secure from attack by wolves or by human enemies. The Romans occupied the fortress in later years and strengthened it with stonework, but the triumph of having created this gigantic intrenchment belongs to the engineers of the forgotten Celtic tribes.

The first organized society in the world to deal with the education of slum children and waifs of the street was launched in London sixty-nine years ago, under the name of the "Ragged School Union." The Earl of Shaftesbury was the chairman, and William Locke and S. Starey the principal organizers. The first "ragged schools," the name popularly given to the free schools for outcast, destitute, and ragged children of London and other English cities, was founded by John Pounds, a cobbler, at Portsmouth, in 1839. Hundreds of these schools are still in existence in England, although in London they are being gradually superseded by the institutions established by the London school board. Sir John Kirk, for nearly half a century the secretary of the Ragged School Union, was knighted by the late King Edward in recognition of his services to the poor.

This year, during that cruise to Norwegian waters which has become an annual custom of his, the German emperor will formally present to Norway the monument he has had designed for that purpose. This shows Frithjof, the Norwegian hero, whose adventures are related in an Icelandic saga attributed to the fourteenth century. The statue, which is by Professor Max Unger, is at present being exhibited at a foundry near Berlin. The colossal figure is twenty-five feet in height above the low pedestal.

The Yogo blue sapphire of Montana is worth more in the markets of Europe than the Oriental sapphire. This gem is said to be worth \$50 a karat in the United States.

Discovered recently in Snohomish County, Washington, is a 300-foot-high yellow fir which is said to eclipse all previous records of big trees in the Northwest.

AMELIA E. BARR, WOMAN AND WRITER.

An Autobiography of Intimate Revelation and a Record of Inspiring Success.

At the age of eighty-three, in her home at Cornwall-on-Hudson, New York, Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, author of sixty widely read and justly admired novels and unnumbered poems, essays, and descriptive articles, now gives to a reading public entirely friendly an autobiography that surely will have a place among the best books of the year. It is intimate in its revelations, speaking frankly and courageously of sorrow and struggle, and no less simply and unaffectedly of a sustaining and abiding faith. There have been few such records by those who have lived so long, so unchangingly and modestly, lives of inspiring endeavor and fine achievement. In its history of experiences in England in the early years, and later in America, it is always intensely personal yet never anything but entertaining. It tells with pleasing completeness the story of her introduction to journalism, and of her first and greatest successes as a story-teller. Every paragraph is illuminated by sincerity and an unpretending philosophy. This is the opening of the record:

I entered this incarnation on March the twenty-ninth, A. D. 1831, at the ancient town of Ulverston, Lancashire, England. My soul came with me. This is not always the case. Every observing mother of a large family knows that the period of spiritual possession varies. For days, even weeks, the child may be entirely of the flesh, and then suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye, the mystery of the indwelling spirit is accomplished. This miracle comes not by observation; no mother ever saw it take place. She only knows that at one moment her child was ignorant of her; that at the next moment it was consciously smiling into her face, and that then, with an instinctive gladness, she called to the whole household, "the baby has begun to notice."

Some of the methods in old-time schools may seem crude to latter-day educators and reformers, but they had their merits, none the less:

After my examination it was decided that writing was the study to be first attended to. I was glad of this decision, for I longed to write, but I was little dashed when I was taken to a long table running across the whole width of the room. This table was covered with the finest sea sand, there was a roller at one end, and the teacher ran it down the whole length of the table. It left behind it beautifully straight lines, between which were straight strokes, pothooks, and the letter o. Then a brass stylus was given me, and I was told to copy what I saw, and it was on this table of sand, with a pencil of brass, I took my first lessons in writing. When I could make all my letters, simple and capital, and knew how to join, dot, and cross them properly, I was promoted to a slate and slate pencil. In about half a year I was permitted to use paper and a wad pencil, but as wad, or lead, was then scarce and dear, we were taught at once how to sharpen and use them in the most economical manner. While I was using a wad pencil I was practicing the art of making a pen out of a goose quill. Some children learned the lesson easily. I found it difficult, and spoiled many a hunch of quills in acquiring it.

This is a reminiscence that has had many parallels, but seldom is the memory of an amazing change in domestic affairs told more impressively:

Soon after the queen's coronation I had another brother, who was called William Henry, and when he was about two months old my father went to Manchester, and brought back with him the greatest of household comforts of that day—a dozen boxes of Congreve or Lucifer matches. Only those who have stood shivering over the old tinder box on a bitter winter night, trying to get a spark while the baby screamed in the darkness, can form any estimate of the pleasure which these few boxes of matches made in our house. My father took us all into a dark room, and then permitted each person to strike a light. Laughter and exclamations of wonder and pleasure greeted every fresh match as it burst into instantaneous flame, even Ann was enthusiastic. "This time," she admitted, "Mr. Huddleston has brought home something sensible and good for everybody"—a covert slur upon father's gifts, which usually took the form of hooks, or a hit of spar for the parlor chimney piece, or perhaps a likeness of Mr. Wordsworth, or a view of Derwentwater.

Among the many scenes which became familiar to the author in her youth, through the frequent changes of residence of her father, a Methodist clergyman, was the picturesque Isle of Man, and she has set down many interesting memories of that odd corner which has since become much more familiar through literary allusions:

Seventy years ago the Isle of Man was little more than a name to the average Briton. It had its own government, its own laws, and its own House of Parliament, which was called the "House of Keys." There were no custom houses and no duties. There were no Poor Laws. When I was there those in need were empowered to knock at the door of every household once a week, and receive what could be given. There was no stipulated sum, but a penny and a few groceries, or a little clothing, was cheerfully spared. The number of such callers were few, and they were kindly treated.

The small sum it cost then to live in the Isle of Man was a great temptation to retired army and navy officers, and Castle-town was full of these interesting gentry. They gave to the place an air of refinement, which was still further increased by the professors and students of King William's College. I saw this college burned to the ground on the second of January, A. D. 1844.

It was in Glasgow that Miss Huddleston had her first view of Queen Victoria, and the occasion was notable in another way, for she went in company with the young man who became her husband shortly afterward:

Before nine o'clock Mr. Barr brought the tickets, and, on the day appointed, went with us to see what there was to see. It was not much. Her majesty disappointed me. Prince Albert was not as handsome as his pictures represented him to be, and the Prince of Wales was in a bad temper, and showed it as plainly as a boy nine years old could do. The queen wore a royal Stuart tartan shawl; it was heavy and cumbersome, and she looked ungraceful in it. But this bit of sight-seeing was the beginning of a new order of things. My life took a turn then and there, and, as I look back, I could weep for the memory of that fateful royal visit; but through the years that hour had been fixed, and the dormant love in my heart needed but a look to awaken it.

Early in her married life in that same Scottish city she had another spectacular experience:

Sometimes we walked quietly to Glover's Theatre, especially if there was a play like "Roh Roy," with the great Mackay in the title-role. I shall never forget the night I saw this play. The theatre was decorated with Roh Roy tartan, and every woman wore conspicuously some ornament of Roh Roy ribbon—a large bow, long streamers from her fan, or a handsome satin scarf of the red and black checks, and I think there was not a man present without a Roh Roy rosette on the lapel of his coat. If there was he must have been some benighted Englishman who had no acquaintance with Walter Scott and his famous robber hero. The human stir and enthusiasm was wonderful; the players moved and spoke as if they were enchanted, and they carried every soul in the theatre with them.

No attempt at a chronological transcript of the author's experiences can be made in this sketch. Business misfortunes led to the decision of Mr. Barr, prompted by his wife, to leave Scotland for America. They landed in New York, tarried a time in Chicago, then joined the course of restless new and old settlers to the rapidly developing country of the Texas coast. One of the incidents of this pioneering journey, or rather of its finish, is described:

The dinner itself was excellent, though the courses were left to every one's taste and capacity. There was roast beef, and chicken pie, hear meat, and antelope steaks, and I noticed that some old men who ate hear meat ate honey with it, so I resolved to try the luxury some day when I was quite alone. I did so, and found it very good, but an old Texan told me that the most aristocratic dainty of the Spanish Texan was hear's paws preserved in Madeira wine and a little brandy. The paws then look like walnuts, but are said to excel any tidbit known to epicures. I am sorry that I never had an opportunity of verifying this statement by personal experience. The dessert to our dinner is not worth naming; it was a pudding of some kind, but the majority left it alone, and seemed very well contented with the bowl of delicious clabber and fresh milk. There were no liquors of any kind on the table, but plenty of tea and coffee, and I do not think any one ate their dinner without drinking their tea at the same time.

Fifteen years, from 1854 to 1869, were passed in Galveston, and there great sorrows fell upon the wife and mother. Her husband and three sons died of yellow fever. She was left with three daughters and slender resources, but her courage did not fail. It seemed a necessity to find a better field for her efforts, which must be exerted to keep the little family together. She moved to New York, and there, after a brief but encouraging experience as a teacher, she was one day advised by a friend to turn her attention to newspaper work. The suggestion of a topic came through her description in conversation of some of the stirring events in Texas history, of which she had first-hand knowledge, as her husband had been an efficient and valued aid to the official heads:

"I want you to write out the story of the break-up in Texas. Write it just as you told it to Mr. Fox. Send it to me. I will see that it goes to some one whose criticism will be severe enough and fair enough to prove whether you have the ability to write. If you can write you can live."

"O Mr. Libbey," I cried gratefully, "you are so kind. I thank you! I thank you! I do believe I can write. I will write the paper you ask me for tonight. You will see."

I did so, and put it into his hand as he was getting into his carriage in the morning. He smiled at my promptness and said, "It will be attended to." And I was perfectly content, for I knew if Mr. Libbey said so it would be done.

In two weeks Mr. Libbey brought me a check from Daniel Appleton & Co. for thirty dollars. I was astonished and delighted, but after a few moments I laughed joyously and cried, "Why I can write three or four of those things every week! O Mr. Libbey, how happy you have made me! Is my work really going to be printed? Can I write? Do you think I can write?"

"It will appear very soon," he answered, "and Mr. Bunce, the editor of the magazine, spoke very highly of your work; further, he said he would like you to write them a story. Will you try one?"

From the day of her first effort the way was clear for her, but only because she displayed unusual aptitude and unremitting and intelligent industry. She early hunted out a treasure-house of material for her work:

The Astor Library was at that date a very heaven on earth to the student. I have never seen in all my life a student's library comparable with it. It wanted none of the great treasures of literature, and yet it was not too large to become familiar with. In the halls I frequented I soon knew where every book dwelt, and if my eyes saw a vacant place on a shelf I knew instantly what book was from home. Of the great reviews and magazines I gradually made an index of all their papers likely to be of use to me: so that if an up-to-date article on any subject, commodity, or event was needed I had at my finger ends a list of all the papers that had been written concerning it.

Nor did I let the evident trade or literary side of the subject satisfy me. I hunted up in such queer repositories of knowledge as "Southey's Doctor," "Hones's Year Book," "Table Book," and "Every Day Book," et cetera, all the bits of folklore, historical, poetical, and social traditions, proverbs, and prophecies allied to it; and in such research I found a never-ending delight. Many writers of that day said with a variety of emphasis, "What luck Mrs. Barr has!"

Once a despondent young man sitting in my alcove made this very remark to me, and as it was spoken in no unkind spirit I answered it by showing him the indexes and notes which I had made for this very work. I pointed out that the illustration for which I was then preparing the text had been received an hour ago and must be turned into the paper for which it was intended early on the following morning; and I asked him—if he could find the material necessary, and have it at the office by nine o'clock? He looked gloomily at the picture. It represented an old farmer examining the almanac for the New Year.

"Now what can a fellow know about almanacs?" he asked. "What is there to know about them anyhow? I suppose I could find something in Poole—"

To what many would have considered mere hack-work, Mrs. Barr brought gifts that made it much more than that. It proved not only her ability to write, but to write with sympathetic acquaintance and with enthusiasm:

In the meantime my reputation grew imperceptibly as a tree grows. In a little more than a year after I began writing for the *Christian Union* I had a great deal to do for Dr.

Stephen Tyng, a notable young clergyman of that day. My first literary work for him was to write twenty little stories about Olivet Chapel and its mission. They were to be about seven or eight hundred words long, and though all on the same subject, to be varied as much as possible. I found no difficulty in doing what he wished. It was only to make men of different creeds and nationalities, age and temperament, wealth and poverty, discuss the mission. To me it proved a pleasant mental exercise, and Dr. Tyng was more than satisfied, and paid me one hundred dollars.

Her first novel was printed in the columns of a religious periodical:

Subsequently when Dr. Tyng and Dr. Hepworth began to publish a weekly newspaper, called the *Working Church*, they associated me with them in its preparation. This paper published the first novel I ever wrote, as simple a story as "Jan Vedder's Wife," but laid among the Cumberland Fells and in the city of Glasgow.

Some of the pleasures of her work were found of course in her chance friendships as well as in her regular associations. This is one experience, among others, in the quiet reading-rooms of the Astor Library:

As he left me a tall, pale young man brought his lunch in his hand, and sat down to eat it beside me. It was Wolcott Balestier, the brother of the young lady whom Rudyard Kipling married, and no mean writer of fiction. He was employed in the Patent Department, and he never told me he was writing. He liked to eat his lunch beside me, and discuss the people around, and what they were doing. Sometimes he gave me some of his marshmallows, and I gave him half of my apple. We always had a happy moment over these exchanges, and he used to hanker me for being so extravagant as to buy apples when they were five cents each. Well, when I first came to New York I had sometimes hesitated between the apple and the ride home. If I got my apple I had to walk up to Eighteenth Street, if I could do without my apple I could afford the cars home. Always the apple won.

As proof of her indefatigable efforts this paragraph, following the brief account of a serious illness, is offered:

I had been four months in my room. I felt now an urgent necessity to be at work again. I have a list beside me of the work I did in this month of March, and of the work done in the nine months following. It may interest some of my friends to read the list for March, because I was then scarcely out of the shadow of the grave. It includes twelve poems, four for *Harper's Weekly* and eight for the *Ledger*, as follows: "An Old Man's Valentine," "Tis God's World After All," "Blue and Gray Together," "John's Wife," "The Fortune Teller," "The Best I Can," "The Lover That Comes in the Morning," "No Room for Me," "When to Drop the Bridle," "We've Always Been Provided For," "When Mother and I Were Married." Besides these twelve poems I went to the library and procured the material for the Nollekins article, a lengthy one which depicted the Georgian life and celebrities; wrote two articles for *Lippincott's*, and the school paper called "Beating the Bounds" for the editor of *Harper's Young People*. For the year following I have a list which shows one hundred and thirty-one poems, eight stories, two of which were long enough to be called novelettes, and twenty-five articles referring mostly to remarkable people, places, or events.

Fortune so favored the young writer that it was possible for her to make a journey to her native country. Her visit, however, was not a season of rest or even idleness:

Under these conditions it was as easy for me to go to England as to remain in New York during the summer, and in May, 1882, having just finished and sold to Appleton my book on the "Children of Shakespeare's Dramas," I took Alice and went first to Glasgow and afterwards to Yorkshire; remaining away until Christmas was approaching. During that summer vacation, so-called, I sent back to New York eighty-one poems, stories, and descriptive articles, and this number does not include poems and stories written for English papers and magazines during the same period, but of which I have kept no list. These eighty-one poems and stories were sent to Mary, who managed their sale so well that all were placed and mostly paid for when I returned home.

The payment received for one of her most successful novels was not large, when compared with the returns to authors made by "best sellers" of today:

On the twenty-fifth I arranged with the *Christian Union* for the first study of "Paul and Christina." They gave me one hundred and twenty dollars, and on the twenty-seventh of November, A. D. 1884, I received a letter from Dodd, Mead & Co. accepting "Jan Vedder's Wife." It happened to be Thanksgiving Day, and this letter made it a memorable one, for it altered the whole course of my life. I had this letter framed, and it hangs now before me in my study as I write. Time has faded the four lines it contained, but they are graven on memory's tablet, and the yellow paper and nearly colorless ink can not hide from me the words of promise it contained. On the twenty-eighth I saw Mr. Frank Dodd, and arranged with him for the publication of "Jan Vedder's Wife." He gave me three hundred dollars for the book, promising to add to this sum if it sold well, and I may mention here that he subsequently sent me five hundred dollars more. He sent it of his own free will. I made neither claim nor request for it.

All through her life Mrs. Barr has retained the sense of responsibility to her readers for truth, even in the artistic details of her work. This concerns one of the latest of her books:

In August I wrote to Holland for some directions about the Dutch forms of speech, for one of the Astor librarians who spoke the Dutch language told me always to remember that the Dutch of the period I wish to write of thought in Dutch, even if they spoke in English. Thus, he instanced, an Englishman would say, "Spring will soon be here," but a Dutchman would say, "We come near to the Spring." So then a knowledge of Dutch forms was necessary, and he told me what books to write for. When I had sent off this letter I considered that my preparations for writing "The Bow of Orange Rihon" were complete.

Even a brief collection of excerpts from her fascinating life-story can not fail to emphasize the fact that Mrs. Barr, although hedged in by all the traditional difficulties, was able not only to win her way, but to gain a modest fortune, to build a beautiful and happy home, and to achieve a fame that will not quickly expire. Faith, courage, and untiring work was her creed. Her career justifies and glorifies it.

ALL THE DAYS OF MY LIFE: An autobiography. By Amelia E. Barr. Illustrated. New York and London: D. Appleton & Co.; \$3.50 net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Knave of Diamonds.

Those who read "The Way of an Eagle" will recognize a certain power in the author to depict bizarre and weird male characters and to make them attractive. As she herself is a woman she probably knows what she is about when she brings Lady Carfax slowly under the fascination of Nap Errol. Lady Carfax is a sort of pure and angelic being who is married to a brutal and drunken husband. Nap Errol is a young American who belongs in a left-handed way to an irreproachable family and who describes himself as of Indian ancestry. Certainly his wild and ungovernable temper and erratic demeanor suggest an insane Apache. He not only pursues Lady Carfax with savage determination, but he arranges a well laid plot to ruin her, and when he is finally beaten nearly to death by her enraged husband we feel that he has received some of his deserts, much as we detest the husband. That Lady Carfax should actually fall in love with a young barbarian like Nap Errol seems incredible, and it says much for the author's skill that she works it out so plausibly. Nap is of course wholly an invention, as was the hero of "The Way of an Eagle." Perhaps they are exaggerated inventions, but at least they are unusually clever and we shall watch with some curiosity for the author's future work and for further examples of her power to imagine fearsome and terrible heroes.

THE KNAVE OF DIAMONDS. By Ethel M. Dell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35 net.

European Cities.

Dr. Frederic C. Howe has done an extraordinarily useful work in making us familiar with the government of European cities. That his books should have attracted so much attention is evidence of a new willingness on the part of Americans to recognize that the problems of city administration are common to civilization and that a general study of successes and failures can hardly fail of substantial benefits. Whether the "bope of democracy" is to be found in city government, whether indeed there is any hope for democracy as democracy is now shaping itself, is another matter, and one that can hardly be considered as settled. But at least the author is entitled to a hearing, not only because his views are eminently temperate, but also because his facts are voluminous and authentic.

It is indeed because of its facts that this volume is to be welcomed. Those who want to know how European cities are actually governed and of the gradual processes by which the European city is being welded into a social unit will find here a careful and a competent study of conditions that is lacking in no essential particular. Dr. Howe has devoted his attention mainly to Germany and to England. Nearly everywhere he finds the city under the management of the expert, and city government regarded as a science rather than as plunder. He finds the gradual inclusion in city government of the activities that were once left wholly to individual control, and the city assuming the guidance of all the agencies that make for public welfare. And he seems to think that the picture is a good one.

Perhaps it is—for Europe. That it could be imitated in America is not so evident. Dr. Howe says frankly that the age of the European city has developed a community spirit which never allows the interests of the individual to dominate those of the public. The European citizen thinks collectively, and not individually. The American citizen thinks individually, and not collectively. It is a matter of civic age. He might say also, and with equal truth, that the European citizen is saturated with a long heredity of the habit of obedience and with unquestioning deference to authority. In short the individual equation is a more important factor than the governmental systems that spring from it. But that there should be such a comparison of notes between America and Europe is sensible and well-timed, and Dr. Howe has done it in this and in his preceding volumes, not only from a broad and statesmanlike view, but with an attention to principles and to essentials that is wholly admirable.

EUROPEAN CITIES AT WORK. By Frederic C. Howe, Ph. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.75 net.

The Rocky Mountains.

It is inevitable that a deserved popularity has attended Mr. Clifton Johnson's "Highways and Byways of the Rocky Mountains," first published in the American Highways and Byways series and now making its appearance in a second edition. Mr. Johnson's method is simple and effective. Instead of "spreading himself" in fine writing he prefers to find some representative inhabitant whose story is worth telling and who is willing to tell it. In this way we have a series of points of view that give a far better idea of the country and its history than could be conveyed by the fugitive impressions of the traveler. Thus we have the story of a Nebraska farmer, other stories from residents of "historic Kansas" and of Oklahoma. Some typical Mormons are given the hospitality of Mr. Johnson's pages,

and in this way we are led through the vast territories under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains. The book well deserves the popularity that has evidently rewarded it. Nothing could be better devised for its purpose.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. By Clifton Johnson. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

Wild Justice.

Frances Clare tells a story of English life that is not without a certain power, but that yet fails to capture our warm sympathy for any of its characters. It is a story of mistaking and of the common enough effort of the man to remedy his initial mistake by making another one and by ignoring his marital obligations in the pursuit of another woman. Anthony Bellairs, for no particular reason except the reason appreciated only by men, has married a rather useless woman who has compelled him to give up his political career in order that he may supply her with the money that she demands. When Anthony meets Paula, who was his boyhood comrade, he realizes that he should have married her, and so he proposes to cut the Gordian knot by the abandonment of his wife and by a new and unconventional alliance. The idea is as old as human nature, and it is worked out here rather slenderly through some three hundred pages of print. The author has considerable imagination, but somehow she fails to make us love, or even very much admire, her characters.

WILD JUSTICE. By Frances Clare. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Letters of Richard Wagner.

We have lately heard a great deal of the personal life of Richard Wagner, and it may be that future generations will wonder why we heard quite so much. And now comes a volume of letters addressed to Emil Heckel, Joseph Hoffmann, Karl Brandt, Friedrich Feustel, and Burgomaster Munchner and covering that long period of intense stress while the Bayreuth Festival was slowly taking form. Many artists have sighed for the fairy prince who would take from their shoulders the load of financial cares. Few have found him as did Wagner in the person of the King of Bavaria. But even such substantial aid as this did not provide a quite clear course for the composer, as is made evident by these letters. Wagner secured his stage, his invisible orchestra, and his competent musicians, but his own temperament raised for him an abiding host of difficulties. Not content with assuming the general directorship of his enterprise, he fretted himself with small details that might well have been left to subordinates. He irritated his performers by undue and caustic criticism. On one occasion he storms at a singer, "Those are swimming exercises, not human gestures." At another time he shouts, "Any one who is unnatural I consider as my enemy." But his assistants were certainly as enthusiastic as he was himself. One of them says that he was "our adviser and teacher," as well as musical director and stage manager, and he must have had something magnetic about him to command such service. The appetite of the Wagner devotee for personalia of the master is probably insatiable, but even those who are not devotees will find much of interest in this correspondence, which must take an important place in the history of music.

THE BAYREUTH LETTERS OF RICHARD WAGNER. Translated and edited by Caroline V. Kerr. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$2.50 net.

Roger of Sicily.

This volume by Edmund Curtis, M. A., which appears in the Heroes of the Nations series, is a useful reminder of how little we know of some of the world's greatest men. Roger of Sicily began for Italy the great work of unification completed by Garibaldi. The arena of Norman conquest was a line drawn from the Tronto to Rieti and from that again to Terracina. The whole of this part of Italy was formed by Roger into a political entity which lasted for eight hundred years and was known as "the kingdom of Sicily," or the "Regno," and the story of this great feat of arms and statecraft is equal to anything of its kind in history. Roger was crowned at Palermo in 1130. For fourteen years he struggled desperately to maintain his position, relying, says the author, more upon his intellect than his sword, and yet revenging himself upon his enemies with a cruelty far beyond the practices of his age. The author is to be congratulated not only upon a successful piece of historical research but also upon a narrative style that for lucidity and comprehensiveness leaves nothing to be desired. The illustrations are numerous and good.

ROGER OF SICILY, AND THE NORMANS IN LOWER ITALY. By Edmund Curtis, M. A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50 net.

Minimum Wage and Syndicalism.

Mr. James Boyle, formerly private secretary of Governor McKinley, has prepared this little volume of facts, definitions, and opinions, which, mainly because it is non-contentious, is an addition of marked value to the economic literature of the day. Mr. Boyle devotes the first half of his book to the minimum wage and the second to syndicalism. He

tells us of actual conditions in New Zealand, Australia, England, and in Massachusetts, covering the ground concisely but sufficiently and removing some misconceptions that have already obtained far too much currency. For example, he tells us that the whole system of the minimum wage and compulsory arbitration in New Zealand has recently been in danger and that there was a likelihood of "the entire complicated fabric tumbling down and being thrown on the scrap heap of discarded legislative lumber."

THE MINIMUM WAGE AND SYNDICALISM. By James Boyle. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company; \$1 net.

The Social Center.

This volume appears in the National Municipal League series and is under the editorship of Mr. Edward J. Ward, who elaborates a scheme by which the school house would become the civic centre of the district. It would be used not only as a polling place, but as a sort of political forum, a rallying spot for men and ideas. The school house could be used also as an employment bureau, as a public health office, as an art gallery, and for purposes associated with music, festivals, and recreations. The idea is an interesting one and one that seems already to have been followed with some success. Mr. Ward's advocacy has certainly the merit of enthusiasm and of very evident and elaborate study.

THE SOCIAL CENTER. By Edward J. Ward. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Brief Reviews.

The boy scout movement has already been productive of many good stories, but there is none better than "A Scout of Today," by Isabel Hornbrook (Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net). The boy's book that is devoted to the mere incident of adventure has no real value, but Miss Hornbrook writes in such a way as to persuade her readers to admire manliness and magnanimity.

Among thoroughly wholesome books for boys a high place must be assigned to "The Mystery of the Grey Oak Inn," by Louise Godfrey Irwin (Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1.25 net). It is a story of the adventures which befell a New England boy and his chum during a summer in Vermont, and it is among the comparatively few boys' books that are written up to, instead of down to, their audience.

Among the unending stream of frontier stories, many of them apocryphal, is "Crooked Trails and Straight," by William MacLeod Raine (G. W. Dillingham Company; \$1.25 net). It is a yarn of the Arizona frontier and of the enmity between the cattlemen and the sheepherders, and it is written with moderation and a commendable attention to historical fact. Those who know Mr. Raine's many previous stories will need no advice to read his latest.

Professor C. Alphonso Smith talks pleasantly and understandingly about books in his "What Can Literature Do for Me?" (Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1 net). Literature, we are told, gives us an outlet, preserves the vision of the ideal, gives us a better knowledge of human nature, restores to us the past, shows us the glory of the commonplace, and gives us the mastery of our own language. That it does indeed do all these things the author makes clear enough.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have published "The Auction Bridge Book," by Captain H. S. Browning, otherwise known as "Slambo" of the *Westminster Gazette*. Captain Browning describes his book as "a complete treatise, with the rules of the game, and a chapter on the new scoring." The book appears to be all this, and moreover it is written in an insinuating style calculated to make bridge players of those who have so far withstood temptation. The price is \$1 net.

Most wholesome-minded boys would like to make a model aeroplane, not a mere toy, but an actual miniature machine, perfect in all its parts. In "The Second Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes" Mr. Francis A. Collins tells exactly how this is done. His explanations are so clear that any clever boy mechanic can follow them, while as an additional aid there are about ninety illustrations and diagrams of working parts. The book is published by the Century Company. Price, \$1.20 net.

Since Mr. Maurice Hewlett and others have made it fashionable to believe in fairies there should be a welcome for "The Leprechaun," by James T. Gallagher (Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net). Dr. Gallagher's verse is distinctively Irish, and there can be no higher praise than this. He tells us a direct narrative of the Connemara Highlands, and it is not only saturated with the romance of the Irish fairyland, but it is also a dignified and musical poem, rich in imagery and of a high technical quality.

"Summer in a Bog," by Katharine Dooris Sharp (Stewart & Kidd Company; \$1.25 net), is a book ostensibly on nature study and botany, and it does indeed contain much along these lines. But why does the author insert a tirade against tobacco in the middle of her work, together with a few laudatory remarks on the suffragette and eugenic movements?

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They seem irrelevant. The value of her judgment may be estimated from her assertion that she knows "nothing more revolting in civilized public life" than the sight of a smoker. Her knowledge of public life must indeed be limited if this is the most revolting thing she ever saw. In strict confidence we could tell her of many worse sights than this. We have seen them ourselves. But it is a pity that a good book should be marred by this taint of silliness.

John W. de Kay, author of "The People's Money" (London: Effingham Wilson), has written a protest against the money power and some suggestions for a remedy. Among these latter is a world organization of labor to the end that militarism may be destroyed. It would be a fine thing to destroy militarism, but seeing that the people already have the power to do this, but without the faintest inclination to do it, we may doubt if Mr. de Kay helps us much. He makes the common mistake of supposing that the people need only to be "shown." But the people, like Ephraim, are wedded to their idols. They have neither the wit to think nor the courage to act.

Sardou and the Sardou Plays

BY

JEROME A. HART

WHAT THE REVIEWERS SAY

The Outlook: This is the most exhaustive study of the life and works of Sardou that has yet been made. It contains adequate biographical material and excellent narrative analyses of some forty plays. Readers who may expect to find these summaries devoid of all wit, color, and vivacity so characteristic of Sardou at his best will be happily disappointed. Mr. Hart has carried out a difficult task with sympathy and skill.

Philadelphia Press: According to Mr. Hart's new life of Sardou, in 54 years he produced 78 plays, of which only about 6 could be called absolute failures. Yet in New York this season out of 120 new productions only 12 were money-makers. These figures do not corroborate those contemporary theatrical critics who rate the dramatists of today above Sardou.

Elizabeth (N. J.) Journal: This is an unusually interesting biography, being the first adequate life of the great French playwright.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

English Lyrical Poetry.

In the first chapter of his substantial history of English lyrical poetry Dr. Edward Bliss Reed of Yale College is at some pains to find a suitable definition of the lyric, a task by no means easy, and perhaps even impossible, of successful performance. Lyrics, we are told, are "all songs; all poems following classic lyric forms; and all short poems expressing the writer's moods and feelings in a rhythm that suggests music." Doubtless this definition of the indefinable is as good as can be found.

Dr. Reed has found his volume of six hundred pages inadequate to his task, but he need not apologize for the omission of biographical details. Upon this he is to be congratulated. But we can sympathize with his regret for a necessary neglect of all Irish and Scottish writers with the chief exceptions of Burns, Moore, Blunt, Stevenson, and Davidson. And yet the work could not advantageously be longer than it is, nor better condensed. Beginning with the Middle English lyric, we have chapters on the Tudor and Elizabethan periods, Jacobean and Caroline lyrics, the lyric from the restoration to the death of Pope, the lyric of the transition, the lyric of the nineteenth century, and the lyric of today. The great spiritual gift of the English race, says the author, is its poetry. Other nations have produced finer pictures, finer music, and finer statues, but no people has produced such a band of inspired singers. If there is now no great English poet upon the stage we need have no fear that the poetic race is extinct.

A highly satisfactory work is completed by a bibliography and an index.

ENGLISH LYRICAL POETRY: FROM ITS ORIGINS TO THE PRESENT TIME. By Edward Bliss Reed, Ph. D. New Haven: Yale University Press; \$2.25 net.

Mrs. Augusta E. Stetson.

Evidently Mrs. Stetson takes herself with an extraordinary seriousness. We were all aware of a certain schism in the Christian Science community upon the death of Mrs. Eddy and the challenge of Mrs. Stetson's orthodoxy which was then so freely discussed. Apparently Mrs. Stetson still lies under the shadow of that challenge, since she now gives us a volume of twelve hundred pages of reminiscences, sermons, and correspondence tending to prove her "adherence to the principle of Christian Science as taught by Mary Baker Eddy." Whether this surprising volume does actually fulfill its mission is not for the determination of a reviewer lamentably unskilled in the finer doctrinal points of Christian Science. It must be left to the judgment of the expert with the necessary enthusiasm and the requisite \$5, but it may perhaps be suggested with propriety that twelve hundred pages is full measure even for a topic of such transcendent importance as Mrs. Stetson's orthodoxy. It may be said further that as the volume is printed upon Bible paper with a certain inconvenient adhesiveness the reader should exercise some care not to turn over two pages together, a fact that might easily escape his attention.

REMINISCENCES, SERMONS, AND CORRESPONDENCE, 1884-1913. By Augusta E. Stetson, C. S. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$5 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

The San Francisco publishing department of A. C. McClurg & Co. has moved from 746 Pacific Building to 503 Heyman-Weil Building, 718 Mission Street, adjoining the wholesale department, where it will have more advantageous quarters. It will, as heretofore, carry a full stock of the publications of the firm, including the new issues as ready at the Chicago house. McClurg's new fall list is in the press, and will be ready for distribution shortly. It includes thirty-four new titles, several of which relate to the West, two or three to California.

A biography of Dr. Henry Fabre, the noted author and entomologist, written by Dr. C. V. Legros, will be published this fall by the Century Company. Dr. Legros has chosen for the title of his work, "Fabre, Poet of Science," which is a happy thought.

Miss Marjorie Patterson, whose "Dust of the Road," a novel of English theatrical life with an American heroine, Henry Holt & Co. will issue early in the fall, is a great-niece of Betsy Patterson, who married Jerome Bonaparte, and daughter of the late William Patterson of Baltimore. Though an American and in her early twenties, she has already won a place on the English stage.

At last there is to be a collected edition of the works of Francis Thompson. Charles Scribner's Sons are about to publish it in this country. There are three volumes, each with a photogravure portrait. Volume one and two comprise the poems, including "The Hound of Heaven," "Sister Songs," "New Poems," and a large number of poems of the first importance never before published. Volume three consists of the famous essay, "Shelley," and "Health and Holiness"; a number of new creative papers; a selection from Francis Thompson's literary and crit-

ical articles, supplemented with notes, and facsimiles of interesting pages of his manuscripts.

The Czar has approved of the decision of the Holy Synod to destroy the three posthumous works of Count Leo Tolstoy, on the ground that they are unorthodox comments on the Old Testament. The protest of Count Tolstoy's relatives against such action has proved unavailing.

"One reason why a play is easier to write than a novel is that a play is shorter than a novel," says Arnold Bennett, who ought to know, as he has been successful in both lines of effort. He goes on to say: "On the average one may say that it takes six plays to make the matter of a novel. Other things being equal, a short work of art presents fewer difficulties than a longer one. The contrary is held true by the majority, but then the majority, having never attempted to produce a long work of art, are unqualified to offer an opinion."

The latest American novelist to become famous—W. B. Trites—published his first book in England.

CURRENT VERSE.

Sea Longing.

A thousand miles beyond this sun-steeped wall
Somewhere the waves creep cool along the sand,
The ebbing tide forsakes the listless land
With the old murmur, long and musical;
The windy waves mount up and curve and fall,
And round the rocks the foam blows up like snow—
Though I am inland far, I hear and know,
For I was born the sea's eternal thrall.
I would that I were there, and over me
The cold insistence of the tide would roll,
Quenching this burning thing men call the soul;
Then with the ebbing I should drift and be
Less than the smallest shell that stars the shoal,
Less than the seagulls calling to the sea.

—Sara Teasdale, in *Smart Set*.

The Birds and the Lighthouse.

Confused, dismayed, they flutter in the gale,
Those little pinions that have lost their track;
The gallant birds that sped them reel and fall
Like ships ahead.

Sucked in a magic current, like a leaf
Torn from autumnal tree, they drift abroad,
But ever nearer to the siren reef,
The ruthless sword.

On, on, transfix and swooning, without check,
To the lee shore of that bedazzling wall,
Until they strike, and break in utter wreck,
And founder all.

Brave little wings, that sailed the storm so well,
Trimmed to the set of every wayward blast!
Brave little hearts, that never storm could quell,
Beaten at last!

The great sea swallows them, and they are gone,
For ever gone, like bubbles of the foam;
And the bright star that lured them, shining on,
Still points to home.

—From "The Hand in the Dark," by Ada Cambridge.

The Pines.

Oh, shall I never, never be home again!
Meadows of England shining in the rain,
Spread wide your daisied lawns, your ramparts green
With brier fortify, with blossoms screen
Till my far morning—and, O streams that slow,
And pure and deep through plains and playlands go,
For me your love and all your kingcups store,
And—dark militia of the southern shore,
Old fragrant friends—preserve me the last lines
Of that long saga which you sung me, pines,
When, lonely boy, beneath the chosen tree
I listened, with my eyes upon the sea.

O traitor pines! you sang what life has found
The falsest of fair tales.
Earth blew a far-borne prelude all around,
That native music of her forest home,
While from the sea's blue fields and siren dales,
Shadows and light-noon spectres of the foam,
Riding the summer gales
On airy viols plucked an idle sound,
Hearing you sing, O trees?
Hearing you murmur, There are older seas
That beat on vaster sands
Where the wise snailfish move their pearly towers
To carved rocks and sculptured promontries,
Hearing you whisper, Lands
Where blaze the unimaginable flowers.

Beneath me in the valley waves the palm,
Beneath, beyond the valley, breaks the sea,
Beneath me sleep in mist, and light, and calm,
Cities of Lebanon, dream-shadow dim,
Where Kings of Tyre and Kings of Tyre did rule
In ancient days in endless dynasty.
And all around the snowy mountains swim
Like mighty swans afloat in heaven's pool.

But I will walk upon the wooded hill
Where stands a grove, O pines; of sister pines,
And when the downy twilight droops her wing,
And no sea glimmers and no mountain shines,
My heart shall listen still.
For pines are gossip pines the wide world through,
And full of rumie tales to sigh and sing;
'Tis ever sweet through pines to see the sky
Blushing a deeper gold or darker blue;
'Tis ever sweet to lie
On the dry carpet of the needles brown;
And while the fanciful green lizards stir,
And windy odors, light as thistledown,
Breathe from the laudanum and lavender,
Half to forget the wandering and pain,
Half to remember days that have gone by,
And dream and dream that I am home again.

—James Elroy Flecker, in *London Nation*.

New Books Received.

THE AUCTION BRIDGE BOOK. By Captain H. S. Browning. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1 net.

A complete treatise with the rules of the game.

VOICES OF TOMORROW. By Edwin Bjorkman. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.50 net.

Comments on Strindberg, Björnson, Lagerlöf, Grierson, Edith Wharton, Maeterlinck, Bergson, Gissing, Conrad, and Herrick.

O PIONEERS. By Willa Sibert Cather. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

NUTRITION AND DIET. By Emma Conley. New York: American Book Company; 60 cents.

A text-book for secondary schools.

THE SECOND PART OF HENRY THE SIXTH. Edited by Charles H. Barnwell, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; 35 cents net.

Issued in the Tudor Shakespeare.

FREE TRADE VS. PROTECTION. By Amasa M. Eaton. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1 net.

An argument for free trade.

THE HEART AND BLOOD-VESSELS. By I. H. Hirschfeld, M. D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$1.25 net.

Their care and cure, and the general management of the body.

RIVAL FRENCH COURTS. By S. H. Lombardini. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50 net.

The experiences of a lady in waiting at Seaux, at Versailles, and in the Bastille.

OLIVER HAZARD PERRY AND THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE. By James Cooke Mills. Detroit: John Phelps.

Issued in view of the Perry Centennial.

THE OPEN WINDOW. By E. Temple Thurston. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

CALM YOURSELF. By Dr. G. L. Walton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 50 cents net.

A set of rules for the cultivation of emotional poise in a strenuous age.

LESSONS IN ENGLISH FOR FOREIGN WOMEN. By Ruth Austin. New York: American Book Company; 35 cents.

For use in settlements and evening schools.

THE PRIMITIVE FAMILY AS AN EDUCATIONAL AGENCY. By Arthur James Todd, Ph. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.75 net.

A study of the influence of the family upon social evolution.

THE FRIENDLY ENEMY. By T. P. Cameron Wilson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25 net.

A story of slum life.

THE WISDOM OF BERNARD SHAW. New York: Brentano's.

Being passages from the works of Bernard Shaw. Chosen by Charlotte F. Shaw.

W. E. HENLEY. By L. Cope Cornford. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 75 cents.

Issued in Modern Biographies.

Strauss's "Salomé" and Saint-Saëns's "Samson and Delilah" will be sung in English this fall in New York.

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As new uses are being found for electricity, building contractors are awakening to the advantages of the electric motor, which is taking the place of the gasoline engine all along the line of constructional enterprise. It is no easy task to convert the contractor to the motor, after he has long been using the gasoline engine to drive his various machines, such as concrete mixers, material-hoists, saws, crushers, air compressors, and various other apparatus. The gasoline engine, to begin with, is portable and very convenient. However, it is liable to get out of order and necessitate the employment of an engineer to operate it; whereas the motor requires no extra help to operate and may be depended upon to run without interruption, thereby avoiding delays which are expensive when a large crew of men is at work. Besides, the gasoline engine is very noisy and dirty, very objectionable qualities in some localities.

Recently a contractor who is erecting the tallest concrete building in San Francisco, and who had installed a large concrete mixer driven by means of a direct-connected gas engine, was asked to consider the proposed change before the machinery was installed, but as he owned several outfits one was set up and the erection of the building started. Soon thereafter an energetic representative of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company noted that the gas engine was not working steadily, and he happened to drop in at the psychological moment when the men were all sitting on their wheelbarrows and the owner and engineer were trying to find some way to start the engine. A proposition made to install a motor in place of the gas engine (on trial) was accepted; inside of twelve hours motor service and meter were in place, and the machinery ran without an interruption until the completion of the building. The displaced engine was forgotten and "Pacific Service" was ready for the next job.

A number of large motors have been adopted in the construction of the concrete piers now being built by the State Harbor Board, and these operate all kinds of machinery, especially the complex movable outfits, and furnish the only practicable source of power, constituting in themselves another triumph for "Pacific Service."

Gas, another feature of "Pacific Service," is also coming more largely into use than ever before, and some large contracts have been closed locally. W. P. Fuller & Co., having demonstrated that gas can be used to better advantage in the manufacture of varnish than by the former fuel, coke, have closed with the Pacific Gas and Electric Company for the supply of gas at their South San Francisco works. It is expected that they will consume in the neighborhood of one-half million cubic feet of gas per month.

The West Coast Iron Company, a new concern to establish itself in San Francisco for the manufacture of pig iron, has also decided to make use of "Pacific Service," and as a result a large contract has been closed with the Pacific Gas and Electric Company for all its power.

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AMONG THE PLAYER PEOPLE.

Stage Director Temple has put on "The Mikado" in admirable style this week at the Tivoli Opera House. The setting of the second act is particularly attractive, if possible even more strikingly appropriate than the "Iolanthe" scenes. In a single week of rehearsals he has brought a large chorus into seemingly thorough appreciation of the importance of good posing and ensemble work, and the results are worthy of remark. Musical Director Linne has been no less successful with the score, both on the stage and in the orchestra pit. A grateful recognition of this artistic skill and untiring effort would fill every seat in the Tivoli nine times a week.

The original Ko-Ko of the London Savoy Company was George Grossmith, and when he sang the "I've Got a Little List" song—which, by the way, is one of the only two real "topical" songs in the Gilbert-Sullivan operas—he changed the verses from time to time, and this with the approbation of Gilbert, for without his consent it could not have been done. Since his time many other light opera comedians have taken the same liberty, and often with good taste and popular appreciation. Teddy Webb, who came to America from London with the first English "Mikado" company, is one of those who know all the Savoy traditions and respect them, but he does not hesitate to interpolate a stanza of his own, and with admirable judgment. In fact, it is quite as good as any in the original, and it is endorsed vociferously, as it should be, when he sings it. Here it is:

There's the man that always comes in late and crowds into his seat.
I've put him on the list.
He disturbs a row of occupants by stepping on their feet.
He never will be missed.
There's the man that sits behind you and knows all about the play;
He tells what actor comes on next and what he's going to say.
And the chap who keeps time with his feet by pounding on the floor,
And the ladies who can never wait until the play is over.
But in putting on their wraps and picture hats insist.
I've got 'em on the list,
They never will be missed.

Ko-Ko offers peculiar temptations to the comedian whose forte is low comedy, but Mr. Webb resists them much more successfully than most of those who have assumed the part. Even Richard Mansfield introduced business that was more notable for broad effects than for subtlety. Mr. Webb is as great a Ko-Ko as he is a Lord Chancellor or a Sir Joseph Porter. Best of all, he sings his music, almost invariably, and makes his entrance solo and the succeeding song far more effective than is possible for a comedian who has no singing voice.

Comic opera does not offer a better contralto rôle than that of Katisha in "The Mikado," though it calls for an extinguishment of beauty from which many singers shrink. Sarah Edwards is not of these, however, and this week at the Tivoli she proves her devotion to art by obliterating all her personal charms and presenting in their place a face and figure that might well have scared the heir of a throne from his heritage. But she sings the music and she acts the part with rare ability and discretion.

With only two days for study and rehearsal Myrtle Dingwall assumed the rôle of Pitti-Sing in this week's revival of "The Mikado" at the Tivoli, and her success is complete justification of the choice made to fill a vacancy caused by the sudden departure of Ilon Bergere. Miss Dingwall began her stage career at the Princess Theatre, as the youngest member of the chorus in the excellent light opera organization formed by Manager Campbell, now secretary and auditor of the Tivoli Theatre Company, and in three seasons won her way to principal soprano rôles with Ferris Hartman's company. Her voice is pure and flexible, with a notable youthful freshness and charm, and it has been well trained. Gifted with beauty, vivacity, and dramatic intuition, her continued advance is assured. As Pitti-Sing she is one of the most attractive of figures, and she sings and acts with such distinction that the audience is moved unvaryingly to show its appreciation.

Orpheum audiences are getting some real Broadway "class" work in Irene Franklin's singing impersonations. Miss Franklin sings even better than she did when she was here some years ago, though there was then a pe-

culiar quality in her voice that made it notable among vaudeville offerings. Her impersonations—the janitor man's child, the chambermaid, and the waitress—are convincing proofs of her dramatic gifts, especially in burlesque. It is, of course, a heresy, but it must be admitted that there is a suggestion of Eddie Foy in some of Miss Franklin's methods of expression which cools an otherwise unprejudiced Western enthusiasm, but the comedienne overcomes that and wins. Her number is the brightest one on the programme, and Burt Green, at the piano, adds to its effect with crisp dexterity and becoming modesty.

Miss Orford presents three trained elephants at the Orpheum this week, and the act is the biggest thing ever witnessed except in a circus tent. After one has seen these monstrous animals dance and play with every appearance of full knowledge and actual enjoyment, has been amazed by their deftness and speed, and their intelligent response to command and suggestion, he can read the most incredible of Kipling's jungle stories without a tremor of disagreement.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

John Mason at the Cort Theatre.

After playing in New York for over a year and a half in his new play by Augustus Thomas, "As a Man Thinks," John Mason will fill a fortnight's engagement at the Cort Theatre, beginning next Monday night. With Mr. Mason will come his Thirty-Ninth Street Theatre Players, seen with the distinguished star during his remarkable metropolitan season, and the Messrs. Shubert promise every particle of the original scenic and costume display used in the New York production.

Augustus Thomas wrote "As a Man Thinks" especially for John Mason, just as he wrote "The Witching Hour" for him, and the character of the gentle old Dr. Seelig in the new play is said to fit the magnetic genius and odd personal traits of the star better than any other stage character type he has interpreted.

John Mason's visit is as important theatrically as the coming of Forbes Robertson, or any stage celebrity of the highest class, for Mr. Mason, though only of middle age, is among the last of the renowned old-school American players. He is the best English speaker on the public platforms of the country, and it is educational as well as entertaining to hear him. Mason is young in years, but old in technic. For years he toured the country in support of the sturdy actors of the legitimate, first visiting this city in Edwin Booth's company; then he starred in "Friend Fritz," and he did particularly fine work as leading male player with Mrs. Fiske in her production of "Leah Kleschna" and "The New York Idea."

"As a Man Thinks" is in four acts, these depicting scenes associated with New York's smartest social set, but all centered about the love life of two young sweethearts, sweetly influenced by the mysterious sympathetic power of an old family physician, Dr. Seelig (Mr. Mason). Julie Herne, the daughter of the famous actor-author, James A. Herne, who wrote "Hearts of Oak" and "Shore Acres," is in Mr. Mason's company, and the cast includes John Flood and George Gaston.

"Pirates of Penzance" at the Tivoli.

It is like meeting old friends to drop into the Tivoli of an evening, where Manager Leahy's splendid company is reviving the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. This week "The Mikado" is the delightful offering; next week, starting Monday evening, "The Pirates of Penzance" will be given, with the following cast: Teddy Webb will be the Major-General; Charles Gallagher, the Pirate King; Henry Santry, Samuel; John R. Phillips, Frederick; Robert Pitkin, Sergeant of Police; Rena Vivienne, Mabel; and Sarah Edwards, Ruth.

"The Pirates" is in the happiest Gilbert and Sullivan vein. At the opening of the opera it is disclosed that Frederick, when a boy, in pursuance of his father's orders, was to have been apprenticed to a pilot until his twenty-first year, but by mistake of his nursemaid, Ruth, he was bound out to one of the pirates of Penzance, who were celebrated for their gentleness and never molested orphans, because they were orphans themselves. In the first scene the pirates are making merry, as Frederick has reached his majority and is about to leave them and seek some other occupation. Ruth, a piratical maid-of-all-work, induces Frederick to promise to marry her, but when Major-General Stanley's daughters come on the scene he discovers that he has been deceived. There are many romantic and picturesque scenes in the opera, many brave encounters, policemen against the pirates, but the end is as happy as it is surprising. The music is not only thoroughly imbued with Sullivan's potent charm, but skillfully arranged for the display of good voices in solos, duets, and choruses. It will always maintain its hold on popular taste, and this revival at the Tivoli Opera House will surely rank with the two that have preceded it—excellent in every detail.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

Gus Edwards, who is notable for the development of clever youngsters, will introduce next week at the Orpheum his latest achievement, which he appropriately styles "The Kid Kabaret." It is one of the most pretentious of vaudeville offerings and contains a cast of twenty juveniles with Eddie Cantor and Georgie Jessel at their head. It is a musical melange suggested by the present cabaret craze. All the principals sing, dance, and impersonate cleverly.

Miss Jane Connelly and her company will offer "A Strong Cup of Tea," a comedy of modern life by Erwin Connelly. It will be served in the ornamental garden attached to the quaint little cottage where Betty makes her home, and Miss Connelly as Betty, Donald Fraser as Billy, and Erwin Connelly as Billy's father will participate.

A quarter of an hour's diversion, consisting of song, dance, and story will be furnished by Fred Watson and Rena Santos. Mr. Watson and Miss Santos have been vaudeville associates for a long time, and are always popular.

Brent Hayes, who is classed as a banjo virtuoso, will play selections without any accompaniment, conveying to the audiences the idea that they are listening to two or three instruments.

Next week will be the third and most positively the last of the engagement of Irene Franklin, the American comedienne, who is creating such a furor. She will sing entirely new songs.

With this programme Pat Rooney and Marion Bent, Lamberti, and Miss Orford and her wonderful elephants will close their engagements.

Last Week of Kinemacolor at the Columbia.

The fourth and final week of the Kinemacolor moving picture season at the Columbia Theatre will attract attention, for not only has the management in making up its programme secured attractive features for those who find delight in the drama, in the scenic, and in the travogue, but they have placed on the bill one of the most marvelous educational features ever taken by the camera. This is the three-reel subject, entitled "Steam," and those who have given study to the inventions of Watt and Stephenson will find the Kinemacolor presentation one of exceeding interest.

A very fine patriotic special in three reels, "Nathan Hale," is on the programme, as is also the old-time English morality play, "Everyman." "The Pearls of the Madonna," one of the most striking stories ever pictured on the screen, is also to be offered during the week in conjunction with other numbers, which are sure to help make up a two-hour programme of great interest and entertainment.

Matinees are given daily at 2:30. The evening performances are given at 8:30.

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

Fred Ardath and his dainty maids, who created on their recent visit the biggest laughing success that ever played the Pantages Circuit, will head the list of attractions opening at the Pantages Theatre on Sunday afternoon. Ardath will be seen in a new musical comedy called "A Night Out," which gives him a splendid opportunity for comedy. His dainty maids, numbering twelve, with Muriel Arlington as the leader of the chorus numbers, will offer a variety of new novelty song hits.

The Olga Samaroff Musical Trio are the added attraction with the show. Miss Samaroff is a young Russian girl who has been a genuine sensation in the Continental music halls. She is a violinist with confidence and virile execution, combined with a magnetic and attractive personality. With her are two other excellent musicians, who play the piano and cello.

Roy La Pearl, billed as "the baritone blacksmith," is the possessor of an unusual powerful singing voice, which he makes full use of in songs sentimental and otherwise. La Pearl is known as "the man who sings above the clouds," and during his stay in this city will render selections from the top of the Pantages Theatre building.

Will H. Armstrong, the principal comedian of Armstrong's Musical Comedy Company, is back in vaudeville with a merry little play called "The New Expressman." Armstrong is a laugh-producer, and with his eccentric dancing satisfies any vaudeville audience. Dorothy Armstrong and Ada Robertson, two pretty girls, are in support of Armstrong.

Little Willie Hamilton, a tiny tyke from

Los Angeles, will play a number of classical selections on the cornet.

Howard and Dolores, known as the comedian and the ragtime model, have a catchy singing and dancing offering.

A white clown and a dark one make up the Lester Brothers, eccentric and daring acrobats.

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Matinee Every Day at 2:30. Every Night at 8:30. Evenings, 25c, 35c, 50c. Matinees, 25c.
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Starting Monday Night, July 28
2 Weeks—Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
The Messrs. Shubert present
"America's Foremost Actor"—Boston Globa
JOHN MASON
(By arrangement with Charles Frohman)
In Augustus Thomas' Master-Drama
AS A MAN THINKS
Nights and Sat. Mats., 50c to \$2. "Pop" Wed. Mats.

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ARDATH and His Dainty Maids, 20 Singing and Dancing Comedians, in "A Night Out"; OLGA SAMAROFF TRIO, from Royal Conservatory, Moscow, Russia; WILL ARMSTRONG CO., "The New Expressman"; ROY LA PEARL, the Baritone Blacksmith; HOWARD & DOLORES, the Ragtime Model Girl; LESTER BROTHERS, Clowning Comiques; WILLIE HAMILTON, Wonderful Boy Cornetist.
Mat. daily at 2:30. Nights at 7:15 and 9:15. Sunday and Holiday mats. at 1:30 and 3:30. Nights, continuous from 6:30. Prices: 10c, 20c and 50c.

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VANITY FAIR.

There seems to be no doubt that the Puritanism of Queen Mary is arousing real resentment throughout England—that is to say, those who suffer from it are resentful, while others are merely amused or scornful. Things must have come to something like a crisis when a society leader ventures to say openly that it would be well for Mary to remember that she is not the Queen of England, but only the queen-consort, which is quite a different thing, and that she is exceeding the rights of her fortuitous position. Some sort of sumptuary order from the court comes now as regularly as the morning milk, and there are quite a number of society women who prefer to remain away from court rather than submit to be bullied on purely personal matters that are supposed in some peculiar way to have a bearing upon purity. At a recent reception in Buckingham Palace there were two young girls whose dresses were certainly not hobbled, although there was not quite so much of them as there might be. The queen looked at them unpleasantly and eventually frowned at them, so that they left the room in tears. Now comes an order that court ladies must not ride astride, and this is followed by another command as to the wearing of feathers in the hair, the intention being to prevent a certain coquettish droop of which the queen disapproves. All this sort of thing is supposed to be an attempted imitation of the rigors imposed by Queen Victoria, but actually it is quite different. Victoria was severe upon anything that suggested an actual impropriety, but she was not prudish. In the lesser matters of court life she was content to make her opinions known without attempting to enforce them. Moreover, much is forgiven to age, and still more to a genuine and hearty kindness. Victoria never attempted to impose a complete code of manners on the court. Sometimes she would strike at some ugly excrement, and sometimes she would be unreasonable, but she was not tyrannical and she always had the saving grace of common sense. And it may be added that she was the Queen of England, and not the wife of the King of England. Which makes a difference.

Why is a man more likely to give up his seat to a woman with an escort than to a woman who is unaccompanied? Here in San Francisco there is no great enthusiasm in either case, but a New York woman is perplexed by the greater deference shown to her when she has a man with her than when she is alone.

A correspondent of the New York *Sun* explains the mystery. In fact he gives several explanations. First there is the fact that an attention to an unaccompanied woman is likely to be misunderstood. She may even be a policewoman with official instructions to act as a decoy and with a natural feminine tendency toward perjury. These be perilous days and the unprotected male can hardly be too careful. Then again the woman's escort will probably say a word of thanks for the courtesies, and women nowadays are so extraordinarily rude that to serve them is often a humiliation. Moreover, they are likely to resent the service, and they are just as uncouth in this respect as in most others. There is more than one man in San Francisco who has been publicly snubbed by the woman to whom he offered his seat, and the lesson is being learned. The writer of the letter in question says he has made it a rule never to surrender his seat except to an elderly man or woman, a woman who looks ill, or a woman with a baby. And this seems a fairly safe rule to go by.

How strange it is that women have got along for so many years with no pockets at all and that the first indulgence allowed them in this respect by the men dressmakers is a pistol pocket. And now there is a chance for some ingenious armament-maker to devise a pistol with a tiny mirror let into the handle and with a receptacle on the other side for a powder puff.

They have been a little troubled lately about the marriage rate in Trieste. The young people don't seem to get together as they used to do, and it has been observed in Trieste that when the marriage rate drops the birth rate is liable to follow suit. It is by a shrewd observation of facts like this that the science of sociology has been built up. But there are courageous spirits in Trieste. If people will not voluntarily enter into a state of bliss they must be forced to do so, and therefore the syndicate has proposed that all marriageable men and women shall be gathered together on a particular date, separated in accordance with their suspected sexes, their name placed in separate urns, and then drawn out in pairs. The owners of the names will then be married, forthwith by the syndicate, who believes that such a process as this may have a favorable effect upon the birth rate. Perhaps it will, and on the other hand perhaps it won't. Those who do not wish to be married in this way may make their own arrangements to the same end, but married they must be.

The arrangement seems to be a good one. Marriage is a lottery anyway, and to those

who believe that such a system might have bad results it may be said that no system could be more tragical in its results than the present one.

A report from Manchester, Massachusetts, tells us that they have had a real, live eugenic wedding in that progressive state. The bride was Miss Delia Farley Dana, the granddaughter of Longfellow, and we may amuse ourselves by wondering what Longfellow would have said to that circus had he been present. She was married by a justice of the peace, who asked the young people—presumably under instructions—"Have each of you obtained the assurance of a physician that you are fitted for the high calling of parenthood?" and then they both said that they had.

Now think of that. And the young woman never blushed at all, at least not noticeably. It was only a few years ago that our girls were painfully embarrassed even by the most remote suggestion of a connection between matrimony and parenthood. Of course they knew better than this. We know they did. They knew that we knew that they did. It was a beautiful illusion, and they were beautiful because of it, and in the presence of that beauty we men became a little better than Satan would have had us. It was an ideal of pure thought, not attained, truly, but yet dimly visible. It was a glimpse of that "eternal womanly that leads us ever upward and onward." And now here is a hideous modernity that has stripped the bloom from the butterfly's wing. The young woman was "fitted for the high calling of parenthood." A physician had said so. And how did the physician know this? How did he ascertain this?—if decent imagination is capable of bearing the picture that the question involves. Note that it was a physician. Perhaps a young physician. Perhaps a boy with the ink wet upon his diploma. Perhaps one of those certificated monsters who under a hundred disguises of villainy proclaim that their services are upon sale for crime. It was a physician; it might have been any physician, whose glance was an insult, whose touch a contamination. And this is science, this is progress, this is reform! Should we laugh, or should we cry, at this apotheosis of quackery, this canonization of pollution, this deification of nastiness? For the Gadarene swine of every age there is, it seems, still the steep place that leads to the sea.

The Boston *Globe* remarks that "although they had a mint bed at the White House during the Roosevelt administration, we do not remember that Henry Watterson ever spent the night there." And to this Marse Henry replies in the *Louisville Courier-Journal*: "Why, he dined there occasionally and never heard of the mint bed. Perhaps it was because he never drank a mint julep in his life. But why mention it?"

The European maid-servant, we are told, is now a devotee of the manicuring art, not for her employer's hands, but for her own. The modern Hebe considers herself as ill equipped without the following articles: Liquid soap, cuticle cream, cuticle scissors, cuticle trimmers, cuticle knives, files, nail scissors, polishers, orange sticks, emery boards, ivory trimmers, p^{ate} rubis, diamond nail polish, nail powder, ongoline, lotion (for whitening the hands). It is said that a certain *grande dame* of the old régime was once reproached for the dirtiness of her hands. "You call them dirty," she said, "you should see my feet." Perhaps it is fortunate for ourselves that we can not always determine to what extent the hands and feet are competitors in cleanliness.

The care of the hands, except so far as an honest cleanliness is concerned, is a revival of caste. It is intended to emphasize the fact that their owner does no manual work. For the same reason the Chinese aristocrat leaves one finger nail abnormally long, so long as to need a gold case to save it from fracture. We have not advanced very far since the day when it was considered a disgrace to work with the hands. Indeed we think so still. We pass all sorts of democratic legislation—and manure our hands. We glorify the dignity of labor—and our maid-servants need sixteen different implements in order to create the false impression that they do not labor at all.

What is a lady? asks the London *Daily Chronicle*. "The one person one must always be careful to describe as a lady," says Mrs. Alice Perrin, "is the female who is most unlikely to be one." But what is a lady? In such a matter an illustration is perhaps of more value than a definition. Mr. G. W. E. Russell has a story of a bouse surgeon of a London hospital who "was attending to the injuries of a poor woman whose arm had been severely bitten. As he was dressing the wound he said, 'I can not make out what sort of animal bit you. This is too small for a horse's bite, and too large for a dog's.' 'Oh, sir,' replied the patient, 'it wasn't an animal, it was another lady.'"

"My wife kisses me evenings when I get home late." "Affection?" "No; investigation."—*Boston Transcript*.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The capitalist colored when he spoke of the check that hung in a neat frame over his desk. "A bit of sentimentalism," said he; "the first billion I ever made!"

Robert Lowe, afterward Lord Sherbrook, once saw a deaf member of Parliament trying his best to catch with his ear-trumpet the words of an extremely dull speech. "Just look at that foolish man," said Lowe, "throwing away his natural advantages."

While James McNeill Whistler, the eccentric American painter, was trying on a hat in a London shop one day, a customer rushed in, and, mistaking Mr. Whistler for a clerk, exclaimed: "I say, this 'at doesn't fit." The artist eyed him for a minute, and then replied, scornfully: "Neither does your coat, and I'll be hanged if I like the color of your trousers."

Gladstone once talked with much enthusiasm to James Russell Lowell about the noble conduct of the United States government in providing pensions to the amount of tens of millions of pounds sterling a year for men who had served in the Civil War. "I do not wish to disparage the generosity of my countrymen," was Lowell's reply, "but I may just observe that these persons are voters."

An English treasury official was once sent over to Dublin to inquire into the expenditure of fuel in the courts. He was received politely by the late Lord Morris, the famous Irish law lord and wit, who said he would put him in communication with the proper person, and rang the bell. When the elderly female who acted as court-keeper appeared, he remarked, as he left the room: "Mary, this is the young man that's come about the coals."

Once, when the Secretary of War, Elihu Root, had approved a punishment of an offender in the Philippines with a severity which seemed somewhat disproportionate to the crime, a visitor ventured to ask him whether he did not consider such a penalty a good deal like the old law of England which hanged a man for stealing a sheep. "Certainly," was the answer, "and we impose it in the same spirit, not as an expiatory sacrifice, but as a preventive. The thief was hanged, not because a stolen sheep was regarded as worth a human life, but in order that more sheep should not be stolen."

On one occasion, just previous to opening in one of the large Eastern cities, Joseph Jefferson discharged his property man, Bagley, for humiliating him before a number of friends by familiarly addressing him as "Joey." Bagley got drunk right away, and that night paid his way to the gallery to see Mr. Jefferson present "Rip Van Winkle." The angry frau had just driven poor, destitute Rip from the cottage, when Rip turned, and, with a world of pathos, asked: "Den haf I no interest in dis house?" The house was deathly still, the audience half in tears, when Bagley's cracked voice responded: "Only eighty per cent, Joey—only eighty per cent."

The wife of a well-known New York lawyer who visited London was operated on for appendicitis in the British metropolis shortly after her arrival there. The first day the patient was able to accompany her husband for a walk she met Ambassador Joseph Choate, an intimate friend, who had shown much solicitude for her recovery. The delighted Mr. Choate greeted the lawyer warmly, but seemed to ignore his wife, who finally said, with a pout: "Why, Mr. Choate, you don't take any notice of me. You haven't spoken a word to me yet. I really believe you have forgotten me." "My dear madam," said Mr. Choate, smiling, "I must confess that I did not recognize you without your appendix."

The Sultan of Turkey once played a joke at the expense of some medical experts at Constantinople. When the plague broke out in his capital, the Sultan asked if anything was known as to the cause. On being informed that it was to be found in the state of the drinking water, he called at once for six empty bottles, which he had filled in his presence, all from the same one of the palace wells, placed his own seal upon them, and then, without divulging their community of origin, handed all six to a prominent analyst. To his amazement the report sent in was that four of the samples contained plague microbes. The fifth was merely putrid water, and the sixth was quite pure. Abdul Hamid calmly shrugged his shoulders, and kept his thoughts to himself.

It is said that when the first Chinese came to California the Indians were very curious about them. A dispute arose among some of them as to what country the strangers might

hail from, and whether or not they were Indians. The Indians, wise as the Puritans of old, decided to apply the water test. If the accused swam they were witches, if they drowned they were innocent. One day a party of Indians met a party of Chinamen approaching a little stream. The strangers approached the bridge and started across. The Indians, too, filed across, and, meeting the Chinamen in mid-stream, pushed two of them into the angry, spooming current below. The test was conclusive. They could not swim. They were not Indians.

At an annual dinner of the St. Nicholas Society, Ambassador Joseph H. Choate was down for the toast "The Navy," while Senator Depew was to respond to "The Army." Depew began by saying: "It's well to have a specialist; that's why Choate is here to speak about the navy. We met at the wharf once, and I never saw him again till we reached Liverpool. When I asked how he felt, he said he thought he would have enjoyed the trip over if he had had any ocean air. Yes, you want to hear Choate on the navy." Choate responded: "I've heard Depew hailed as the greatest after-dinner speaker. If after-dinner speaking, as I have heard it described and as I believe it to be, is the art of saying nothing at all, then Dr. Depew is the most marvelous speaker in the universe."

Secretary of the Navy John D. Long, in the Massachusetts campaign of 1878, was making his first run for governor against General Butler, who had captured the Democratic nomination, and Judge Josiah G. Abbott, who was the candidate of the old-line Democrats. The late Judge Thompson was making a speech for Abbott before a big Democratic audience, and, after praising the candidate as a jurist and a statesman, asked sarcastically: "And now who is this John L-L-Long?" No one answering, he proceeded: "They say he has made a translation of Homer's 'Iliad'! What g-g-god is that to us? All Democrats read Homer in the original." At this the person to whom the judge was telling the story laughed, but the judge continued: "Th-th-that's not the real joke at all! The real joke is that not a m-m-man in the audience so much as smiled!"

Ex-President Porfirio Diaz gained national prominence and won his spurs at the battle of Puebla, where the Liberal forces made a gallant but ineffectual stand against the French who had invaded Mexico for the purpose of erecting a throne for Maximilian. Notwithstanding the fact that the Mexican forces were defeated, their defense against superior numbers was so gallant that the anniversary of the battle of the fifth of May became a national holiday in Mexico. A brusque American once asked the president: "Why do you Mexicans celebrate a defeat, when you know that the French finally took Puebla?" President Diaz, with a twinkle in his eye, replied: "Perhaps we have imitated the Americans even to the extent of celebrating our defeats, for I have been told that the British defeated the Colonists at Bunker Hill, and yet you built a monument to commemorate the event."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Light.

He was seated in the parlor
And he said unto the light,
"Either you or I, old fellow,
Will be turned down tonight."
—Cornell Widow.

Protest.

Kiddo, believe me, I'm putting it straight to you,
You hadn't oughto abuse me this way;
Maybe I look like a kind of skate to you,
Look like a Rube from the land of the hay,
Still, don't forget that I'd jump in the pond for you,
Go any place—if you asked me to start—
Me that threw over a peach of a blonde for you;
Don't you be shaking me, kid—have a heart!

Kid, I don't care for the way you've been stinging me;
Say, on the level, it aint any joke;
Gee! If I thought you'd only been stringing me,
Honest, I'd want to go somewheres and croak!
Listen—aw, tell me now, hon, that you're strong for me;
Don't go and say that you're playin' a part;
Say, if you was—they'd be ringing the gong for me;
Please don't be mean to me, kid—have a heart!

Still, I don't know; though I'm thinking a heap of you,
Loving you honest and decent and square,
Maybe I'd think it was pretty blame cheap of you
Leading me on when you just didn't care;
So, if you love me, you'd better be showing it;
Cut out this funny stuff, stop being smart,
Otherwise—take it from me—I'll be blowing it;
Better be good to me, kid—have a heart!
—Berton Braley, in Puck.

Sir Arthur T. Quiller-Couch, who now holds the chair of English literature at Cambridge, illustrates the careless and foolish use of fancy phrases by the story of a telegram a habu sent from Bombay to announce the death of his mother. The babu's telegram ran: "Regret to announce that hand which rocked the cradle has kicked the hocket."



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

From London comes the announcement of the engagement of Miss Elizabeth McNear of Oakland to Mr. John H. Hutchins of St. Petersburg. The wedding will take place in October at the home in London of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Rickard. Miss McNear is the daughter of Mrs. McNear and the late Mr. George W. McNear and a sister of Mrs. Philip E. Bowles and the Messrs. John, George W., Jr., Seward, and Frederick McNear.

Mrs. William Henry Coombs of Napa has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Muriel Coombs, to Mr. Joseph C. Gyle of Corning. Miss Coombs is a sister of the Misses Lotus and Tiny Coombs.

The wedding of Miss Jeanne Gallois and Mr. Horace Lewis Hill, Jr., took place Thursday afternoon at five o'clock at the Fairmont Hotel. The bride was attended by Mrs. J. Cheever Cowdin as matron of honor, and the bridesmaids were the Misses Louise Boyd and Marion Zeile. Mr. Charles Nordhoff was Mr. Hill's best man and the Messrs. Stanford Gwinn, Roger Bocqueraz, William Brigham, and Samuel Hopkins were the ushers. Mrs. Eugene Gallois, mother of the bride, entertained the bridal party and a few intimate friends at a reception which followed the ceremony. Mrs. Hill is a sister of Mr. John Gallois of this city. Mr. Hill is the son of Mrs. Hill and the late Mr. Horace Hill. After a wedding trip of a few weeks Mr. and Mrs. Hill will reside on a ranch near Los Altos.

Mrs. Ella Mae Goodale Camp was married in London June 21 to Mr. William Biddle Sheppard of Philadelphia. Mrs. Sheppard is a sister of Mrs. E. J. Jordan and a cousin of the Messrs. Aldrich and Raymond Spilvald of this city.

Mrs. Gertrude M. Hopkins, formerly of this city, was married recently in New York to Monsieur Marcel Testieu of Paris.

Miss Julia Dixon, sister of Mr. Maynard Dixon, was married July 16 at Grace Pro-Cathedral to Mr. Roy Heise.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard D. Girvin have issued invitations to a dance August 6 in Menlo Park, complimentary to Miss Elena Eyre, the debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre.

Miss Lee Girvin entertained a number of friends at a dinner preceding the barn dance given last Saturday evening by Mr. and Mrs. James Athearn Folger.

Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood gave a box party last week in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Dillingham of Honolulu.

Miss Marguerite Doe was hostess Tuesday evening at a dance at her home in Montecito in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Chickering and Miss Florence Henshaw.

Mrs. A. Starr Keeler gave a luncheon recently at her home in San Rafael.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott entertained twelve friends at a luncheon and bridge party at her home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. George Monroe Pinckard gave a dinner last week at their home in San Rafael in honor of Mr. Loyall Sewall of Bath, Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard C. Chamberlin entertained a number of friends at a dinner at their home in San Mateo.

Dr. William Breyfogle and Mrs. Breyfogle gave a dinner last week at the Hotel Vendome.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand R. Bane entertained a large number of guests at a barbecue at their home in Montecito. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Bane's daughter, Miss Beatrice Miller, and her house guests, the Misses Elizabeth and Agnes Shreve of San Mateo.

The Menlo Country Club gave a dinner-dance Saturday evening in honor of the visiting golfers from the Burlingame Country Club.

The annual fall golf tournament will take place in Monterey from September 6 to 13, and will be preceded by a week of polo. The San Mateo Juniors and the Third Squadron of the First Cavalry of the Presidio, Monterey, are among the teams which have entered the competition.

An Outdoor Kirmess will be given August 9 at the Casino in Santa Barbara for the benefit of the Neighborhood House. Among those in charge of various booths are Mrs. Milo M. Potter, Mrs. William G. Henshaw, Mrs. William Miller Graham, Mrs. Frederick R. Bain, Mrs. Joseph Coleman, Mrs. Joel Fithian, Mrs. Arturo Oreno, Mrs. Oliver Norton, Mrs. Ysobel Strong, Mrs. Allen Chickering, Mrs. Harriet Miller, Miss Nina Jones, Miss Marguerite Doe, Miss Florence Henshaw.

Captain Frank M. Bennett, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bennett gave a dinner Thursday evening preceding the hop at Mare Island.

Pay Director Charles M. Ray, U. S. N., gave a dinner Thursday evening complimentary to Major Carl Gamburg Anderson, U. S. A., and Mrs. Anderson.

Lieutenant Harold Cook, U. S. N., gave a dinner recently on board the U. S. S. *Vermont* in honor of Mrs. Richard Hammond and Mrs. James Parker, Jr., wife of Lieutenant Parker, U. S. N., who is on duty at Jamestown, Rhode Island.

Captain McCrackin, U. S. N., and Mrs. McCrackin gave a dinner last week on board the cruiser *Cleveland*.

Mrs. W. D. K. Gibson of San Francisco was hostess at auction bridge and tea at Hotel del Coronado during the week.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Rev. Henry Sloane Coffin and Mrs. Coffin of New York will spend the next few weeks with Miss Coffin's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Parmelee Eells.

Mrs. Harriet Miller and her son, Mr. Earl Miller, are established in their home in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. M. F. Tarpey arrived at Hotel del Coronado with Mr. J. D. Spreckels the early part of a week on the yacht *Venetia*.

Rev. Edward Morgan is en route home from

Europe, where he has been traveling during the past four months.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk have recently been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent at Muckross Abbey in Ireland.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl arrived Monday from Lake Tahoe and have been spending a few days at the Fairmont Hotel.

Senator Francis G. Newlands and Mrs. Newlands have arrived from Washington, D. C., and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Temple Bridgman and their little son have come from Tennessee to visit Mrs. Bridgman's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Mailiard, at their country home in Belvedere.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph King (formerly Miss Eleanor Schmidt) are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Libbey King at their home on Scott Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McBean spent the weekend in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville C. Pratt and their little son, Russell Pratt, have returned to town after having spent the past two months in Burlingame with Mrs. Russell J. Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Driscoll and Mr. and Mrs. Christian de Guigne have returned from Lake Tahoe, where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl.

Miss Katherine Donohoe has returned to Menlo Park after a visit with Miss Kate Brigham at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. L. Meyerstein returns Sunday from a six weeks' stay at Bartlett Springs.

Mr. Walter S. Martin has gone East to meet his brother, Mr. Peter Martin, who is en route home from Europe.

Miss Merritt Reid has gone East to spend a month with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Kelham and their little son, Bruce Kelham, left last Friday in their automobile for a two weeks' outing in the Tahoe country.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Holm and their family have gone to Palo Alto to spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick K. Struve of Portland and Mrs. Leon Greenebaum have arrived in New York from Europe.

Mr. Harrison Fisher, the artist, has arrived from New York and will remain a month in California.

Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Putnam and their daughter, Miss Elizabeth Putnam, have gone to Los Angeles for a brief visit. They will leave next month for the East, where they will visit the cities of interest before Miss Putnam enters Vassar College.

Miss Marion Zeile is visiting Mrs. Augustus Taylor in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. William Duncan, Miss Sara Coffin, and Mr. Wharton Thurston have returned from a motor trip through Southern California.

Mr. Gardiner Williams has returned from a fishing trip on the Feather River and is visiting his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Eyre Pinckard.

Mr. and Mrs. George La Farge of Vancouver, B. C., are visiting Mrs. Frank P. Thompson in Palo Alto.

Count Albert Mangalas of Munich has been visiting Mr. Dudley Gunn in San Rafael and has been the guest recently of Baron Henry von Schröder and Baroness von Schröder.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sears Bates and Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Hammond have motored to Lake Tahoe for a two weeks' visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Meyerfeld and Mrs. Florence Schloss returned to their home, 1809 California Street, Tuesday after a four months' tour of Europe which included France, Germany, Algiers, and England.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Jewett Schweppe, who were married last week in Los Angeles, spent a few days in this city en route to Europe. Mrs. Schweppe, who was formerly Miss Annis Van Nuys, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Burton Van Nuys.

Judge Charles Slack, Mrs. Slack, Miss Edith Slack, Judge Edgar T. Zook, and Mrs. Zook were a family party who have been spending several days in Monterey.

A home is in the course of construction for Mr. and Mrs. Paul Foster (formerly Miss Margaret Calhoun), who will reside for several years near Suisun. Since their return from Cleveland, Ohio, they have been living in San Rafael.

Lord Wodehouse has arrived from London and is the guest of Judge Frederick Henshaw and Mrs. Henshaw at their home in Redwood.

Dr. James W. Keeney and Mrs. Keeney have returned from Woodside, where they have been spending two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralston White have returned from the East and are at their country home in Mill Valley.

Miss Sally Maynard has returned from Monterey, where she was the guest of Miss Cora Jane Flood.

The Misses Hannah and Ruth Hobart and Master Walter Hobart, Jr., have arrived from the East, where they have been attending schools and have since been visiting their father, Mr. Walter S. Hobart, in San Mateo.

Mrs. Robert N. Graves and her grandsons, Masters Robert and Melville White, have gone to Applegate to remain until the middle of August.

The Messrs. Robert N., George B., and Nelson T. Kenyon, of New York, have been spending the past week in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace I. Sahin have gone to Gold Lake, Sierra County, for a visit of several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel E. Newell, Jr., who were married July 15, sailed on the *Mongolia* for a tour of the Orient. Mrs. Newell was formerly Miss Jessie Melvor Du Bose.

Mrs. Philip Kearney of New York (formerly Miss Birdie Rutherford) has recently been visiting her uncle, Mr. Lewis J. Hanchett, and her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford, at their ranch near Pleyto.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Lathrop and Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Shepard have returned from a motor trip through Southern California.

Dr. Herbert Yerrington and Mrs. Yerrington left a few days ago in their automobile for Nevada, where they will remain several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Redding, Miss Katherine Redding, and Miss Elise Redding have returned

from an outing in Monterey and at Lake Tahoe and are established in their new home on Filbert Street.

Judge John Hunt, Mrs. Hunt, and Mrs. Adam Grant have gone to Aetna Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Suto have returned to their home in Piedmont after a visit at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hastings, Mrs. John C. Breckenridge, and Mr. Felton Elkins have returned to San Mateo from a motor trip to Monterey.

Mrs. Edward Clapp and her daughter, Miss Edith Clapp, have gone to Ireland to visit Lieutenant Richard Dyer-Bennett and Mrs. Dyer-Bennett (formerly Miss Marian Clapp).

Mrs. Eleanor Dore, Mrs. Ruby Bond, Miss Ruby Bond, and Miss Edith Wooster have arrived in New York from Europe. The Misses Bond and Wooster have been attending Mme. Payen's school in Paris, and have spent their vacations with their aunt, Mrs. Claus August Spreckels.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred B. Ford and their sons, the Messrs. Norman and Geoffrey, have returned from a motor trip through Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tubbs and Miss Charlotte Tuttle of Marysville, who have been traveling in Europe during the past year, have recently been spending several weeks in Carlsbad.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt are spending the summer in Long Island, where they have recently been entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clifford Woodhouse (formerly Miss Rebecca Kruttschnitt) and their little daughter.

Miss Sara Collier is visiting Mrs. Edward McCutchen at her country home on Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. William Haupt and Mrs. Amsden have returned to Kentucky after a visit with Dr. Harry L. Tevis in Alma.

Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill came down from Lake Tahoe last week and spent a few days at the Hotel St. Francis.

Miss Floride Hunt has returned from Woodside, where she has been visiting the Misses Sara and Elizabeth Cunningham.

Hon. George W. Guthrie, ambassador to Japan, and Mrs. Guthrie sailed on the *Mongolia* for Tokyo. They were accompanied by Mrs. Guthrie's sister, Miss Marian Irwin.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Ward Barron and their little daughter are en route to Europe, where they will remain several months.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bates have returned from a trip to Alaska.

Mrs. Alpheus Bull has returned from a visit in Bolinas.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Kellogg Hutchinson have recently been visiting Mrs. Hutchinson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph G. Hooper, at their cottage in Carmel.

Miss Cora Smith left last week for Miramar, where she is the guest of the Misses Henrietta and Alice Harrison-Smith.

Mr. Henry Hadley is en route home from England, where he has been spending several months.

Rear-Admiral George C. Reiter, U. S. N. (retired), arrived last week from New York and was a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Captain Albert P. Niblack, U. S. N., has arrived from Europe and with Mrs. Niblack is at the Hotel St. Francis. Mrs. Niblack has been spending the past six months with her mother, Mrs. William P. Harrington.

Rev. Dr. Frederick W. Clappett, pastor of Trinity Church in San Francisco, has been at Casa del Rey for the past week.

Mrs. Frank Luckell (formerly Miss Gladys Pennell) is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Pennell, in Berkeley during the absence of her husband, Ensign Luckell, U. S. N., who is in Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Simpson, Jr. (formerly Miss Lola Davis), are at present in Japan, and will leave shortly for a trip to Siberia.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. R. J. Russell, Mr. and Mrs. George Cadwalader, and Miss Mills motored to Santa Cruz and stopped over at Casa del Rey to enjoy the week-end festivities.

Lieutenant Merritt Hodson, U. S. N., and Mrs. Hodson, who have been residing in Vallejo, have gone to San Rafael to spend six months. Lieutenant Hodson is attached to the *Jupiter*.

Lieutenant S. A. Taffinder, U. S. N., inspector of the Puget Sound Navy Yard, is visiting his father, Mr. W. T. Taffinder, in this city.

Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels and Mrs. Daniels have arrived from Washington, D. C. Many pleasures have been planned in Coronado in anticipation of their visit. Among those who will be in Coronado during the festivities are Captain David Sellers, U. S. N., and Mrs. Sellers, Lieutenant Merritt Hodson, U. S. N., and Mrs. Hodson, Lieutenant James Lawrence Kaufmann, U. S. N., and Mrs. Kaufmann, Lieutenant Kirkwood Donovan, U. S. N., and Mrs. Donovan, Paymaster Roland Schumann, U. S. N., and Mrs. Schumann.

Mrs. Charles A. Gove, wife of Captain Gove, U. S. N., is recovering from a serious operation performed last Friday at the Adler Sanatorium. She will return to her home in Yerba Buena next week.

Lieutenant Harold Pratt of the Marine Corps has arrived at Mare Island from Honolulu.

Passed Assistant Paymaster R. B. Lupton, U. S. N., has been ordered to the *Glacier* to relieve Passed Assistant Paymaster Emmitt H. Tebeau.

Miss Helen Bailey of Berkeley has recently been visiting Colonel Littleton W. T. Waller, U. S. N., and Mrs. Waller at Mare Island.

Miss Nina Blow has been spending a few days at Mare Island with her uncle and aunt, Pay Director Charles M. Ray, U. S. N., and Mrs. Ray.

Mrs. Ross Kingsbury left Monday for Charleston, South Carolina, to join her husband, Lieutenant Kingsbury, U. S. A. Mrs. Kingsbury has been visiting her parents, Captain John Eliott, U. S. N., and Mrs. Eliott, at Mare Island.

Brigadier-General Marion P. Maus, U. S. A., has retired from the army after forty-two years of service. He was at one time stationed in this city as commanding officer of the Western Division.

Colonel Lea Febiger, U. S. A., has assumed command of the Presidio. He will have charge of the entertainment of Secretary of War Garrison, who will arrive next Tuesday, accompanied by

Major-General Leonard Wood, U. S. A., chief of staff, and General Alesbire, U. S. A., chief of the Quartermaster Corps.

Mrs. Guy Scott, wife of Captain Scott, U. S. A., has arrived from the East with her children and is visiting her mother, Mrs. A. A. Voorhies.

Mrs. Robinson, wife of the late Lieutenant Robinson, U. S. A., and their children are visiting Mrs. Robinson's sister, Mrs. Alpheus Bull.

Captain William Brooks, U. S. A., has gone to Vancouver Barracks.

Captain Royal Preston Stoneburn, U. S. A., and Mrs. Stoneburn are living in Corregidor, near Manila.

General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., and Captain Herbert Brees, U. S. A., have returned from the Yosemite Valley and have gone to Seattle on a tour of inspection. Mr. and Mrs. Ord Preston and Miss Sadie Murray remained in the valley as the guests of Mrs. H. C. Pratt and her son, Lieutenant Conger Pratt, U. S. A., who are spending the summer there.

Mrs. Alfred Bjornsted has arrived from Europe and is visiting her mother, Mrs. John I. Sabin, in Los Altos. Captain Bjornsted, U. S. A., who has been military attaché in Berlin, has been ordered to the Sixteenth Infantry at the Presidio.

Lieutenant-Colonel Robert H. Noble, U. S. A., has gone to Salt Lake City, Utah, on official duty.

Lieutenant Harold Naylor, U. S. A., Mrs. Naylor, and their children will sail September 5 for Honolulu, where they will be stationed at Schofield Barracks. Mrs. Naylor is visiting Mrs. Hughes at the Presidio, Monterey, and will later visit her brother, Lieutenant William Fitzhugh Lee Simpson, U. S. A., at the Presidio in this city.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Owing to the rapid extension of work on the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, restrictions are to be placed on the sight-seers and other visitors whose numbers have grown lately so that they have interfered with the workmen at times. Beginning next Monday no visitors will be allowed on the grounds except on Sundays and holidays without a permit.

The plan of the supervisors to dodge a bond election to raise \$3,000,000 needed for school buildings and grounds through imposing a direct tax is checked by an opinion of the city attorney in which he shows that there is no law for such procedure.

James P. Dockery, a member of the Native Sons of the Golden West and well known for his pure milk campaign, died suddenly July 22. As an inspector he brought many unscrupulous milk dealers to punishment.

The board of education and the Golden Gate Kindergarten Association have made arrangements for a public celebration on August 7 to signalize the establishment of the kindergarten department as a part of the regular public school course and to mark the opening of the kindergarten school, the Agassiz.

Personal property assessments totaling \$1,036,983 have been increased 20 per cent, or about \$250,000, by the supervisors sitting as a board of equalization. This action has been taken because of the failure of the owners of the property to file sworn statements of their possessions. This heavy increase appears on what is known as the arbitrary list of assessments.

The leading commercial organizations of San Francisco united at a banquet Thursday evening at the Commercial Club in honor of William Woodhead, who was recently elected to the presidency of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America.

The difficulty with which horses and automobiles traverse Market Street in wet weather

on account of the slippery pavement has brought about a decision on the part of the board of public works to begin resurfacing the entire street with new non-skid paving material.

Thomas E. Hayden, associate counsel for the government in the Diggs-Caminetti white slave case, against whom vigorous protests recently were made on the ground that he was too inexperienced as a criminal lawyer to participate in the case, has tendered his resignation to Attorney-General McReynolds. Hayden asked to be relieved because he said he found he would be obliged to be absent from California a good part of the trial. The Attorney-General will not appoint a successor, but the case will be prosecuted by Attorneys Sullivan and Roche, the government's principal counsel.

The funeral of the late General Edward S. Salomon took place Monday with military honors at the Salem Cemetery. The services were in charge of the G. A. R. and the Women's Relief Corps, of which many members were present. Sons of veterans acted as pallbearers, the old friends of the general attending as honorary pallbearers. A salute was fired over the grave and "taps" sounded. Samuel Shortridge delivered the eulogy and the Rev. Dr. M. S. Levy the prayer.

Two of the five referendum petitions against state laws enacted at the recent session of the legislature were filed with the election commission this week. The election will be held on November 14. The petitions affect the "Blue Sky" and Water Conservation bills.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Baldwin was formerly Miss Edith Berry.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Somers has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Somers was formerly Miss Emily Marvin.

La Scala, most famous opera house in the world, reports a deficit of \$60,000 for last season. A phenomenally profitable year.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

He—The biggest roughnecks always get the prettiest girls. She—Now you're trying to flatter me.—*The Sphinx*.

Willie—Paw, what is the difference between genius and talent? Paw—Talent gets paid every Saturday, my son.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

"Maudie's husband won't let her wear a tight hathing-suit." "Why not?" "He does not wish her to expose the family skeleton."—*Brooklyn Life*.

"Is your daughter musical?" "Well," replied Mr. Cumrox, "she seems so in conversation, but when she sings opinions differ."—*Washington Star*.

"Did you ever play polo?" "No, but I fell off the top of a clothes-horse once with a hammer in my hand trying to fix a gas fixture."—*New York Press*.

Clerk (Marriage License Bureau)—Two dollars, please. Pete Passum—Lordy, man. How yo' s'pose Ah's gwine hab two dollars, when Ah aint even married yit?—*Puck*.

Old Aunt (despondently)—Well, I shall not be a nuisance to you much longer. Nephew (reassuringly)—Don't talk like that, aunt; you know you will.—*Boston Transcript*.

Little Ethel—Mamma, I know why it isn't safe to count your chickens before they're hatched. Mather—Why, dear? Little Ethel—Coz sum of 'em might be ducks.—*Ohio State Journal*.

Larry—Bedad! Oi don't think much av this coal-oil exterminator for mosquitoes. Denny—Yez don't? Larry—No; it takes too long to dip aich wan in th' oil separately.—*Chicago News*.

"Where are you going?" asked the house-breaker. "Up to detective headquarters," said the safe-cracker; "I have reason to believe the police are on my trail."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"We had a feast fit for a king at our boarding-house yesterday. It included all the choicest delicacies of the season." "What were they?" "Hash and succotash."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Crawford—Did your wife have a good time in the country? Crabshaw—No; the only thing that reconciled her was the thought that she stayed away two weeks longer than the woman next door.—*Town Topics*.

Caaper—I say, Hooper, was Dr. Blinker guilty of a joke in his prayer for our public officials this morning? Haaper—How? Caaper—Didn't you notice that he prayed for the blessing of the Lord upon those who guyed the people?—*Puck*.

Stranger (looking at state building at great exposition)—And it cost seventy-five thousand dollars to put up this insignificant structure! You astonish me. Attendant—Oh, dear, no! That was merely the sum the state paid for it.—*Chicago Tribune*.

"You run your automobile very fast through the streets," said the friend to the doctor. "Yes," replied the man of pills and pills; "I'm always in a hurry to get there; and, besides, when times are a little dull, I can pick up a few cases on the way."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Professor—If a person in good health, but who imagined himself sick, should send for you, what would you do? Medical Student—Give him something to make him sick, and then administer an antidote. Professor—Don't waste any more time here; hang out your shingle.—*New York Weekly*.

"In all my life," she said, with a sigh, "I have seen only one man that I would care to marry." "Did he look like me?" he carelessly asked. Then she flung herself into his arms, and wanted to know what secret power men possess that enables them to tell when they are loved.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"Supposing I give you your supper," said the tired-looking woman; "what will you do to earn it?" "Madam," said Meandering Mike, "I'll give you de opportunity of scein' a man go 'troot a whole meal wit'out findin' fault wit' a single t'ing." The woman thought a minute, and then told him to come in and she'd set the table.—*Washington Star*.



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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Turning the Rascals Out.

If there was anybody so guileless as to be deceived by the unctuous professions of the administration when it came into office, there must be something of a shock in the promptness with which Republican office-holders are being turned out, without respect to their formal tenures, to make room for Democrats. In California the movement has been particularly rapid. All but one of the important posts have been provided for. The single exception is that of the United States District Attorneyship, and this no doubt would have been filled before now but for the special circumstances under which Mr. McNab tendered his resignation. Intrinsically we find little to criticize in this wholesale out-turning of Republican office-holders. It is easy to sympathize with the wish of the administration to have in the various official posts in California men in sympathy with party motives and disposed to lend a hand in support of party organization. Nor is there anything seriously to be resented in the wish of the Democratic rank and file,

having won an election, to see their opponents out and their partisans in. The wrong is not so much in the facts of the situation as in the precedent pretensions. If it was intended to yield the spoils to the victors there should have been no pledge to the contrary. The fraud and the shame lie in the violation of this pledge.

Two Timely Protests.

Two notable expressions on the floor of the United States Senate within the week will serve—or ought to serve—to remind the country of a radical departure in very recent months from the letter and the spirit of the constitution in the matter of legislation. Speaking of the part now being played by President Wilson in the matter of pending tariff legislation, Senator Cummins of Iowa declared that it was "so persistent and determined as to have become coercive." "I do not charge," continued Senator Cummins, "that the President in terms barter the powers of his office for legislative subordination; but I do say that without barter the knowledge of the consequences that may follow legislative independence will bring about all the evils of actual wrongdoing." He further declared it to be his belief that the pending bill would be modified if members of Congress voted their convictions, but that in fact it would not be modified, "largely because the President of the United States, assuming to interpret and apply an economic doctrine of his party, has laid the heavy hand of his power upon a branch of the government that ought to be coördinate but which in fact has become subordinate." Denouncing it as "tyrannical," Mr. Cummins said that the Democratic secret caucus on the bill was more indefensible than the tactics resorted to by Republican leaders in preliminary consideration of the Payne-Aldrich bill—a course which had led to the defeat and well nigh to the destruction of the Republican party, and properly so. "So long as the real legislation takes place in a caucus it can not be known what any man says or how any man votes. It is not only invisible but inaudible government."

With reference to the same bill Senator Works addressed the Senate in similar spirit. "The President," said Mr. Works, "commits himself beyond recall to a bill not yet introduced, and without having heard the presentation of their views by the legislative representatives of the states where vital interests and important industries are to be affected by it." Proceeding, he said: "Thus we have a bill agreed upon and marked for final passage on consideration of only a few men of the party, concurred in by the President, acting with representatives of this one party. This comes in part from the vicious doctrine that the President is the leader of his party instead of, or as well as, the President of the whole people. The two are utterly inconsistent when it comes to making the laws." Pursuing the same line of reasoning, Mr. Works further said: "The time may come when this great power in the executive to rule and control Congress, a power not given by law and wholly illegitimate but established by the silent acquiescence of the people and their lawful representatives, may bring the institutions of this republic into deadly peril and possibly overthrow."

These be thoughtful and solemn words. And they are not more emphatic than timely. They come with a special significance in connection with procedures done in the name of reform but in the spirit of autocratic authority and in plain contempt alike of the constitution and of moral propriety. It is indeed a curious fact that these invasions should come at the hands of those who most loudly proclaim the principles of liberty and who hold themselves as leaders in a work of professed moral regeneration. It seems somehow to be a fixed attribute of the consciously moral mind to regard itself as divinely appointed and inspired in connection with affairs of government. Nobody believes President Wilson to be other than a conscientious man; yet it becomes more and more evi-

dent that he regards himself as above the constitution and the law, as authorized in some inscrutable way to direct the legislation of the country as well as to enforce the laws, under whimsical theories and in contempt of the plain letter of his official mandate.

Mr. Borah and the Presidential Bee.

It is common report at Washington that Senator William E. Borah is more or less actively employed these days in swatting a presidential bee which persistently buzzes about his ample ears. And this gossip is credible in view of the conditions and circumstances in which Mr. Borah finds himself. Mr. Borah is young as public men go. Mr. Borah is able far above the average. Mr. Borah is sane in the sense that few men in sight of the presidency are. Mr. Borah has a record or the intellectual side practically unparalleled by that of any other man similarly related to public life. Mr. Borah is available as are few men who stand conspicuously above the line of intellectual and moral mediocrity.

For a year or more the *Argonaut* has believed Mr. Borah to be the probable nominee of the reunited Republican party in the year of 1916. Only two other men are in sight, neither of them within hailing distance, regarded intellectually and by the even higher and truer test of moral independence. One of these two men is Senator Cummins of Iowa and the other is Governor Hadley of Missouri, but neither in his best mood anywhere approaches the combination of qualities which marks Mr. Borah, if not exactly as a man of destiny, as a man in whom lie large possibilities.

If Mr. Borah were to call upon the *Argonaut* for counsel we should say to him: "Good friend, do not waste time or energy swatting that bee. Let it keep on buzzing, but nerve yourself to indifference to it. Do nothing to frighten it away; do nothing to encourage its attentions. Just go ahead minding your business in the way you have done it for the past six or seven years. Don't dodge anything; don't compromise anywhere. Don't give the presidency a thought; above all, don't vary one jot or tittle from the lines of principle and of senatorial duty. You stand available for the presidency today because you have exhibited the qualities of courage and independence in a sphere where courage and independence are usually minus quantities. Keep right on being courageous and independent. Be vigilant, be straight, be firm in support of fixed principles and for the constitution. Do not try to conciliate anybody or to cajole anybody. Don't try to get yourself in tune with the reform vote, the labor vote, or any other kind of vote. Just carry yourself as a free man under large responsibilities and under high inspirations without respect to the presidency or to anything else. There is only one man now whom you need to be afraid of, and that man is William E. Borah. If he should lose the qualities which have won him approval and admiration alike from political friends and political foes, if he should begin to scheme for the presidency, he would cease to deserve the presidency or anything else. And even if by such tactics he should make himself 'available,' the result would be nothing to his satisfaction or to that of his admirers. It is infinitely better to be a self-sustained, self-respecting man out of the presidency than to be a cringing, calculating, scheming politician in the presidency."

The presidency or any other high public responsibility is a thing which no man should scheme for. If it comes to a man at all it should come to him right. It has now and again come to a man as a consequence of personal calculation and diplomatic intrigue, but it has in every instance found the man morally deteriorated, unfit for high responsibilities, and has left him less worthy, less respected, less self-respecting than before. All of which Mr. Borah has not

enough and character enough to see and to comprehend—to comprehend even as pointing out to himself the road which those who respect and honor him would like to see him travel.

The Teaching of Young Children.

The Montessori method of teaching young children, which has attracted so much attention in the educational world during the past four or five years, is to have a practical try-out at Atherton, San Mateo County, where Mrs. Beach Thompson has equipped a school-room and put it in charge of competent persons. There are to be three periods of one month each during the current year, and by the end of the last of these the merits of the system should be fairly well determined. Mme. Montessori and her followers have assuredly achieved very notable results, yet we think there are considerations with respect to the system which remain to be tried out in broad applications. Originally and fundamentally the system was devised for defective children. The theory under which it is applied to normal children is that what may work well with a defective child of say ten or twelve will be equally effective with a normal child of say four or five or six. That this theory is a sound one we doubt. Between the defective child and the normal child there are, we suspect, differences of mind and disposition, of receptive powers and of capacity for establishing habits, not measurable by difference in years. In other words, there are radical variations between the defective mind and the normal mind. But be this as it may, the experiment is worth while, and it will be followed with attention by very many who have been attracted by Mme. Montessori's system both by its success in her school in Rome and by the philosophy upon which it is founded. One thing is certain, namely, our present methods of teaching children are very far from being perfect. In many respects we question if they are as effective as the old-time school when the alphabet was written on a clap-board, the reverse side of which was a ready instrument of pedagogic discipline. Learning indeed has been made easy, and we sometimes think too easy. "Easy come easy go" is a maxim which applies in the sphere of education as precisely as in the sphere of economics.

It is only a few years ago that the educational world gave its unqualified endorsement to the kindergarten system which took children almost from infancy and turned the work of education into diverting games. Measured by conceptions of idealism and judged by certain sentimental and picturesque standards, the kindergarten was a tremendous success. But later and more sober judgment has not tended to confirm earlier opinions. It has been found—at least we have the word of experienced teachers for it—that children of the kindergarten, while in many ways they exhibit a certain mental efficiency, gain little or nothing in the way of real training. They have been taught, not to work, but to play. They have acquired neither habits of industry nor of obedience. Coming from the kindergarten to schools of more serious purpose and severer method they have much to unlearn—much which tends to turn the hair of the academic teacher gray. If it be true, as certain psychologists have declared, that the most important formative years are those of early childhood, then it can not be true that a system of teaching which does not in those years enforce habits of diligence and obedience is a good one. A child fixed in the habit of following its own whims and of turning work into play is a child essentially damaged in its capacity for serious effort.

It is a trite remark that education, as the etymology of the word reveals, is a process of individual development—of bringing out inherent qualities and capacities and making the most of them. It follows in logic and common sense that any scheme of education which reverses the order must be wrong. Nature is a pretty good schoolmistress, though a hard one. She instructs in a thousand subtle ways, but in her method there is a remorseless severity. She does not attempt, as does the kindergarten, to make things easy; she does not, as does the Montessori system, temper the wind to the shorn lamb. The rule of the survival of the fittest is nature's rule in education as in other things. And we suspect that for normal children this is the correct principle. When work is turned into play, when things are made easy, when cajolery is established in place of duty, when art is made to serve instead of utility—here is, we suspect, a flying in the face of nature which

may produce Lady Claires and my Little Lord Fauntleroy of eight or ten, later to grow into pretentious sissys and insufferable prigs. The work of education, in young or in old, calls for a devoted and serious mind. Any effort to cheat nature by devices or short cuts is, in the case of the normal child, more likely to result in damage than in benefit.

The Glass-Owens Financial Bill.

To an intelligent comprehension of the Glass-Owens bill—in other words, the administration financial measure now before Congress and the country—it is essential that there should be some understanding of the existing law. In the country at large there are some twenty-five thousand banks, great and small, all operating under certain fixed regulations, many of them under charter as national banks. In what are designated as "Central Reserve" cities, which include New York, St. Louis, and Chicago, it is required that national banks shall keep in their vaults twenty-five per cent of the sum of their liabilities—in other words, twenty-five per cent of the amount of their deposits—in money. In what are known as "Reserve" cities, which include San Francisco and most of the larger cities of the country, the requirement is that national banks shall hold in reserve twenty-five per cent of their liabilities, and that of this twenty-five per cent, one-half shall be in money and the other half in deposits in the Central Reserve banks. All national banks outside these two classes form a third class which are required under the act to keep fifteen per cent of their liabilities either in coin or in the Reserve banks. When the cash balance of any national bank in the course of its operations runs down to a point approaching the margin of its required reserves it must cease making loans. It can not touch for any purpose the reserve funds which the law requires to be held intact for the assurance of depositors.

The purpose of these requirements is that the national banks of the country shall be maintained in a strong position. The theory is that with so large a margin in reserve, and being subject as they are to periodical inspection at the hands of government agents, they will be kept within the limit of safety. Devised as it is for security and stability, this scheme fails at one very important point. Instead of establishing the currency of the country upon an elastic basis it does precisely the reverse. When there comes a pinch it makes practically unavailable so much of the money of the national banks—and of the country—as falls within the reserve requirements. The machinery arranged to sustain the security of the banks tends automatically to tie up the money resources of the country, to diminish the volume of circulating money. For immediate purposes a national bank in New York, Boston, or Chicago, or for that matter a national bank of the second class say in San Francisco or New Orleans, is moribund when its operations have consumed all its immediate resources above its legal reserve. Although this fund may aggregate millions of dollars it is unavailable and might as well for all immediate purposes be non-existent. The very fund which a bank is required to maintain for the assurance of its depositors tends to increase their embarrassment.

Under a proper system unusual necessities should liberate and make available the reserve funds, but under the system as we have it the effect is precisely the reverse. For the very moment that there is a hint of stringency in the general money market, it becomes the business of every prudent banker to build up his reserves, and this he does by calling in his loans. When twenty-five thousand banks great and small all over the country act simultaneously under such motives, the effect is likely to be serious. Inevitably when each bank undertakes to look out for itself the consequence is that the situation becomes more difficult for all. The scheme works automatically to produce the very condition which it is planned to prevent.

Another fault of the existing system is that it provides no way for replenishing funds exhausted in legitimate processes of business. A San Francisco banker, for example, may have let out his money on the best possible security—say for the purchase of grain in transit to Europe, or sugar in transit from Hawaii—yet there is no way prior to the maturity of his paper by which he may turn this unquestioned security into cash or its equivalent for immediate service—no way by which an inert real value may be transmuted into the all-needed measure of value.

The system thus at fault at several critical points

breaks down under pressure. This has long been felt as a grievous fact in our domestic operations, and in recent years as we have entered more and more into world commerce it has grown more serious. The system does not lend itself to the usages of world trade. And it puts us at a disadvantage as compared with every other commercial nation. In this connection it is interesting to note that when Japan emerged from her traditional isolation and sought to establish the conditions of her finance and commerce in conformity with the practice of the world she took American policy as her pattern. But many years ago it was found that the American system could not be made to work satisfactorily in universal interchanges, whereupon Japan revised her scheme of finance in conformity with that of continental Europe and is now notably ahead of us in the efficiency of her financial machinery.

Under the European system, of which the Imperial Bank of Germany probably represents the best practice, there is in each country one general bank or reservoir of ready money to which all the banks contribute. No single bank is dependent upon its own reserve, but may draw within prescribed limits upon the common fund. Something like this ought to be provided for in the system of our own country, and until it shall be done we shall be subject to embarrassments like those which again and again have marked the history of American finance.

For more than half a century reform of the American system has been more or less discussed. Bankers at all times, and the public generally at times of stringency, have been impressed with the deficiencies of our system. But the matter, being aside from the range of general interest, and being in a political sense extra hazardous, has been put off and held off all these years. But the panic of 1907 had the effect of emphasizing the dangers involved in our system and of renewing in more urgent form old suggestions for a new and better order of things. As a consequence of urgency on the part of the banking and business interests there was created by act of Congress what was known as the Currency Commission, with the then Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island at its head, and this commission brought in a report which for its thoroughness has probably never before been equaled as an exposition of monetary science. Nothing came practically of this effort, partly due to the indisposition of Congress to take the matter up seriously, partly to the discredit in which Senator Aldrich has stood on various accounts. But with progress of time the demand for financial reform has become still more urgent and the subject has literally been pressed upon the administration, which recently took over the government. President Wilson and his party alike stood pledged to the work; and that which has been done within recent weeks is their answer to a pledge impossible to be evaded.

The Glass-Owens bill comes at a time when the idea of governmental regulation of pretty much everything is in the air, and it comes under the authority of a party and a President who have espoused the rôle of a rather less than more tempered radicalism. In the drafting of this measure the idea has been to establish the finances of the country, not under the hand of its financiers, but rather under the authority of government itself. Therefore the proposed measure starts out upon what many regard as a fundamental error. Yet the necessity for something in the way of changed conditions is so great that even those theoretically disposed to resent the authority of government in matters of business are still willing to waive this fundamental objection and to make the best of whatever it may be possible to attain at this time.

The bill as it stands ready for Congress and bearing the advance stamp of administrative approval undertakes one very important reform, namely, that of creating a series of central reservoirs of money available for all the purposes of banking, including financial emergencies. The plan contemplates a system of "Federal Reserve Banks," some twelve or fourteen in number, each calculated to be a financial headquarters for a particular region to be duly prescribed. There is in each of these divisions to be a Central or regional bank, not for the ordinary purposes of business, but existing solely to serve the purposes of banks within the designated districts. The capital of each regional bank is to be subscribed, in sums proportionate to the capital of each, by the banks within the designated districts. These regional banks are to receive deposits only from other banks, this money to be used for rediscounting the

paper of the several banks. They are also to deal in exchange.

It is provided that supervision of the regional banks shall be in the hands of a "Federal Reserve Board" of seven members—the Secretary of the Treasury to be one, the Secretary of Agriculture another, the Comptroller of the Currency another, with four to be nominated by the President and approved by the Senate. This board is to have absolute control of the policy of the regional banks, including the right to fix rates of discount—practically to prescribe current rates of interest on money. The bill provides a vast mass of detailed regulations not easily described in terms adapted to popular comprehension, but essential to the completeness of the plan.

A point in this scheme which has met with instant and positive objection is that it takes control of the finances of the United States from the hands of the bankers of the country and places it with a politically selected commission. For although it is presumed that the President will name at least two practical bankers as members of the Federal Board of Control, the bill does not in terms require it. The Secretary of the Treasury is more frequently a lawyer than a banker; the Secretary of Agriculture is presumably not a banker; the Comptroller of the Treasury may or may not be a banker. Unquestionably the business men of the country would prefer that the financial system should be in the hands of trained men. They would feel a certain security under such an organization of the board which it is hardly possible to feel under an organization in which business purposes may weigh not more heavily than political motives.

Another objection, and one which may readily be comprehended by the lay mind, is that the close connection prescribed between the Federal Board and the government will surely involve the latter in a responsibility too precise and definite. If the Federal Board is a governmental body, having its membership through presidential selection and having a direct connection with the treasury, then the government itself becomes the definitely responsible factor in the financial life of the country. The government becomes, in fact, the ultimate banker of the country, subject to whatever vicissitudes may fall upon the financial world. Thus the powers and resources of the government are, under the proposed plan, directly involved in the system.

It is certain that these objections will be urged with emphasis when the bill shall come up for consideration in Congress, and if Congress shall be willing, as it should, to hearken to suggestions from the business community, there will surely be important changes. It is not likely that the administration will recede from its obvious purpose to establish the government as the responsible agent in making the policy of the regional banks as proposed. Probably this principle, even though it may be a mistaken one, will be retained. And despite objections, we suspect that the banking interests would rather accept this principle than see the whole matter again go by default. The need for reform in banking practice is so positive that in all likelihood the bankers of the country will be willing to accede to a principle which they deem fundamentally objectionable rather than continue to suffer disabilities which again and again have proved the deficiencies and the hazards of the existing system.

This writing purposely avoids consideration of a mass of details in the Glass-Owens measure chiefly important to bankers. We have not wished to confuse the subject to the lay mind by the presentment of minor points regarded as important by those whose business it is to conduct practically the interchanges of the country. Associations of bankers and of commercial men have made these technical matters the subject of special consideration and have in many parts of the country united in recommendations of changes calculated in the interest of practical banking operations. These suggestions will call for many changes in the plan as it stands defined in the Glass-Owens bill.

This essentially non-political matter ought to be free from political, most of all, from demagogical considerations, but unhappily it has not been kept free. It has become an object of politics to transfer, or to try to transfer, the intangible element of high financial credit from individuals who hold it under one consideration or another to the hands of a politically organized board. This is the core of the present plan in so far as it relates

to President Wilson. This particular feature of the project we believe must fail. Credit is an intangible and uncertain quantity. Like kissing, it goes by favor. It can no more be regulated by law than can any other compound of sentiment and confidence. Nevertheless it remains to be said that the effort to seize upon the element of credit and to subject it to a definite scheme of law under governmental inspirations is interesting as it is novel.

Reflections Upon the Case of Prof. Boehncke.

The withdrawal of Professor Paul Boehncke from the department of German in the University of California for the good and sufficient reason that he can not sustain his family upon the salary of nine hundred dollars per year which his professorship brings in, tends to promote reflection. Is it right that the work of the university should be carried on upon any such basis of compensation? This query answers itself. No college professor in these times can do either himself, his family, or his classes justice upon so meagre an income.

There are two obvious methods of reform. College men will declare that the university should have more money for the carrying on of its work; and this seems an easy solution from the point of view of the academic mind. But the State of California can not give itself over wholly to the business of supporting the university. Already it is more generous in this respect than any other state. Its provision for the university is all that it ought to make at this time.

The second answer is that the university should so limit its work that the appropriation made for it would be sufficient. It may be desirable to cover a wide range of subjects of instruction, but if this can not be done with the funds provided then the obvious course is to cut down the curriculum. The most useful and famous schools in the world were organized on narrower lines and with a smaller teaching force than the present work of the State University at Berkeley. Half the colleges in the country stand today upon a smaller basis and carry forward their work at less cost. Experience demonstrates that it is not necessary for the welfare of a college and for its high usefulness to teach everything under the shining sun. It will be time enough to establish a universal curriculum when the resources of the school shall be able to support it under reasonable standards of service and living standards of pay for service without putting hardship upon the public which supplies the funds to sustain the university.

While we are dealing with this subject it is pertinent to remark that in the University of California, as in most large institutions, the actual work of teaching too often falls to underpaid, immature, and relatively inferior men. Where a college faculty is made up of a few famous and brilliant men with a multitude of assistants who have neither fame nor brilliancy, students are likely to miss an important element in the traditional inspirations of college life. What matters it to a student of mathematics that the head of the mathematical department may be a man of large talents and wide fame if in his classes he must listen to expositions made by some nobody of an assistant? What matters it that the famous head of the department is writing great books or sustaining the repute of the school and of the country for scholarship by giving lectures in foreign countries if the personal contacts of the student be only with relatively inferior and commonplace men? Almost invariably it happens that your famous professor uses his professorship, not in its normal teaching relations, but rather as a background upon which to exhibit his scholarly accomplishments to the world.

It is distinctly one of the advantages of the small college that while it may not have in its faculty anybody of high repute in the educational world, it has commonly a carefully selected body of competent and industrious teachers, and that students are brought into direct contact with these teachers. And it is through such contacts largely that nascent talents are discovered, that inspirations are conceived and high standards of individual scholarship attained. We can but suspect that from the standpoint of the student the scholarly advantages of the small school, where the heads of departments comprise the real teaching force, are great as compared with the large school, where each department is under the nominal headship of a famous man whose time is given over to "research" or to writing books and where the work of teaching is done by underpaid and inexperienced instructors.

Editorial Notes.

It is probably just as well that the President should put off to the last possible hour active intermediation in the affairs of Mexico. None the less he deceives himself in the hope that by delay the necessity for action may be averted. Either openly or by diplomatic indirection the United States must take a hand in the pacification of Mexico. The reason is that there is no party and there appears no man in Mexico strong enough to dominate the confused situation. If orderly conditions are to come, they must come through some external source, and that the source should be other than the United States is unthinkable. In the end we shall have to go about the matter in cold blood. The hope that there will rise in Mexico some authority upon a basis sufficiently legitimate to justify its support "on moral grounds" is what a famous statesman used to call a "damned barren idealism." There can be no legitimate rise of anybody in Mexico, because the constitution prescribes a procedure impracticable and impossible. Whoever shall come to the mastery of Mexico must travel the road blazed by Diaz. He must rise by force of arms or by terror of arms. In other words, he must be a self-appointed and self-elevated dictator. When there shall appear a man even of approximate strength, whether he be Huerta, Felix Diaz, or somebody else, with some powers, right intentions toward the country, and with a right disposition toward us, then we shall have to supplement his powers with our own. By this means, and by no other, may Mexico be pacified, Europe satisfied, and our own interests sustained. Ambassador Wilson thinks well of Huerta and would like to have our government assist him in maintaining his precarious hold upon the country. Probably if Ambassador Wilson were a Democrat this would be done. But President Wilson, in whom a certain political canniness is becoming apparent, is not likely to proceed to new adjustments in Mexico upon the counsels of a Republican. When he shall act in Mexico it will be under the advice of some man of his own party and of his own selection. Probably if Mr. Del Valle had not made a fool of himself by talking too much his advice, now before the President, would be followed. All of which, as it relates to political calculation, is mighty cheap; none the less upon such trivialities and irrelevancies do the policies even of great nations oftentimes depend.

The telegraph brings the information that the London Times is about to publish "certain letters hitherto believed to have been destroyed and which will throw much important light on the life and character of one of the principal characters of English literature." This sounds like a fresh chapter in the Shakespeare-Baconian discussion. And if so—although it seems a bit untimely to speak out in advance—it is not likely to alter the judgment of the intellectual world as to the authorship of the Shakespearean plays. One thing is certain, these plays all came from the same brain and the same hand. There is in them from first to last the unmistakable stamp of one mind. And that mind was certainly not Bacon's. In Bacon's acknowledged work we have a complete exposition of the Baconian mentality. It proceeds in certain definite ways, and by certain easily analyzed processes. Great mind it was beyond a question, in some respects perhaps the greatest the world has known. But it was not the Shakespearean mind. The Baconian mind proceeds from scientific fundamentals through orderly processes. The Shakespearean mind, on the other hand, proceeds from quite another basis and advances under the inspirations of imagination. The difference is as marked as that which separates the writings of Milton and those of Darwin. This is the vital and final argument which silences every effort to assign the Shakespearean plays to Lord Bacon.

The Department of Agriculture has issued the largest water-power permit ever issued by that body, granting rights to the Pacific Light and Power Company of Los Angeles to operate power plants in the Sierra national forest. It will carry electric power 240 miles to Los Angeles and vicinity.

Quicksilver miners are said to follow the most unhealthful trade in the world. The fumes of the mercury produce constant salivation, and the system becomes permeated with the metal; the teeth of the unfortunate men drop out and they lose their appetite and become emaciated.

Peanuts are said to be grown in Spain only in the provinces of Valencia and Alicante.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

The numerous but vague stories of European preparations for war may partly be discounted by our knowledge of newspaper sensationalism. But what shall we say to the definite and public arrangements made by the Belgian government for the transfer of all state offices and documents from Brussels to Antwerp in the event of an invasion of the country. Both the House of Representatives and the Senate have been warned to hold themselves in readiness for speedy removal, and members have even been notified as to the amount of baggage that they may take with them. Belgium is not afraid that hostilities will be directed against herself, but she is afraid that if "the larger birds of prey" should unseath their talons they would have small respect for the Belgian frontiers or for the international agreements that hold those frontiers inviolate.

Now that Henri Rochefort is dead we are beginning to appreciate his greatness. But he lived too long. He witnessed the waning of his influence, always a sad experience for genius. The *Figaro* says that forty years ago he would have had as great a funeral as Boulanger. During the height of the Boulanger mania he said complacently, "I could have called together two hundred thousand citizens in the Place de la Concorde," and no doubt he spoke the truth. One wonders why he did not do so, for it was not the Rochefort habit to neglect opportunities for trouble. But he had a kind heart. A journalist himself, he always rushed to the aid of fellow-craftsmen in distress, irrespective of name or cause. And he loved animals. He used to relate with regret that he once shot a hare. That is to say, he shot at him, for when the hare was examined in the kitchen there was no trace of a bullet. Presumably it died of heart failure, but Rochefort always congratulated himself on his bad aim.

Oliver Twist is again to be staged, and this time at the Lyceum in London. The part of Oliver will be taken by Miss Mary Glynn, and a London critic wonders why there have been so many female Oliveres. Dickens himself was by no means averse to a female impersonation. He wrote to Frederick Yates, who himself was a famous Fagin: "I have never seen Mrs. Honor to the best of my recollection, but from the mere circumstance of her being a Mrs. I should say at once that she was many sizes too large for Oliver Twist. If it be played by a female it should be a very sharp girl of thirteen or fourteen, not more, or the character would be an absurdity." Upon another occasion Dickens wrote to Forster advising him to go and see Marie Wilton (Lady Bancroft) in "The Maid and the Magpie": "There is the strangest thing in it that ever I have seen on the stage—the boy Pippo, by Miss Wilton. While it is astonishingly impudent (must be, or it couldn't be done at all), it is so stupendously like a boy, and unlike a woman, that it is perfectly free from offense . . . the manner, the appearance, the levity, impulse, and spirits of it are so exactly like a boy that you can not think of anything like her sex in association with it."

Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, writing in the London *Daily Mail*, has a proposal for the re-statement of the feminist cause in the public respect. The militants, he says, have lost all the ground that has been gained by years of patient effort. They have brought public opinion to a point where it would be dangerous for any political party to suggest the suffrage, and now it is for sane and responsible womanhood to find a remedy. Let them summon a representative assembly of women, a sort of glorified debating society that would gravely discuss public questions and make recommendations to Parliament. Then we should have an object lesson in feminine capacity for government and "the country at large would be astonished at the sum of ability which such an assembly could concentrate. . . . When it presented a petition or remonstrance its appeal would be irresistible. No politician could afford it. It would have the nation at its back." All of which might be true if the "Women's Parliament" would actually behave with the dignity and intelligence which Mr. Fyfe foresees. But would it? And what guaranty could there be that the militants themselves would not be there in force?

When Liszt made his first confession to the Pope he is said to have craved absolution for having introduced the piano into thousands of once happy homes. But it seems now that the piano is likely to be ousted by the violin, at least in England. Over six thousand violinists have lately assembled for the Handel orchestra in London, and they are described as "whole-hearted enthusiasts." That of course is all very well in its way, but whole-hearted enthusiasm can hardly be described as sufficient equipment for the violinist, at least for the public performer upon the most tyrannical of all musical instruments. At the first of these annual events there were only 600 violinists. A Handel orchestra is rarely an exhilarating performance, but with 6000 violinists, of whom only a small proportion could be really competent, it must have been a rather disturbing occasion.

The daily reports of enormous losses by the Balkan armies make one wonder how long the supply of living men will hold out. And incidentally it seems almost a pity to do anything in the direction of peace. So long as any considerable number of these horrid savages remain on earth they will be trying to cut each other's throats. A few more battles and the Balkan question will be settled forever by the extermination of the Christian armies, a loss that the world would hear with some equanimity.

A correspondent of *Musical America* has something disquieting to say about the operatic profession in Italy. "Here in Italy," he says, "you almost never find a young woman of quality adopting an operatic career. It is not because she

does not feel an inclination for such a life or that she is not broad-minded enough to accept the conditions prevalent in all operatic circles, even though they may not be sanctioned by society. But the enormous sacrifices of her personality and her womanhood extorted from her by the many vampires who tyrannize over artists striving for operatic prominence in Italy are so shameful that any woman grown up in an atmosphere of the least refinement prefers to limit her public activity to concerts which she gives herself."

It is surprising how little we know of the personality, or even the appearance, of Swinburne. Of Tennyson we have been told almost too much by those who think that even trivialities of great men are important. But to the world at large Swinburne, so far as the man himself is concerned, is little more than a name. Mr. Edmund Gosse drew aside a corner of the veil recently in his lecture before the *Times* book club. He described him as "a little gray-headed old man, always cheerful, usually silent, taking no part in public or social life, the only touch of eccentricity about him being a rather wide-brimmed soft felt hat. He passed among the poorer inhabitants of Putney Heath as the poor afflicted old gentleman. In sun or rain he carried no umbrella; no whim of the weather caused him to quicken his gait—a little gray old gentleman, so noiseless as almost to seem like a spirit."

A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* asks what is the matter with the law in New York. On July 9 the appellate division of the supreme court handed down sixty-six decisions in review of judgments of inferior courts. Of these sixty-six decisions only sixteen escaped mutilation or destruction. Are we to infer from this that the inferior courts are incapable of administering justice? It would certainly seem so, and that the law is in a perilous state so far as New York is concerned. The correspondent in question says that there must be "something rotten," and he asks what it is, but he must be of a somewhat verdant state of mind to be unaware that the something rotten is politics and that the same gangrene may be found not only in the law courts, but everywhere else.

There is something delightfully Gilhertian in the spectacle of the anti-militant party in New Zealand throwing bombs in order to convince their opponents that conscription and war are reprehensible things. We knew that they had conscription in New Zealand, as well as a number of other curious freaks, but we did not know that this was so acute a question as to prompt the use of dynamite. And, by the way, they have woman suffrage in New Zealand as well as conscription, and this seems to falsify the double prediction that votes for women would be the end of militarism and that by the same expedient all disputes would henceforth be settled by the rule of reason. The suffrage seems to be compatible alike with conscription and with bomb-throwing as a protest against the conscription.

The laws that govern the ratio of the sexes are obscure, and there are already a bewildering number of theories usually based upon carefully selected facts. But it does seem that nature makes some sort of kindly effort to match the supply with the demand. It has been shown that there is a preponderance of male births after a war and that male births predominate in warlike nations. Thus we find that Servia has one hundred men for every eighty women, and we may expect a still further increase of boy babies to compensate for the heavy losses of the present struggle. Servia is said to have lost at least 15,000 men against the Turks, and now her very Christian allies have probably disposed of a good many thousand more. But if nature does really try to keep the balance true in the varying proportions of male and female births it would be interesting to know how she does it. Have the hopes and desires of the mothers anything to do with it?

Lady Frances Balfour has struck a blow for the sublime cause of women by asserting that peeresses have a legal right to vote in the House of Lords. And it seems that Lady Frances is right in the matter, although we should shudder to think of the fate that would befall the peeress who should present herself in the House of Lords for the purpose of recording her vote. Mr. Swift MacNeil, one of the greatest living authorities on English constitutional law, says that until the reign of Edward I, six centuries ago, not only peeresses, but abbesses, had the right to vote, and that although the right has fallen into desuetude it has never been abrogated. So it only remains for some daring suffragette peeress to descend upon the House of Lords and claim her prerogative, and the sight would certainly be worth seeing. But are there any suffragette peeresses?

Colonel Mulhall is about to write an article on "Labor union traitors I have known." He says that his usual policy as a strikebreaker is to buy a few of the leaders and set them secretly to work against their own side. The story is quite easy to believe. Labor unions seem to have a peculiar disposition to pay their highest honors to the men who are most patently and obviously for sale, and nowhere could one find more striking examples of this than in San Francisco. And the disposition seems to be a general one. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the English parliamentary Socialist leader, says in his recent book on "The Socialist Movement": "It is said that the workmen have always suffered from dishonest leaders. That does not go to the root of the matter, and is misleading. The Chartist movement shows not the dishonest leader, but the windbag charlatan leader. The people have been sold, but only after they have shown an incapacity to choose leaders."

SIDNEY G. P. CORVYN.

A novel invention is a tiny electric lamp to be worn on their caps by bandmen at night.

OLD FAVORITES.

The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire.

(1571)

The old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers ran by two, by three;
"Pull, if ye never pulled before;
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
Play all your changes, all your swells,
Play uppe, 'The Brides of Enderby.'"

Men say it was a stolen tyde—
The Lord that sent it, He knows all;
But in myne ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall:
And there was naught of strange, beside
The flight of mevs and peewits pied.
By millions crouched on the old sea wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes;
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies;
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wanderedeth,
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dewes were falling,
Farre away I heard her song,
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along;
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth
Faintly came her milking song—
"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
"For the dewes will soon be falling;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe, Lightfoot;
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow;
From the clovers lift your head;
Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe, Lightfoot,
Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed."

If it be long, ay, long ago,
When I begonne to think howe long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrow, sharpe and strong;
And all the aire, it seemeth mee,
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadowe mote be scene,
Save where full fyve good miles away
The steeple towered from out the greene;
And lo! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the country side
That Saturday at eventide.

The swanherds where their sedges are
Moved on in sunset's golden breathe,
The shepherd lads I heard afarre,
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;
Till floating o'er the grassy sea
Came downe that kyndly message free,
The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows.
They sayde, "And why should this thing be?
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of Enderly!"

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys warping downe;
For shippes ashore beyond the scope,
They have not spared to wake the towne:
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby?'"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
Came riding downe with might and main;
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again,
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The olde sea wall (he cried) is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in your towne
Go sailing uppe the market place."
He shook as one that looks on death:
"God save you, mother!" straight he saith;
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds her way,
With her two bairns I marked her long;
And ere yon bells beganne to play,
Afar I heard her milking song."
He looked across the grassy lea,
To right, to left, "Ho, Enderby!"
They rang "The Brides of Enderby!"

With that he cried and beat his breast;
For, lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed,
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;
Then madly at the eygre's breast
Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout—
Then beaten foam flew round about—
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre dragg,
The heart had hardly time to beat
Before a shallow seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at our feet:
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the rooffe we sate that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by;
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church tower, red and high—
A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awsome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide
From rooffe to rooffe who feared less towed;
And I—my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed:
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
"O come in life, or come in death!
O lost! my love, Elizabeth!"

And didst thou visit him no more?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare;
The waters laid thee at his doore;
Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea;
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
To manye more than myne and mee;
But each will mourn his own (she saith);
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis shore,
"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dewes be falling;
I shall never hear her song,
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
Goeth, floweth;
From the meads where melick groweth,
When the water winding downe,
Onward floweth to the towne.

I shall never see her more
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
Shiver, quiver;
Stand beside the sobbing river,
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling
To the sandy lonesome shore;
I shall never hear her calling,
"Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe, Lightfoot;
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe, Lightfoot, rise and follow;
Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
From your clovers lift the head;
Come uppe, Jetty, follow, follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed."

—Jean Ingelow [1820-1897].

MR. HAMMERSTEIN'S ENGAGEMENTS.

Should They Be Kept, New York Will Have Three Grand Opera Companies.

Never was such a flood of philanthropy in prospect for opera lovers in New York. The presence of genuine opera lovers, in mass, is to be assumed, however, much as is the genuineness of the philanthropy referred to. Oscar Hammerstein goes serenely on his way preparing for a grand opera season at his own new opera house, now building on Lexington Avenue between Fiftieth and Fifty-First Streets. The Metropolitan Opera Company, of course, resents this threatened invasion of its field, and threatens to obtain an injunction to prevent the actual launching of Mr. Hammerstein's enterprise. It has an agreement with the impulsive and energetic impresario, made in April, 1910, which was intended to assert that Mr. Hammerstein would not for the term of ten years from the date "engage in or be directly or indirectly connected, either as owner, partner, officer, director, stockholder, or otherwise, in any business, partnership, or corporation that may during said term be or become engaged in the business of producing opera in any part of the United States of America."

But agreements are paper promises, with implied if not stated considerations, and Mr. Hammerstein insists that he knows what he is doing and is well within his rights. Should the disagreement actually come to issue in court, the lawyers will have much interesting material to incorporate in their briefs. One aspect of the situation is humorously suggestive: Both parties declare that they are not engaged in producing grand opera for financial benefits, but only in the cause of art and from motives of pure philanthropy. Was ever such a pother about serving the public, or such envy and friction between philanthropists? There are patrons of grand opera in numbers whose sympathy is altogether with the Metropolitan Opera Company in this affair, but their reasons have little to do with love of music. On the other hand, there are thousands of musical enthusiasts who will cheer on the combatants. The latter class will certainly have its innings, for the Metropolitan and Mr. Hammerstein can not monopolize the field, if the Aborn company carries out its programme at the Century Theatre.

Mr. Hammerstein has engaged some prominent singers for his company and avers that among them are some discoveries of his own who will eclipse the fame of great ones gone before. His list of singers already under contract is headed by Bianca Barrientos. Of her Mr. Hammerstein says: "As a coloratura soprano she is without a peer. I presented the comparatively unknown Tetrassini to the American public. Barrientos surpasses." Mme. Chenal, now alternating between the Paris Opera and the Opera Comique, who comes second on the list, Mr. Hammerstein characterizes as "occupying the first position of lyric soprano in France." Of Victoria Fer French, a dramatic and lyric soprano, the announcement says that she is "annually the star attraction in the various opera houses in France in but a few performances in each." Gemma Bellincioni, he says, is indisputably the greatest living Italian dramatic soprano. Her daughter, Bianca Bellincioni, who also has been engaged, the impresario calls "one of the daintiest and most artistic light sopranos." Mme. Doria, a contralto who was a member of Mr. Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera Company, also has been engaged.

Of the male members of the company the first to receive mention in the prospectus is Henry Weldon, for many years the first basso profundo of the opera at Brussels. "His engagement with me means impressive success," Mr. Hammerstein says. Marvini, another basso, is presented by arrangement with M. Messager, a director of the Paris Opera. Renaud, the barytone, who sang at the Manhattan through its four seasons, returns. The tenors who receive special mention in the announcement are Vezzani, "loaned" to Mr. Hammerstein for a year by M. Carce, director of the Opera Comique in Paris, and Orville Harrold.

Mr. Hammerstein will have four American sopranos in his company at the start, Miss Morgana, Miss Seamon, Alice Gentle, and Freda Gallick Baker. He says he believes that in the four he has discovered "vocal material and dramatic talent which, if given opportunities, will illustrate the great vocal powers and operatic dramatic talent this country possesses." He predicts a "triumphal success" for his production of "Carmen" with Alice Gentle in the title-role.

Other members of the new company are Mlle. Le Fauve, soprano; Mlle. Laugier, mezzo-soprano; Mlle. Borasso, contralto; Tessier, Diaz, and Du Moïs, tenors; Allard and Cortreuil, barytones, and Leguian, basso cantante. Baroni will be the chief conductor. Merola and Zuro have been engaged as other conductors. Jacques Coini, who was stage director of the Manhattan company, has been reengaged. He will be assisted by Ernesto Fadello.

The impresario is not ready to give a full announcement of what his operas are to be, but mentions having acquired the exclusive rights to Massenet's "Therese" and Erlanger's "Aphrodite." French operas again will be a leading feature of the repertory. The "regular Italian repertory" will be given and several novelties by Italian composers are promised. Mr. Hammerstein says he is unable to say yet to what extent he will go into the presentation of opera in English.

The difficulties with the Metropolitan Opera Company

the prospectus disposes of in two sentences: "Any interference or attempt of interruption on the part of the Metropolitan Opera Company I have fully guarded against. All financial responsibilities rest with me."

The season of the new house, if Mr. Hammerstein is not checkmated, will open on November 10 and will last twenty weeks. Subscription performances will be given on Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturday afternoons, and Saturday nights. There will be the usual "popular price" Sunday night concerts. The prices are to be similar to those that ruled at the Manhattan Opera House, with \$5 as the maximum for an orchestra chair.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, July 21, 1913.

The fact that it is separated from the city and almost hidden is the explanation of the legend that Venice is practically "dead" as a port, whereas in reality it is the second in importance in Italy as a point of transshipment. The port consists of two piers (east and west), of the quays which surround the basin, and of warehouses, etc., at the east, but is inadequate to the demands made upon it. The harbor of Venice can accommodate a larger number of ships, which may enter the lagoon by the Lido and Malamocco and anchor in the numerous canals and basins. The commercial port is, however, much more restricted, and close to the city, and consists of three parts, the basin of St. Mark's, the Giudecca canal, and the maritime station. The basin of St. Mark's, which at one time constituted the chief port of Venice, serves at present principally as a passage, or at most as anchorage for smaller ships. The Giudecca canal receives ships of various kinds, but generally sailing craft, which bring firewood from Istria, likewise ships with cargoes of salt for the government storehouses and with grain for the Stucky mill, or coal and other merchandise, when the maritime station is full.

Though nearly eight hundred miles of telephone wire has been put up in Abyssinia, the contractor who is doing the work for the government has to encounter unusual difficulties. Tropical rains wash out the poles, white ants eat away the parts in the ground, and when iron poles are substituted for wood the natives steal them to make tools of. Monkeys find the wires delightful swings, while elephants use the poles as scratching posts and often knock them down. Lastly, the jungle grows so fast that a party of men is kept constantly employed in cutting away the young growth.

Found wild in the forests of Venezuela, the yakamil, a kind of crane, is readily tamed, becoming valuable servants to the Indians, who domesticate them. Their power of flight is limited, and they seldom attempt any distance in the air. Not only are they entrusted with the care of the flocks, herds, and poultry, but they are left as sole guardians of the babies. Certain species of the tribe found in Brazil further to the south are protected by law because of their recognized value as snake killers.

Nevada is now among the states that produce gems. The development of the opal beds of Humboldt County has been attended with considerable success, and a quantity of superior gem material has been obtained. The opal is of an unusual type, consisting of dark, translucent mineral with a variety of rich colors. The deposits promise to supply a gem equal if not superior to the opal from Australia.

Alaskans say that indiscriminate slaughter soon will drive the whales out of the North Pacific, and that this will result in the destruction of the salmon industry. Countless millions of herring, now driven close to shore by the whales, will stay out in the deep water, they declare, and the salmon, which live on the herring, will stay out in deep water with them, except in the spawning season.

In northern Minnesota there is a great area of land so flat that its waters sometimes flow into Hudson Bay and sometimes into the Gulf of Mexico. There are times when certain lakes discharge at both ends, the northern outlet taking the flow through Red River or Rainy River into Lake Winnipeg and thence into Hudson Bay, while the southern outlet leads to the Mississippi.

There are more deaths than births in Prussia, and the only augmentation of the population is by illiterates from the Near East. France has just voted large grants to parents who have more than two children, and it is considered likely that other states suffering from the loss of native population may do likewise.

An interesting new farm product, the "beetato," is a hybrid, between an Irish potato and a red beet. It has the shape of a potato, the meat being a deep purple. Great possibilities are claimed for the product as a food. A farmer at Silver Springs Station, Oregon, is experimenting with the hybrid.

The rapidity with which the male lines of younger sons of British sovereigns have died out is remarkable. It is noted that with the exception of the king and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Prince Arthur of Connaught is the only living grandson of Queen Victoria in the male line.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Howard Elliott, who will be the new head of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford system of railroads, is president of the Northern Pacific. He is a native of New York, and his railroad career began as a rodman with an engineering crew.

Kametaro Iijima, the new consul-general of Japan at New York, was counsellor of the foreign office at Tokyo before being sent to the United States. He is regarded as one of the most skillful men in the consular service of the Japanese government.

Sir Thomas Raleigh, who recently resigned as member of the Council of India, was appointed to the post in 1909. He was educated at Edinburgh, Tübingen, and Oxford, and became a legal member of the governor-general's council in 1899, retiring in 1904.

Dr. Kurt Schern of Berlin has accepted the professorship of veterinary science and experimental therapy in the Iowa State Agricultural College at Ames, Iowa. Dr. Schern's special study is the biology of milk. He has had charge of the veterinary department of the Berlin police and has done brilliant work in the inspection of foodstuffs.

Amos B. Stillman, a Civil War veteran, who has just retired from the staff of the New York Sun, in his seventy-seventh year, has probably edited more copy than any other living newspaper man. For forty-three years he was employed at this work with the Sun, though his newspaper life began long before that, he having worked as a printer in his youth.

Alexander H. Stephens, who has been appointed superintendent of railway mail service, established the first mail service in Alaska in 1898, and directed the rehabilitation of the service in San Francisco following the fire of 1906. He will have jurisdiction over 260,118 miles of railway service and over 17,000 men, whose compensation is given as \$20,000,000 annually.

José C. Rosario, selected as the most meritorious of the 1100 Porto Rican teachers who took a correspondence course in agriculture at the University of Porto Rico, will be given a free trip to Washington and New York. He was one of the seven whose work was deemed specially noteworthy by the faculty, and he was selected for the prize trip by his fellow-teachers.

Major-General Stoessel, the hero of Port Arthur, has not only fallen upon evil times in his declining years, but for the last twelve months he has been practically paralyzed, and has now well-nigh lost the power of speech. He was recently compelled to sell his small country estate near Moscow to liquidate his debts, and is said to be practically destitute. He has accepted the offer of a faithful friend of an unoccupied and furnished house for life.

Wilbur E. Austin, the new postmaster of Trenton, Missouri, is the youngest postmaster in that state, as well as the youngest yet appointed by President Wilson. He is in his twenty-fifth year and has charge of a second-class office, having won the nomination over five opponents. Last November he was a candidate for treasurer of Grundy County, but failed of election by a small vote. For the last four and one-half years he has acted as a bank teller at Trenton.

Augustus O. Bacon, the first United States senator to be elected by direct vote of the electorate of Georgia, has been a member of the upper house in Congress since 1894. His is the first election held under the recently ratified seventeenth amendment to the United States Constitution. His election being a foregone conclusion, many of the country precincts did not open polling places. Senator Bacon was born in Georgia in 1839. He has maintained a law practice in Macon since 1866.

Joseph Swain, who has just been elected president of the National Educational Association, has been president of Swarthmore College, Pennsylvania, since 1902. He is a native of Indiana, born in 1857. After teaching in the East he came to California, where he was professor of mathematics at Stanford University, 1891-3. For a quarter of a century he has been prominent in the work of the National Educational Association, and for some time has been president of its higher educational section.

Rufus I. Warren, a Maine farmer who has been wonderfully successful, has been blind for thirty years. In addition to crop-raising he operates a dairy, and is also quite a chicken fancier, having a pure-bred flock. All the usual crop work of the farm he leaves to employees, but he personally feeds and otherwise cares for his livestock. Despite his blindness he is a good carpenter, and builds cart bodies, sled platforms, and hayracks, a knock-down hayrack being one of his best achievements.

Frances Emroy Warren, United States senator from Wyoming, has just made application for a pension as a Civil War veteran, and announces his intention to give the amount, \$16 a month, to charity. He is a man of wealth, and is serving his third term in the upper house. Senator Warren served in the Forty-Ninth Massachusetts Volunteers, and received the congressional medal of honor for "Gallantry on the Battlefield at the Siege of Port Hudson." He went to Wyoming in 1868, served a term as governor of the territory, and then became the first chief executive of the state.

PRAISE FROM SIR HUBERT.

The Great Dead Author's Masterpiece.

Once there lived in a great country a great man who looked into his heart and that of things as they are, and wrote. Life as he saw it he drew, its salient features slightly exaggerated, kindly caricatured. Of his homely Lincoln-like stories, one might say: They are of the people, for the people, by one of the people. Today the hungry millions he wrote of and for read him and cry for more, and cry in vain. Thus an old self-taught-to-read Westerner to a cultured young librarian: "Say, miss, can't you gimme some other stories like this chap writes. I know all his'n by heart." And she: "No, sir, I can't. I only wish I could! There are no other such stories written."

Like many another great man, this well-beloved writer was very much of a child, nor ever forgot that he was once a boy himself and had birthdays. So when Huldah Blanding, she of the freckled face and the white-horse-hinting hair and futureful eyes, told him one evening about bedtime—her bedtime—that on the morrow she would be of the awkward and unlucky age of thirteen, the first of the seven (and ten) teens that fall to the lot of the average woman, she must also tell him, he told her, what most she would like for a present.

Up spoke Huldah, reddening between freckles: "Oh, Mr. De Plume, you know I didn't mean that!"

"I know, Mahogany; but tell me. Hurry up. If mother should get home from Mrs. Pellet's and not catch a weasel asleep, the weasel might catch it herself, birthday eve or no birthday eve. Me too. I promised to pack you off at nine sharp. Now, Huldah, what is it to be—anything in reason, in my power? Don't be bashful. We're great friends, aren't we? And I'm going away tomorrow."

"What time?"

"First thing in the morning."

Huldah's freckle-colored eyes filled with very present tears. "If you won't wait for my party, I don't want anything."

"I'd love to wait, but I mustn't."

The child knew that the great man was telling the truth. How he could play games and never cheat!

"I may have what I like?"

"You may, if—"

"Oh, you can do it very easily, if you want to."

"Out with it, then. My, look at the time it is!"

Huldah didn't look the clock in the face; ashamed as she was to do so, she looked him.

"I want you to write me a story for my very self, and no one else. I'd like that best of anything in the world. Will you do it? You said you would."

"And I will, too, if you say so. What kind of a story shall it be, Freckles, a so-so or a fairy?"

"A great big little story large as life. You know what I mean. I hate these doll stories that talk when you squeeze their tummies. Don't you? Real grown-up stories are the kind I like to read—and write!"

"Write! You don't mean to tell me you—"

Huldah nodded her head. "Want me to show you?" she asked, as much as to say: "I'd just love to show you what I can do, if you'll let me."

He let her; he did more: he told her to run and get it quick.

She ran. He read. Then he, her Sir Hubert, the great writer who had had his hard time getting into print, crossed his heart and hoped to die if the work of his little weasel was not well done, wonderfully well, considering her years.

Much too grown-up for thirteen, too real for such romantic eyes as Huldah's, was the story. The great man held the child away from him, took a good new look at her, and smiled sadly. She had the gift, the dower more fatal than beauty. Well he knew what the years had in store for her, knew better than to warn her, to wonder aloud how such ideas ever had got into the child's head. The childhood of genius is distributed over all its days. And yet he must needs ask: "What does your mother think of it?"

"Oh, mother doesn't know a thing about it; nobody but you and me. You mustn't tell. She'd laugh at me. And Dad! Gee, I'd sooner get a licking!"

"I won't tell, but you'd better. Now, good-night, Huldah, and good-by. We had some great old games, hadn't we?"

"Hadh't we, though! Don't forget my story, mind."

"I won't. No fear. Now, be off with you to bed."

Priest of his profession, he solemnly baptized the child on the forehead.

That night neither the child nor the great man slept. What the one sat up to do, the other lying abed dreamt of doing. The writer did his very best, a grown-up story comprehensible by a child, and, together with his love, left it at Huldah's door. She heard him, knew he hadn't failed her, but let him go without a word. She saw him, however, as Dad drove to the station no great man, merely a good fellow he had gone to school with.

Huldah read her story in bed, reread it, and before breakfast knew it by heart, every word. Be sure, she thought it not only the great man's best, but the greatest story ever written by man. It was hers, all hers, her very own, just the kind of story she liked, which left her glad and sad, over which she knew not whether to laugh or cry, and so did both. She hid it away and went downstairs as in a dream. Mother

gave her thirteen kisses and a dollar. Dad gave her a kiss and thirteen dollars, told her what a big girl she was, as if she had grown greatly over night, and asked her, as if she had been the boy she ought to have been, what she was going to be when she grew up.

"A great writer, dad, like Mr. De Plume."

Dad laughed. "Nom's some writer, all right, I guess. Everybody says so, anyway. So you're going to be a great writer, eh? Just you wait till Mr. Right comes along."

"Now, dad," mother admonished him, "don't you go putting such ideas into the child's head!"

Huldah showed neither the story written by her nor the story written for her to either dad or mother.

With her fourteen dollars she bought all "his" stories then to be had in book form, hid them in her bed, which herself "made," read them in her bed, and slept with them, one volume under one pillow, the rest, under her mattress. To be looked in the mouth is enough to make a gift horse laugh, but to be asked to give account of gifts is more than enough to make a given girl of awkward age weep. Called to account, Huldah kept silence. Told that she ought to be ashamed of eating fourteen dollars' worth of candy in a month and never once offering dad or mother a bite, the patches between freckles grew red as shame.

That unlucky year dad died and Huldah took to verse. The next year died the great writer, and she went back to prose, to the reality of story-writing. On her fifteenth birthday her mother had fifteen kisses to give her, but no dollar.

"Never mind, mother," Huldah comforted. "I—I know how we can make money—lots and lots!"

"Indeed! How?"

Huldah confessed her greatness. Had not Sir Hubert praised her maiden effort of two years ago? Did she not now write at least twice as well as she had written then? Her mother could not believe her ears; nor, later, her eyes. Was this woman her little Huldah?

This woman of half-thirty kept her maiden effort, the great man's praise, and his masterpiece, profound secrets. She showed but her own latest and best work as proof that she knew how money was to be made. As became the man of the family, she was going to take care of mother. Mother didn't like the idea of Huldah's being the man of the family, an idea which poor Dad had put into the poor child's head, but in money matters she herself was helpless as a babe, and, what's more, proud of her helplessness. As to her daughter's unwomanly ambition to be a great writer, the widow blamed it all on Nom de Plume's visit. Huldah did not undeceive her. Aged of sorrow, aged of ageless genius, the child-woman felt herself to be grown-up, in fact, the older of the two women. She took his books from their hiding-place and put them in plain sight beside her discarded school-books.

For six months with infinite patience, painstaking, Huldah worked, writing, rewriting, and sending out stories. Her last story was ever her best. Yet instead of lots and lots of money, she had nothing but unhideable rejection slips and deep-hidden heartaches to show for her half-year of work. Huldah was only a child. No one could expect her to make money. No one did—except Huldah. That a story he had praised should not sell the first time out was to her incredible. Seeing it come back was but believing that some mistake had been made. Then the others, her later and better stories—Huldah was sure there was more to them than to that so highly praised and prized first one—why had they not sold?

Despair-sick one day, hope-well the next, Huldah wrote and rewrote, sent out and resent, story after story; and when she was a sad old woman of sixteen made her first big sacrifice: The story that had won her praise indeed she sold—for five dollars! Yet to give that five dollars was far more blessed than to receive fourteen, the most money Huldah had ever owned at one time in her life. To the mother, in debt, in tears, at her wit's end where to turn for a loan, at a loss how to fill two mouths, a mouth and a half, the gift was a godsend, almost enough to reconcile her to greatness in a girl.

Let mother love tell all the white lies anent physical hunger it has a mind to, however well starvation agree with genius, five dollars for two goes but a short way. Within a week the man of the family had a question of food to answer, and that quick. Here's how she answered it:

She took out her treasure, the story the great man had written for her, whose very existence she had never breathed to a soul, typed it, handling the precious manuscript with more than religious care, comparing over and over again her copy with his original, to make sure that no single comma was out of place, and sent the story of stories to the editor of a big magazine, a man credited with being a critic of nicest discernment. For mother's sake, Huldah would share with the world this birthday gift which she had never let even mother see. Had she but herself to consider, the idea of doing so would never have entered the child's head. The world had the rest of his stories; this story was hers, her very own, written for no one else, much less for the public, any more than if it were a love-letter. Not that Huldah ever thought of Nom de Plume as a man, only as a great writer, a demigod. Her precocity had the objectivity, the impersonality, of genius.

Instead of "Nom de Plume, Genius Place, Seventh Heaven," in the upper left-hand corner of the first page of the masterpiece, the child put her own name and

address. Huldah took herself and her work with a seriousness that was absolute, but not incompatible with a sense of humor in one not yet midmost of her teens. Her mother wept so much, the daughter must needs laugh, or go mad. 'Twould be a joke on the editor. Imagine his surprise, his delight, his joy of discovery! What a check he would send her; what a letter he would write her, full of praise, free of the bias that so easily besets the most discriminating of men! He would ask for another such story. Then she would 'fess up, tell him as the young librarian-to-be was to tell the aged gold-seeker, that no other such story could be written now, no not one; that the praise he had given her, the small unknown living woman, was for the great known dead man; point out what unconscious sweet self-praise it was, proving how nice an eye he had, how well he knew a great story when he saw one. The editor-critic would smile, more than satisfied with her apology and his discerning self. The world would be ever so grateful to her, and she wouldn't deserve one speck of gratitude. And mother! What would mother think?

How they managed to live, the two of them, to live on nothing. He only knows. He the Most High who feeds the birds that find them nests even about his altars.

The poor widow could not account for her daughter's ecstatic face, made exquisite by fasting and self-sacrifice and hope. Borrow the helpless being could not. Beg she would not. Steal she could, and did. Peaches, apples, pears, figs, that the satiate pigs did eat not, but let lie on the ground beside them to rot, Huldah and her mother ate. Fruit from the trees, fresh, hand-picked not wind-fallen, they could have had for the asking, but no man gave unto them. The heart of the country whose latch-string hangs out for even the stranger was closed against the widow because she kept hugging her grief instead of getting up and hustling. Helplessness is incomprehensible by the country.

To the little man of the family, her mother's inability to do for herself, for them, was neither reprehensible nor pitiable, but natural. The idea of begging, borrowing, or stealing never once entered the child's head. The food question was to be solved only by work—or, in extreme case, by sale of what one owned. The child ate what was set before her, nor asked a question of its whence.

Came a day when they lacked even windfalls. Almost caught in her neighbor's orchard, the widow could steal no more. The will was not strong enough to force the foot, the hand.

That lean day, while the prosperous sun smiled down on the fat valleys of California and the pigs lay gorged in the shade of the peach trees, the catastrophe fell—in the shape of a heavy envelope. The critic-editor had sent the story of stories back, together with a formal rejection slip which was no reflection on the literary merits of the great dead writer's masterpiece whereof the big magazine was in no present need.

The bottom dropped out of Huldah's universe; she felt herself falling as in a nightmare through endless appalling space, drifting in chaos without a thing to tie to. The step from the sublime to the ridiculous had been taken for her. She forgot or did not know that the editor demigod does not read every manuscript submitted to him and that it is but human for his overworked "readers" to err in judgment. All she knew, remembered, was that her sacrifice had been in vain, her very own sacred secret story, read by profane eyes and of profane hands rejected.

Six months later a grown-up Huldah got five hundred dollars for her birthday gift, and herself before the public. After serving awhile as librarian of a little town in California, together with her mother she made the inevitable pilgrimage to New York, leaving an irrecoverable something behind. Her stories are now widely read. They show less imitation of the master than did the earlier weaker ones. Through a great grief Huldah has come to her own. Fêted, accepted of editor, critic, public, she looks back with longing, regret, over the lean years when she fed on praise from Sir Hubert, the which is praise indeed.

HARRY COWELL.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1913.

Honoring the memory of John Kinzie, Chicago's first civilian, a bronze tablet has been unveiled at Pine and Kinzie Streets, under the auspices of the Chicago Historical Society. The log house which faced the river at the foot of what now is Pine Street was built about 1779 and owned successively by Point de Saible, a Santo Domingan, and a French fur trader named Le Mai, the latter occupying it until 1804, when it was purchased by John Kinzie as a home for his family, brought here that year, the same in which the building of Fort Dearborn, began in 1803, was completed. Here the first white child of Chicago, Ellen Marian Kinzie, was born, December, 1804.

The first of fifteen carloads of apples from Sonoma County, California, for Argentina, left Santa Rosa a few days ago, specially iced and packed for the long trip. Each carload contains 96,000 Gravensteins and the fruit is all of the select variety. Most of the apples are from the Gold Ridge district, where the apple fair will be held this month.

That an ostrich farm is of more value than a good cattle ranch is shown by an authority who puts the value of a beef animal at \$40 at five years of age, while an ostrich of the same age is worth \$300.

MEXICO, THE LAND OF UNREST.

Henry Baerlein Gives an Account of Revolutionary Causes and Effects in Mexico.

There have been many books about Mexico and her revolution, but none that is quite so ample, vivid, and inclusive as this one. The author, Mr. Henry Baerlein, was special correspondent of the London *Times* and already a writer of distinction. He seems to have been not only well versed in the history and affairs of Mexico, but to have that enviable capacity so useful to the special correspondent of entering into intimate relationships with the greater and the lesser actors of the drama unfolded before his eyes. That his book is somewhat fragmentary does not matter at all, since it is none the less complete. That he enters at some length into the story of the Díaz administration is not a raking over of ancient embers, since it is not only all, or nearly all, new, but it is all vital to a comprehension of events. And furthermore he succeeds to an astonishing extent in presenting to us a picture of the average Mexican and of the contents of his mind. And it is, after all, the average Mexican rather than the exceptional Mexican who has made the Mexican history of the last few years.

Take, for example, the author's transcript of the conversation between Díaz and Don Ireneo Paz, the editor of *La Patria*. It is actually the sum of several conversations, but it is none the less accurate and it appears under the date of 11 February, 1909, at a time when the first tremors of the social earthquake were beginning to be felt. Don Ireneo asks the president when he thinks that the people will be ready for democracy without fear of political and economic upheavals. And Díaz replies:

Those who come after us will know. As far as I am concerned, democracy did not suit me, and therefore I suppressed it totally. It is easier to govern an idiot people [*un pueblo idiota*] which does not know how to elect, than whosever mingles in elections, because, even counting with the majority, there always remain discontented fractions among those who are beaten. When there are no votes there are no victors and no conquered, and that is why I have been able to keep myself in power for so long, because this is a republic which does not vote, does not know how to fight [*luchar*], which has no candidates, which has left everything to me as readily as one gives other folk a troublesome burden.

Certainly that reply leaves nothing to be desired on the score of candor. Nor do the further remarks of the president on the character of the people whom he is governing:

The high class is that of the rich, that of the aristocrats, and as they say that extremes meet, this one elbows the lowest class, having the same ignorance, the same abjectness [*bajezas*], and the same dull and vile [*torpes y sucios*] passions. Now that I have seen from a very small distance [*de cerca*] all their hogghishness, I am terrified, knowing that it is not there that virtue thrives, nor intelligence, nor patriotism, nor anything.

Díaz goes on to say that he has been struck with horror as he realized the debasement of the people, and especially of the wealthy classes, "who make themselves most humble to the men in power" and who are "the lowest in their adulations":

All this together, the immoral life of the high class, their absolute ignorance of science and the arts, their idle customs, their indifference to politics, their nullity in every sense, their incapacity even to know what sort of a thing is democracy and where it is to be found.

Is it possible, asks the president, to find a democracy among such people, either among the debased rich, or among the poor who are so ignorant that they do not know even that there is such a thing as a government?

In consequence I have hoped neither little nor much, despite the assurance of Mr. Creelman that our people will acquire education and will become democratic, and as far as touches me it suits me to keep them in an everlasting *statu quo*, so as not to be molested with electoral tickets, which only those would use who have some private benefit in view. Standing as we are on the ground of sincerity, I confess to you that democracy is of no more importance to me than a *serenado* *cuerno*, when once all those who count in this country are disputing among themselves for the honor of proposing, of entreating, of begging me to go on in the presidency, although many of them bite their teeth [*de dientes para afuera*] and do it so as not to be behind the rest, because they think they can be certain that I am an old and useless thing.

When Madero began his crusade he was looked upon with indulgence by Díaz, who did not believe that any one would take notice of him:

He looked with some indulgence on the younger man, who coming back from France and luxury had settled down to drink water like his peasants and to eat their food; the president had never been unfaithful to the simple diet of his ancestors. But notwithstanding Don Porfirio's attitude, the governors and the police were far less gracious and they put as many obstacles as they could think of in Madero's path. They told the president that everywhere the pilgrim was arousing popular enthusiasm. "It is for the grand old constitution," said the president.

"But he wants to introduce purity into our politics!" "We have all been young—" "We have all been young," said Don Porfirio, "and I have not forgotten the reforms that I desired so fervently." "But would it not be safer—" "I have thought of that," said Don Porfirio, "but I don't want to permit an accident if I can help it. He belongs to a powerful family. And just because of that I tell you it is better he should beat the drum and not an upstart lawyer. Don't you think that I am right?"

But Madero grew steadily more dangerous and the smaller political officials throughout the country made matters worse by an indiscriminate persecution that they supposed would be pleasing to Díaz. A Bulgarian proverb says "The smaller saints will be the ruin of God," and it was officialism that did much to accentuate the feeling against Díaz by an indiscriminating sub-

servience to what was supposed to be his wish and by a blind persecution of the men who were supposed to be his enemies:

Their private enemies assumed the shape of damnable Maderists, but if you did anything at all or nothing it was always at the heavy risk of being branded. In the state of Puebla, for example, dwelt an idle *jefe* who made over his administration to a lady friend. She mulcted the people, put them into prison, just as if she were the *jefe*. One day, after having listened to a husband's story, she commanded that the lover of his wandering wife should be imprisoned. She did not inquire the name, but when this gentleman was in the lock-up he sent word to her that he was grieved, and then she knew that she had dealt with a dear friend. "Yes, yes," he said when he was talking to her after his release, "but now the husband is at large and it is inconvenient." So forthwith she gave orders that the husband should be taken to the cell from which the lover had been rescued. "God above me! What have I done? Why should I be here?" exclaimed the husband. And the lady answered, "You are a Maderist."

When the President finally recognized that he was on the defensive he tried to retrieve himself by getting rid of some of the worst of the officials. Here is a characteristic example of the way in which he did it:

In February it was clear to Don Porfirio that something must be done; so General Mucio Martínez, governor and scourge of Puebla during twenty years, got ill. He struggled hard against it, taking train on two occasions for the capital, where he consulted with the president most anxiously, because he had not yet done all that he could do in Puebla. But the president informed him that he had done quite enough, and that he should resign himself to sickness. Other functionaries would be failing soon; a veritable plague was looming over them. Whereat Don Mucio cursed roundly.

"Mucito!" quoth the president, "if you knew all that I know—"

"Shoot the devils!" "It has gone too far. In fact we may be shot ourselves. The soldiers—"

"Oh, you talk as if the Federals were like the dirty troops of Puebla state. It isn't over all the army that you have to keep a guard of Zacapoaztlá Indians. By the way, we have them now in Puebla at the barracks and the prison and in other places; and I must confess I like to see those fellows with their scarlet blankets."

"What! Perhaps you do not know that we have bad our troubles with the officers; yes! the officers of the regular army."

"Shoot them! Have them tried at night and shot at daybreak. But I surely needn't tell you this?"

The presidential face remained immovable, save that his eyelids slowly fell. "And they are usually very young," he said. "Who knows? Who knows?"

"Man! you should have more faith in your old comrades."

"Young . . . so young." The blue eyes of the president were full of tears, as when he wept at his defeat upon the plain of Icamole. "But it was of you, my friend, that we were talking. Go back now to Puebla and have your secretary to compose the proclamation."

"Carajo! but I am not ill."

"Then some one of your family is ill and you must go with her to Germany or France."

"And I can't appoint an acting governor? Don't you think that in a few months—?"

The general stamped his foot impatiently, and in the proclamation Mucio announced that he must go to Europe. What he did was to deprive himself of his moustache and, thus disguised, continue in the town of Puebla, which is called the City of the Angels.

General Huerta was much in evidence at the closing scene, a scene that he doubtless remembers with some curiosity as to its possible repetition with himself as its central figure:

Illegal honors were accorded on the 31st May to General Díaz, who should not have heard the nation's anthem play at his departure. And perhaps his old companion, General Huerta, was affected by the situation when he made a speech, declaring that, whatever people might assert, these troops would always be at his disposal. "They are the only portion of the country," so he blurted out, "which has not gone against you." The ex-President, in black, a Panama hat in his hand, stood like a soldier on parade. The soldiers who were facing the veranda of that barn-like, wooden house—some wearing sandals, some with shoes, their garments more or less dilapidated—were the men who had protected him at Tepehuacalco, where some sort of plan—not well matured—was in existence to prevent his flying from the country ere he had disgorge his wealth. "If Mexico should be involved in difficulties, then," he said, replying to his grim old friend, General Victoriano Huerta, "then I will return with pleasure. I would place myself there at the head of all the loyal forces, and beneath the shadow of that flag I would know how to conquer once again. . . . If the Fatherland should ever want my services, then solemnly I undertake, as a gentleman and soldier, to be always at the soldiers' side and underneath their flag, so that I may defend the cherished soil of Mexico until I have poured out my latest drop of blood."

The author gives us a dramatic example of the *Ley de Fuga*, under which Madero was assassinated and which enables the authorities to rid themselves of any one they please on the ground of attempted escape from custody. Here is what befell an unfortunate arrested for circulating Maderist proclamations:

The colonel of Rurales also got a telegram from Don Porfirio's private secretary, saying that a man would on the morrow make an effort to escape between two given stations; this must be prevented. When the train on the next morning was between these stations it went slowly and more slowly, while the officer who was with the Maderist urged him to escape. "Not I!" cried the Maderist; "I have heard of that trick long ago. Here I remain!" And he clung fiercely to the seat. The end of it was that the officer, assisted by the escort, pulled their prisoner away and threw him out, so that he rolled down the embankment, just where the lieutenant and his men were stationed. "I was warned you would escape," said the lieutenant. "But they flung me off the train!" cried the Maderist. "I am sorry, but you have three minutes for your prayers," said the lieutenant, and he told the Englishman that while his prisoner was saying them he shot him through the back. "We have to do such disagreeable things," said the lieutenant. . . . When Madero's government was overthrown, we were told that a good many of his numerous brothers and uncles tried to escape, but only those were lucky who, with his widow and his father, managed to achieve a Cuban man-of-war at Veracruz.

The Madero government showed a certain shrewdness in dealing with the claims for compensation that came thick and fast as soon as the fighting had ceased. Here is a sample of the way in which the claimants

were dealt with, and it tends to show that human nature sinks to a general equality in presence of the tax collector:

When the fraternal strife was over and the government began receiving claims for compensation, there would step into the office of Señor Don Fulano, with a business-like expression. "Practically all my farm has been destroyed."

"Ah, what misfortune! And at how much do you place the value?"

"Half a million pesos."

"Many thanks. Will you be kind enough to come in several days? The documents shall be prepared."

The second conversation, as a rule, was not so long:

"Here are the documents. I trust that you will find them accurate. Of course, one's memory is human and my clerks are here to help you. They inform me that the value of the property, as you assessed it for the payment of your taxes, is precisely 20,000 pesos."

Mexico is proud of her poets, and there have indeed been some real poets in Mexico. An official of the Foreign Office had explained elaborately to the author that the greatness of a nation must be measured not by its navies, but by its poets:

But if the Foreign Office gentlemen disparaged navies, he was, like some others of his colleagues, great on poetry. "This demonstrates," he said, "our culture: that we cherish poetry." And it is not to be denied that they are adepts in the Foreign Office. Constantly while I was making my researches into the republic's literature I was advised to question this or that official of the Foreign Office, and I never went in vain. The functionary I have quoted was assuring me that Mexico was civilized because of the attention which she gave her poets, and I wondered if she really did preserve them, dead or living, so religiously. "She slaughtered Covarrubias," I said.

"But that was on account of politics," the functionary answered. "No, they did not shoot him dead because he was a poet."

A land where the writing of poetry is not a capital offense has certainly given evidence of its restraint if not of its civilization.

The dramatic art, says the author, is at an ebb in Mexico. There are many fine theatres, but no actors, and the consequence is that the deadly cinematograph must be patronized. There is also a solitary but popular Turk who travels through the country with a troupe of acrobats or minstrels and who has earned fabulous wealth:

In Mexico the art of acting does not flourish, and the man who fosters acrobats is worthy of much praise. So may the Turk continue to perambulate the country, building an oasis with his dirty awnings and his lamp-lit booths and his guitars. If there is immorality about the piles of money that are whisking back into the lamplight, who would not prefer to be immoral in a gambling booth than moral at a cinematograph? Far be it from us to complain that cinematographs in Mexico do not, like those in France, give a display of ladies' underclothing—we have it on the word of Mme. Calderon de la Barca that the diamond-bepowdered ladies often had this part of their apparel, if existing, torn and dirty; and it is the superficial things that have been changed in the republic—but these cinematographs commit the gravest crime of all; they are untruthful, since, according to their showing, virtue is triumphant always.

The author gives us interesting sections on gambling, religion, and various other aspects of Mexican life, all of them illustrating his contention that the native Mexican is a child, just such a child as the boy who at one moment will tear the wings from a living beetle and at the next moment utter some charming sentiment about his mother. But the result of it all does not encourage us to hope that the Mexican ship of state is about to pass into smooth waters.

MEXICO, THE LAND OF UNREST: Being Chiefly an Account of What Produced the Outbreak in 1910, Together with the Story of the Revolutions Down to This Day. By Henry Baerlein. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$3.75 net.

Sawyers at a mill at Embleton, England, while cutting up an ash tree observed a dark object in the centre of the trunk. It was found to be a snarrows' nest containing the feathers and skeleton of a dead bird and four eggs. The egg shells were exceedingly well preserved, but in the attempt to extricate them some were broken, and it was found that their contents had been entirely absorbed. It is assumed that the bird built its nest in a hollow of the tree and died while sitting on the eggs, the hole becoming sealed up as the tree grew. The nest had probably been built a century ago, the tree being more than one hundred years old.

At the foot of the Alps lies the little town of Grasse, the centre of a great perfume industry, and correspondingly large floral cultivation. From early spring until late autumn some one or another of the floral products is ready for handling, and even after the season of cultivation and harvesting is over the process of distillation remains and carries the industry through the greater part of the year. It is said that a million pounds of violets are grown near Grasse annually and very large quantities of other flowers, all of which are required for the manufacture of perfume.

The report of the commissioner of internal revenue this year shows that Georgia makes two-thirds of the moonshine whisky produced annually in the United States. And Georgia is under state-wide prohibition law, too. Revenue officers are having a hard time suppressing the traffic in that region, while many of the moonshiners are getting rich.

Of the 50,000 cab horses in Paris twelve years ago only about 7000 remain, and they are disappearing from month to month. In some instances the horses have adapted themselves to the auto vehicles.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Catfish.

Mr. Marriott's story may convey something of a shock to the prudish, but it is essentially true and its underlying idea is within common experience. There are many men who are happily and contentedly married and who yet find in some other woman a stimulant to a part of their nature that otherwise would be dormant. The catfish, the author reminds us in a foreword, is the "demon of the deep and keeps things lively." There are women who, without being demons, without being other than pure and good, none the less serve to "keep things lively" for their married male friends.

George Tracy is such a man as this. As a boy he is friendly with Mary Festing and is sometimes inclined to ask her to marry him. But he refrains and eventually marries Leshia, but preserves his friendship with Mary, who serves the purpose of mentally shaking him into activity and calling forth his latent powers. Those who anticipate scandal or disgrace will be disappointed. Leshia is well aware of the part played by Mary and assents to it. The situation, so far as it is a sexual one at all, is on the higher mental planes, and although there is a dénouement, and a vivid one, it is not of the kind that delights the gallery. Mr. Marriott's story is not based upon a "happy thought." It is a deeply studied picture of life and set forth in graceful phrasing that is almost one of the lost arts of the novel writer. "The Catfish" is certainly a story to be read.

THE CATFISH. By Charles Marriott. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.35 net.

Addresses by James Bryce.

This volume of university and historical addresses reaches us appropriately at a time when their author has just severed his official connection with America. In all there are twenty-two of them, a small proportion only, we may suppose, of those actually delivered during Mr. Bryce's stay among us. For certainly no man was ever in more demand for such purposes as this. Rigidly observant of the official proprieties, we may yet believe that Mr. Bryce could have said with impunity anything he pleased, so far as the scruples of his audiences were concerned. Never allowing himself or his hearers to forget that he was an Englishman, he spoke on all general American topics with a breadth and depth of knowledge enviable even by the educated Americans who heard him. Whether his topic was the beginnings of Virginia, or the landing of the Pilgrims, or Thomas Jefferson, or the art of Saint-Gaudens, or Abraham Lincoln, or the Constitution of the United States, there was nothing about his words suggestive of the reference library or the over-night "eram." What he gave always had the air of matured reflection, as though he were fetching forth from a mental storehouse something long held in readiness for just such an occasion. And Mr. Bryce was always sincere. Never is there the least suggestion of flattery or of a tendency to say those emollient nothing upon which lesser men rely. He saw virtues and faults impartially and he stated them as facts, and with that slow and careful precision that would have been suited to a scientific discussion. There is no attempt to please or to tickle, and still less to create an atmosphere. Mr. Bryce's loyalty is to the Anglo-Saxon race, nothing less, and he rarely descends to the plane where subdivisions become visible. When he gives advice it is usually to remember the past and the great anchors. He says in one place: "The reforming spirit runs so strong that it would sweep off their feet any people which had not, as you have, become attached to their old institutions." There is a suggestion here of warning, and we find the same thing in other places. Mr. Bryce seems to tell us that great ideals and old principles are useful yardsticks and not lightly to be discarded for untried standards.

UNIVERSITY AND HISTORICAL ADDRESSES. By James Bryce. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.25 net.

Fire and Frost.

Here we have a story of the international marriage from a somewhat new point of view. Clare Glynn, an English girl of independent means and of lofty and somewhat tiresome artistic tendencies, is brought into contact while staying in Italy with Prince Loutfi Sabaheddine, a young Egyptian of immense prospective wealth and of charming appearance. But Loutfi is an Oriental in every sense of the word. Under his veneer of education he has the true Oriental conception of women, as well as all the moral laxities associated with wealth and leisure in the East. Clare begins the artistic education of the interesting Egyptian, who naturally falls in love with her, and when Loutfi is seriously injured in an automobile accident she consents to marry him as an aid to his recovery. Then we have an unpleasantly plain picture of what married life with an Oriental actually means, though Clare to a certain extent is protected by her own fortune and by the opportunity for divorce that her husband so lavishly gives her. It is an interesting but by

no means a pleasant story, somewhat over-weighted with art enthusiasms, and leaving the reader a little puzzled over Clare's credulity in believing that she can save Loutfi's life by promising to marry him, and also by her sentimentality in caring whether his life was saved or not.

FIRE AND FROST. By Maud Crutwell. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net.

About Germany.

Elmer Roberts, author of "Monarchical Socialism in Germany," tries to convey some notion of the extent to which the associated German governments are engaged in profit-yielding undertakings that in other states are usually left entirely to private energies. Certainly the showing is a remarkable one for a country that is supposed to be one of the last strongholds of real monarchy. We have chapters on railroads, labor exchanges, the unemployed, the trusts, the taxation of land values, and compulsory insurance, and we are left with the general impression that socialism is not only a fact in human government, but that Germany is its home.

The chapter on the emperor is not strictly relevant, but it is the most interesting in the book. The author has a high opinion of William II and believes that he would have made his mark in any calling that he might have chosen. His favorite mental recreation is to associate himself with the driving minds of the world and he seems always to be equipped for expert conversation on any topic whatever. He is so greedy for ideas as to leave his visitors with a sense of exhaustion. Even Orville Wright found that the emperor knew nearly as much of aeronautics as he did himself. The author gives us one new story that is worth repeating. "Bismarck told me," said the emperor on one occasion, tapping his breast with a forefinger, "that every man has the scoundrel in here. You may not see him, but there he is ready to jump out at you. Such a man was not a suitable adviser for a sovereign. For in a sovereign suspicion is ruin."

MONARCHICAL SOCIALISM IN GERMANY. By Elmer Roberts. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25 net.

The Brothers Karamazov.

Dostoevsky died nearly thirty years ago, and while his stories will undoubtedly live in the classics of Russia, we may doubt if they will ever attain to any great popularity elsewhere. As records of the mind of revolutionary Russia they will have their place, and a high one, but they are not likely to appeal greatly to the novel-reading taste of the Anglo-Saxon world, unless indeed that taste shall change very greatly.

"The Brothers Karamazov" is Dostoevsky's chief work. It contains 838 pages, and the story could have been told without loss of effect in half that space. To say that the author delights in words would be unfair, for every word has its purpose, but the purpose itself is often unnecessary and is directed toward subtleties of character and of analysis that are superfluous. Every now and then the story becomes incandescent and blazes. There are pages equal to anything that has ever been written, but it is only the exceptional reader whose interest will be sustained from first to last. But for the student of the Russian mind, of the human mind in general, the story will prove a treasure. Like Tolstoy, the author shows us Russia as she is with all her unutterable cataclysmic forces waiting for the hour.

THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV. By Fyodor Dostoevsky. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

A Book of Sport.

Charles Halstead Mapes describes his volume entitled "The Man Who Once a Year Would Go 'Eelin'" as "a collection of stories, articles, speeches on football, rowing, track athletics, horse-racing, and college life generally, by a man who has been a part of what he writes and knows and loves his subject." Mr. Mapes further announces in mitigation of judgment that publication is due to the solicitations of a friend to whom the public vengeance should be transferred. But the explanation is a thin one. If we all listened to the kindly but irresponsible counsel of friends we should all be publishing books, and a worse calamity than this it is hard to imagine. There is every evidence that the author is a thoroughly good fellow and doubtless his effort will be appreciated by a large circle of friends who can appreciate the "local color." But the public will remain cold.

THE MAN WHO ONCE A YEAR WOULD GO 'EELIN'. By Charles Halstead Mapes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Son of a Servant.

It is legitimate to wonder if Strindberg's genius and insanity were the results of his childhood's experiences or whether they belonged inevitably to the character with which he was born. We may at least believe that he was intensely resentful against the influences that surrounded his young life and that he had a keen recognition of the warp that they had placed upon his mind. Probably the system was more to blame than the individuals

who administered it. His was the day of misunderstood childhood and of a sort of domestic Calvinism that looked upon the young as hands to be plucked by force from the burning. His home was entirely loveless and permeated with a sort of grim austerity that has lighted innumerable lives and that must have been a veritable rack of torture to a sensitive and introspective boy accustomed to search within himself for the meanings of life and the answer to all problems. The dominant note of Strindberg's younger life seems to have been fear, and indeed fear seems to have been considered the normal and proper state of childhood. It is an extraordinary picture that the Swedish dramatist gives to us, a picture painted in the fierce colors of protest, of protest against home and school and against all the dour forces that oppressed his young life and that made free growth into air and sunshine an impossibility. Perhaps "The Son of a Servant" is not a great literary production. Literature rarely springs from resentments. But as a sort of spiritual autobiography it should take its place as a piece of psychological history.

THE SON OF A SERVANT. By August Strindberg. Translated by Claud Field. With an introduction by Henry Vacher-Burch. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25 net.

The Woman with Empty Hands.

The anonymous author describes her little life story as "the evolution of a suffragette." Lining her husband and child, she realizes pitifully that she is an unwanted woman, and that the sphere assigned to her by society has been destroyed. It must suffice to say that the story is finely and movingly told, so much so as almost to hide the lack of logic under a luminous cloud of emotionalism. It seems also to leave the case against the suffrage wholly untouched. The real strength of that case is in the contention that in seeking the vote women are renouncing their strength, not adding to it, and that their pathetic reliance upon votes and laws is doomed to the same utter disillusionment that men themselves are now experiencing and deploring.

THE WOMAN WITH EMPTY HANDS. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; 50 cents net.

Brief Reviews.

"The Second Part of Henry the Sixth," edited by Charles H. Barnwell, Ph. D., has been added to the Tudor Shakespeare, under the general editorship of William Allan Neilson and Ashley Horace Thorndike, and now in course of issue by the Macmillan Company. Price, 35 cents net.

The Wisdom of the East series, of which it would be hard to speak too highly, has now been enlarged by the publication of "The Way of Contentment," translated from the Japanese of Kaihara Ekken, by Ken Hoshino. This series now contains some forty volumes of Oriental literature that is practically unavailable elsewhere. It is published by E. I. Dutton & Co. Price, 70 cents net per volume.

"Free Trade versus Protection," by Amasa M. Eaton (A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1 net), is described as a "clear-cut, trenchant, and convincing argument for free trade." The author's attitude may be best described in his own words. He says in his preface, "My book is controversial, aggressive, and contemptuous, for it has been my purpose to give my protectionist antagonists the same treatment they give free traders."

Under the title of "The Men Who Blaze the Trail" we have a revised edition of the Alaskan and other poems of Sam C. Dunham, and with an introduction by Joaquin Miller, written shortly before his death. These poems are real poems, full of a rough music and of a certain unstudied artistry that captures the imagination. It is well that they should now be placed in this available form so conducive to their preservation. The publishers are Barse & Hopkins, New York.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

The August issue of *Lippincott's Magazine* contains a complete novel, entitled "The Egerton Standard," by Eleanor M. Ingram. Her hook, "From the Car Behind," had a high sale.

Jesse Bowman Young, author of "The Battle of Gettysburg," recently published by Harper & Brothers, has returned home from the reunion at Gettysburg. Like many other veterans, Dr. Young had some curious meetings with his former foes, in particular with the color-bearer of a Confederate brigade. Fifty years almost to the moment, the Union veteran shook hands amicably with the color-bearer of the Mississippi brigade before whose fierce advance he, with the rest of General Humphreys's division, had been forced to retreat.

The first volume of the Truxton Beale Prize Essays, published by the University of California, deals with Tolstoy's "What Shall We Do Then?" The first essay in this collection of five is by Bayard Hale Jones, and exhibits the social teachings of Tolstoy in relation to his personal experiences and the almost mediæval state of the country whose problems gave birth to Tolstoy's social ideal-

ism. The second essay, by Sheldon Warren Cheney, contains an interpretation and a critical application of Tolstoy's ideas to the present-day social situation.

Herman Whitaker, author of "The Mystery of the Barranca," puts into the mouth of a rich Mexican landholder the following suggestion as to the future of his country: "I have seen that no man can dam the tide, or shut the gates Porfirio Diaz opened. As it went with Texas and Alta California, so will it go with all of our states. Against your Yankee our softer people can never stand. In the time to come only those of us that mix blood with shrewder strains will be able to withstand the flood."

In Sir Herher Beerhohm Tree's forthcoming book, "Thoughts and Afterthoughts," two essays will appear that have interest-stirring titles—"Shakespeare and the Modern: A Defense of the Public Taste," and "A Plea for Individualism."

William Brown McInerney, the author of "The Girl of the Golden Gate," published by Edward Clode, which is achieving popularity as a stirring sea romance, was born in San Francisco before its days of cables and when its hay was afloat with crafts of all sorts from all parts of the world and its shippers were full of strange adventures of far-away ports and peoples. The whole Orient passed through the Golden Gate and fired the imagination of the young lad. At twelve years of age he ran away to sea, to return in six months, under protest, and he ran away again and was gone five years, returning as second mate at seventeen. Still possessed with the wanderlust, he visited Hawaii, where he was "among those present" interested in the fate of Queen Liliuokalani, and he also went to Central America.

So great is the interest in G. M. Trevelyan's newly published Life of John Bright, which was brought out about three weeks ago by the Houghton Mifflin Company, that the first edition is already exhausted and a second edition has been ordered.

In his papers on "The Grub-Street Problem," now running in the *Bookman*, Algernon Tassin this month recalls the palmy days of the lecture-platform period in America: "Scribes by day had become lecturers by night. In 1849 Poe wrote: 'Everybody says that if I lecture again and put the tickets at fifty cents I will clear one hundred dollars. I never was received with so much enthusiasm. I lectured at Norfolk and cleared enough to settle my bill at the Madison House [Richmond] and two dollars over.' Set against this, ye who blush unduly at the memory of pirated editions, the ninety-five thousand dollars that Dickens cleared on his American tour."

"Some Problems of Modern Government," a volume of essays by Professor William H. Taft, is announced for fall publication by the Yale University Press. It contains the substance of the eight lectures recently delivered by him at the university.

New Books Received.

THE FOLLIOS OF REMARLEY. By L. Allen Harker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

THE WHISTLING MAN. By Maximilian Foster. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.30 net.

A novel.

AUNT OLIVE IN BOHEMIA. By Leslie Moore. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

KEREN OF LOWBOLE. By Una L. Silberrad. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

TRADITION AND OTHER PLAYS. By George Middleton. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.35 net.

Six one-act plays of contemporary life.

DISCOVERING "EVELINA." By F. Frankfort Moore. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

A companion novel to "The Jessamy Bride."

JEAN-CHRISTOPHE: JOURNEY'S END—LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP, THE BURNING BUSH, THE NEW DAWN. By Romain Rolland. Translated by Gilbert Cannan. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50 net.

The conclusion of M. Rolland's Trilogy of novels about a great German composer who has suggestions of Wagner.

PRIVILEGES AND IMMUNITIES OF CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES. By Arnold Johnson Lien, Ph. D. New York: Columbia University.

Issued in Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law.

INDIAN SLAVERY IN COLONIAL TIMES WITHIN THE PRESENT LIMITS OF THE UNITED STATES. By Almon Wheeler Lauder, Ph. D. New York: Columbia University.

Issued in Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law.

A POLITICAL HISTORY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, 1863-1869. By Homer Adolph Stebbins, I. L. B., Ph. D. New York: Columbia University.

Issued in Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF LAUGHTER. By Boris Sidis, M. A., Ph. D., M. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2 net.

A popular exposition of a psychological study of laughter in general and of the ludicrous and the comic in particular.

"SATURDAY REVIEW" WRITERS.

A Change in Editorship Recalls a Long List of Brilliant Contributors.

It is announced that at the end of August Harold Hodge will relinquish the editorship of the London *Saturday Review*, after holding that post for fourteen years. Its chief proprietor, the Hon. Gervase Beckett, M. P., will then become editor-in-chief, with the assistance of George A. B. Dewar, as literary editor. The London correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* notes the coming change, and sends a letter of interesting reminiscences, reviewing the career of the weekly journal that has long had an international fame. From the *Post* article the following paragraphs are quoted:

Forty or fifty years ago such a notice would have made as great a stir in journalistic circles as a change in the editorship of the *Times*. For sheer cleverness the *Saturday* is still hard to beat, but somehow the range of readers to whom this type of writing appeals has greatly narrowed since the days when John Douglas Cook's young men provided a tingling sensation for every week-end.

Yet in the history of English journalism the *Saturday Review* holds, and always will hold, a distinguished place. Its establishment really marked the beginning of a new era in the British press. In its independence of parties, its frankness and pungency of style, and its scholarly tone, it introduced a new note. In James Bryce's opinion, there never was a journal which enlisted so much and such varied literary talent as the *Saturday* did between 1855 and 1863. A paper that could count among its regular contributors such men as Goldwin Smith, Edward Augustus Freeman, John Richard Green, William Vernon Harcourt, Lord Robert Cecil (afterward Marquis of Salisbury), Charles Henry Pearson, Charles and Edward Bowen, Fitzjames and Leslie Stephen, and Henry Maine might well take a confident attitude.

"As memoirs are published," said the late F. W. Maitland in his biography of Leslie Stephen, "it becomes always more evident that any one who never wrote for the *Saturday* was no one."

There is scarcely any exaggeration in the statement of one of the historians of English journalism that "where the *Examiner* and the *Spectator* had depended on the wit or intelligence of one man, a Fonblanque or a Rintoul, the *Saturday Review* enlisted the services of a dozen men, and by making it a distinction in itself to contribute to its pages, soon secured contributions from all the best men at Oxford and Cambridge, all the best men in the Temple and Lincoln's Inn, and all the best men in the church." This notable band was collected and kept together by an editor who never wrote an article in the paper himself, but whose skill as an editor goes far to justify Sir William Robertson Nicoll's tribute to him as "the most remarkable journalist, all things considered, of the century." "Cook," he says, "was nothing as a writer, but nobody was ever so successful as he in surrounding himself with a strong staff of writers, in getting the best work out of each, and in ruling them all with an iron club."

The astonishing thing was that Cook contrived to secure and retain the services of men whose opinions were very different from his own; and he did this without any pressure upon them to write other than according to their own convictions. It is a marvel to find such names as those of Harcourt, Goldwin Smith, and the Stephens on the staff of a paper whose general attitude was conservative and high church. But the biggest Radical is a Conservative on some points, and Cook kept the peace within the office by employing the Liberals to write on subjects which they would approach in a Conservative frame of mind. His successors were not so adroit or so fortunate, and the time came when no one but a Tory could feel comfortable in contributing to the *Saturday*, on public questions at any rate. Perhaps the last Liberal to go was Freeman, who broke off his connection with the paper—a step that involved the sacrifice of an income of \$3000 a year—because of its support of the Disraeli policy on the Eastern question.

The slashing reviews of Edward A. Freeman were of great service to scholarship and literature, and the historical studies of J. R. Green, who began to write for the paper when he was rector of a poor East End parish, led to the greater work which is on all well-fitted book shelves. Green gave up journalism to write history in a more enduring though scarcely less entertaining style. Leslie Stephen, an ardent supporter of the cause of the North in the American Civil War, found it possible to write many essays for the *Review*, though he disapproved of its politics:

It is a big jump from Freeman and Green and Stephen to Mrs. Lynn Linton. But her work illustrated much better than theirs the characteristic attitude and outlook of the *Saturday*. She is chiefly remembered nowadays as the author of several novels which, though once popular, have long ceased to be widely read. Her real distinction, however, was as one of the pioneers of the profession of journalism for women. She used to contribute editorial articles to the *Morning Chronicle* before Harriet Martineau had joined the staff of the *Daily News*. When the former paper had to be given up and its editor, Cook, started the *Saturday Review*, he enlisted Mrs. Lynn Linton among his helpers, and for many years, both under him and under his successor, Philip Harwood, she wrote for it numerous articles and reviews. The best known were the "Girl of the Period" series. They created quite a sensation at the time they appeared, and they can not safely

be neglected by any one who attempts to write a history of recent changes of opinion with regard to the duties and rights of women.

Those who read for information are apt to read rapidly and skippingly, picking up facts here and there, but almost automatically rejecting what does not interest them or does not bear upon the purpose (says the Springfield *Republican* in a discussion of "The Decay of Reading"). This is a valuable art, one that makes it possible to run over vast quantities of books and magazines, see what they are about, and acquire wide and varied miscellaneous information while learning where the facts on many subjects can be found when they are needed. But the trouble is that this kind of reading seems to be getting the upper hand and to be invading provinces that belong to the other type of reader, who likes to taste the full literary flavor of what he reads and naturally can cover less ground. How harmful the vogue of the novel and of the fiction magazine has been to this sort of reading can hardly be overstated. There are many people who are perfectly capable of enjoying the leisurely study of a good book, but have so inveterate a skipping habit that they find it irksome to hold the attention to details. If the ordinary novel is to be read at all it ought, certainly, to be read rapidly; its stuff is not good enough to stand close scrutiny and sharp criticism. There is a legitimate place for this light, effortless reading, which is often a very good way to rest the mind and is often recommended by doctors to rundown patients. But literature is something more than a spa, and too many people overdo this sort of thing, some of them rarely reading a novel or story clear through, but dipping in and changing to something else as soon as interest flags. Such a practice is naturally not favorable to the faculty of attention.

G. H. Perris, the well-known English author, whose "Germany and the German Emperor" Henry Holt & Co. recently published, in an article in the London *Daily Chronicle* makes the astonishing statement: "In the strongest elements of his blood and character, in qualities both good and bad, but unmistakably marked, the most prominent of present-day Germans, the emperor himself, is, in simple fact, an Englishman. He has it in the first place, of course, from his English mother, and then from an undisguised admiration for certain sides of English life, which has more than once been a subject of criticism among his own people. To the present generation the Empress Frederick is no more than a name."

President Wilson's choice of Dr. Paul S. Reinsch for minister to China was probably influenced by a forcible presentation of the author's claims in his book. Few foreigners have a more intimate knowledge of inside conditions than Dr. Reinsch. In his volume, "Intellectual and Political Currents in the Far East," which was published about two years ago, Dr. Reinsch gave a masterly study of Eastern conditions, and, before it was revealed to the outer world, hinted at the period of anarchy and drifting which evidently has not yet passed the crisis in the emergence of the Chinese republic.

The late "O. Henry," greatest of American short-story writers, was, as might have been expected, a man of swiftly made and virulent prejudices. In one of his letters, quoted in this month's *Bookman*, he says: "I want to say that Pittsburgh is the 'lowdowndest' hole on the surface of the earth. The people here are the most ignorant, ill-bred, contemptible, boorish, degraded, insulting, sordid, vile, foul-mouthed, indecent, profane, drunken, dirty, mean, depraved curs that I ever imagined could exist. I shall linger here no longer than necessary."

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company will publish this fall a study of the growth of native American drama. "The New American Drama," by Richard Burton.

CURRENT VERSE.

To a Royal Mummy.

Thou, Queen who wast,
Now gruesome shape,
Linen and dust,
At whom they gape,—
The multitude,
Ogling and rude,—
What is the message,
Warning, or presage,
Thy vast experience,
Our vast impertinence,
Bid thee impart to us,
Baring thy heart to us?

Blazoned the ease
Of Egypt's crown-jewel.
Proud was thy race,
Haughty and cruel;
Scribbled here their history,
Glory, and mystery.
When life was ended,
Shrouded and splendid,
How they entombed thee!
No grave enwombed thee,
Walled in a pyramid,
Thy regal beauty hid.

Aye, thou wert queenly,
Majestic, inviolate,
Who now so meanly
Liest in state.
A Pharaoh sired thee;
Kings have desired thee:
Forgot now, despoiled,
Thy beauty assailed,
What if thy wisdom taught
That out of all is naught?
What if thy secret be
That all is vanity?

—Anna Glen Stoddard, in *Century Magazine*.

West Africa.

Ships that travel where you go—
So they say who best should know—
Out of every hundred men
Take but twenty back again.

No man's fortune there is made,
There you will not find Free Trade;
Merciless in merchandise
Death alone there sells and buys.

These alone are no man's lands;
Nowhere any pillar stands:
Here and there a dead man's bones
Make an empire's boundary stones.

Where a man falls, there he lies
Rotting under rotten skies,
And a pensive government
Wonders where on earth he went.

Most of those that thither come
Dared not longer stay at home:
Here disaster and disgrace
Find their quiet hiding place.

Leave your luck then, and be gone:
Whatever you have done,
Here, where living men are few,
Here, man, here's the place for you.

—From "Oxford Poems," by H. W. Garrod.

The Haunted House.

Thou art a haunted house, my heart,
Where joys have lived and died,
And, stealing back to olden scenes,
Like pallid spectres glide.

There haggard wraiths of ancient griefs
Pace the old ivied walls,
And ghostly triumphs and defeats
Stalk through the ruined halls.

At twilight round the lonesome hearths
Gather dead hopes and fears,
And there repentance and regret
Sit bathed in phantom tears.

Old hates are there, and sweet lost loves,
After youth's days depart,
Wander with white, unresting feet
That haunted house, my heart!

—Walter Malone, in *Boston Globe*.

Mariz Thompson Daviess, author of "The Melting of Molly," has written in her characteristic way of how a Southern beauty decides to break the deadlock of sex inequality by proposing to the man of her choice. She calls the book "The Tinder Box," and the Century Company will issue it in the fall.

The White House

In addition to the Books reviewed in this paper, the largest assortment of English, French, German, Italian and Spanish publications can be obtained at The White House Book Department.

Raphael Weill & Co. Inc.

Sardou and the Sardou Plays

BY
JEROME A. HART

WHAT THE REVIEWERS SAY

Cincinnati Enquirer: This book on Sardou pictures the harsh trials and failures of that famous dramatic writer, and traces his path to ultimate fame. Success in Sardou's case was indeed an achievement, and makes a chapter in life worth reading. We catch glimpses incidentally of many of Sardou's famous associates.

Pittsburg Dispatch: No playwright is better known than Sardou, yet none has been less written about. Therefore we are indebted at last to Mr. Hart for this volume, which is really three, for he gives us first, biography; second, analyses of some forty of the plays; third, a review of the Sardou plays as represented in this country. From this book it is apparent that Sardou was a picturesque character.

Illustrated. 403 pages. \$2.50 net. Postpaid \$2.65. May be ordered through your Bookseller

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"AS A MAN THINKS."

Judging from the hanner audience that assembled at the Cort Theatre Monday evening to see "As a Man Thinks," people are getting hungry for real plays. This is the season of the year when ordinarily the Californian theatre-goer profits by the closing of Eastern theatres during the heated term. But with "Follies of 1912" running for three weeks at the Cort, and the kinemacolor launched for a prolonged stay at the Columbia, the true play-lover has had a chance to get up a keen drama appetite. And, judging from the reception accorded the Monday evening performance at the Cort, that appetite has some chance of being placated.

There has evidently been a good-natured understanding on the part of the press that Augustus Thomas's very evident desire that the story of his play should not be too thoroughly told in advance was to be respected. Thus we had the open mind, as all audiences should have, and knew but little of what awaited us. True, theatre-goers do wish to know in advance something of what they are going to see. But I think this is due to the fact that many things, including stray noises, poor acoustics, and indistinct speech, conspire to cause audiences to lose quite an appreciable number of points in a play. If the average play-goer, upon reaching home, would immediately read a copy of the play he had just seen, he would be amazed to discover how many facts, witticisms, and leading points in the dialogue had gone by him—unnoticed.

For my part, I prefer to go to the theatre in the mental attitude desired by the playwright: with a mind almost blank of previous knowledge. But having done so, it was quite a time before I realized that John Mason's Dr. Seelig was a Jew. There are, in fact, four Jewish characters in the play, and I do not believe that any one of the four players assuming these rôles is actually Jewish. And this in spite of the fact that the number of Jewish players on the American stage seems to increase steadily.

The players of these rôles have nevertheless been carefully selected. Lyster Chambers and Grace Reals were, no doubt, chosen for their aquiline noses and brunette coloring. Jane Salisbury can not boast of an arch to her nose, but she has beautiful, velvety dark eyes, and the black hair of the Orient.

And John Mason was chosen because he is John Mason. In fact, the play was written with the idea of that actor fitting the principal rôle—that of the philanthropic physician whose millions could not keep him away from the work that he conceived Providence had cut out for him.

"As a Man Thinks" has for the central theme the idea of the double standard of morality. Like Francillon, in the play of that name by the younger Dumas, a rebellious wife, wounded alike in her woman's pride and her love, suddenly loses her head when she surmises a second marital breach of fidelity after the first has been forgiven, and in a mad burst of jealousy and insurrection commits an indiscretion that her husband refuses to regard in any light but that of the unforgivable sin. Upon this the whole play hinges.

Mingled with this idea is that of racial separation, this latter, however, interesting though it is, rather subtracting from the simplicity and predominance of the main theme.

Augustus Thomas has very evidently been suspending the work of composition and doing a lot of reading and thinking these days. Now that more of Strindberg's plays have been translated, every student of drama reads this dynamic explorer of the human heart, and I thought I recognized in the depiction of the sufferings of the husband, who was given over to the tortures of the Great Doubt, a sympathetic understanding on Thomas's part of the mental processes of that other husband in Strindberg's play, "The Father," when his treacherous wife cunningly fanned the burning pain of doubt in his breast to a flame that consumed his reason.

Both husbands give voice to that anguished uncertainty which must ever torture the husband of a presumably guilty wife who has borne him a child. And this is the great argument that Dr. Seelig uses to convince Elinor Clayton that that double standard of morality which she passionately claims should prevail, never will, as long as the family remains a feature of social institutions.

Thus it may be seen that Augustus Thomas has in his play two subjects of absorbing in-

terest to the average theatre-goer. The Jews are among the steadiest and most liberal supporters of the theatre. Liberal, because they wear the best clothes and sit in the best seats. Deprived of their presence, the ordinary theatre auditorium in the evening would look considerably denuded of numbers, glow, and splendor. To them, therefore, this character of Dr. Seelig, showing one of their race thus exalted to a height of dignity and nobility so strongly pleasing to racial pride, can not but be intensely interesting. And, furthermore, the orthodox Jew has a potent claim made upon his sympathies by the attitude of Dr. Seelig, liberal and broadly humanitarian though he is, toward the possible marriage of his child with a Gentile.

In order to make this stand of the father perfectly plain, Mr. Thomas puts in his mouth a prolonged discourse—what is sometimes called, technically, a tirade—on the subject, which amounted to something of a reversion to older methods in the drama. In fact, it struck me that Mr. Thomas, always sensitive to the influence of French drama, had been in these soherer, maturer years, harking back to old favorites and former standards.

The figure of the doctor so intimately allied with the family life of his patients, is a thoroughly familiar character in French drama of the literary epoch preceding the present; and Frank Clayton, the husband who is very righteously delivered over to an inferno of jealous doubt, weeps like the veriest Frenchman.

There is also a certain nineteenth-century French quality in the dialogue; these two long discourses of Dr. Seelig, one dealing with the subject of Jews preserving the heritage of their race by refraining from marriage with the Gentiles; the other, the doctor's exhortation to Elinor of the responsibility resting in the wife's hands—both are modeled upon similar lengthy disquisitions in French plays of the epoch mentioned. Their like can be found in plays by Augier, Sardou, Alexandre Dumas fils, Labiche, and Feuillet.

But, French though it is in structure, a certain change has come over the spirit of the author, and there is little Gallic lightness in the dialogue. The apparently idle chit-chat in the first act over the young sculptor's figure of the dancer, in which the characters, while they seem to jest, let fall potent information, offers the best instance of this borrowing from French sources in the dialogue.

"As a Man Thinks," however, is a sort of sympathetic expression. I fancy, of Augustus Thomas's maturer musings. And this matured and soherer thought is noticeable throughout the play.

It has been called the author's masterpiece, but there is a certain ponderousness about it which hars it from the region of the masterpieces, even while the piece appeals noticeably to the interest of the play-loving public. The women will respond to it with particularly ardent interest, and while the natural rebels will tingle with revolt against Dr. Seelig's (and therefore Augustus Thomas's) conclusions, the theme will hold them and they will have fiery discussions over the justice of the conclusion concerning the double standard. And, like the Jew, woman is a powerful factor in the theatre audience.

The play was written for John Mason, and as a consequence Mr. Mason is thoroughly at home in his rôle. It is quite apparent, from the excellence of the fit, that he was meant to melt into the character-mold of Dr. Seelig. A certain mental and physical solidity characterizes the two men. Neither is flexible or deals in subtlety. Both are of the kind that inspire confidence in their benevolence and humanitarian impulse. A pleasant family atmosphere is given to the scenes in the Seelig household, albeit a little shaded over by that matured sobriety of vision noticeable in this, Mr. Thomas's later manner. But it is more simple and natural than that of the Clayton family, which is characterized somewhat by the romantically tense manner of nineteenth-century drama, the "my son!" curtain bringing back memories of Bronson Howard's plays of marital estrangements.

Mr. Mason is supported by Julie Herne as leading lady and a group of six or seven competent principals. Miss Herne, a slender and petite blonde, of refinedly irregular features but undoubted claims to good looks, has a rôle that calls for considerable emotional expression. She won flattering recognition from her audience, who were apparently pleased to learn that this scion of her father had proved her right to a safe foothold in the theatrical world in which his fame had once resounded.

John Flood, who appears as the faithless husband who so bitterly resented his wife's apparent divagation from the straight path his own feet had failed to follow, had a good many more "weeps" in his part than the American actor is ordinarily called on to represent. Mr. Flood, however, by a certain impetuosity of attack, carried himself with great credit past what must be conceded as a danger-point on the American stage.

Jane Salisbury and Warner Richmond impersonated an engaging young love-couple with the proper halo of youthful attractiveness, and George Gaston gave a faint glow of American geniality to the subdued figure of Judge Hoover, who, lawyer-like, and as a con-

trast to the persistently altruistic attitude of Dr. Seelig, is inclined to clutch at the easiest legitimate solution of the family tangle.

In the somewhat graceless part of Benjamin de Lota, a Jewish art connoisseur with a rather high-colored Parisian past, Lyster Chambers put considerable *véraisemblance*, and gave the character that needed suggestion of being a different type from the other man. A generally correct atmosphere suitable to the homes of wealth was maintained by the occasional apparition of deferential and soft-footed servants, and, save for a somewhat high-colored tone in the settings, the production generally was handsome, careful, and finished.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Well-known New York theatrical interests are forming a permanent comic opera company, to be housed in its own theatre, and operate on the plan of Daly's and the Gaiety Theatre, in London. It is an excellent project (says the *Musical Courier*), and should serve not only to furnish good singing actors and actresses with opportunities to show their talents, but also to provide a permanent outlet for those American librettists and composers in the lighter vein who complain that the Broadway stage has been frowning upon legitimate comic opera and forcing them to write burlesque hooks and ragtime scores.

The Brady-Shubert comic opera company that has found so much success the last year and a half in revivals of the Gilbert-Sullivan operas will not come to the Coast this season, as expected. It played a notable engagement here at the Cort Theatre in the summer of 1912 and a return visit was planned, but it has been given up. The elaborate production of "Tolanthe," "H. M. S. Pinafore," "The Mikado," and "The Pirates of Penzance" by the Tivoli company was a restraining factor, undoubtedly.

From Rome comes the report that an overture written for "Aida" by Verdi, but suppressed by him, has been found and submitted to Toscanini, who pronounced it important. It is believed that Verdi decided to omit the overture because of its great length. The score covers seventy-six pages. It is dated December 23, 1872, which would indicate that it was not written or completed till after the first performances of "Aida" in Cairo and Milan.

Among other curious things I have heard was a quartet sung simultaneously in four languages (writes a reminiscent contributor to the *New York Sun*). It was Clara Louise Kellogg's company in "Martha." Miss Kellogg sang in English, Brignoli in Italian, a German woman in German, and a Frenchman in French. The audience never noticed the confusion of tongues.

Italian newspapers contain pictures of the extraordinary incident of the six-year-old boy Ferrero conducting Wagner's "Meistersinger" overture at the Augusteum in Rome. He did it without looking at the score, in the presence of a crowded audience, including many prominent musicians, who marveled at his ability, which was discovered accidentally.

John Drew will make his first New York appearance as Benedick in "Much Ado about Nothing" at the Empire Theatre September 1. Contrary to a general opinion he has as yet never played the rôle of Benedick.

May Buckley is playing the leading part in a dramatization of "A Romance of Billy Goat Hill," which was written by Alice Hegan Rice, author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

"Pacific Service" in the Emporium

The activity of the Industrial Department of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company in introducing gas ranges for cooking, gas ovens for baking, and gas steam tables, coffee urns, broilers, and vegetable cookers for general kitchen use in hotels, bakeries, and restaurants has met with marked success.

Of the many big contracts recently perfected none has given "Pacific Service" more pleasure than that entered into with the Emporium, San Francisco's great department store. There a complete gas service has been installed, and it is working to perfection, making possible the things which were impossible in a given time under former conditions.

The Emporium, which occupies the seven floors and basement of the Market Street building, has demonstrated its faith in "Pacific Service" in that it is now supplied by the Pacific Gas and Electric Company with all the electricity required for lighting and power, all of the steam for heating and kitchen purposes, and all of the gas required for cooking and baking. The electric and steam subjects will not be touched on in this article, however, as its purpose is to show what gas has done to replace oil and coal as fuel for industrial as well as domestic purposes.

In the Emporium is a large and handsome dining-room on the mezzanine floor, having a seating capacity of 400, being light, airy, and having plenty of room; there is a cafeteria in the basement having a seating capacity of 350; then there is the banquet hall, where sixty people may conveniently get together. All the good things to eat served in these dining-rooms are prepared in the Emporium kitchen, where they have two gas ranges, one seven and one ten feet long, a short order gas range and a gas broiler. Then there is the employees' lunch room, with a seating capacity of 400.

As may be imagined, the bakery connected with such a big institution is busy turning out the many tempting things which are required. The white enamel Dutch oven, equipped with a Johnson burner, is a model of efficiency. It may be said in passing that there are seventy-five other ovens of a similar description working successfully in San Francisco. In this oven all the pastry, cakes, and bread are baked with never a failure.

The aggregate number of meals served per day in the various dining-rooms averages 2250, or an approximate total for the month of \$8,500. The entire kitchen, with its two gas ranges, consumes about 125,000 cubic feet of gas per month.

It is unnecessary, perhaps, to mention the advantages to be enjoyed by the use of gas for kitchen purposes, as, for instance, the saving of labor in carrying up coal from the basement where it is stored; the freedom from dirt and smoke inevitable in handling coal, to say nothing of the immense fires that have to be maintained at all times for the off peak, and the bother of keeping them up; the saving of time in getting up a hot range in the morning. In the case of the Emporium it took one and one-half hours to get a range hot enough with coal as fuel, while now with gas thirty minutes are sufficient.

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“THE PIRATES” AT THE TIVOLI.

It is still, and probably ever will be, the highest word of praise for an actor to say that he is pleasingly impressive in Shakespearean rôles or fitted to appear in them. With a difference only of degree, rather than of kind, it may be set down that the test of a comic opera comedian's ability is in the Gilbert-Sullivan creations. To offer in appearance, manner, voice, and art, a worthy Sir Joseph Porter, Major-General Stanley, Lord Chancellor, and Ko-Ko, is to gain the highest distinction possible in an important, because thoroughly delightful, phase of theatrical effort.

“Teddy” Wehh has achieved such distinction in the Gilbert-Sullivan revivals at the new Tivoli Opera House. Frankly, some of us did not believe he had it in him. Possibly we had grown too familiar with the Tivoli company in the old days, and accepted even the best of the offerings as a matter of course. We knew that an evening in the old Eddy-Street house, and later in its Mason-Street successor, would surely give us good music, bright and clean amusement, and we were careless about detail. Perhaps some of us better recall the whimsicalities of Mr. Wehh's songs, “Years and years, and years and years ago,” and “Pin a rose on me,” than any vividly persisting impersonation. But, more likely, in Mr. Wehh's absence and added experience of six years or more, he may have gained a poise and polish which only practice in a satisfactory environment can give. There is little need to go back to the old days. It is enough to recognize that Mr. Wehh is one of the most accomplished of the many good comedians who have held the centre of the stage at the Tivoli.

The traditions of the Savoy operas were familiar to Mr. Wehh when he came from London to America, and he has not forgotten them. He preserves them with fidelity, and if in “The Mikado” he allows his work to take on a flavor of hurlerque now and then, he is justified, or appreciably so, by the example of many popular comedians and the sophisticated demand of audiences that have acquired a reprehensible taste for the banalities of so-called musical comedy. His unvarying excellence in the other rôles offsets what might otherwise be marked as a fault. In “Iolanthe” he displays the highest powers, for it has unequalled opportunities for finished expression, the finesse of the best comedy. The scene in which he recognizes the long-mourned Iolanthe and welcomes her return to the world, is a hit of pathos which he manages with an artistic realism that could hardly be bettered. It is a charming interlude that he keeps in harmony with the humorous fancies that precede and follow. There are many touches almost as fine in his portrait of the Admiral in “Pinafore.” These two characterizations would serve to put him in the first rank, but he has added to them this week another, no less carefully and correctly drawn—that of the Major-General in “The Pirates of Penzance.”

Sullivan gave to “The Pirates” some of his most pretentious light opera music; indeed, he attempted, and with success, to introduce some grand opera effects. In “Pinafore,” which was its immediate predecessor, he poked fun slyly at the conventional Italian methods, but he was constrained to show a more serious regard for them in his next work. All the principal parts in “The Pirates” are exacting, musically. Major-General Stanley has more of good singing than of comedy, and Mr. Wehh is more than competent amid its difficulties. Nobody ever sang the “patter” song with more speed or more distinct enunciation. His song in the ruined abbey in the second act is quite as taking, though in an entirely different style. In his spoken lines he loses no point, however subtle, and his costume and manner are genuinely British and military. There are no faults and no inefficiencies in his assumption.

As a whole the production sustains the admirable record made by the Tivoli in the earlier revivals. Charles Gallagher is a splendid Pirate King. He has done nothing else quite so well. His voice suits the music, his figure suits the part, he wears his costume bravely, and his reading of the lines is sympathetically realistic.

Rena Vivienne as Mahel could almost carry alone the piece to triumphant success. She sings the music with ease and assurance, and wins a rapturous recall with every appearance. This rôle ranks second only to her Phyllis in “Iolanthe,” and its vocal opportunities are even greater and no less effectively turned to advantage.

In Ruth, the piratical maid-of-all-work, Sarah Edwards finds tests of all her resources, and accepts them with courage and ability. Miss Edwards has never failed to please her audiences with her sympathetic contralto voice since she first appeared as the Princess of Bhong in “The Country Girl,” nearly six years ago. She has advanced in her art since that time, winning praise all the way. As Katisha she proved her ability as an actress as well as a singer, and as Ruth she wins new laurels.

John R. Phillips is pleasing, in the main, as Frederic. He sings the part excellently, giving new proofs of the range and beauty

of his voice. He is unnecessarily and unwisely harsh in his rebuffs to Ruth, but in his scenes with Mahel he is as pleasing as he has been in all his preceding rôles.

It is a great quintet—Wehh, Gallagher, Rena Vivienne, Sarah Edwards, and Phillips—but praise need not be checked with brief mention of their achievements. The chorus, masculine and feminine, is larger than ever, and up to the mark Stage Manager Temple, now departed, set for it. The orchestra now plays as one instrument, held by Director Linne, and it is much more than an artistically restrained accompaniment to the singing.

GEORGE L. SHOALS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

John Mason Continues at the Cort Theatre.

John Mason, in Augustus Thomas's master-drama, “As a Man Thinks,” now being presented at the Cort Theatre, has achieved the greatest personal triumph of the season here, in addition to acquainting San Francisco with one of the finest American plays. He begins his second and final week at the Cort Theatre Sunday night. The play has come in for tremendous philosophic discussion, apart from the impression it has made as theatrical entertainment.

It would not be well to retail in skeleton summary the course of Thomas's narrative in “As a Man Thinks,” to deprive it of its dramatic flesh and blood, and so take from future spectators the emotional pleasure in the unfolding of it, and the mental pleasure of the skill with which the author conducts the process. The impression of the two together makes for an aesthetic delight that is rare on the American stage. Suffice it, then, to say that Thomas's play is a fertily imagined, brilliantly ordered, and ingeniously contrived theatrical narrative. It is imagined, however, with due plausibility to the corner of the urban world in America in which it passes, with due accordance to the traits and sayings of the personages. Plausibility, spontaneity, and humanity are the playwright's ingredients, and he has mixed them with a master hand. Generally speaking, the theme of the play concerns itself with the double standard of morality.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum announces for next week a great new vaudeville show with six entirely new acts.

The Bell Family, brothers and sisters, nine in number, and hailing from Mexico, will present a complete novelty in the shape of an artistic musical offering. The triple trio play skillfully on a number of instruments, but it is as hell-ringers that they achieve their greatest triumph.

Taylor Holmes, late star of “The Million,” who has been released by Henry W. Savage for this season in order that he may play an engagement over the Orpheum Circuit, will share the headline honors. He will present a sparkling monologue rich in original humor.

Angela Keir, supported by Frederick Montague, Carl Hartherg, and Frank Phelps, will present a sketch entitled “Sentence Suspended,” which is the dramatization of an extraordinary and thrilling incident which actually occurred in a Philadelphia law court. Miss Keir is an actress of great prominence and talent and played leading rôles with the late Richard Mansfield.

An appealing act of vocal and instrumental music will be offered by Fred Hamill and Charley Abbate as “The Singer and the Violinist.” The singer meets a newsboy who handles the bow exceptionally well, and after a brief comedy dialogue they unite in harmony.

Harry Divine and Belle Williams will drum their way into the good graces of the audiences in their successful vehicle, “The Traveling Salesman and the Female Drummer,” which is replete with good new songs and dances.

A special additional feature will be the Rose Valerie Sextet, four agile, attractive, and handsomely costumed girls, and two nimble young men, who accomplish with wonderful rapidity all manner of marvelous feats individually and collectively on the taut wire.

Next week will be the last of Fred Watson and Rena Santos and Gus Edwards's Kid Kaharet.

“Quo Vadis” in Pictures at the Columbia Theatre.

It would require a second Solomon to decide what is the most attractive and popular feature of George Kleine's artistic production of the Cines photo-drama, “Quo Vadis,” which is now exciting the admiration of the world. Some spectators enjoy most the spectacular scenes of the arena with its ferocious lions, exciting gladiator combats, and chariot races, to say nothing of Ursus's thrilling conquest of the savage bull, while others prefer the romantic love story of Vinitius and Lygia, which is so completely related. Some admire the characteristic scenes of Nero's court with its brilliant pageantry, magnificent festivals, and reproduction of Roman palaces and gardens—and a great many applaud the production for its deep moral and religious note, the impressive visualization of the early struggles of Christianity and inspiring scenes in which

the Saviour and the Apostles Peter and Paul dominate. It is a supreme masterpiece and the one word that fittingly describes it is “marvelous.” George Kleine's “Quo Vadis” is announced for a three weeks' engagement, commencing Sunday, August 3, at the Columbia Theatre, with matinees daily.

More “Mikado” and “Pinafore” at the Tivoli.

The Tivoli management has decided to repeat Gilbert and Sullivan's famous operas “Mikado” and “Pinafore.” With the return of the many patrons of the Tivoli from their summer vacations Manager Leahy has daily received scores of requests for a repetition of “Mikado” and “Pinafore.”

The fame of the Tivoli's Gilbert and Sullivan revivals has traveled far afield. “The Mikado” will be given Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Sunday evenings and Sunday matinee.

“Pinafore,” Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings, and a “kiddies” “Pinafore” matinee on Saturday. The delightful music, the bright comedy, and beautiful scenic productions of these operas have made them more enjoyable than ever.

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

Emma Carus, one of the brightest stars that has twinkled on Broadway in several years, is the topline on the new bill at the Pantages opening Sunday afternoon. Miss Carus is undeniably the “Queen of Singing Comedienne,” which title she has held without contradiction for the past ten years. On her last visit to this city her success was instantaneous and she was held over at another local vaudeville theatre for two extra weeks.

A production which is expected to cause comment is a musical farce adaptation of the much-discussed French painting, “September Morn.” Ed Armstrong, of the Armstrong Musical Comedy Company, has gathered twelve beautiful girls for the act, which is replete with refreshing jollity.

Alfred Latell, known to vaudevillians as “America's foremost animal delineator,” will present his offering, assisted by Elsie Vokes. Latell has been seen here with Maude Adams in “Peter Pan.”

Hill, Cherry, and Hill are comedians awhirl, who ride a combination of cycles some twenty feet high, and a couple barely escaping the floor. Their tricks and comedy are of the hilarious sort which keeps an audience in roars of laughter.

A mélange of comedy hurlerque and travesty on grand opera will be presented by Nichols and the Croix Sisters in “A Tank Town Managery.”

El Cota, a skillful xylophonist, has a selection of the tuniest rags.

Lester Raymond, a young San Franciscan, will make his first appearance here in two years, with a novelty juggling act. A couple of good comedy pictures complete the bill.

The final presentation of the Kinemacolor pictures at the Columbia Theatre will be given this Saturday night. The “Nathan Hale,” “Everyman,” and “Steam” special features are exceptionally fine.

Margaret Anglin is assembling a company in New York that will include many well-known actors, who will appear with her in the Shakespearean revivals contemplated for next season. Charles Dalton has been the last engagement. Miss Anglin will make a revival of Sophocles's “Electra” at the Greek Theatre, Berkeley, just previous to the opening of her regular tour at the Columbia Theatre, when she will present “Antony and Cleopatra,” “Twelfth Night,” “As You Like It,” and “The Taming of the Shrew.”

The Western Drama Society.

The artistic activity which has centered at Carmel for the last five or six years has finally crystallized in what appears to be a practical and permanent form in the Western Drama Society. This organization, which has recently been effected, has for its purpose the development of native dramatic material. Its chief function will be the production of Western plays under circumstances that will bring out not only the artistic quality of the play, but the Western color, in a way hardly possible to the commercial manager. The Forest Theatre, which has been the scene of so many dramatic successes since its inception four years ago, will be the vehicle of this new venture. It is now well equipped with modern electric lighting, its acoustics are perfect, and its unique and attractive setting would alone go a long way toward the success of any play produced there. But prospective dramatists will not have to depend on stage setting alone, for back of this new society are most of the names that have already attracted the attention of the world of literature and art to California. Among its many spirits are George Sterling, Jack London, Mary Austin, Herbert Heron, and a score of other poets, playwrights, and novelists. The society also draws largely upon the best intellectual life of the state as represented in the members of the faculties of Berkeley and Stanford who are part of the summer colony of Carmel.

Vernon L. Kellogg, Karl Rendtorff, David

Evans, Charles Gardner, with their families, are actively interested. William Silva, Redfern Mason, Mrs. Stewart Young, and other painters and musicians, have contributed largely to the success of the performance.

Although the society is expected to devote itself to the exploitation of native drama, its object is primarily to secure a hearing for good plays. Nothing will be accepted merely because it is Western.

The two plays presented on Saturday night, July 26, were a one-act sketch by Redfern Mason, the music eritie and author, entitled “A Wife of Nippon,” and a drama of three acts called “Fire,” by Mary Austin.

Mary Austin's new play, “Fire,” is a beautiful telling in dramatic form of the legend of the bringing of fire from the gods to man, as this legend is current among the Indians of California. It is written in blank verse.

V. L. K.

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Traveling Salesman and the Female Drummer”;
FRED HAMILL and CHARLEY ABBATE, “The
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CO. in “Sentence Suspended”; FRED WATSON
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day and Holiday mats. at 1:30 and 3:30. N.
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VANITY FAIR.

The London *Daily Express* records an amusing incident that befell the king during the royal visit to the Bristol Exhibition. He arrived unexpectedly at the Canadian Pacific Railway model immigrant cottage during the temporary absence of the attendants. The only person present was a farmer of generous dimensions, who, instead of coming forward to do the honors, seemed to be glued to the ground with his back in an angle of the garden fence. The difficulty lasted only for a moment. The attendants arrived and the king was speedily ushered into the cottage and entertained with the appropriate information. Then the farmer moved away from his corner with a sigh of relief and disclosed an angry and disheveled suffragette, who was promptly hustled off the premises.

What had happened was this: The farmer in question noticed a woman carrying a paper hurrying toward the gate by which the king was entering. With that unerring instinct that distinguishes the agricultural class he knew her in a moment for a suffragette, and with that readiness of resource that is no less a mark of the tillers of the soil he took instant steps to foil her fell designs. Interposing his generous bulk between the suffragette and the sovereign, he hacked the woman into the corner of the fence, enveloped and extinguished her behind his own generous proportions and held her there, and thus it happened that when the king sauntered up the garden path the only person to receive him was a loyal west countryman with a pained and petrified smile upon his face and a suffragette somewhere in the rear kicking his calves with true militant vigor.

It may be that Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith is only trying to be peculiar when he says that he approves of the tipping system and that he spends over \$500 a year in gifts to the genuflecting and obsequious waiter. He says that he likes to be welcomed and that he enjoys the cordial service which results from an aroused expectation of largess. No doubt he does, but he is somewhat misusing his terms. It is not cordiality that he is purchasing, but subservience. He is buying abjectness and not courtesy, servility and not hospitality. And he is doing this at the expense of those who are not successful novelists, but only lesser people, such as hishops, congressmen, and hurglars. The small fry of society, the minnows of the community, who do not possess \$500 a year after they have paid their fines, have to put up with insolence in order that the Hopkinson Smiths may enjoy the obeisances and the scrapings. For the tip buys something that is limited in quantity. It is as though I should bribe the grocer to give me an overweight, well knowing that the next customer will get an equivalent underweight. But then this is probably only Mr. Smith's fun, as Charles Lamh said of Coleridge's great work on metaphysics.

Dr. G. R. L. Cole of Washington says that as women grow intellectual they will develop a tendency to baldness, since mental vigor disposes toward loss of the thatch. From which we may infer that Dr. Cole himself is bald. A careful and also circumspect use of our wife's hand mirror disposes us to agree with Dr. Cole, since a small and shining sphere is now distinctly visible on the place where the wool ought to grow, and we are persuaded that this is due to an excess of intellect, although in this conviction we are in a small but influential minority. Baldness, says Dr. Cole, is the result of "intellectual elevation." Men used to be hairy all over. Gradually they lost their hair as intelligence advanced. That is to say the hair receded upward, making a last grand stand upon the head. And now in the flower of the race, such as Dr. Cole and ourselves, it is about to abandon the head also, and if women persist in their wild career of culture they, too, must pay the penalty. But fancy a platform filled with bald-headed women.

The course of true love is particularly liable to unevenness when the lady is an actress and the gentleman is a lord. It is true that actresses have condescended to marry lords, and the bargain has usually been much to the advantage of the husbands, but aristocratic relatives are apt to raise objections to such a mingling of castes, and then there may be all kinds of trouble and perhaps suits for breach of promise.

For example, take the recent case of the Marquess of Northampton, who wooed and won Miss Daisy Markham, well known in the London legitimate. The marquess seems to have been genuinely in love with the lady, but his father was too strong for him and exacted from his son a solemn pledge that he would break off the engagement. In less exalted circles this would be considered a rather dirty thing to do, but then, as we all know, the Ten Commandments were never intended to apply to the House of Lords. So the marquess wrote a letter to "dearest Daisy," a rambling, incoherent sort of missive in which he said he was broken-hearted, and that she was absolutely his ideal of per-

fect womanhood, and that separation would be so much better for both of them, and all the usual things that we say when we really don't know what to say and are so much ashamed of ourselves for saying it. But there is one sentence in the letter that is at least coherent and that throws a little light upon the lordly life. The marquess writes: "Daisy, you don't know how the so-called ladies would treat you, and I really couldn't hear to see you suffering it, and with your sweet, sensitive nature it would be torture to you." Well, maybe Daisy didn't know how the ladies would treat her, and then again maybe she did, being a woman herself. The world at large can form a pretty shrewd guess of what Daisy would have had to suffer. Torquemada in all his glory was an angel of compassion in comparison with the woman who has a social inferior at her mercy.

So Daisy brought an action for breach of promise. The marquess was in court and so was the lady, and we may believe that they tried not to see each other. But the case was not actually heard, for the marquess's counsel made a speech to the effect that his noble client was willing to pay the plaintiff the sum of \$200,000 if the lady should be willing to accept that amount and if the court would agree to such a settlement. It transpired that the lady was willing. The judge also was acquiescent, and so a seasonal cause was brought to a close. But we may wonder what the marquess dreamed of that night, and in what corner of the world he will hide his diminished head. We may also wonder if he was among those who voted against the Home Rule bill and so did what he could to uphold the honor of his native land and of his lordly caste.

Some day some daring scribe will delight the world with a book describing the asinine laws passed by state legislatures. Now why in the name of fortune should Wisconsin think it necessary to require in all cases of marriage that one of the parents of one of the contracting parties should furnish formal consent to the wedding. That is precisely what Wisconsin has just done, and the congenial idiot responsible for this law must have had some stirrings of his yeasty intelligence when he heard of the marriage of Frederick Willard, fifty-six years old, to Elizabeth Schatsman, fifty-four years old and a grandmother. These giddy young people have only one parent between them, and so the blushing but experienced bride brought her mother, eighty-one years old, to give her formal assent to the ceremony.

Certain candid criticisms that have appeared in this column of police efforts to censor the dress of women are hereby recalled, canceled, and regretted. We are still of opinion that a policeman is not a fit and proper person to sit in judgment upon feminine fashions or indeed of anything else above the level of a dog fight, but it is evident that some one has to do this thing, and personally we are not in politics and can not undertake the job. Now take the story that comes from Richmond, Virginia. When first we heard that Blossom Browning was fined \$25 for wearing a split or slit skirt our sympathies rose up insurgent on behalf of Blossom. We always did like that name in the first place, and in the second place we felt that Blossom had a right to split her skirt if she felt that way. But on reading to the end of the item it was borne in upon us that a line must really be drawn somewhere, for it seems from the evidence that Blossom's skirt was split to the knee and that Blossom was not wearing a petticoat. The evidence does not state if Blossom was wearing anything at all under her skirt, or only some garment that may be described as worse than nothing at all, although it (or they) is (or are) freely displayed in the windows of the dry goods stores. There are some things that even the Associated Press can not speak of without blushing and so says nothing about not being used to blushing. We are therefore merely told that Blossom's skirt was split to the knee and that she was not wearing a petticoat.

Now what is to be done with young women who split their skirts and do not wear petticoats? If we ourselves were to appear on the streets dressed in pajamas, for example, we feel a moral certainty that we should be arrested. And yet we defy the most prudish among us to say that there is anything indelicate about pajamas. If there is a chaste garment anywhere it is pajamas. They not only cover, but they may be said to obliterate, the human form divine. Pajamas are never slit. They are never transparent. They suggest nothing except the evening hymn. And yet we should not be allowed to wear them on the street. We should be arrested. Why, then, should Blossom be allowed to caper about the streets of Richmond with a skirt slit to the knees and without a petticoat? Why should she be allowed to bring a blush to the infernal cheek of the policeman?

Wife—John, wake up. There's a burglar downstairs. Husband—Well, what of it? Ever since I got my life insured you've been trying to push me to the front.—*Milwaukee News.*

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A farmer's son came home looking as if he had been through a tornado. His father inquired the cause. The son replied, "It's that darn correspondence school again. I got a letter from the Sophomores telling me to haze myself."

A minister in a Kansas town recently adopted a novel scheme for bolstering up the church collection, which had been diminishing. He informed his congregation, just before the plates were passed around, that the members who were in debt were not expected to contribute. The collection that day was double the usual sum.

A minister in a Highland parish found on arriving at church one Sunday that only one worshipper had braved the elements. Mounting the pulpit stairs, the minister looked down on John, who was more noted for his gruff outspokenness than his piety, and said: "Will I give you the sermon in Gaelic or in English?" "Gie's haith," gruffly answered John; "ye're weel paid for't."

The judge of a Texas county was also cashier of the town bank. One day a stranger presented a check for payment and his evidence of identification was not satisfactory. "Why, judge," said the man, "I've known you to sentence men to prison for life on no better evidence than this!" "That may be true," replied the judge. "But when it comes to handing out cold cash we have to be mighty careful."

The American chorus girl, who is now invading London with great success, is nothing if not up to date. Mr. George Arliss, whose performances in "Disraeli" are arousing so much interest, illustrates this with a story. "You are behind the times over here," said a pink and pretty American show girl. "Why, I notice that 'Twelfth Night' is playing in one of the Strand theatres and we had that two years ago on Broadway."

Nelson's left-handedness was an attainment of which he could be legitimately proud, as he was. J. R. Green tells a story of the admiral's visit to Great Yarmouth to receive the freedom of the borough: "A storm met him on his landing, but the danger failed to prevent his appearance on the quay. When the freeman's oath was tendered to him the town clerk noticed that the hero placed his left hand on the book. Shocked at the legal impropriety, he said: 'Your right hand, my lord.' 'That,' observed Nelson, 'is at Tenerife.'"

A judge in a Western town had declared that he would stop the carrying of firearms on the street. Before him appeared for trial a tough youth charged with getting drunk and firing his revolver in a crowded street. "Twenty dollars and costs," said the magistrate. "But, your honor," interposed counsel for the prisoner, "my client did not hit anybody." "Why, you admit that he fired the gun?" "Yes, but he fired it into the air," explained the lawyer. "Twenty dollars and costs," repeated the judge. "He might have shot an angel."

A well-known university professor who has taken much interest in the woman's suffrage movement was persuaded to carry a banner in a parade that was held in New York some months ago. His wife observed him marching with a dejected air and carrying his banner so that it hung limply on its standard, and later she reproved him for not making a better appearance. "Why didn't you march like somebody and let people see your banner?" she said. "My dear," meekly replied the professor, "did you see what was on the banner? It read, 'Any man can vote. Why can't I?'"

The woman was the author of a cook-book that had been published at her request with wide margins and occasional blank pages for notes and additional recipes. Often she had expressed a wish to see an old copy of the book and find out to what use the blank spaces had been put. One day in a second-hand bookstore her husband unearthed an old volume. Noticing that it had been annotated freely, he bought it. After a day or two he said: "How about the notes in that cook-book? Were they interesting?" "No," she said curtly; "they didn't amount to anything." When he got a chance he looked through the book himself. Every note the book contained was a remedy for dyspepsia and stomach trouble.

When a man wants to express himself lucidly he can not be too careful in picking out the right brand of language. One Sunday morning some time ago, according to the senator, the parson of a small church in one of the hack counties tenderly announced that he had received a call from another field. At the conclusion of the service the parson

was approached by one of the deacons. "I have been thinking about the announcement you made, parson," said the deacon. "Are they offering you any more money in that new field?" "Oh, yes, brother," was the prompt rejoinder of the parson, "three hundred dollars." "Well, I don't know as I blame you, parson," thoughtfully returned the deacon, "but in making the announcement you didn't use the right term. That isn't a 'call,' it's a 'raise.'"

The visitor was nearly an hour late. Maxwell wandered impatiently around the lobby, and when another page failed to find the visitor he entered the telephone booth to make an attempt at reaching him. On the pad in front of the instrument was written, "Call Plaza —." Suddenly a wild, delirious impulse seized him. He would call up the number and see what happened. "Give me Plaza —." The line buzzed a moment, was silent, and then he heard a soft "Hello." Such a voice! Clear as the song of the nightingale; as soft as a hahling brook, limpid and tender. It was vibrantly, breathlessly eager, and yet there seemed to be a note of suppressed anxiety and emotion. "Hello," he answered, and then tentatively. "It's good to hear your voice again." But the same glorious, musical note came floating back: "Soft pedal and 10 cents please before I give you your number." The pompadoured, gum-chewing hotel operator had the voice.

The lawyer's client, one Wheelock, had got into a quarrel with a certain McDonald during their negotiations for the trade of horses. The quarrel had gone so far that McDonald had made application to a magistrate to have Wheelock hound over to keep the peace, alleging that he had threatened to do him (McDonald) bodily injury. When the case was called McDonald testified to the circumstances under which Wheelock had threatened him. The cross-examination began. "Now, Mr. McDonald," the lawyer said, "you declare that you are under the fear of bodily harm?" "I am, sir." "You are even afraid of your life?" "I am, sir." "Then you freely admit that Wheelock can whip you, Pat McDonald?" The question aroused McDonald's "Irish" instantly. "Bill Wheelock whip me? Never!" he shouted. "I can whip him and any half-dozen like him!" "That will do, Mr. McDonald," said the attorney. The court was already in a roar, and the lawyer rested the case without further testimony or argument. The case was dismissed, for it was evident that McDonald could not be under serious bodily fear of a man whom, in his own opinion, he had only to use one-seventh of his strength to whip.

THE MERRY MUSE.

His Simple Little Car.
Johnson bought a motor-car,
His pride in it was great.
He ran across some broken glass,
Bill—\$16.98.

He took a friend out for a ride,
They both enjoyed it fine,
Until a cylinder went bust,
Bill—\$30.49.

He started on a country tour,
And had a lot of fun,
Until he ran into a ditch,
Bill—\$60.31.

He took his wife downtown to shop,
As proud as proud could be,
And then he bumped a trolley pole,
Bill—\$90.83.

And when he found himself flat broke,
In tearful rage he cried,
"I'll rob the children's savings bank,
And have just one more ride."
—Sacramento Sentinel.

The Teetotalist.
There was a young man of Montclair,
Who said, "Perfect freedom from care,
Be it well understood,
Comes to only the good,
So I neither smoke, drink, chew, nor swear."
—New York Tribune.

Where?
Where are the cooks of yesteryear?
Those jolly matrons that would take
"A pinch of this, 'a dust' of that,
"Sweeten to taste"—their tastes were pat—
"Just flour enough for batter, dear";
And make the most golopious cake!

Where are the cooks of yesteryear,
Who used their "judgment" not a rule?
Their toothsome cookies haunt us yet.
Their pies and doughnuts, too, you bet,
Were works of art! Alas, I fear
Those cooks can ne'er be made in school.
—Truth.

A teacher in a school in a Yiddish section of New York was trying to find from a tiny boy the name of his father. He seemed quite unable to think of it, so to help him she asked: "What do you call him?" "I call him 'father,'" was the reply. "Well, what does your mother call him?" and the response, an eloquent comment on domestic relations in the neighborhood, was: "She doesn't call him anything—she likes him."



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Capital actually paid up in Cash. 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.. 1,737,148.57
Employees' Pension Fund..... 158,261.32
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Deming of Santa Cruz have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Dorothy Deming, to Mr. Ernst Geary, son of Mrs. Geary and the late Major William L. Geary, U. S. A. Mr. Geary is a brother of the Messrs. Edward and Jack Geary, Dr. Logan Geary of Seattle, and Lieutenant William Geary, U. S. A.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. MacChesney of Honolulu have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Martha MacChesney, to Ensign Milton Anderson, U. S. N., who is attached to the torpedo boat *Whipple*. Miss MacChesney is with her mother and sister, Miss Ruth MacChesney, at the Somerset apartments.

Mrs. J. Upshur of Astoria has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Gertrude Upshur, to Lieutenant Simon Willard Sperry, U. S. A., who is stationed at Fort Stevens, Oregon. Miss Upshur is a granddaughter of Rear-Admiral John H. Upshur, U. S. N. (retired). Lieutenant Sperry is a son of Mrs. Sperry and the late Mr. James Willard Sperry and a brother of the Messrs. Richard and James Sperry, and Mrs. Clarence Carigan of Lyons, France.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Webster of Oakland have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Irene Webster, to Mr. Frank A. Wilson of the University of California.

Mrs. Downing, daughter of Mrs. Cluff and the late Mr. William Cluff, was married Saturday afternoon to Mr. Perry Cumberson of this city. Mrs. Cumberson is a sister of Mrs. John C. Wilson, Mrs. John Breuner, and Mrs. Edwin Janss of Los Angeles.

The wedding of Miss Marguerite Butters and Mr. Charles M. Teague of Fresno will take place Thursday, August 14, at the Palace Hotel.

The wedding of Miss Geraldine Fitzgibbon and Mr. S. Ralph Heger will take place September 16 at St. Mary's Cathedral. A reception will be given at the home of Dr. John G. Fitzgibbon and Mrs. Fitzgibbon, parents of the prospective bride.

Hon. Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, and Mrs. Daniels were the honored guests at a reception given by the women of the San Francisco Centre of the California Civic League. The affair took place at the Hotel St. Francis.

The Women's Club of Alameda County entertained a large number of guests at a reception at the Hotel Oakland complimentary to Mrs. Daniels. Mrs. Phebe Hearst was hostess at a luncheon at her home in Pleasanton in honor of Mrs. Daniels.

Mr. and Mrs. Emory Winslip entertained a number of friends at a dinner last week at the Hotel Vendome in San Jose.

Miss Anne Peters was hostess Saturday evening at a Spanish dinner in Monterey and with her guests attended the Feast of Lanterns at Pacific Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker gave a dinner Friday evening at their home in Woodside in honor of their house guests, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Dillingham.

Mrs. Charles M. Sadler was hostess at a luncheon and bridge party at her home in Alameda Wednesday, when she entertained the Matinee Bridge Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Grange gave a dinner-dance recently in honor of the Misses Martha and Ruth MacChesney of Honolulu.

Mrs. Louis H. Long was hostess at a garden party Saturday afternoon in Santa Barbara in honor of her mother, Mrs. A. M. Burns, of this city.

Mrs. William H. Smith gave an auction bridge-tee last week at the Coronado Country Club.

Mrs. Walter D. K. Gibson was hostess at a dance at Wonderland, Ocean Beach, near San Diego, in honor of Mrs. John D. Spreckels.

The members of the Family Club gave a farewell dinner Thursday evening in honor of Mr. Jack Noyes, whose business interests take him to Portland to reside.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase gave a dinner at Castle Crag to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was hostess Friday at a luncheon at her home on Broadway.

Mrs. Littleton W. T. Waller entertained a large number of guests at a bridge-tee at Mare Island complimentary to Mrs. Carl Gamburg-Anderson.

Captain Chappellear, U. S. A., and Mrs. Chappellear gave a supper party following the bi-monthly hop at Fort Winfield Scott in honor of Miss Kathleen Cates of St. Louis, who is visiting her brother-in-law and sister, Lieutenant Hardaway, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hardaway.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. John Lewis have returned from Honolulu and are in San Mateo with Mrs. Lewis's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Antoine Borel.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Moore and Mr. Willis Davis have gone to Santa Barbara and are at the Hotel Potter.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hussey (formerly Miss Ethel Dean) are established in an apartment in Paris.

Captain William Holmes McKittrick and Mrs. McKittrick have gone to Santa Barbara and will later return to their home in Bakersfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Clay are established at Shast. Springs for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. John J. Theobald have returned from Inverness.

A party including Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hope Bee, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. James Alcorn Folger, Mr. and Mrs. Warren D. Clark, and Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Lilley enjoyed a picnic last Sunday at Inverness. They returned in automobiles to San Rafael late in the evening.

Mrs. G. F. Ashton will leave tomorrow for Sacramento, where she will visit her son-in-law and

daughter, Mr. and Mrs. John T. Piggott, during the absence of Miss Helen Ashton, who will sail Wednesday for Manila.

Mr. William H. Crocker, Jr., and Mr. W. Averill Harriman have returned from a brief visit in England.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt have returned from a two weeks' outing at Castle Crag.

Mrs. Anna Hayes has arrived from Europe and has joined her mother, Mrs. John McMullin, at Virginia Hot Springs.

Mrs. George W. Gibbs has returned from a visit in Monterey.

Mrs. John J. Brice and her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Brice, have been recent visitors at Camp Alhuanu in the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Norris K. Davis and Mr. and Mrs. H. McDonald Spencer have been spending the past week in the McCloud country.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Glass and a party of friends will leave shortly in their touring car for a trip through the Tahoe country.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering have returned from the Yosemite Valley.

Dr. Charles Minor Cooper, Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. Edwin Goodall, and Mr. Arthur Goodall have returned to Oakland after having spent the past year in town. They have been occupying the Lukens home, which has been leased to Mr. Charles N. Black.

Dr. P. L. Wheeler, Mrs. Wheeler, Miss Pauline Wheeler, and Mr. Kirkham Wheeler have returned from an extended visit in Applegate.

Miss Virginia Vassault is the guest of Mrs. Hearst at her home in Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Holland have come from the East to spend the summer in California. They left last week for the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Haig Patigian and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Knight have returned from a motor trip through Southern California.

Miss Mary Eaton of Boston is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Malcolm Eaton in this city.

Mrs. Laurence Austin (formerly Miss Roma Paxton), who resides in New York, will spend the next few weeks in this city with her mother, Mrs. Bessie Paxton.

Mrs. Katherine Hooker and Miss Marian Hooker were at last accounts at the Hotel Continental in Paris.

Mr. Jules Guerin has come from New York to attend the midsummer jinks of the Bohemian Club.

Mr. Raphael Weill has returned from Europe.

Mrs. James Garneau of St. Louis is visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Murphy.

Mrs. Thomas Crellin, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Everett, and Miss Mona Crellin have returned to Oakland after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fitzgerald at their country home in Napa County.

Miss Edna Hamilton is contemplating leaving next month for England, where she will visit relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. McNear, Jr., are established at the Hotel Oakland. They have recently returned from Europe.

Mrs. Eleanor Hyde-Smith, who has returned from a five years' visit in Honolulu, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Alexander Garceau, at her home on Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Brainerd Gring, who were married last month in Orange, New Jersey, spent a few days in this city en route to their home in Santa Barbara. Mrs. Gring was formerly Miss Helen May.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence W. Harris have returned from a motor trip to Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Robert Augustus Bray has returned to Piedmont after a visit with friends in Plumas County.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King and the Misses Genevieve and Hazel King have returned to Alma after having spent several days in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Dillingham sailed Tuesday for their home in Honolulu.

The Misses Marguerite and Evelyn Barron have recently been the guests of the Misses Janet and Edith von Schröder at their ranch in San Luis Obispo County.

Miss Ednah Simmons has returned to Inverness after a week-end visit with Miss Flora Miller in Ross.

Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson and her sons, Mountford and Russell Wilson, left last week for Weber Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Wilson are spending a few weeks at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Beedy, the Misses Marian Huntington, Lillian Whitney, and Madge Wilson, Dr. George Boardman, and Mr. Philip Paschel have returned from the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. Hother Wismer, who has been at Castle Crag for a short vacation, returned this week from the Mt. Shasta region and went to Aptos as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Seson.

Mrs. J. D. Spreckels of Coronado leaves August 1 for the cure at Carlsbad, after which she will spend several months traveling. Mrs. Spreckels will be accompanied on her trip by Mrs. Francis Mead of San Diego.

Mrs. Louise Harvey and Mrs. Nellie Harvey of San Francisco are at Casa del Rey and intend staying for the rest of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Channey Boardman, the Misses Mary Boardman, Dora Winn, Ethel McAllister, and Master George Boardman have returned from Kings River Cañon, where they have been camping during the past month.

Mrs. O. V. Walker of Redwood City is at Casa del Rey and will be joined by her daughter, Mrs. Henshaw, next week.

Mr. J. H. Baxter of San Francisco is a recent visitor to Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Searles of Piedmont have rented a cottage at Miramar during the month of August.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Hart of San Jose have gone to Monterey for a few weeks' visit.

Mrs. C. B. Young of San Francisco is a guest at Coronado Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Alston Williams, the Misses Florence and Corona Williams spent last week in Inverness.

The Misses Ruth Zeile and Beatrice Nickel have returned from Portland.

Mrs. Etienne Lanel (formerly Miss Amy McKee) has come from New York to spend several weeks with her brother, Mr. Sam Bell McKee in Oakland, and her sister, Mrs. Spens-Blaek, who

is at Lake Tahoe. Mrs. Lanel will later visit Mrs. William G. Henshaw in Santa Barbara.

Major Sidney Croman, U. S. A., and Mrs. Croman have been spending the past two weeks at Lake Tahoe.

Miss Helen Ashton will sail next Wednesday for Manila to accompany her cousin, Miss Frances Melvor, who will join her parents, Major G. W. Melvor, U. S. A., and Mrs. Melvor, who have been stationed there for the past two years. Miss Melvor has been attending the convent in Menlo Park.

Captain Jesse Langdon, U. S. A., and Mrs. Langdon have been recent visitors at Lake Tahoe, where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Duane Bliss Jr.

Lieutenant Edwin J. Pritchett, U. S. A., and Mrs. Pritchett will sail September 5 for the Philippines. They are at present visiting Mrs. Pritchett's parents, Colonel Lundeen, U. S. A., and Mrs. Lundeen at their summer home at Sakonet, Rhode Island.

Mrs. Walter Finley has returned from a visit in Arizona and has joined her husband, Lieutenant Finley, U. S. A., at the Presidio.

Major James Metcalf, U. S. A., Medical Corps, has been ordered to Washington, D. C., where he has been appointed assistant to Major Deane C. Howard, U. S. A., surgeon at headquarters.

Brigadier-General Robert K. Evans, U. S. A., has been appointed executive officer at the coming international rifle matches next month in Camp Perry, Ohio.

Major William Hay, U. S. A., and Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas W. Griffith, U. S. A., have been appointed his assistants.

Mr. and Mrs. Ord Preston and Miss Sadie Murray have returned from the Yosemite Valley.

Lieutenant William C. McChord, Jr., U. S. A., of the Presidio, has been ordered to Fort Riley, Kansas, where he will attend the cavalry school.

Major George G. Bailey, U. S. A., will sail September 5 for Schofield Barracks, Hawaii.

Captain Harry E. Comstock, U. S. A., of Fort Logan H. Roots, Arkansas, has been ordered to Fort Leavenworth to assume the duties of Major Bailey.

Mrs. Willis Peace, wife of Captain Peace, U. S. A., has returned to her home in Georgia after a visit of several weeks with relatives. Mrs. Peace was formerly Miss Dorothy Dustan.

Colonel Charles A. Doyen, U. S. A., and Mrs. Doyen arrived from Puget Sound and sailed on the transport for the Philippines.

Captain Lawrence B. Simonds, U. S. A., and Mrs. Simonds have moved from the Court Hotel to an apartment on Bush Street.

Lieutenant Price, U. S. A., spent the week-end at Lake Tahoe as the guest of Mrs. C. B. Brigham.

Mrs. Leahy, wife of Lieutenant William Leahy, U. S. N., arrived Saturday from Washington, D. C., having been called by the death of her mother, Mrs. William P. Harrington.

Second Lieutenant Robert C. Rodgers, U. S. A., has returned to his post at Schofield Barracks, Hawaii.

Mrs. Robert McMillan, wife of Captain McMillan, U. S. A., has arrived from Washington, D. C., and is visiting her parents, Judge T. Z. Blakeman and Mrs. Blakeman, at their country home in Sonoma County.

Rear-Admiral Chauncey Thomas, U. S. N. (retired), and Mrs. Thomas have gone to the Santa Cruz Mountains for a few weeks' visit.

Mrs. George Neal, wife of Lieutenant Neal, U. S. N., has arrived from Annapolis and will visit friends and relatives during the absence of her husband, who is on a cruise with the midshipmen from the Naval Academy. Mrs. Neal, who was formerly Miss Mattie Milton, is the daughter of Rear-Admiral John Milton, U. S. N. (retired), of this city.

Commander W. M. Crose, U. S. N., Mrs. Crose, and their daughter are expected to arrive soon at Mare Island, where they will reside.

Lieutenant-Colonel Charles E. Woodruff, Medical Corps, has retired from the navy.

Ensign Harold P. Parmelee, U. S. N., has arrived from Annapolis and will be stationed temporarily on the receiving ship pending the return from the north of the *Maryland*, to which he has been assigned.

Lieutenant Lloyd W. Williams, U. S. N., and Mrs. Williams are en route to their new station at Guam. They have recently been living at Mare Island.

Mrs. Samuel Johnston of Butte, Montana, has been visiting her son and daughter-in-law, Lieutenant H. H. Johnston, U. S. A., and Mrs. Johnston.

Mrs. Charles Gove, wife of Commandant Gove, U. S. N., has sufficiently recovered from a recent operation at the Adler Sanatorium to be moved to her home at Yerba Buena.

Paymaster Eugene Hale Douglass, U. S. N., and Mrs. Douglass have arrived from the Philippines and are stationed at Yerba Buena.

Dr. Oliver Dwight Norton, U. S. N., has sufficiently recovered from his recent illness at Mare Island to join Mrs. Norton in Montecito.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley J. Moore has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Moore was formerly Miss Belle Williams.

Lavender, the popularity of which was revived by the late Queen Victoria, grows at its best in England, where the stalks and flowers frequently bring \$9 or \$10 a pound, and sometimes much more. A pound of flowers yields from one-half to one drachm of oil, and an acre from ten to twenty-five pounds of flowers. The annual output of the stills of Grasse, France, is from 80,000 to 100,000 kilograms of oil.

The early years of John Flaxman, who designed the choicest specimens of Wedgwood ware, were spent behind his father's shop counter, propped up by pillows, and amusing himself by drawing and reading. It was long before he could walk, and he only learned to do so by hobbling along on crutches.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Charles F. McCarthy, president and executive head of the Pacific Construction Company of San Francisco, died at his home in Alameda Tuesday night. Mr. McCarthy was one of the best-known construction men on the Coast. His firm built the Ferry building in San Francisco, the Madison Street bridge over the Willamette River in Portland, and the great La Grange dam for the Modesto and Turlock irrigation systems. He built court-houses in Madera, Contra Costa, Tuolumne, and Nevada counties, and built the jails in Martinez, Oakland, Fresno, Eureka, and Modesto. Mr. McCarthy was born in California and was fifty-three years of age.

A preliminary meeting was held recently for the purpose of organizing an association to be called "The British Club." F. D. Brandon was elected temporary president and W. R. Whyte temporary secretary.

The Crocker National Bank has been paid \$112,785.55 by C. D. Sloan & Co., who guaranteed the bond of the former assistant cashier, Charles F. Baker. Baker was exposed as a defaulter some months ago and pleaded guilty. He is now serving a ten-year sentence in the penitentiary.

The highest registration of voters in the history of the city has been reached for the bond election of August 26, according to Registrar Zemansky's statement. When the books closed last Saturday at midnight 143,000 names were on the rolls.

The first day's enrollment of pupils in the public schools leads the board of education to believe that the total for the year will approximate 59,000, as against 53,160 last year. Returns from twenty out of one hundred schools, as received by Superintendent Roncovieri, showed, on the opening day, 8565, as against 8695 for the highest day of the last term. The school officials are convinced that there will be an increase over last year of fully 10 per cent.

Contracts have been awarded for the construction of three of the four fire stations that will be established on the exposition grounds, and fire companies will be organized and apparatus provided as soon as the stations are ready for occupancy.

Tuesday evening more than three hundred of the employees of the executive offices of the Southern Pacific visited the Columbia Theatre especially to witness the presentation of the kinemacolor animated pictures of "The Discovery and Application of Steam." This week marks the one hundredth anniversary of the first practical use of a locomotive in England, when George Stephenson built the "Rocket" for the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad. The Southern Pacific employees were the guests of Charles W. Foy of the passenger department of the railroad, who, having witnessed the kinemacolor films mentioned, arranged with the management of the Columbia Theatre and the Kinemacolor Company of America for the theatre party.

The finance committee of the supervisors has rejected the recommendation of the board of public works for an appropriation of \$10,000 in a lump sum for City Engineer O'Shaughnessy to make an appraisal of the properties of the Spring Valley Water Company for the purpose of the forthcoming condemnation suit. The committee voted to make \$1000 available at once, but will require the city engineer to ask again when he wants more.

Announcement was made Wednesday night by officials of the California Pacific Title Insurance Company that H. P. Platt, an employee, had been found short in his accounts about \$30,000. For years he has been active in church work in this city and in Oakland. He has admitted the shortage, and states that the peculations began in 1911 and continued until March of this year.

A circular has been issued announcing the appointment of E. L. Lomax as assistant passenger traffic manager of both the Western Pacific and the Denver and Rio Grande. Mr. Lomax's appointment is a promotion. His new position not only increases his jurisdiction, but it will give him duties that will require his attention to both roads instead of one. His promotion is a matter of general felicitation both among shippers and railroad men.

City Engineer M. M. O'Shaughnessy has filed with the board of works a voluminous report embracing complete plans and specifications for the construction of the Twin Peaks tunnel and the entire list of assessments. The report was approved by the board of works and transmitted to the supervisors for adoption. Including acquisitions of land and easements, the total estimated cost of the tunnel is \$3,994,289.23. Approximately 85 per cent of the assessment is upon the southwesterly district on the farther side of Twin Peaks ridge, and 15 per cent on the northeasterly section, this side of Seventeenth

Street. A right of way has been obtained 1900 feet in length and ninety feet wide for a subway approach to the tunnel proper. This strip is between Market and Seventeenth and Hattie and Eighteenth Streets, the land and improvements of which have cost the most substantial part of the damages.

The acceptance of bulked shipments for transportation by the various express companies and adjustments in rates affecting local merchants are among the accomplishments announced from the traffic bureau of the Chamber of Commerce. The traffic bureau is preparing for circulation among the shippers of San Francisco a compilation of recently reduced class rates from this city to points in Nevada, Arizona, and New Mexico as instituted by the Santa Fe and Southern Pacific systems.

Chief of Police White states in a report that during the past fiscal year seventy-two complaints were filed against members of the police department on various charges. As a result of the hearings ten were dismissed from the service, nineteen reprimanded, and twelve fined. Thirty-one of the complaints were dismissed as being trivial. There are 949 employees in the police department, and the city appropriates annually for its maintenance \$1,500,000.

Alfonso of Spain has a peculiar aversion to gloves, and he refuses to wear them, even on great state occasions. In the beginning the strict etiquette of the court of Spain was shocked, but now the young king's independence is taken as a matter of course. Alfonso has also a keen and quick eye, and he relates this story of an incident in the Pyrenees. Passing through a little village the royal automobile misbehaved, and the royal traveler alighted to direct the royal chauffeurs in making repairs. The mayor of the village struggled into a white collar and his best clothes and came forward to offer assistance. The king asked him to show him around the village, and the two men left the car in the road and walked through the town. In the office of the mayor was a picture of Alfonso, but wearing white gloves. This caused the king to approach and examine the print closely. "Never have I worn white gloves," muttered Alfonso. Then the mayor came forward, covered with confusion, and explained. The picture was originally of Alfonso XII, the king's father. When son followed father to the throne the thrifty mayor decapitated Alfonso XII and had the head of Alfonso XIII painted on the original canvas. He had not, however, known about the gloves.

John Philip Sousa is writing a new opera and promises to have the score ready by Labor Day. He has just closed a deal by which he has leased "El Capitan" and "The Bride Elect" to a German syndicate, and they will produce those operas in Germany, Austria, and France.

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"What has vaunted science done for nervous diseases?" "Good heaven, man! It discovered them."—*Life*.

Helter—What sort of town is New York? *Skeller*—Judge for yourself. Two of its boroughs are named after cocktails.—*Judge*.

"Is the man your sister is goin' to marry rich?" "Naw, every time the marriage is mentioned pa says: 'Poor man!'"—*Houston Post*.

Mrs. Buggins—Do you darn your husband's socks? *Mrs. Doshavoy*—No, I speak of them a little more profanely than that.—*Philadelphia Record*.

"Did Sir Alfred Murgatroyd come over here on business?" "Oh, no! It's only a pleasure trip. He came over here to swear at the country."—*Punch*.

Miss Summerboard—Have you noticed what delightful air this is? Why, it absolutely intoxicates one. *Cleverton*—H'm! It ought to. They charge champagne prices.—*Puck*.

Goodfellow (with newspaper)—Here's an old bachelor in Ohio who died and left all his money to the woman who rejected him. *Cynicus*—And yet they say there is no gratitude in the world.—*Boston Transcript*.

The Market Man—I think living's getting cheaper. For instance, two years ago them eggs would have cost you 50 per cent more. *The Customer*—Two years ago, when these eggs were fresh, they would have been worth more.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Mr. Pester—Here! What are you chucking those stones for? Training for a militant suffragette? *Mrs. Pester*—Why, don't you remember the agent told us the house was just a stone's throw from the station? Well, I'm trying to find it.—*New York Globe*.

First Customer—I wish to select a vase. *Floorwalker*—Yes, madam. James, show the lady to the crockery department. *Second Customer*—I wish to select a vawz. *Floorwalker*—Yes, madam. George, show the lady to the bric-a-brac department.—*Baltimore Sun*.

"Why did they arrest that man?" "It was discovered that he was supporting two families—keeping up two establishments." "Oh, are they arresting people for that? I'll have to tell my wife to chase her father out in search of a job."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

New Yorker (of box-office window)—Have you two orchestra seats in the fourth row, centre, for tonight? *Ticket-Seller*—Yes, sir. *New Yorker* (after recovering from the shock)—I guess I don't want them—the show can't be any good!—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

"Trouble?" asked a bystander. "Some," replied the man under the car. "What power car is it?" "Forty-horse." "What seems to be the matter with it?" "Well, from the way she acts I should say that thirty-nine of the horses were dead."—*Springfield Republican*.

Doctor—Mrs. Brown has sent for me to go and see her hoy, and I must go at once. *His Wife*—What is the matter with the boy? *Doctor*—I don't know, but Mrs. Brown has a book on 'What to Do Before the Doctor Comes,' and I must hurry up before she does it."—*Puck*.

Bing—The way these colleges scatter around their degrees is absolutely nauseating. Every Tom, Dick, and Harry with a little cheap notoriety can figure on getting one. The whole system is absolutely indefensible. Don't you think so? *Bong*—Yes. I didn't get one either.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"Is there any place around here where I can get my shock-absorber fixed?" asked Petlow, addressing the man in front of the rural garage. "Wa-al—I dunno, mister," was the reply. "This here's a prohibition state, but I may hev some on hand for medicinal purposes, ef you're reely sufferin'."—*Toronto Globe*.

"I don't think your father feels very kindly toward me," said Mr. Staylate. "You misjudge him. The morning after you called on me he seemed quite worried for fear I had not treated you with proper courtesy." "Indeed! What did he say?" "He asked me how I could be so rude as to let you go away without your breakfast."—*New York Globe*.

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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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A Reckless Extravagance.

Every man of disinterested and sober mind who has studied seriously the proposal for a bond issue in the sum of \$3,500,000 for extensions of the municipal street railway system, condemns the project as a reckless extravagance. A committee of the Chamber of Commerce made up of men of known judgment and responsibility and which has gone exhaustively over the proposition concludes: (1) that the exposition can be adequately served in other ways not involving a drain on the municipal resources; (2) that extension of the existing system of street-car lines necessary for the development of the city would be indefinitely blocked by the proposed municipal system; (3) that the city can not afford to borrow the money which the project calls for. There can be no question as to the soundness of these conclusions.

The financial situation of San Francisco is by no means a good one. Under the bonding system we have now an authorized indebtedness amounting to \$80,427,000, exclusive of the \$5,000,000 voted for the expo-

sition. Bonds already sold or offered for sale exceed in volume the limit which the municipal charter puts upon bonded indebtedness. It would appear therefore both illegal and unwise to impose upon a glutted and reluctant market a new issue of doubtful validity for a purpose of more than doubtful expediency.

This bond voting business has become a disease—one which unless it be checked must surely lead to the distress and shame of practical bankruptcy. It is a disease which grows worse under motives lightly cherished by those whose interest it is to promote reckless rather than discreet policies.

The election is fixed for the 26th instant—two weeks from this coming Tuesday. To carry, the proposition must have a two-thirds vote. Every negative vote therefore counts two as against one. The duty and the opportunity of those who oppose this utterly foolish project is plain.

England and the Fair.

In the year 1850 the United States entered into an agreement with Great Britain in what is known as the Clayton-Bulwer treaty declaring that "neither the one nor the other will ever obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over the said canal"—meaning a canal to be created across the neck of land which separates the waters of the Pacific and the waters of the Atlantic oceans. The particular project then in view was in connection with what is known as the Nicaraguan route. Fifty-one years later, in the year 1901, it became an object of national ambition on the part of the United States to acquire the rights of the French government at the Isthmus of Panama and to put through an inter-oceanic canal there as an exclusive national enterprise. But it was held, and properly so, that this would be a violation of the contract made in 1850 with Great Britain. The matter was taken up in friendly negotiation between the two governments, and after much diplomatic give-and-take Great Britain consented to cancellation of the old engagement for a new one containing this clause:

The canal [to be created at the Isthmus] shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and war of all nations observing these rules on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any such nation or its citizens or subjects in respect to the conditions or charges of traffic or otherwise. Such conditions and charges of traffic shall be just and equitable.

Thus it will be seen that England yielded her equal right with us in the Isthmian Canal—but at a price. And that price was a pledge on our part that there "shall be no discrimination against any such nation or its citizens or subjects in respect to the conditions or charges of traffic or otherwise." It was a fair bargain, frankly asked for on our part and generously conceded on the part of Great Britain. It was a bargain definitely binding the United States to a specified policy in canal administration—a bargain to which our national integrity and honor were absolutely pledged.

But when twelve years later the Isthmian Canal was approaching completion the Congress of the United States, with the reluctant approval of the President, adopted a scheme of policy in disregard of our pledge to Great Britain. Among various discriminating conditions and restrictions it was provided that certain American ships should have free use of the canal; that certain other American ships should not use it at all; that all other ships should pay certain fixed rates. Great Britain objected to this arrangement; and reminding us of our pledge made formal protest to Washington. The arrangement she argued by which the ships of all nations were to use the canal under equal conditions was violated by this act of Congress. The letter of the law, the spirit of the law, the letter of the contract, the spirit of the contract, were absolutely ignored in the regulations made by the American government. But in the face of this protest and of this argument and in contempt of its own pledge, the

American government insisted and insists upon maintaining such regulations for the canal as may suit its own interest or its own whim. "We have built this canal with our own money and we shall make for it such rules as please us"—this phrase summarizes our national attitude. When it was urged by the representatives of Great Britain that the point in question might properly be referred to arbitration, the authorities at Washington ignored the suggestion and held stiffly to the policy established by Congress.

It was hoped that when the new administration came into authority its sense of justice would prompt a reopening of the question with a readjustment of canal regulations or at least a reference of the issue to arbitration. Requests and arguments were duly presented. But five months have now passed without any indication on the part of the Wilson administration of a purpose to reconsider the matter. In other words, the administration at Washington stands pat. Whatever violation of treaty obligations, whatever wrong was done under the Taft administration, the Wilson administration accepts and makes its own.

Now we have come a long way round to the motive of this immediate writing—Great Britain's refusal to participate in the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Yet this recital is essential to understanding of Great Britain's motives in this matter. Here is a festival gotten up in celebration of the great achievement of the Isthmian Canal. It is presumed to mark the world's appreciation of an epoch-making incident in the world's progress. England with other countries has been duly invited to join in this festivity. Undoubtedly she would have joined in it if she might have done so consistently. But that, under the circumstances, is out of the question. England has been ill-treated in this matter. She is a victim of bad faith on the part of the American government. She has been cajoled with promises and has been deceived. In plain words, she has been cheated. And in self-respect she declines to have part or parcel in a festival designed to commemorate an event in which her own part has been that of a dupe. For causes less flagrant cruel wars have been fought. But England is a land of civilization. She will not make war on account of the wrong that has been done her. She will illustrate her resentment and her contempt by staying quietly at home while America makes merry over her canal.

It goes without saying that the refusal of England to participate is a grievous disappointment—that in fact it is something of a blow. It is an adverse note in what was designed as a chorus of universal joyfulness. It puts limits on what was planned to be a universal exposition. Probably it will very considerably curtail the scope of the fair, since other nations, feeling themselves aggrieved under the policy prescribed for the canal, are falling into line behind England and declining to have any part in the exposition. At the same time nobody at once intelligent and entirely fair-minded can blame Great Britain for the course she has taken. Her action is indeed a rebuke, but it is a rebuke which we have brought upon ourselves by an act of national dishonesty and folly.

San Francisco, which must suffer the brunt of this rebuke, may not even console herself with the reflection she is not in some direct sense to blame. For did we not through the agency of certain commercial bodies, through the outspoken advocacy of certain prominent individuals, and through the action of our representatives in Congress call for and sustain the act against which England is resentful? Did we not do this foolish and shameful thing? Verily we did! And verily we get our reward! And as verily do we deserve it!

Some day there must be enforced even upon this puissant nation the fact that no country is big enough or strong enough to play the cheat with impunity. We may indeed—though possibly not—be able to "whiff" creation," to play the bully without getting our

knocked from under us, but no nation can do a plain and flagrant wrong, can ignore its engagements and swindle with false promises those who contract with it without suffering some penalties. They may come in the form of war; or they may come in the form of contemptuous disregard of social invitations. Great Britain with self-restraint and dignity has chosen the latter mode of retaliation, and we suspect that by so doing she has gotten deeper under our hide than if she had pursued a more violent course.

The Swatting of Wells Fargo.

Now for full half a century Wells Fargo's Express has been a factor in the life of California. In the days preceding the railroad—wherever a stage line went—it served the country as a common carrier. With the coming of the railroads its activities were greatly modified, but its relations to the public remained essentially the same. Neither in earlier times nor in times more recent has it escaped criticism—we believe no public utility ever does—but on the whole it has been regarded as an eminently respectable factor in the business of the country. It was of course practicable when the railroads came into existence for them to establish their own express service and so to drive from the field Wells Fargo and other similar agencies here and elsewhere. But they elected to leave the express business in the hands of this established agency, finding their own profit through a division of earnings. It may have been a business mistake, but if so it was one which other railroads than those local to California made, concurrently.

It does not need to be told in California that Wells Fargo's Express has been regarded these many years as a legitimate and reputable institution. Men like the late Louis McLane, the late Lloyd Tevis, the late John J. Valentine, Mr. Homer S. King, the late Dudley Evans, and more recently Mr. William Sproule gave their energies to the administration of its affairs and through it commanded public and private respect. In all these years it has never occurred to anybody—unless the transient irritation of a lost package or a missing valise—to regard Wells Fargo's Express as a robber, a pilferer, or a parasite.

But now we are told by the State Railroad Commission in a decision just handed down that Wells Fargo's Express is an illegitimate, unnecessary, and burdensome thing, an imposition upon the public and upon the railroads. It is even a "parasite," according to the commission, because it does a business which the railroads might and should do themselves. But this is not all. It makes too much money. The commission has sought information as to the value of Wells Fargo & Company's property in California; likewise it has sought information as to the amount of its profits. In its wisdom it finds that Wells Fargo has been making an annual profit of something like one hundred and thirty-five per cent upon its capital in California. And upon the theory that such earnings must be illegitimate it has ordered into force a revised scheme of rates calculated to yield a ten per cent dividend upon the capital of the company. There is a certain speciousness in this manner of reasoning. Yet we suspect flaws are findable in the processes which lie back of it. We suspect that the value of horses, wagons, and office equipment of Wells Fargo in California bears small relation to the service which it performs or the volume of its operations. It is not so much the amount of the capital of any active business which should be regarded in adjudging the legitimacy of its earnings as the character, responsibility, and volume of the service which it performs. If capital alone were to be the measure of profit, then it would be easy to determine what any business ought to earn and to fix the limits between legitimacy and rapacity. But the rule won't work in practice—in the express business or any other. The volume of traffic is subject to changes of time and season, and rates adjusted upon this measure for one year could have no fair application in others. For in fat years the business would run into "extortion," and in lean years it would go broke.

We make no defense of the rate policy of Wells Fargo. It has been much criticised during recent years; probably it should have been modified long ago. No doubt the State Commission is right in reducing rates now. But we do maintain that the reduction has been made upon a wrong basis and we suspect that the cut has been far too deep. Reductions which must be stated in hundreds-of-percentages are more likely than not to fall below the line of equity. And when we are told that the new adjustments have been made, not with

respect to the responsibility and volume of traffic involved in the operations of the company, but rather upon the value of its fixed property, we can not avoid the conclusion that there has been hasty action under a false principle.

At this writing there is available only a newspaper summary of the judgment of the commission. It would therefore be unfair to enter into an extended review of it. Yet we must beg leave to call attention to one very obvious inconsistency. The opinion of the commission declares Wells Fargo to be a "parasite" upon the Southern Pacific. Inferentially the Southern Pacific is to be or should be relieved of an incubus. But in prescribing the rates permissible to be charged there is involved a relative cut in the income which the Southern Pacific is to receive, since the business is done on a percentage basis. For if it be true as we are told that the prescribed schedule will cut five hundred thousand dollars per annum from the gross receipts of Wells Fargo, it will cut forty per cent of this amount, or two hundred thousand dollars, from the revenues of the Southern Pacific—this being the railroad's share. Thus the poor Southern Pacific, already, according to the state commission, a sufferer at the hands of a rapacious parasite, is now to be mulcted in a further loss of two hundred thousand dollars per year.

Analysis of this single detail would seem to show that the judgment of the commission is based upon half-developed facts and half-thought-out theories. But however this may be, it is certainly the most radical and revolutionary assertion of authority as yet developed under the principle of public supervision and regulation in the sphere of business affairs. It proceeds upon the notion that the business of Wells Fargo's Express is fundamentally and entirely wrong. And if this be true, then what business may be regarded as legitimate and right? If state authority may step in and say what percentage upon its capital Wells Fargo may earn, why not the same authority by another twist of the screw of "regulation" look into the affairs of the Emporium department store, or any other business, under the theory of putting limits upon "rapacity," and fix the prices of its merchandise?

Beyond a doubt the Railroad Commission has a right under the law to prescribe rates for transportation. But it is bound in morals and common sense—not to mention the constitution—to respect established rights of property. It has no right to prescribe rates fatal to the operations of any particular business—rates which in their effect are confiscatory. Nor has it the right to say that a railroad company may not make such arrangements as it may deem expedient for the transaction of any detail of its business. It would be just as reasonable to insist that a dry goods, grocery, or poultry business should maintain its own system of local deliveries as against the policy of employing some special agency to carry out this particular detail of its business.

What About Indianapolis?

It is now over a year ago since nineteen men, charged with various dynamiting outrages, were convicted at Indianapolis and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. Without exception all of those men are still at liberty on appeal, and most of those among them who held official labor-union positions have been reinstated in those positions and are in full exercise of their usual influence and in full receipt of their usual emoluments. In spite of the technical limitations of the indictment, which was necessarily drawn under interstate law, these men were practically accused of wholesale murder, and it was practically of wholesale murder that they were convicted. But for the domination of labor unionism they would be in jail at this moment. Moreover, they would be congratulating themselves, and with good cause, that the leniency of the law allowed them still to exist. In any other country in civilization such an appeal would have been settled within a week. In America it is allowed to drag on interminably and always with the prospect that some trumpety technicality will be held to justify a new trial when half the witnesses have disappeared and the other half have been attended to.

There will be no disposition to place an undue burden of responsibility in this case upon the Department of Justice, or for delays that have become part and parcel of the whole vicious system. But the world does move, and the criminal law is now under fire as never before. There is a general tendency to look upon the Department of Justice as a rather contemptible affair and intended mainly as a last resort for political influence that finds itself in trouble, as freedom's enemy

rather than as freedom's friend. There is some justification for that attitude of the public mind and we need not go very far back to discover what it is. We have seen Congress doing what it can to exempt labor unionism from prosecution under the Sherman act. We have seen the President giving his tearful assent to such exemption. If the Indianapolis trials are now to lapse into inefficacy through the connivance or acquiescence of the Department of Justice we may as well frankly accept the fact that we are governed, not by a Democratic, but by a labor-union Congress and administration.

A New Railroad Policy.

The details of the recent fatal wreck on the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad are still so fresh in the public mind that recapitulation is unnecessary. It will be remembered that the Interstate Commerce Commission placed the blame for the employment of an incompetent engineer upon the company, as of course it was bound to do. It will be remembered also that the company defended itself on the ground of a labor-union domination that usurped the proper functions of the executive, that compelled the employment upon passenger trains of young and untried men, and that imposed upon the company a set of rules and regulations designed for the protection of inefficiency and in contempt of the public safety. The defense failed, as it ought to fail, but the facts of that defense were undenied. The company was legally responsible for the results of its own official acts under whatever coercion those acts were committed. But no one was found to challenge the reality of the coercion, or to question the manner in which it was applied, or the threats by which it was enforced.

It seems that the company has now taken the lesson to heart. There are to be no more secret sessions with labor unions in order to determine how far those organizations will graciously consent to the protection of the public or to the exclusion from the pay-roll of dangerously incompetent men. Henceforth the rules for the safety of trains will be made with a single eye to that end and to no other. The staff of engineers will no longer be regarded as a sort of asylum for labor-union incompetents, nor will the payment of labor-union dues be considered as a proper equivalent for experience and efficiency. Furthermore, any employee of the road who breaks its rules, who defies its discipline, who drinks to excess, or who is known as a frequenter of saloons, will be discharged forthwith, no matter how loyal he may be to the union or how regular in the payment of his assessments. Such is the policy announced by the general manager, and he has announced it publicly. Moreover, he has put it into operation, much to the surprise of some of the old-timers, who were saturated with the conviction that the railroad was operated for the exclusive benefit of labor unions. Several men have already been discharged for negligence and for drinking. Their threat to appeal to their unions was disregarded, and this could be done with perfect safety, thanks to the publicity of the official inquiry and of the new programme that has been inaugurated. The public is not likely to fail in its support of a railroad policy that demands sobriety and efficiency in the conduct of passenger trains. It does not propose to be placed at the mercy of engineers whose sole qualification is the payment of union dues or accidental priority on an employment list. Rightly or wrongly, it places its own safety above the interests even of a labor union.

The company is now doing what it should have done long ago. Forced into publicity by an official inquiry and by the emergent need to defend itself, it now adopts publicity as its policy. It will have no more of those furtive and stealthy negotiations in which it obsequiously craved permission to run its passenger trains in safety. Nothing of its kind more disquieting than the story of these hole-and-corner conferences has ever been made public. We see the company asking for the "right" to employ only competent engineers, and we see that demand contemptuously flouted on the ground that no accident had yet happened to these young and untried men. And always there is the covert threat of a strike if there should be refusal to send out any passenger train in charge of any man whose name happened to stand at the head of a rotation list. And all these things were done secretly. The public had no idea that life and limb depended on the throw of dice. The public would have no idea now but for an official inquiry that forced the facts into the light of day.

It would be interesting to know how many other rail-

road are still in the same "fix" from which the New Haven Company has so expensively extricated itself. For they now have the opportunity to remedy an intolerable evil. Are there any other railroads compelled to employ drunken and incompetent men at the bidding of a labor-union policy which says that misconduct and incapacity shall be no bar to employment? If so, they may now find some encouragement to make those facts known. And finally it would be interesting to know how many railroad accidents have been due to the same causes that produced the wreck at Stamford. We may suspect that there have been many, and that the real facts have been suppressed from a fear of labor-union vengeance. Now is the time for the railroads to take the public into their confidence in this matter. If they are not allowed to run their trains in safety let them say so. In such a matter as this there will be no public indifference or apathy.

Trouble for the Prince of Wales.

With a very proper sense of regret we learn that the young Prince of Wales has "backed a bill" for \$500 in order to oblige a friend in temporary financial distress and that King George has paid the amount from his private purse, but with a stern parental admonition to his erring son not to repeat the indiscretion. King George is probably well aware that bills of this kind are always paid, not by the drawer, but by the backer, or by the backer's reluctant parents. Doubtless he himself in his sailor days has known the pains of pecuniary stress and experienced the fertility of resource that they call into play. Indeed there is a story, perhaps *non vero*, but at least *ben trovato*, that the young Prince George once sent a beseeching letter to his august grandmother for a tip. The request was refused in a long missive intended to inculcate the virtues of thrift and self-denial. But the purport of the letter was frustrated by the ingenuity of the recipient, who promptly sold it to an autograph collector for a substantial sum and one far in excess of his original expectations.

It is of course very sad that the Prince of Wales should show such early indifference to the behests of prudence and propriety. He must have been aware that hundreds of wise and weighty homilies have been written on this very topic. In spite of his youth he should have some dawning recognition of the weight of his example upon the nation that he will one day rule. Now if he himself had borrowed the money and wasted it the case would have been somewhat different. But to lend the money so hopelessly, or rather to compel his father to lend it, was a piece of bad and reprehensible business. And to do it by backing a bill, that *fons et origo* of financial calamity, was an additional aggravation.

And yet with that cynical knowledge of human nature born of experience we may doubt if the prince's escapade will injure him very greatly in the eyes of the people. Godliness is a quality of inestimable value, to be acquired at all cost and to be prized as a jewel. But like virtue in general it is its own reward. It conduces to the lonely life. More lamentable still, it is not to be found among the ingredients of popularity. There may be many head-shakings in England as the prince's indiscretion and the resulting paternal rebuke become known. There may even be reminiscences of his lamented grandfather, King Edward, whose human laxities were so often the occasion of a grieved delight. But we are compelled to believe that the Prince of Wales will be somewhat more popular than he was before as a result of that spark of human nature which we so deplore and applaud. Royal propriety is a commendable virtue, but let it not be over-starched or over-iced. We weary of the rigid perfections, whether in kings or in lesser men. We all like the spice of imprudence and the savor of impropriety, and if we may so far presume as to tender our respectful advice to the Prince of Wales it would be now to do something that will call upon his head the reproof of his mother. And if he would still further accelerate his pace toward the goal of an unbounded popularity he might display some of those tender emotions toward the fair sex that ought to be under such rigid control, but that our frail human nature persists in regarding as a decoration.

Judge Morrow.

There is something admirable as well as unusual in Judge Morrow's determination to continue his work on the bench after all the usual motives for work have passed away. Judge Morrow is seventy years of age. He has been on the bench for over a score of years.

Under the federal statute he is entitled to retire upon full pay, but, in his own words, "Now I shall go on working because I want to." In other words he proposes to serve the nation gratuitously, since money no longer enters into the case, and this at a time when experience and a ripened temperament have raised the value of those services to their highest point.

There is a good deal more in such an attitude than may be detected by the superficial mind. It implies a recognition that work is not a means to an end, but an end in itself, and this, it may be said, is a recognition lamentably lacking in the life of the day, which is over-inclined to place money as the highest good and work as one of those necessary evils incidental to its acquisition. The country is perhaps still too young to have developed that tradition of public service, that sense of an honorable compulsion to work for the general good, that is sometimes found in older systems. But it will come. We shall one day see a very positive sense of public duty on the part of those whose material fortunes are already assured and for whom salaries and emoluments have no temptation. Activity in public life will become an honorable duty and the distinctions of service will be their own and only reward. That such a man as Judge Morrow, at the age of seventy years, should find that his chief pleasure is in unremunerated work is a hopeful and stimulating sign of better things.

A Calamity Averted.

Events within the week make it plain that the action of Congress in providing a National Board of Mediation and Conciliation, charged with the duty of intervening in labor disputes, comes none too soon. Here we have a petty contention between the Southern Pacific Railroad and a group of its employees. The men (conductors and engineers) demand that the electrical service of the company—that is, lines like those in Santa Clara Valley, in Alameda County, and in the Willamette Valley, Oregon—shall be affiliated with the regular steam lines in the matter of promotions within the operating service. That is, they demand that vacancies in electrical service shall be filled by drawing men from the steam service in order as they stand awaiting promotion. The company has declined to concede this demand. Under its policy the electric service stands separate and independent of the steam service, the rule in promotions being to select men from lower ranks of service and advance them as vacancies occur. This upon the theory that experience is a vital element in individual efficiency; and under the further theory that only by this rule may a sound organization be built up and sustained.

The matter at issue bears absolutely no relation at all to the public interest unless the claim of the company be sound that public safety is inconsistent with the policy of promotions urged by the men. Yet only for the fact that there now exists a governmental agency of mediation and conciliation we should have had a general strike on the Southern Pacific system—and this at a time when the fruit crop is going forward and when a tie-up of the transportation service would be a public calamity. It is not pleasant to believe that the men timed their action to take advantage of an urgent public necessity, but since this seems to be the rule under a union labor policy, it is impossible to evade this conclusion.

Neither the men who proposed to strike nor the Southern Pacific Company—either or both—have an interest equal to that of the public in the maintenance of regular transportation service at this time. Yet in their eagerness and selfishness the men would have cast this great interest to the winds and probably the company, in resentment of dictation, would have stood against the demand. The trains everywhere of the Southern Pacific Company would have been halted, general business would have been stopped, and the fast ripening fruit crop would have rotted in the orchards.

It is creditable to both sides of this contention that the appeal to the government Board of Mediation and Conciliation has averted the calamity of a general tie-up. The company did the obviously wise thing in referring the matter to the board. Now probably we shall have no strike. For whichever way the matter may be determined at Washington, the loser will have to submit. The company has already rested its case upon the action of the board; and in morals and common sense the men can do no less.

Editorial Notes.

There is in progress a curious contention between local newspapers, the one favoring and the other op-

posing, the scheme for extension of the municipal railway system, as to certain simple facts connected with the operation of the municipal road in Geary Street. The *Examiner* insists that the Geary Street road is making money. The *Chronicle* with equal vehemence insists that it is losing money. On the one hand official reports are quoted to sustain the *Examiner's* statement. On the other the same reports are quoted to sustain the *Chronicle's* contention, with the further statement that certain reports have been suppressed in the interest of the campaign being waged by the municipal authorities for the bond issue. It is indeed extraordinary—and here is the most interesting point in the whole matter—that in a matter so simple there should be room for uncertainty and contention. What is to be said of a system of accounting so confused or mysterious that nobody may get at the facts of a situation which ought to be open and plain? There is, it would seem, need for reform of the city's bookkeeping, for such reform as would make plain the simple facts of what in reality is merely a business situation. If as may be suspected the eagerness of the municipal government for the proposed bond issue is so great as to cause it to connive at the presentment of partial and misleading reports and to suppress significant facts, it would seem to demonstrate that knavery as well as folly rides in the saddle of municipal authority.

The course of Felix Diaz, now in San Francisco en route to Japan on an errand of international ceremony, does not lend itself to analysis. Diaz was arrested something more than a year ago by the Madero government as a revolutionist and by all the rules he should have been shot as a traitor. We suspect his failure to do this and to exhibit himself as a strong man was a potent circumstance tending to Madero's downfall. He who gains a sceptre through unruly methods—and no man can gain the Mexican sceptre in any other way—must maintain himself by rough means. Because Madero had not the hardihood to do this he came to a pitiful end. Following his release from prison Felix Diaz renewed his revolutionary activities and appeared as the leading figure in the movement which brought Huerta to the presidency. He (Diaz) commanded the revolutionary forces in the famous nine-day battle in the City of Mexico and rode amid the huzzas of the multitude in the procession which marked the final triumph. It was announced that Diaz would be a candidate for the presidency. Then, through some curious turn of events never adequately explained, he dropped practically out of sight. Huerta was made president, the universal opinion being that he was a mere stalking-horse for Diaz, who preferred to work through an agent for his own elevation to the headship of the government rather than by more direct means. But in the meantime Huerta has grown into a leading figure and has announced himself as a candidate for the presidency by election. After a period of apparent eclipse Diaz reappears as a commissioner to Japan upon an errand of nominal dignity but of no practical account, which will take him out of the country during two of the three months of the period preceding the presidential election. While thus apparently subordinated by the policy of Huerta, he reannounces himself as a candidate for the presidency. He promises to return to Mexico early in October for the prosecution of his campaign before the election, which occurs on the 26th of that month. Now whether Diaz is playing a deep and subtle game or is being made a dupe by Huerta is a question which may well excite the interest of students of the Mexican situation. Judged by the familiar reasonings of politics in Mexico and elsewhere, Diaz appears to be abandoning the game just at the time when his presence at home is needed for the furtherance of his ostensible projects. Possibly he knows his own business; but we can but suspect he is being adroitly handled by Huerta. We suspect that that wise old guy, his uncle Porfirio, would have played the game differently.

The first of the Diggs-Caminetti cases proceeded to trial in the United States court at San Francisco on Tuesday of this week. The *Argonaut* ventures the guess that they will come to nothing. The McNab incident sufficiently illustrated the wishes of the government at Washington with respect to these cases; and we have observed that when a reform administration gives itself the trouble to have definite wishes they are pretty likely to be worked out to a successful issue in procedures which follow. Diggs and Caminetti, we suspect, will go free—this whether they be guilty or not.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Dr. Louis Livingston Seaman, writing in the *New York Times*, has some surprising things to say about the efficiency of the medical department of the Japanese army and about the inefficiency of other armies. During the war with Russia the Japanese army lost 55,679 men from battle casualties and 21,559 men from all other causes. Compare these figures with those of the Spanish-American war, when "more than thirteen men were needlessly sacrificed to ignorance and incompetency for every one who died on the firing line or from battle casualties." Dr. Seaman quotes Longmore's tables to the effect that in the Russo-Turkish war 80,000 men died from disease and 20,000 from wounds. In six months of the Crimean campaign the allied forces lost 50,000 from disease and 2000 from bullets, and one observer is quoted to the effect that whole regiments died from disease before reaching the firing line. We hear a good deal of Russian corruption and mismanagement, but the fact remains that in the Japanese war the Russians lost 12,128 from disease and 31,458 from wounds. Once more compare those figures with those of the Spanish war, where the American army lost thirteen men by disease to every one who was killed on the field. Of what avail is it, then, to forecast the result of future wars by counting soldiers, ships, and guns when the worst of all enemies to be faced by the modern army is the medical incapacity, ignorance, or indifference of its own authorities.

Dr. David Starr Jordan, in spite of his immense erudition, perhaps because of it, is occasionally guilty of saying that things are so merely because it seems to him that they must be so. During his recent peace lectures in London he advanced the argument that war causes race deterioration. And here he was upon fairly safe ground. But when he descended from generals to particulars and said that wars killed off the tall men and so produced a race of small men he was on much more debatable ground. Naturally we think at once of the Montenegrins, who are supposed to be the tallest men in the world and whose chief trade for centuries has been fighting. And next to the Montenegrins come the Albanians, who are nearly as tall and quite as distinguished as warriors. It seems more reasonable to suppose that races tend to develop those physical characteristics that are most useful to them. Certainly this is more in accord with accepted theories of evolution, and in this case we should expect to find that the most warlike races are also the tallest.

Two of the most prominent of English Socialists have just admitted in public that the movement is undergoing a slump. Mr. R. C. K. Ensor, chairman of the Fabian Conference, attributed the setback to the prevailing tendency among Socialists to destroy rather than to create. The average Socialist regarded himself as occupying a permanently critical position. He assumed that he would always be "agin the government" and that his perpetual function in life was to oppose. Mrs. Sydney Wehh was equally pessimistic. Socialists, she said, refused to study along practical and creative lines. Labor unions had made no advance during twenty years. They had learned nothing of the practical problems of federation, amalgamation, or finance. Socialists were ready enough with vague and general theories, but when they were asked for some definite programme of action they had none to offer. Unless there was some definite improvement along these lines Socialism would find itself beaten from the field by anarchy.

While it is true enough that Socialism as a definite political creed has lost ground to anarchy and syndicalism, it is equally true that Socialism as a governmental system has made extraordinary strides in more than one European country. The average American is likely to rub his eyes in monarchical Germany when he finds it apparently accepted as a rule of life that the citizen shall do nothing for himself that the government can do for him. Methods that in America are regarded as the wildest radicalism are considered in Germany and England as almost the commonplaces of a staid conservatism. And yet we find the significant fact that the increasing socialization of European institutions is accompanied with an equally rapid increase of the popular discontent. Just as it is impossible to satisfy the individual greed for money, so is it equally impossible to quench the general thirst for privileges and powers and doles. These things grow by what they feed on, and King Demos is never so hungry as after a meal.

It is evident that Mr. Asquith intends soon to retire from political life. In a recent speech he said not ungracefully: "I am not without hope that when the time comes for me to seek and to obtain repose and to hand over the leadership of the Liberal party to still darker and more dangerous spirits, as the years roll by and the past recedes and the mists accumulate, I may soften into a gracious legendary figure." Certainly there is more than one "dark and dangerous" spirit on the political horizon that might put Mr. Asquith's radicalism into the shade. Possibly he feels that forces have been called into play that may overtake and surpass him. There was a time when Mirabeau was numbered among the dangerous demagogues, but even Mirabeau could not foresee Robespierre. And Danton could not foresee St. Just. And there was not a single figure in the Mountain that could foresee Napoleon.

The English home office seems to be of the opinion that the militant suffragette movement is nearly dead. There are now less than forty of the draggled hags who were so busy a few months ago with their hammers and oil cans. A year ago there were 204 suffragettes under sentence for outrages. Today there are only twenty-one. Nine of these are now in prison, and seven of the nine are eating their dinners with exemplary regularity. Subscriptions to the cause have either

ceased altogether, or are given secretly since the legal notification that a gift of money implies criminal responsibility for the uses to which the money is put. And the net result of the whole wild business is the political extinction of the suffrage movement and the general popular conviction that to advocate the suffrage is, in very truth, to play with dynamite.

What a surprising power we possess for the glib repetition of popular untruths. Take, for example, the speech made by Mr. Henry Clews, the banker, before the American Peace and Arbitration League. "The hankers of the world," said Mr. Clews, "will no longer allow foolish and unnecessary wars to be waged." We are reminded of the lawyer who listened to the story of his imprisoned client and assured him, "Why, man, they can't put you in jail for that." The disconsolate captive replied, "But here I am in jail." To the same effect we may reply to Mr. Clews that the hankers of the world do allow foolish and unnecessary wars to be waged, although we stand open to correction as to what constitutes foolish and unnecessary wars. For example, there was the Boer war, and we do not remember hearing of any financial veto. Quite the contrary. And there was the Russo-Japanese war, and the war in Tripoli, and the war against the Turks, and now the war among the pious champions of militant Christianity known as the Balkan states. Perhaps these wars were not "foolish and unnecessary." So much depends upon the point of view. The hankers at least seem to have lent money to both sides with that fine sense of impartiality that is the mark of the good and the great. But when we are told that foolish and unnecessary wars will no longer be permitted it is well to check the first gush of benevolent enthusiasm which seems to be the proper result of such an announcement.

And speaking of war, we have an interesting financial summary by Mr. Algernon Lee, who writes in the *Metropolitan* for August. He tells us that the civilized world spends about eight million dollars a day in war preparations, and although there is some incongruity between civilization and an expenditure of eight million dollars a day for war we know what Mr. Lee means and that his terminology is geographical rather than ethical. Now who gets this eight million dollars a day? Certainly not the soldiers themselves, who receive only about an eighth part of it, or one million dollars a day. The money-lenders receive two million dollars a day as interest on loans. That leaves five million dollars a day for the armament makers, who are largely controlled by the same financiers who make the war loans, who can therefore hardly be described as the disinterested friends of peace on earth and good-will towards men. With these facts in mind it is easy to understand that the financial interpretation of "foolish and unnecessary" wars may well be an elastic one, but doubtless we shall still continue to ignore the carnivals of bloodshed under our eyes and complacently to assure ourselves with Mr. Henry Clews that the glorious cause of peace will henceforth be safeguarded, not by a dawning righteousness, but by the hankers of the world.

Advocates of the feminist movement who like to assure us that militancy is a purely British product and that it is generally discountenanced by the world leaders of women would do well to acquaint themselves with the proceedings at the Budapest Congress of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance. Most of the prominent American suffragettes were present, including Mrs. Belmont and the Rev. Anna Shaw. First we have a guarded resolution protesting against the interpretation of British militancy as an argument against the suffrage. Then we read of loud cheers at the name of Mrs. Pankhurst, and when the English nonmilitants tried to pass a resolution in favor of constitutional methods we find it voted down. It is evident that the denunciations of militancy are for election purposes only and that suffragists in general are secretly applauding all that militancy implies. Perhaps we shall wake to the full significance of this when women discover that even the vote will not necessarily give them all that they want.

We have recently been so sickened by the stories of Bulgarian atrocities that it seems only fair to give the widest publicity to any news item which tends to mitigate the horror. It is therefore a peculiar pleasure to give the widest currency to the assurance of Mr. Frank H. Wiggin of the American Board of Missions to the effect that the Bulgarians have always been friendly to Christian missionaries.

A recent report on the tea-shop girls of London is deserving of some attention at a time when it is considered correct to estimate a girl's morality by the amount of her wages. The average pay of these waitresses is less than \$3 a week, but their virtue has never been seriously impugned. The report says of the tea-shop girl: "Her trade requires her to be able to take care of herself; and the variety of her life is a safety-valve, rendering her less prone to mistakes than if her lot were cast in the monotony of a factory, or in depressing loneliness as a servant girl." It would seem that the quality of the work is a more important factor than its remuneration and that there is a certain natural morality that will always assert itself if it is allowed to do so. That girls ought to be properly paid is, of course, an axiom. Every one ought to be properly paid. But that a girl's virtue depends upon her wages, that it can be preserved by a sort of financial equivalent, is one of those disgusting liels for which we have to thank the modern reformer, who labors under the erroneous impression that he is also a philanthropist.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

In Austria the taxpayers have to raise \$25,000,000 annually to make up the deficits of the state-owned and state-operated lines.

OLD FAVORITES.

A Celestial Idyl.

Away, far off in China, many, many years ago,
(In the hottest part of China, where they never heard of snow),
There lived a rich old planter in the Province of Ko-Whang,
Who had an only daughter, and her name was Cho-che-Bang.
The maiden was a jewel, a celestial beauty rare,
With catty-cornered eyebrows and carrot-colored hair,
One foot was scarce three inches long, the other knew no bounds,
She'd numbered fourteen summers, and she weighed three hundred pounds.

On the dreary shores of Lapland, 'mid its never-melting snows,
Where the Roly-Boly-Alice in her ruddy heauty glows,
Lived a little dwarfish tinker, who in height stood three feet two,
And from his endless shivering, they called him Chil-chil-Bloo.
The crooked little tinker, as he dragged his weary way
From hut to hut to ply his craft, scarce seemed of human clay,
His eyes were like two marbles set in little seas of glue,
His cheeks a sickly yellow, and his nose a dirty blue.

Now Chil-chil-Bloo, though born in snow and reared upon its breast,
Loved not the bleak and dismal land in which he knew no rest;
He hid adieu unto the scenes of never-ending storm,
And traveled forth to seek some land where he might keep him warm;
He trudged two years his weary way far from the land of snow,
Inside the walls of China, to where strangers seldom go;
When, wearied with his pilgrimage, he halted at Ko-Whang,
And there became acquainted with the father of Che-Bang.
The old man heard his wondrous tales of sights that he had seen,
Where Nature wore a winding-sheet, and shrouded all things green,
And, pondering o'er within his mind if wonders such could be,
At last engaged poor Chil-chil-Bloo to cultivate his tea.

It had always been the custom of the fairy-like Che-Bang,
Ere evening shadow fell upon the Valley of Ko-Whang,
To wander 'mid the tea-groves, like an Oriental queen,
On the shoulders of her servants, in a fancy palanquin.
As she 'merged from out the shadow of a China-herry tree,
She spied the little tinker, stripping down the fragrant tea;
She gazed upon the wondrous form, his eyes, his nose of blue,
A moment gazed, then deeply fell in love with Chil-chil-Bloo.

She stepped from out her palanquin, and then dismissed her train,
With instructions that an hour past they might return again;
She then upraised the filmy veil that hid her charms from sight,
Poor Chil-chil-Bloo heheld a face to him surpassing bright;
He gazed transfixed with wonder, to him surpassing fair
Were her rounded-up proportions and her salmon-colored hair;
He lingered in a dreamy trance, nor woke he from his bliss
Till her loving arms entwined him and her lips imprint a kiss.

She led him to a hower, and beside the dwarf she knelt,
And sighed like Desdemona at his 'scapes by flood and field;
He told of seals and reindeer, and hears that live at sea;
He told her tales of icicles, and she told tales of tea;
Long, long they lingered, fondly locked within each other's arms,
He saw in her and she in him a thousand glowing charms,
When looking down the distant vale, the sun's fast fading sheen
Fell faintly on the gold of her returning palanquin.

"Yonder come my slaves," she cried, "and now, Chil-Bloo, we part;
My father—though my father—has a cruel, flinty heart;
He has promised me to Chow-Chow, the Cressus of Ko-Whang.
But Chow-Chow's old and gouty, and he wouldn't suit Che-Bang;

Oh! come heneath my window at a quarter after three,
When the moon has gone a-bathing at her bath-room in the sea,
And we will fly to other lands across the waters blue—
But hush, here comes my palanquin, and now, sweet love, adieu."

They placed her in her palanquin, her bosom throbbing free,
While Chil-chil-Bloo seemed husy, packing up his gathered tea;
As rested from his weary rounds the dying god of day,
They raised her on their shoulders and they trotted her away.

At the time and place appointed, 'neath her lattice stood the dwarf;
He whistled to his lady, and she answered with a cough;
She threw a silken ladder from her window down the wall,
While he, gallant knight, stood firmly fixed to catch her should she fall;

She reached the ground in safety, one kiss, one chaste embrace,
Then she waddled and he trotted off in silence from the place.

Swift they held their journey, love had made her footsteps light,
They hid themselves at morning's dawn and fled again at night;
The second night had run her race and folded up her pall,
When they reached the sentry's station, underneath the mighty wall;

Che-Bang told well her tale of love, Chil-Bloo told bis, alas!
The sentry had no sentiment, and wouldn't let 'em pass;
He called a file of soldiers, who took 'em to Dom Brown,
A sort of local magistrate or Mufti of the town.

The vile old rascal heard the charge, the tempting maiden eyed,
Then feigning well a burning rage, in thunder-tones he cried:
"You vile, misshapen scoundrel, you seducer, coward, elf,
I sentence you to prison, and I take Che-Bang myself."
He took her to his harem, and he dressed her mighty fine,
He sent her hird's-nest chowder and puppies done in wine,
But she spurned the dainty viands, as she spurned to be his bride,

She took to eating rat-soup—poisoned rat-soup—and she died.

In a dark and dreary dungeon, its dimension six by four,
Lay the wretched little tinker, stretched upon the moldy floor,
The midnight gong had sounded, he heard a dreadful clang,
And before her quaking lover stood the spirit of Che-Bang.
"Arise, Chil-Bloo, arise," she cried, "lay down life's dreary load,

Let out thy prisoned spirit from its dark and drear abode,
And we will roam the spirit-land, where fortune smiles more fair—
Arise," she cried, "and follow!" then she vanished into air.

On the morrow, when the jailer served around his moldy heans,
The only food the prisoners got, except some wilted greens,
He started back in horror—high upon the doorway post
Hung the body of the tinker, who had yielded up the ghost.

There's a legend now in China, that beneath the moon's bright sheen,
Ever fondly linked together, may in summer-time be seen,
Still wandering 'mid the tea-plants, in the Province of Ko-Whang,
The little Lapland tinker and his spirit-hide, Che-Bang.

G. C. B.'S HOME AGAIN.

An Inauguration and Installation in Westminster Abbey.

Tourists had a disappointment at Westminster Abbey yesterday. The ungenial vergers were taking a vacation and the building was closed. It may be hoped that the vacation will do something to mellow the vergerian temper. For during the past few days many complaints have reached my ears as to the indifferent manner in which the abbey guides discharge their duties. Whereas—so the complaints have run—the custodians of cathedrals and other ancient buildings on the Continent take a pride in their work and are genuinely pleased that visitors should be interested in their venerable shrines, the average verger at Westminster is almost resentful that he should have to pilot inquisitive pilgrims round the chapels and among the royal tombs. He rolls off his stereotyped description in forbidding tones, points scornfully to the "tomb of Hedward the sixth, second son of 'Enry the eighth," but if disturbed with such a question as "What chapel is that?" angrily retorts, "That's nothing to do with you—'urry up!" Yes, he badly needed either a vacation or permanent superseding.

And yesterday he got the vacation. But that the abbey verger was off duty was not the reason why the minster was closed; on the contrary, the closing of the building was the cause, and not the effect, of his temporary release. Now that "temple of peace and reconciliation," as Macaulay called it, so rarely shuts its doors against worshippers or sightseers that it might be imagined yesterday's exception portended some unusual happening. It did. For several months the architectural glory of the famous abbey has been closed against all comers. In other words, the exquisite Lady Chapel, better known as the Chapel of Henry VII, the stone of which, in the felicitous words of Washington Irving, seems to have been robbed of its weight and density and suspended aloft "with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb," has been undergoing a complete transformation. So complete, indeed, that those who visited it a year ago will hardly recognize the altered interior. This change has been due to the desire of King George that the Chapel of Henry VII shall be restored to its whilom use as the religious home of the "Most Honorable Order of the Bath." The Knights of the Garter have their shrine in the famous St. George's Chapel at Windsor, and their comrades of St. Michael and St. George have theirs in St. Paul's Cathedral, but the Knights of the Bath, whether G. C. B.'s or K. C. B.'s, have had no altar for nigh a hundred years.

Nominally the Lady Chapel of Westminster has been the chapel of the order for many generations, just as the Dean of Westminster is perpetual dean of the knighthood, but for almost a century the installation of knights has fallen into abeyance, while the Chapel of Henry VII has become the museum of the order rather than its temple. For seventy years at least the banners of the old and long-dead companions have hung in tattered fragments over their stalls, until few Londoners are aware that the chapel has any connection with the "most honorable" Knights of the Bath. King George, still stepping in his father's footprints, has decided to change all that, and there is a certain appropriateness in his being the monarch to restore Henry VII's Chapel to its former use, for it was the first of his namesakes, George I, to whom was due the formal establishment of the Knighthood of the Bath.

Romantic historians sometimes claim a ripe antiquity for the Order of the Bath, assuring us that it was founded in 1399 in connection with the coronation of Henry IV, while other picturesque antiquaries dwell with loving care upon the narrative which tells how in 1610 James I created a number of Knights of the Bath in celebration of his son being made Prince of Wales; but the documented history of the order dates from 1725, when its constitution was definitely framed by the authority of George I. The story goes that the reconstruction of the order was due to a happy thought of Sir Robert Walpole, who was pestered to death by applications for the Order of the Garter. He offered the new distinction to the famous Duchess of Marlborough for her grandson, but that avaricious dame rejoined, "No, nothing but the Garter." Nor was she moved from her resolve by Horace Walpole's reminder: "Madame, they who take the Bath will the sooner have the Garter."

Walpole's quip had reference to the fact that actual bathing was in his day a part of the ceremony of investiture. Ablution of some kind, indeed, is thought to account for the name of the order. The knights who were created in honor of James I's son were taken in procession to Durham House prior to their installation, and there each candidate was provided with a "bathing-tub, which was lined both within and without with white linen and covered with red say." But what weighed with her grace of Marlborough was that the order, although the largest of the knighthoods, was less distinguished than that of the Garter because it is the highest to which a mere commoner can hope to aspire.

Since Walpole's days the order has been many times enlarged, until today it numbers more than a thousand members. That partly explains why Henry VII's Chapel had fallen into disuse for installations and other ceremonies. Even now it will be impossible to give each knight that representation by banner and stall which the Knights of the Garter can claim at Windsor.

So a compromise has been authorized; only the Grand Cross Knights, the high-ups of the order, will be able to display their banners and occupy their stalls within the historic precincts of Westminster. And even so they will be but tenants for life. Many a hero-worshiper has learned with horror that the re-inauguration of the chapel has necessitated the taking down of Wellington's banner and the removal of many another warrior's ensign, but such sacrilege was inevitable if the chapel were to be restored to the use of the living knights. Instead of the banners of the victor of Waterloo and his generals, there are now hanging within the burial place of Henry VII the flags of such modern fighters as Admiral Lord Charles Beresford and Field Marshals Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener. And with them will be seen the banners of more peaceful servants of the empire, for the Order of the Bath, in faithfulness to its motto of "I Serve," is preëminently reserved for those who have acquitted themselves with distinction in administration as well as in fighting.

This, then, has been a red-letter day in the annals of the historic abbey. An hour before noon a vast crowd had assembled in Old Palace Yard, for it had been arranged that King George and the Duke of Connaught, as the sovereign and grand master respectively of the order, with a long array of the chief Knights Grand Cross and lesser members, should pass in their robes from the royal apartments of the House of Lords to that doorway of the abbey which gives entrance to the building near the sacred enclosure of Poets' Corner. That an awning had been stretched over the route of the procession did little to hide its gorgeous nature or obscure the red robes of the knights or their crimson velvet mantles or their quaint Tudor hats or their glittering collars of massive gold. Within the abbey the cavalcade was received by beades and choir and clergy, and conducted to the sanctuary for a brief preliminary service. Then came the chapter of the order, held in Henry VII's chapel, and restricted by reason of space to the members of the knighthood. Each in turn made his reverence to the altar after the fashion of the days of romantic chivalry, passing afterwards to his stall to take his stand under his banner. Then followed the ceremony of installation, a picturesque glimpse of olden-time customs, with each knight repeating the oath and holding his unsheathed sword by the hilt as he presented it to the altar. To honor God above all things, to love and defend the king, to "defend maidens, widows, and orphans in their rights," and to be an honor to their order were some of the vows taken beneath that wonderful fretted roof, vows the more solemnly because taken beside the tomb and within the chapel of England's last mediæval king.

LONDON, July 22, 1913.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

In the case of the Italo-Turkish War in Tripoli the archaeologist has followed the Italian flag with such good results that the official report just published reveals a wonderful state of affairs, quite unequaled in the history of an invading army. At Ain Zara there have been the found the remains of an ancient Christian cemetery, posterior to 451, the date of the Council of Chalcedon; a large mosaic of the Antonine age, a semicircular Roman basin, and several coins of Septimius Severus (a native of Libya), and of Constantine the Great. At Gargareh Christian catacombs with traces of ancient frescoes have been discovered; at Lebda the soldiers, while digging trenches, unearthed a statue of Cybele with the signs of the Zodiac on her tunic; a torso of Venus, a whole inscription, and several tombs containing cinerary urns. At Benghazi three Roman statues and a number of tombs were found. At the town of Tripoli the vast necropolis of the ancient City of Dea has been partially explored, and some of the tombs studied in detail, and one chamber alone was found to contain over two hundred different objects, of which local jars of terra cotta were the most remarkable. The materials collected from this cemetery have been placed in the Tripoli Museum, founded by Dr. Aurigemma of Naples in the old barracks of the Turkish gendarmerie. A second museum of Cyrene Libyan antiquities at Benghazi is to be devoted to the future discoveries of Cyrene, but it will be first necessary to conquer the interior of Cyrenaica. At Homs the remains of the ancient Leptis, at first used in the trenches, have now been put in order, as well as the improved circumstances have permitted, and the walls of Tripoli, which date, as two inscriptions prove, from the years 975 and 989 of the Hegira (or 1568 and 1582 of our reckoning), have been carefully preserved.

The high cost of dying is to be lowered in Chicago with the advent of motor 'buses, each large enough to contain the coffin and a funeral party of ordinary size. The funeral 'bus will have a compartment to the right of the chauffeur's seat for the coffin, and above it a place for flowers. Near the driver will sit the minister and the undertaker, and there will be accommodations for twenty-seven mourners. One of the principal items in the cost of funerals is transportation. The funeral 'bus, it is said, will reduce the cost by \$30. Ten of the 'buses are to be in operation soon.

A unique record was recently made by the Chivers jam concern, the well-known English house. Adjoining the factory is a strawberry plantation which produced the berries for this year's jam. Within the space of one hour the strawberries were picked, boiled into jam, and placed into jars ready for packing.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Sir Frederick Young, who recently celebrated his ninety-sixth birthday, was a spectator at the coronation of King William IV, and later in life became a pioneer of British Imperial Federation. He wrote "Imperial Federation" in 1876.

The Honorable Mary Frances Petre, whom the King of England has declared by letters patent shall take the title of Baroness Funnivall, comes into a revived barony which has been held in abeyance since the death of Edward, Duke of Norfolk, in 1777. The new baroness, who makes the nineteenth peeress of the United Kingdom in her own right, was born in 1900. She is the daughter of the fourteenth Baron Petre.

Brigadier-General Harry H. Bandholtz, chief of the Philippine constabulary for the past six years, has returned to this country, and will later report for duty in Washington. He went to the Philippines thirteen years ago as a captain in the Second Infantry. His election as governor of one of the provinces two years later may be recorded as an unusual event, for it is said he is the only regular army officer who has been so honored.

Edward Bruce Moore, commissioner of patents, began life as a page in the United States Senate in 1866. He studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1881. Two years later he entered the patent office as assistant examiner. When the International Patent Congress convened in Stockholm in 1908 he was sent as a delegate from this country. Among the honors which have been conferred on him is the presidency of the Michigan Society.

General Josias von Heeringen, who has just retired as minister of war of Prussia, became an officer of the Eightieth Fusilier Regiment at the age of eighteen. He took part in the Franco-Prussian War, and progressed rapidly from one high military post to another, until in 1906 he was given command of the Second Army Corps in Stettin. He gained much experience in the various military branches during his career, owing to the unusually quick promotion he earned.

Gabe E. Parker, whose nomination as Registrar of the Treasury has just been approved by President Wilson, succeeding that of Adam E. Patterson, the negro whose nomination was finally withdrawn, he having declined the appointment, is a Choctaw Indian, a native of Oklahoma. He is a man of considerable prominence in his state, and is said to possess keen executive ability. Both senators from Oklahoma and the congressional delegation from that state recommended him.

Sir Richard Morris Dane, who has arrived in Peking and taken up his duties as associate chief inspector of the Salt Gabelle, in accordance with the terms of the quintuple loan agreement, entered the English service in 1872. He has been inspector-general of excise and salt for India since 1907. For four years, commencing in 1874, he was the assistant commissioner of the Punjab. During his long residence in India he held many important commissions. He is now in his sixtieth year.

Frank Clark, new chairman of the powerful House Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds, is the man who led the attack on the floor of the House against the Florida Everglades drainage scheme, which resulted in the details of the scandal being made public. Congressman Clark has served several terms at Washington. He began life as a farmer, but quit tilling the soil to study law, was appointed United States district attorney by President Cleveland, and upon his record as a public prosecutor was sent to Congress.

Lord Kitchener, British agent in Egypt, is now in England, enjoying his first vacation in three years. Despite his sixty-three years, he is said to work fifteen hours a day, and does practically the whole work of the Egyptian government himself. His great ambition is to transform the Soudan desert into a cotton-bearing land, and this necessitates the building of two high dams on the Blue and White Nile above Khartoum which will cost \$25,000,000, of which Kitchener has already secured \$15,000,000 from Chancellor Lloyd George.

Cardinal Gibbons, whose seventy-ninth birthday was recently celebrated at Union Mills, Maryland, spent part of the day in a game of quoits, giving a remarkable exhibition of skill and vigor for a man of his years. He was born in Baltimore, but was taken by his parents to Ireland at an early age, and began his education there. Later he accompanied his parents back to this country, and for a time lived in New Orleans, but finally went back to the city of his birth. He was ordained a priest in 1861. Cardinal Gibbons is the author of a number of books, among them "Our Christian Heritage."

The Reverend Samuel Francis Collier, the new president of the Wesleyan Conference, has been for many years a prominent personage in the religious life of Manchester, England, and has attained a wide repute as one of the most successful religious organizers of his time. Born at Runcorn in 1855, Mr. Collier was ordained to the Wesleyan ministry in 1879, after a course at Didsbury College. He went to Manchester in 1885 and for many years was superintendent of Manchester and Salford Wesleyan Mission. He was elected a member of the Wesleyan Methodist "Local Hundred" in 1902.

THE CASE OF MARY VAIL.

A Teacher and a Knight of the Great Outdoors.

Had you known Mary Vail you would comprehend my impulse to spell her surname as if she were a little valley, sweet and still, tucked away between wooded hills. Not that Mary was a country lass; she lived in a city and was a part of its life. How much of a part you will understand when you know that rarely did she venture off the lines of a triangle the points of which were her abode—she shared it with a Miss Cordelia Weston; the Carnegie Library—she went there Tuesdays and Fridays; and the Lincoln Primary School—she went there every school day throughout the term. Her most emphatic and truest ideas of what is going on in this big world came through her associations with the children under her guidance; and it was while in pursuit of her calling that she experienced a distinct and decided shock.

Mary loved the children—her children, she called them. With her it was a passion rather than a habit. Naughty and nice, dirty and clean, she gathered them to her virgin breast on slightest pretext, and coddled them through those terrifying situations of early childhood. So be surprised when it is stated that one afternoon, after school, she suddenly thrust from her a little wide-eyed imp she perhaps better could have spanked than hugged. And she flushed deeply with alarm, or fear, or shame, or whatever it was—it is beyond me to accurately fathom feminine mental processes under such circumstances. But it is doubtful if her thoughts were of that particular little Georgie at all; I surmise they were of herself, and concerned motherhood, which involved man!

The situation absolutely demands that you momentarily step up to the biologist's viewpoint; regarding physical man Mary Vail's mental attitude was that of mistrust, fear, abhorrence. If one approached her, her first impulse was to cry for help. However, she never succumbed to the impulse, but she did succeed in discouraging—rather dismissing—every man who endeavored to approach her with matrimonial intentions, or with thoughts that proper incubation might so develop. They never had a chance.

It was no ordinary stone wall that confronted Mary's would-be suitors; visualizing, they saw an enormous hand take form in the sudden gloom that fell about her, and the index finger pointed south. They went; and Mary Vail, sweet, shy, and suspicious, on her twenty-seventh birthday could not look back on one lone love affair.

At times she fretted, grew melancholy, forgot about her children, and secretly entertained aversion for every one that worked or played in her triangle. These moods were not caused by disappointment, she told herself. Indeed, she had no thought of marriage, and she loved her work—goodness knows there was enough of it—yet she was dreadfully unhappy and didn't know why. It remained for Cordelia Weston to try to tell her.

Cordelia, too, was a teacher and bachelor maid. What manner of maid? Well, she was markedly practical, outspoken, and had a good heart even if never bothered by sentimental yearnings. When she met members of the sterner sex she always assumed that it was on equal footing. To sum her up I think I can do no better than quote the opinion several times expressed by members of the school board; to wit: "Miss Weston is a very efficient teacher." To Mary Vail she was a substitute for what had always been shoeed away. Now, bear in mind, it is not asserted that Cordelia supplied that virility and puissant manhood which should have found its way into Mary's life; she did not; she only supplied something like it—something that *could* be tolerated.

And yet the periods of unhappiness that made the young woman so utterly miserable continued to come, and with increasing frequency. At such times she lay awake through hideous nights it seemed would never end. Her fear of a nervous breakdown made one imminent. One evening after Cordelia had prepared a most tempting repast, Mary refused to stir from her room, and when her friend sought to rouse her she suddenly threw herself into the older woman's arms.

"Oh, Cordelia," she sobbed, "I don't know what is the matter with me!"

At first Miss Weston made no comment. For a brief interval she held the limp form close against her. Helplessly she gazed about the room as with her cold, bloodless fingers she brushed the chestnut hair back from the throbbing temples of her friend. Then her own rigid frame grew more rigid, and she thrust the trembling young woman out at arm's length, and held her so.

"Mary Vail," she snapped, "what you want is a man!"

Bear with me while I observe that, contrary to general belief, it is the practised venturer who is prone to consider carefully the probability of undesirable after-effects to a new movement. When one cuts loose—one who has not taken a sporting chance in—say, twenty-seven years, caution rarely plays a part. To substantiate my contention I submit what Mary Vail did:

Immediately following Cordelia's diagnosis she became furious—declared with heat that her friend was a spurious subject for research on the part of the "ladies," accused her of being worse than indelicate. Then she became thoughtful: "No, Cordelia, you are together wrong," she said. "What I need is a vaca-

tion—and we're right in the beginning of the spring term, too!" Then she became reckless, and if she showed anything at all that had the color of caution it was her attempt to secure a year's leave of absence. She secured it, too, though it was only a half-hearted attempt she made, and really of slight significance, being a formal procedure not neglected by any of her sisters in the profession—even when going off to marry with deliberate plans never to come back. And then she swished her skirts at the entire Mary Vail brigade, including her job and Cordelia Weston.

Three days elapsed and Cordelia received a four-page letter—a delightful, haphazard travelogue from Mary Vail. It was about new shoes and mountain passes, negro porters, headaches, and moonlight on the desert. Miss Weston shuffled the pages until the fourth was first, and read:

"Now, Cordelia, I am going to tell you a secret. If you breathe a word of it to anybody I'll never forgive you. You may think I have been forward, Cordelia, but I was not. It all happened just naturally—you know how people meet on the trains. He's a regular rough diamond, dear, one of nature's noblemen. I think of him as a knight of the great outdoors. His skin is a most beautiful bronze, and he was dressed in khaki and lace boots when I met him. He's an engineer of some sort—a builder of bridges. I would say, only I don't think there are any bridges to be built out here on the desert. I asked him if he was connected with the aqueduct project, and he only said he wasn't. Really he talked very little, wanted me to do it all. He said it was so long since he had heard a nice girl talk that it was a real treat to listen to me. Wasn't that a nice compliment? He talks with a Southern accent. All this happened on the train before we reached Bakersville. Frank, sister's husband, met me at the depot. He asked me for my address and I gave it to him, and he gave me his. After resting here a couple of days I'm going to Petrolia, where I will substitute. I have a primary grade—forty-three!"

"P. S.—He has a moustache and blue eyes. Write soon, dear."

"Poor little Vail!" murmured Cordelia. "She's gone plumb daft over a man!"

Before she answered the letter a second one came. As with the first, two pages of isolated facts and delightfully disconnected observations served as a buffer for what followed. Mary was in Petrolia now. She had begun work, had a class of perfect little dears, and she would like to adopt them all—even if they were dreadfully troublesome, which was on account of the heat; it was as hot as summer already in Petrolia. Then: "What do you think? He's located here. I met him again this afternoon and he walked part way home with me. He isn't a civil engineer, as I first thought. He's superintendent of an oil company—has charge of operations on a lease right near town. He is going to call tomorrow evening."

The next letter Cordelia received from Mary was brief and mostly about her children and the weather at Petrolia, which was hot. It appeared to have been written hurriedly, and only in two instances did she write of matters that suggested her romance. Once she said that she was learning all about oil wells, and in another place was a question: Mary Vail wanted to know if all men smelled of tobacco. In answering, Cordelia assured her that they did, and added another odor as a likely possibility. Miss Weston read and re-read that question. "I'll bet ten cents the next letter will pretty nearly tell the tale," she said to herself.

Cordelia waited eagerly, hopefully, for that letter. The week ran out and it did not come. The following Monday she hurried home, almost aglow with expectation. Sunday always had been Mary's letter-writing day. The letter should be waiting for her. It wasn't. Mary was. She bounded from the couch when Cordelia opened the door, and they embraced in the middle of the room.

"What a surprise!" cried Cordelia. "Why, I thought, Mary—I thought—"

"I don't know just what you thought, Cordelia," Miss Vail interrupted, "but whatever it was, you were entirely mistaken."

But Cordelia wasn't. The next train from Petrolia brought the bronzed knight of the great outdoors. Cordelia refused to act as chaperon and went to the library, saying that she would be back at nine o'clock. When she returned they came to the door to meet her, hand in hand, like two children. Mary's eyes were red, but so were her cheeks, when she nodded confirmation of what he told Miss Cordelia.

JOHN ALFRED GALPIN.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1913.

California is the only state producing chromium iron ore, and the output comes from three separate deposits. Two new mines were opened last year, one near Livermore, in Alameda County, and the other near Piedra, in Fresno County. More chromium ore is now used in the United States in chemistry than for metallurgy; it is consumed in the manufacture of pigments, dyes, and various chemical compounds, and also in tanning light leather. Chromium is used metallurgically in making chromium alloys and furnace linings. Production in the eastern portion of the United States, where the demand is greatest, ceased some years ago. On the Pacific Coast the discovery of new and larger deposits gives promise of greater production with an increasing demand.

RUSSIAN OPERA IN LONDON.

First Productions of "Boris Godounoff" and "Ivan the Terrible."

Musically the most distinguished event of the London season of this year of grace has been the brief season of Russian opera and ballet at the Drury Lane Theatre which has just come to a close. The enterprise was due to Sir Joseph Beecham, who is not to be confused with his namesake Thomas, and has been the boldest venture known in the English capital since the advent of Oscar Hammerstein. For think of the obstacles! Not only had Sir Joseph to discount the regular season of opera at Covent Garden, which has hitherto been adequate to the demands of musical London, but by relying solely upon Russian scores and Russian dancers he was in danger of limiting his audience through the very ignorance of that audience. Russia of the sixteenth century, Ivan the Terrible, Boris Godounoff, Theodore I, Alexander Pushkin, Nicolas Rimsky-Korsakow, Petrovich Moussorgsky—here was a combination of ancient story and unpronounceable names as unfamiliar to the average Londoner as the mysteries of Sanscrit. It needed an enthusiast in music to face such a handicap, but such an enthusiast Sir Joseph Beecham is, and an optimist to boot.

Of the three operatic novelties upon which he relied to win the approval of London two especially have proved that their producer has a keen insight into the psychology of the lover of music. These were Moussorgsky's "Boris Godounoff," and Rimsky-Korsakow's "Ivan the Terrible," and the only fault to be found with Sir Joseph in connection with those two impressive works is that he presented them out of their chronological order. The audience in old Drury would have taken a more intelligent interest in the story of the operas had "Ivan the Terrible" preceded instead of followed "Boris Godounoff," for it was not until Ivan had died and his son Theodore had followed him to the grave that Boris became the Czar of Muscovy. Perhaps, however, Sir Joseph was more concerned to illustrate the development of Russian music than the sequence of Russian history, for of course Moussorgsky's "Boris Godounoff" came before Rimsky-Korsakow's "Ivan the Terrible."

But in this retrospect some clarity of historical order may be gained by taking the second opera first, especially as it is the work of a musician who is better known outside his own country for his symphonic compositions than for his operas. Popular as Rimsky-Korsakow's symphonies are, his greatest opera, usually known as "The Maid of Pskov" but now reëntitled "Ivan the Terrible," had never been heard in London until the other night. It was the first of its composer's long list of operas, but is as characteristic of his methods and as excellent an example of his art as any of his later productions. Its period is the second half of the sixteenth century, when the fourth of the Ivans ruled in Russia and when folk song was the chief amusement of the toiling masses of that kingdom. Although the Czar gives his name to this rechristened opera he is hardly the most conspicuous figure of the story. The older title of "The Maid of Pskov" is more faithful to the subject-matter, for in so far as there is an ordered story to be unfolded it is that of Olga, who, though brought up as the daughter of Prince Tokmakov, is really the natural child of Ivan himself. It seems that the town of Olga's foster-father has claimed exemption from the rule of the overlord of the kingdom, and at the moment the action opens Ivan is on his way to bring the inhabitants to subjection. Now Olga is beloved, and loves in turn, one Toucha, who is the leader of the rebels; her foster-parent, the Prince of Tokmakov, on the contrary advises submission to the Czar.

For the opening scene of the opera there is a domestic episode, in the course of which, by the familiar expedient of the old family nurse, the onlooker is informed concerning the personal history of the heroine. Here, too, the leader of the rebels, Toucha, makes his appearance, affording the pretext for the one soprano and tenor love duet of the entire work. With the next act, of which the scene is laid in a public square, the movement of the work, hitherto in an Adagio key, changes to Allegro, for the square is packed with an excited mob keenly responsive to Toucha's appeals to rebellion. In the next act Ivan himself arrives, so potently represented by M. Chaliapin in all his debased cruelty that the would-be rebels are cowed by his mere presence. Yet the opera does not show us merely the harder side of Ivan's nature; there is a particularly tender scene later in which he, struck by the beauty of Olga, recognizes her as his daughter and for her sake promises to pardon the rebellion of the town. But it is not on that happy note the opera ends: Toucha leads a sudden attack on Ivan's tent, and when Olga rushes out to persuade her lover to lay down his arms she is laid low by a bullet. This makes the climax of the work, the curtain falling on Ivan as he bends over the dead body of his daughter. There were great opportunities, all splendidly utilized, for the fine art as singer and actor of M. Chaliapin, while Mme. Brian's exquisite singing as Olga provided a foil of pensive melody for the sterner numbers of the tyrant Czar.

Ivan was succeeded in his throne by his son Theodore, but that son was so much of a weakling that he willingly allowed his brother-in-law Boris Godounoff chief control in the government of the land. In a few years Theodore died, whereupon Boris was elected to

the vacant throne. Legend will have it that Theodore was poisoned by Boris, and that was the view taken of his character by Alexander Pushkin, who in his drama of "Boris Godounoff" made a bold attempt to imitate the historical tragedy of Shakespeare. All this is essential to a right appreciation of Moussorgsky's opera of the same name, for it was avowedly based upon Pushkin's drama. In contrast to "Ivan the Terrible," there is no particular plot; rather the work consists of a series of scenes taken from the closing years of Boris's life, each scene having no intimate connection with what went before or goes after.

In the prologue the first scene introduced a vast concourse of people who were being exhorted to pray that Boris would accept the crown; the second showed how an enemy of Boris was already plotting his ruin; the third was a gorgeous spectacle of the new Czar's coronation. Contrasting pictures made up the second act, for one showed a tavern interior as a means of representing what the populace thought of the new ruler, and the other was a room in the palace disclosing Boris in affectionate intercourse with his children. In the background, however, there hovers the spirit of danger, for news is brought of the escape of the man who was plotting the overthrow of Boris. One other act sufficed, and in that the spirit of revolt breaks loose in such a manner as to portend the coming tragedy.

As between the two works that by Rimsky-Korsakov impressed most by its orchestra effects, that by Moussorgsky by the sheer crudity of the music. In each a generous use is made of the folk song of Russia, fragments of such melodies being frequently introduced to underscore a bit of dialogue or an emotion. But whether one was thrilled by the opulent instrumental hues of Rimsky-Korsakov or by the sharp-cut rhythms of Moussorgsky, there is no denying the fact that each composer was able to express that soul of music which knows no nationality. Each opera, it is true, was enormously indebted to the genius of M. Chaliapin, who whether as Ivan or Boris gave a remarkably vivid study of the character he was portraying; nor should it be overlooked that the Russian company as a whole was as near perfection as musical human nature is likely to come; but in a last analysis it was the sheer force of the music, unfamiliar though it was, which carried each work to a triumphant issue. In fact, Sir Joseph Beecham has abundantly justified his faith and his daring in making so great a departure for a London musical season. It is a pity that Mr. Hammerstein did not turn his attention Russia-wards; had he done so we might not have had cause to lament that his handsome London Opera House is now the home of vaudeville.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, July 20, 1913.

West African religion is particularly generous to the human beings, to each of whom it allots several souls—four being the usual number. Only one is immortal, however; the others, though troublesome enough during the owner's life, cease to be at the same time as the body. They are the Shadow Soul, the Dream Soul, and the Bush Soul. One soul seems more than many of us can manage, but the poor African has a bad time between the four of them. He never knows when some enemy may plunge a knife into his shadow, thus causing him to sicken and die, or when his Bush Soul, which takes the form of an animal, may rush into danger and get hurt; and as for his Dream Soul, that is particularly troublesome, as it wanders from his body during sleep and runs the risk of being caught by witch-traps. When this happens its place is often taken by a nasty stranger spirit called a "Sisa," which seems to have no other object but to cause misfortune and sickness to the being who forms its temporary habitation. Most of the tribes have the idea of an underworld after death, neither heaven nor hell, but much like the existing world, only dimmer. Among the Tschwi tribes this idea is well defined. Their shadow-world has a name—Srahmandayi—and they even know the way to the entrance, which is across the Volta River. This place has its markets, its town, and its interests, but everything is felt in a more indistinct way.

San Francisco has more commuters by far than any other city in the country, and the Southern Pacific, on its Oakland, Alameda, and Berkeley service, carries more commuters than any other railroad in the United States. The greatest commuter's road in the vicinity of New York is the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, which serves the New Jersey district commonly known as "The Oranges." In June this road handled 1,450,000 commuters; the Southern Pacific in June handled, on its two across-the-bay ferries and electric systems, a total of 1,733,191.

Hold-ups in New York City have inspired an inventor to devise a thief-proof satchel for bank messengers. In the satchel is a mechanism controlled by a combination lock that operates bells and a revolver loaded with blank cartridges. As long as the messenger holds the satchel in his hand the bells and revolver are inactive, but should he drop it, or any one try to take it away from him, the alarm would be instantaneous.

Russia is the largest purchaser of American agricultural machinery, expert figures of the bureau of foreign and domestic commerce showing that \$10,000,000 worth was sent to Russia during the fiscal year just ended.

THE VAN CORTLANDT NAME.

An Echo from the Early Days of Manhattan Evoked by a Recent Will.

No member of the Van Cortlandt family in New York ever asks "What's in a name." There is much in the name Van Cortlandt, and the provisions made to continue it in an unbroken line have tasked the foresight and determination of several generations. A recent will brings to note some of the curious turns of fortune in this respect, and they are discussed with more than ordinary interest in the light of present tendencies. They are evidence that a contention seldom made but eminently just and practicable will increase its advocates in the near future. The Van Cortlandt name and fortune still persist through the continuance of the female line, the male succession having broken down three times. Why should the daughters of a proud and long distinguished house give up their name for one less prominent or even less beautiful, merely because they join their fortunes with a man?

Here and there a woman of courage and convictions insists on preserving her family name when she marries, and though there is only an occasional record of a husband who gives up his own name and takes that of his wife, there will certainly be a development of the idea that may become a fashion when the new suffragists take time to tabulate their desires. The founders of our government refused to adopt the law of primogeniture, and republics everywhere have frustrated the object of that greater injustice, the Salic law, which began with the inheritance of lands in France and a century or so later was extended to cover the royal succession. America has never been threatened with either of these relics of feudalism, but the future may hold a dispensation that will set up their exact opposites. The principle involved can be defended in theory, and we have actually accomplished it in fact. Nature having forced our hand.

When the Van Rensselaers, Ver Plancks, Livingstons, De Peysters, De Lanceys, and others of alike distinction were at the head of things social in Manhattan in the seventeenth century, there was no prouder name than Van Cortlandt. The founder of the family here came from the Netherlands in 1638 to the region about the lower stretches of the Hudson that were especially favored by his countrymen. He acquired a vast domain below the then village of Yonkers, that later became The Bronx. Of that property many years afterward the city bought seven hundred acres and named it Van Cortlandt Park. But the Van Cortlandt name was not perpetuated by sturdy sons. When the eighteenth century was well along in its latter half there was but one heir to the Van Cortlandt holdings, a daughter. This daughter married Henry White, and the pair left a son, who took his mother's name when he succeeded to the estate. Though he was now legally and properly Augustus Van Cortlandt, he had a brother who still bore his father's name, Henry White. When Augustus, childless, saw old age approach, he prepared for the continuation of the family, and effectively, so far as name and property interests were concerned, but not entirely to his wishes. Augustus willed the estate to his brother Henry, providing he should take the name Van Cortlandt within six months after the death of the testator; failing in that condition the property was to pass to a nephew, Augustus Van Cortlandt Bibby, the son of his sister. Henry White died before he could comply with his brother's request, and Augustus Bibby succeeded to the property and the name. Thus the fortune and the name were inherited twice along the line of female rather than male succession.

Really, Augustus Van Cortlandt Bibby was as much a Van Cortlandt as it was possible for him to be, unless his maternal grandmother had married a cousin of the same name. Nobody could criticize one who preferred Van Cortlandt as a patronymic rather than Bibby or White. We are all susceptible to the influence of euphonious appellations, even while we may disclaim any special regard for aristocratic titles. Furthermore, in this instance, there was a million in real property concerned.

At last the head of the Van Cortlandt house was blessed with male heirs. When Augustus Van Cortlandt Bibby Van Cortlandt died, a few weeks ago, aged eighty-six, he left three sons and a daughter. Augustus Van Cortlandt, Jr., Robert Bibby Van Cortlandt, and Henry White Van Cortlandt receive under the terms of their father's will a little more than a third of a million each. The daughter, Mrs. Mary B. Matthews, was given only \$65,000, but it was explained that she had received other benefits during the lifetime of her father.

Thus has the setting aside of a convention preserved one of the old-time names that may well continue on our civic records. The Van Cortlandt blood still runs in the veins of many Manhattanites. A hundred and more years ago the Van Cortlandts married into the families of the Schuylers, the Jays, the Van Rensselaers, the Ver Plancks, the De Peysters, the Barclays, and others whose memories older residents can recall. But it has been along the line of the daughters that the pride and propensities of that courageous burgher of 1638 have been perpetuated. Fortunately, the hope of the future, now in these days of twentieth-century progress, does not rest altogether on the sons of old families.

The fact is locally of interest in San Francisco that the late Philip Ver Planck, who, through his mother,

was a Van Cortlandt in the direct line, was a prominent early day resident of that city, where in 1836 he married Ophelia, the daughter of Mr. Joseph Durbrow. Mr. Ver Planck, after an active business career in San Francisco, returned about 1870 to Yonkers, where he died, some five years ago.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, July 29, 1913.

When General Funston Stopped to Talk.

The rudiments of the art of war and the safest method to dodge bullets were taught to Captain Lionel Halsey, Royal Navy, commanding H. B. M. *New Zealand*, by Brigadier-General Frederick Funston, U. S. A., commanding the Hawaiian Department. Captain Halsey made public acknowledgment of this fact recently at a smoker given at the University Club in Honolulu by the members of the Pacific and University clubs in honor of the officers of the *New Zealand*. A part of the report of Captain Halsey's speech is reprinted here, from the columns of the *Pacific Commercial Advertiser*:

Following an address of welcome to Captain Halsey and his officers by Rear-Admiral Moore, U. S. N., commanding the naval station, in which reference was made to several incidents in Manila Bay after Admiral Dewey had settled the status of the Spanish fleet and referring to Sir Edward Chichester's statement that "he and Admiral Dewey alone would know what to do" in the event of a certain diplomatic estrangement, Captain Halsey stated it was his privilege to serve on a British warship in Manila Bay shortly after Dewey had taken it.

"I happened to be in Manila Bay shortly after that incident," said Captain Halsey. "I know so well that you Americans appreciate what Sir Edward did at that time, for no words seemed too good for Sir Edward. I think General Funston here will bear me out in this. I mention General Funston, for it has been my privilege, since I have served in the British navy, to have been with American soldiers and sailors in times of peace and war.

"One pleasure I look back to was the time when I was stationed in Manila Bay, when I had the honor of being with General Funston. I know he is a modest man and I know perfectly well that you all know what Funston did out at Manila. I can not help adding my own quota by saying how proud you must be here in Honolulu to get a man like Funston to command your troops on Oahu. There is a little episode that I believe I can give you.

"My first experience in being under fire was at Manila. My captain was very anxious that, if possible, we should get out and see what was going on, so I went out to that mythical place called the front. I was conducted there and there by an officer. I did not know at first who he was. He took us over to the trenches. It was very interesting, that first trench, because it was perfectly safe. We climbed up a little bank and out into an open space. I then had the uncomfortable feeling of dodging my head and shoulders until we reached the next trench. That was safe. Then we went over to another and another, and I winced each time.

"It seemed to me that every time we came to an open space with the bullets flying about, General Funston, for he was my guide, stopped to talk (laughter). He said to me: 'I guess the shot that pinks you, though, won't make you wince.' Funston taught me it was not proper to wince. I now publicly thank General Funston for teaching me the art of war. I am glad to see him again today looking not a year older than he was fourteen years ago.

"This will be my only opportunity to publicly thank you all in Honolulu for the whole-hearted hospitality which you have bestowed upon the *New Zealand* people in Honolulu. We have been royally received throughout the British colonies because we were serving upon a ship that is the gift of a child to its mother country. I, as captain of that ship, am proud to serve upon what is really the first British Empire ship. It is a ship of peace and not of war. In times of peace we want to prepare for war in order to have peace."

Admiral Moore made an address in which he gave due credit to the English for the institutions upon which America was builded and developed. He expressed pleasure in having the strong feeling of friendship existing between America and Great Britain.

In Trophy Hall, at the Naval Academy, Annapolis, is to be seen the only English royal standard captured from Great Britain now in the possession of any nation. It was taken at York, Canada, in 1813. It is suspended several feet below the ceiling of the hall and is surrounded by a row of electric lights. Other flags similarly placed are arranged near it. Examination of the flag reveals a story that perhaps was never told. It shows that the letters were rudely cut from coarse white cloth—perhaps a man's shirt and sewed on to the first thing that came to hand that would do—a piece of black cloth. This was done rapidly, in the face of a storm of shot and shell. The thing to do was to make the flag. It was made. It was run to its place, and it did its work, for the tide of battle turned at that moment. Afterwards, when things were calm again and time permitted, the letters, which had become almost sacred, were cut away from the black cloth and sewed on dark blue as a more appropriate background. In this way, tattered and perforated, it is shown in Trophy Hall today, but shreds of the black still remaining, the letters tell the brief outline of the story.

THE OLD ENGLISH COUNTRY SQUIRE.

P. H. Ditchfield Writes Historically and Voluminously on a Vanishing Social Order.

At a time when the old English country squire is being reformed out of existence it is well that we should have such a work as this to commemorate his many virtues and the part that he played in the building of his country. He was a part of the ancient feudal system of Europe inexorably doomed by the wave of modern democracy. But feudalism, hateful as it may seem in the light of new ideas, was an integral and essential part of the social mechanism of its day. Nothing else could have flourished in such a soil. It, too, was democratic at a time when there was no other barrier to royal aggression, and we may believe that even the country squire of a century ago, with all his petty despotisms and rural autocracies, was very truly a friend of the common people, whose lack of education and independence would otherwise have rendered them friendless. Mr. Ditchfield holds no brief for the "landed gentry" of England. He is fully alive to their faults and to their excesses. But none the less the picture that he draws is a pleasant one, and he is justified in thinking that those who are taking their place by right of money and of nothing else are far less decorative to the landscape and far less useful to the community than the picturesque figures that they displace.

The terror of the *parvenu*, of the man with money and with nothing else, is indeed a real one. The author quotes Dr. Jessop's description of the new aristocrat who has ousted the old squire, and it is hard to be complacent at the change:

Town-bred folk who emerge from the back streets and have amassed money by a new hair-wash or an improvement in sticking-plaster. Such as these are out harmony with their temporary surroundings: they giggle in the faces of the farmers' daughters, ridicule the speech and manners of the laborers and their wives, and grumble at everything. They can not think of walking in the dirty lanes, they are afraid of cows, and call children nasty little things. These people's hospitalities are very trying. "Come, my boy, have a cut at the venison. Don't be afraid. You shall have a good dinner for once; shan't he, my dear? and as much champagne as you like to put inside you." It was a bottle-nosed Sir Gorgius Midas who spoke, and his lady at the other end of the table gave me a kindly wink as she caught my eye. But the wine was ———'s and not his best. These are the people who demoralize our country villages. They introduce a vulgarity of tone quite indescribable, and the rapidity of the change wrought in the sentiments and language of the rustics is sometimes quite wonderful.

The rustics do not like these new people, however readily they may allow themselves to fall into their vulgarities. For Midas has no sense of parental responsibility toward the village. He has no traditional sense of duty. He may scatter his coin, but his true benevolences are no more than skin deep. And he is a perpetual offense to the conservatism which is so large a part of the rustic religion:

Midas has terrible "week-end" parties when his house is crowded with a mob of folk as vulgar as himself, and all the women in the parish are engaged on Sundays to cater for their wants, wash up plates and dishes, and motor horns echo through the village when the church bells are ringing, and not one of the party ever thinks of attending church, and when the gardeners are getting ready to come they are called off to roll the tennis and croquet lawns, and all day the click of the croquet and the thud of tennis balls are heard by the villagers, and the quiet rural Sunday becomes a pandemonium. And the old rustic murmurs: "Things he changed since th' old squire's time. There he shameful goings on up at th' 'all. Them's your gentlefolks; they don't want no religion, they don't—and we don't want no gentlefolks."

The squire first became an institution in the days of chivalry, and perhaps there is an inadequate recognition of the enormous debt under which chivalry has placed the cause of civilization. It was the one ameliorative influence in an iron age, the first true note of reverence for womanhood that Europe had ever known:

In the fourteenth century the spirit of courtly chivalry invaded all ranks, when women were raised to an exalted position, and honored and revered by knights and squires. Knighthood regained something of its ancient character, and became a military rank, and the squire had attained to an equality with the knight and performed many of the same duties. A knight would vow in extravagant language eternal love to his particular lady fair, wear her glove or her guerdon on his helmet, and swear to protect it with his life. Family ties and domestic joys were cultivated. Knightly deeds, knight-errantry, jousts, and tournaments were the order of the day, and severe laws and regulations of chivalry governed the lives and conduct of gentlemen. If a knight was guilty of any impropriety of conduct, he was soundly beaten by the other knights, in order to teach him to respect the honor of the ladies and the rights of chivalry.

As typical of the home of the country squire of the seventeenth century the author describes for us the residence of Squire Hastings, who was living in 1638 and who was son, brother, and uncle to three successive Earls of Huntingdon:

Mr. Hastings was low of stature, but strong and active, of a ruddy complexion, with flaxen hair. His clothes were always of green cloth, his house was of the old fashion, in the midst of a large park, well stocked with deer, rabbits, and fishponds. He had a long, narrow howling-green in it, and used to play with round sand larks. Here, too, he had a banqueting room built, like a stand, in a large tree. He kept all sorts of hounds that ran huck, fox, hare, otter, and badger; and had hawks of all kinds, both long and short winged. His great hall was commonly strewed with marrow-bones, and full of hawk-perches, hounds, spaniels, and terriers. The upper end of it was hung with fox-skins of this and the last year's killing. Here and there a polecat was intermixed, and hunter's poles in great abundance. The parlor was a large room, completely furnished in the same style. On a broad earthen, paved with brick, lay some of the choicest terriers, hounds, and spaniels. One or two of the great chairs had covers of cats in them, which were not to be disturbed. Of

these, three or four always attended him at dinner, and a little white wand lay by his trachea to defend it, if they were too troublesome. In the windows, which were very large, lay his arrows, crossbows, and other accoutrements. The corners of the room were filled with his best hunting and hawking poles. His oyster-table stood at the lower end of the room, which was in constant use twice a day, all the year round, for he never failed to eat oysters both at dinner and supper, with which the neighboring town of Poole supplied him. At the upper end of the room stood a small table with a double desk, one side of which held a Church Bible, the other the "Book of Martyrs." On different tables in the room lay hawk's hoods, hells, old hats, with their crowns thrust in, full of pheasants' eggs; tables, dice, cards, and a store of tobacco pipes. At one end of this room was a door, which opened into a closet, where stood bottles of strong beer and wine, which never came out but in single glasses, which was the rule of the house; for he never exceeded himself, nor permitted others to exceed. Answering to this closet was a door into an old chapel, which had long been disused for devotion; but in the pulpit, as the safest place, was always to be found a cold chine of beef, a venison pasty, a gammon of bacon, or a great apple-pie, with thick crust, well baked. His table cost him not much, though it was good to eat at. His sports supplied all but beef and mutton, except on Fridays, when he had the best of fish. He never wanted a London pudding, and he always sang it in with "My part lies therein-a." He drank a glass or two of wine at meals; but syrup of gillyflowers into his sack; and had always a tun glass of small beer standing by him, which he often stirred about with rosemary. He lived to be a hundred, and never lost his eyesight nor used spectacles. He got on horseback without help, and rode to the death of the stag at fourscore.

The country squire came off badly in the Civil War, but his misfortunes were always met heroically. The squire was usually a king's man and the Parliament forces had a prosperous time in looting the old country houses. To sacrifice everything for the royal cause was a part of the game, and the forfeit, whether life or property, was paid with a laugh:

And then when Edgehill fight came we like to hear the prayer breathed by the veteran Sir Jacob Astley immediately before the advance, "O Lord, Thou knowest how husy I must be this day. If I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me. March on, boys." Nor will England forget the gallant death of Sir Edmund Verney. The struggle around the standard was severe. He was offered his life by a throng of the enemy if he would yield it; but he answered his life was his own, but the standard was his and their sovereign's, and he would not deliver while he lived; and he hoped it would be rescued . . . when he was dead; selling it and his life at the rate of sixteen gentlemen who fell that day by his sword. The standard was taken, and round its staff still clung the hand which had grasped it, faithful unto death. On one of the fingers was the ring given to Sir Edmund by the king, containing his miniature. The ring still exists and the worm-eaten effigy called Sir Edmund's hand—and are preserved with loving care to this day at Claydon House.

Macaulay, says the author, was unduly severe upon the country squire. He says that he was a boor, ignorant, and uncouth, and with low tastes, but against this indictment of a class the author enters a vigorous but discriminating defense. A single paragraph relating to the squire's education may be quoted:

The historian states that the squire in education differed little from his menials, that he had no books, that grooms and gamekeepers were his only tutors, and he could not even sign his name. All this is a gross libel. The young squires usually received their early education from the chaplain, and at the local grammar school. It was not considered more derogatory for a young squire to attend these excellent institutions and associate with the sons of townsmen than to go to Eton. This practice of the upper and middle classes meeting together in the local grammar school produced excellent results, and promoted good feeling and friendship between the various members of society. The young squire proceeded to Oxford and Cambridge. He was better educated in Greek, Latin, logic, philosophy, divinity, and law than the country gentlemen of today. As we have seen, he was very fond of adorning his house with apt Latin quotations. As to books, there were more private libraries in England than in any other country in Europe, and the country squire was so had a scribe that he usually kept a diary and recorded the chief events of each day, the money he spent, the expenses of his estate, and not a few of the public events of his age.

The squire's lady occupies a deservedly large section of Mr. Ditchfield's volume. She was the staunch friend of the neighborhood, always affable and courteous, always accessible, and always a peacemaker:

She possessed the most uncommon of all senses, common sense. Sorrow she knew, and held it but the key to others' hearts still more oppressed, and thus she became the best comforter of both rich and poor in their bereavements; for she spoke as one not ignorant of affliction, and those who so speak always speak kindly and tenderly. She exercised an immense influence over her husband, softening the natural violence of an impetuous temper, and upon her poorer neighbors, partaking in the joys and sorrows of those around her. She had some practical skill in simple remedies, and a harmless mixture, known as "the lady's white medicine," was in great demand. I know not what fell disease it will cure, but here is the prescription, and perhaps, like many modern drugs, it will cure everything. The reader may perhaps be induced to try it.

"R. To three half-pints of cold boiled water put a dessert spoon of carbonate of soda and another of calcined magnesite. When dissolved, add two wine-glasses full of peppermint water—two table-spoons of sal volatile, and two table-spoons full of syrup of morphia, two grains to the ounce. Dose, two table-spoons full. To be well shaken."

The prescription seems admirable enough if we take the precaution to omit the morphia. We are told that it was highly approved by a celebrated medical man. The ailments for which it was appropriate are not mentioned, but those were the good days when to be sick was to be sick without the distinctions laid upon us by modern science:

But the squire's lady was not content with dosing her neighbors. She would visit them in their cottages, nurse them in dangerous sickness, and, moreover, accomplished more than all the inspectors and sanitary officers or even than the sharp orders of the squire, in persuading poor people to cart away their infectious rubbish-heaps and to have their houses white-washed. She waged war against insanitary dwellings, against cottages so small that there could be no decency or purity. "It was utterly impossible," she said, "utterly in vain, to teach decency and purity by hook-lessons to our children, while practically the observance of what is decent and pure is impossible

in some of the cottages, or huts, those children live in," or as Tennyson says:

Where the poor are hoveled and hustled together, each sex, like swine.

"It is well, it is delightful," she would add, "to see a wealthy landowner give £1000 to build a church, or £500 to establish a school; but it would be also well to take care that those by whose labor their estates are enriched have a comfortable dwelling to rest in when their work is done."

The squire was always a great hunting man, and grievous indeed was the malady that kept him from the field. We are told that Captain Bridges was once attacked by gout in the night, but as he was determined to hunt he took two strong calomel pills, sixty drops of the gout medicine called colchicum, and a glass of hot gin and water "to keep things in their places":

Extraordinary feats of horsemanship some of these old veterans accomplished. Squire Lockley accomplished some wonderful exploits. Three times a year he rode the same horse from Newmarket to his own house in Shropshire in one day, a distance of 104 miles; and on another occasion he rode to Northampton and back in one day, covering 120 miles. When he was seventy-three years of age he left his own house at noon, was at the fight between Spring and Neate by one o'clock on the following day, rode to a friend's house after the contest, and then to London on the next day, achieving 162 miles in fifty-two hours on the same horse. His achievements, observes "Nimrod," are a striking instance of the good effect of a life spent in temperance, early hours and field sports, contrasted with the softness of modern manners.

The squire had a weakness for curious wagers, usually involving some test of horsemanship, but sometimes the bets were of a more whimsical kind:

The hucks and sporting men who frequented Newmarket, Brighton, and the London clubs used to arrange all kinds of foolish wagers. Some one would trundle a hoop a given distance; another would ride a long distance with his face to the horse's tail; others would race on donkeys, or hack a flock of geese against an equal number of turkeys, or even wager on the speed of rain-drops that ran down the panes of their club windows on a wet day. Nothing was too ridiculous for a wager, as Mr. Ralph Nevill has sufficiently recorded in his entertaining hook, "Light Come, Light Go." A kind correspondent tells me of one squire who with a friend one wet day, having nothing to do, procured a couple of wood-lice and raced them across the dining-room table. The one which was leading suddenly stopped, when its backer touched it with his finger to set it going again; but the creature immediately curled up and refused to move, the hacker losing one of his best farms.

Among the famous hunting squires of the eighteenth century was William John Chute, master of the Vine Hunt described by Mr. Austin Leigh. Squire Chute was of an exemplary regularity at meet for forty-six years, but he was equally staunch in his support of the church. Mr. Leigh says:

Or I could give a quite different picture of him in his parish church—standing upright, tilting his heavy folio Prayer Book on the edge of his high pew, so that he had to look up rather than down on it. There he stands, like Sir Roger de Coverley, giving out the responses in an audible tone, with an occasional glance to see what tenants were at church, and what school children were misbehaving; and I am sorry to add sometimes, especially when the rustic psalmody began its discord in the gallery, with a humor that even church could not restrain, making some significant gesture to provoke a smile from me and other young persons in the pew.

It was natural that the prowess of the squire and his retainers should be embalmed in the verse of the day. For example, the famous Dibdin, author of "Tom Bowling," wrote a song on the funeral of Tom Moody, which was carried out in accordance with the dead man's wishes:

Six crafty earth-stoppers in hunter's green drest,
Supported poor Tom to an earth made for rest.
His horse, which he styled his "Old Soul," next appeared,
On whose forehead the brush of his last fox was reared;
Whip, cap, hoots, and spurs, in a trophy were bound.
And here and there followed an old straggling hound.
Ah! no more at his voice yonder vale will they trace!
Nor the welkin resound his hurst in the chase!
With high over! Now press him! Tally-ho! Tally-ho!
Thus Tom spoke his friends ere he gave up his breath:
"Since I see you're resolved to be in at the death,
One favor bestow—'tis the last I shall crave,
Give a rattling view-holloo thrice over my grave;
And unless at that warning I lift up my head,
My boys, you may fairly conclude I am dead."
Honest Tom was obeyed, and the shout rent the sky,
For every one joined in the Tally-ho cry.
Tally-ho! Hark forward! Tally-ho! Tally-ho!

Room may be found for a concluding anecdote illustrative of the life of the country parson, who was the invariable coadjutor of the squire and often his rival in the less reputable pursuits of the day. The story is told of his father by the Rev. C. E. Kendal and it dates from about 1835:

My father's fame as having a strong brain, never shrinking from and never the worse for his liquor, had got abroad, and Standish and sundry boon companions from the Preston barracks conspired together to drink the vicar under, or suffer themselves in the attempt. Dining one night at Duxbury, undeterred by the motto over the dining-room door, "Plures crapula quam gladius," the bottles circulated, one after another subsided, some under the table, some across it, till host and guests, all except one, were alike asleep. The liquor must have been good then, for in two hours the squire awoke, looked dreamily around, pulled the bell, "Where's the vicar of Leyland?" "Rang the hell, ordered coffee and his carriage, and went home, sir, an hour ago." "Nought could be done, nought could be said," and the church once more scored over the laity.

Mr. Ditchfield draws for us a picture for which we may be grateful. It is a picture of the old country squire with his eccentricities, his conceits, and his whims, but "we shall not forget his sterling goodness, his lofty patriotism, his manliness and straightforwardness, and all that is suggested by the good old title The Squire."

THE OLD ENGLISH COUNTRY SQUIRE By P. H. Ditchfield, M. A., F. S. A., F. R. S. L., F. R. Hist. S. Illustrated in color. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$3.50 net

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Ambassadors.

Mr. William Wriothlesley's novel gives us an extraordinarily good picture of ambassadorial life at the Berlin court. It is so good a picture that it compensates for a certain inadequacy of the romantic element and for a rather halting conclusion that suggests that the author was a little puzzled what to do with his heroine. Angelica Forth is the adopted daughter of Sir Ian and Lady Forth, the occupants of the British embassy in Berlin. We are told that Angelica is thirty-two, but appears to be seventeen. When the impoverished Prince Lichtenfeld faces the necessity of a wealthy marriage to retrieve his fortunes he seems to find in Angelica all that he needs. The prince is a good deal of an imbecile and a roué, but he manages to captivate the English girl and then discovers to his disgust that she has no money whatever. Naturally he creeps out of his scrape as best he can, being in every way a polished little cad. When this happens we are already more than half-way through the story and ready to sympathize with the novelist who has a jilted girl upon his hands. The story is told in a leisurely way and with a copious and clever dialogue that suggests that the author was more interested in his descriptions of German ambassadorial life than in the fate of his heroine.

It is not easy to determine whether the picture is an accurate one. Certainly it has verisimilitude, and its many figures—and the stage is full all the time—have the distinctiveness of portraits. Naturally it is a cosmopolitan assembly, witty, brilliant, and unprincipled. The women are slightly addicted to improper stories, as, for example, where Lady Forth describes the letter written by the German lady in incautious English:

It seems Elise Burden met an old school friend, a German woman, who'd been at school in England with her, and evidently thought she'd mastered our fairly simple language sufficiently to ask her in it to dine informally. At all events, Elise Burden got a note the other day worded: "Dear Elise—It would give me much pleasure to have you eat at us. Do come undressed, for we shall all be undressed. We are all in a family way, but it will be nicer to see you in a family way the first time after so many years."

And there is the story of the other lady who tried in her almost unintelligible French to tell the German emperor that English girls before they marry always have some charitable employment. "I myself also did something, sir," she told him, "before my marriage, when I had more time. Avant mon mariage j'étais nourrice."

"The Ambassadors" is certainly a story to be read. It is amusing, forceful, and suggestive. It belongs to the upper middle class of modern fiction.

THE AMBASSADORS. By William Wriothlesley. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

Certainty and Justice.

Most of the chapters of this volume by Frederic R. Coudert have already appeared as separate essays, but they are now united with some new matter in a consecutive and very readable work. The object of the author is to present us with a series of studies of the conflict between precedent and progress in the development of the law and to sketch for us the extent to which an adherence to customs and formulas has militated against the administration of substantial justice. The evil is of course a considerable one, as the author makes plain by his citation of cases, as well as by an erudite comparison with the practice of other countries. Into the remedy there is no need here to enter except to say that it rests largely upon the choice of better men for the bench and of judges who will be less wedded to tradition and more solicitous for the essentials of justice.

CERTAINTY AND JUSTICE. By Frederic R. Coudert. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Experiments in Government.

It is to be hoped that this little volume may have at least some of the attention that it deserves. Mr. Root is probably the wisest man in the public life of America, and that he is about to be forced from the stage by the new reform gives to these Stafford Little lectures something of the nature of a valedictory.

Nothing, quotes Mr. Root, is settled until it is settled right. Are we settling anything right by the new methods of the referendum, the initiative, and the recall, or by inviting the individual voter not only to answer yes or no to great questions of principle, but by allowing him to legislate directly upon the involved and intricate problems of statecraft? The great questions of the day are not whether things ought to be done, but rather how they ought to be done. And the way in which they ought to be done depends upon complicated and obscure facts with which men generally are not familiar and which require study and investigation to understand.

Mr. Root suggests that a vast danger lies hidden in the new reforms, and especially in the project that would allow the people by direct vote to validate an unconstitutional law. If the constitution can thus be ignored

in favor of a good measure why may it not equally be ignored in favor of a bad one? Shall we place it in the power of a mere minority to prohibit a particular religion, for example, or to enforce a religion, to destroy freedom of speech and of the press, or to deprive a prisoner of a fair trial because he has already been condemned by the newspapers? Even though the constitution may have been misinterpreted, the fact remains that it is a guardian of liberty, and it is this guardian of liberty that is to be swept upon one side whenever it may please an uninstructed or passionate majority to do so.

It is to be feared that Mr. Root's warnings will be unheard. The new reform movement is in the hands, not of patriotism, but of personal ambition, not of sagacity, but of ignorance. But it is well that the warning should be given by the man who of all others is the most competent to give it.

EXPERIMENTS IN GOVERNMENT AND THE ESSENTIALS OF THE CONSTITUTION. By Elihu Root. Princeton University Press; \$1 net.

Henry Kempton.

This intensely English story will have a certain amount of interest as a romance, and a still greater interest as a picture of caste divisions as they exist in society and in the army. Henry Kempton is the son of a wealthy tradesman who determines to lift himself from the contaminating sphere of commerce and to break his way into the charmed circles of fashion. Henry has no conscience, but a great deal of intelligence, as is shown by the skillful way in which he educates himself in the finer things of life, takes full advantages of a chance meeting with Lady Violet Edcnborough, and eventually joins the army and wins the Victoria Cross by a piece of calculated, unnatural, and unnecessary daring in Africa. In point of fact Henry Kempton is a detestable little cad, but clever enough to sustain his rôle and to preserve—up to a certain point—the immaculate purity of life that he knows to be essential to his marital designs upon Lady Violet. The whole story would be somewhat banal but for Lady Violet herself, who at last breaks through the crust of convention and caste that hides her and shows a touch of the divine womanly that we had hardly dared to hope for. It is indeed in the last pages that the author shows some real power of romance, and while we are not at all sanguine for the future of Henry Kempton we feel that he has fallen into good hands and that by the grace of God and Lady Violet he may yet become a man.

HENRY KEMPTON. By Evelyn Brentwood. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net.

In Portugal.

This satisfactory book about Portugal fills a distinct need, for probably we know less of Portugal than of any country in Europe, except perhaps Finland. Portugal is usually regarded as a sort of continuation of Spain, and this misconception is carefully combatted by the author. The Spanish and the Portuguese are not only separate and distinct people, with different characteristics and ideals, but they mutually despise each other, and to such an extent that a union between them is nearly impossible. The Portuguese have a "thoughtful humanness," while the Spaniards have a "noble rashness and imprudence." The Spaniard's "restless discontent" is replaced in Portugal by a "contented melancholy," a resigned and genial pessimism, a patient and indolent tolerance finding relief in sarcasm and irony. The Portuguese is independent and little inclined to follow foreign fashions, and if at an election he votes as he has been told it is because he has the good sense to see that the result can not possibly matter to him. The Portuguese are more likely to act collectively and unitedly than are the Spaniards, while they are of a more liberal mind, more tolerant, and with more common sense.

The author writes so interestingly and informally about the people that we may wish that he had written more of the same sort and somewhat less about cities and scenery. But he never fails of a certain light and eloquent touch that lifts his work far above the guide-book level and into the domain of literature. Certainly it would be invaluable as a preparation for a Portuguese journey or as a companion upon the road, but it can be read by the fireside with delight, and it will leave behind it an abiding picture of Portugal and of the Portuguese people.

IN PORTUGAL. By Aubrey F. G. Bell. New York: John Lane Company; \$2 net.

Simon Brandin.

The persecution of the Russian Jew and the endless conflict between Russian tyranny and Russian revolution have been favorite topics for the novelist, but few have written more simply and effectively than Mr. B. Paul Neuman in his "Simon Brandin." Simon is a Jewish refugee who escapes to America and begins to amass money that he may help his co-religionists and countrymen in Russia. He becomes wealthy and adopts a Russian orphan girl of his own faith whom he finds in a German home, educating her in his own schemes and arousing in her the passionate patriotism which the Russian refugee naturally gives to his people rather than to his country. Then

come the long plottings, the furtive journeys, and the secret associations that are the results of tyranny. We see something of the tragedies that await failure, of the horrors of the Russian prison, and of the grim machinery of Russian despotism, whose wheels are so silent but so restless. The author is to be congratulated on telling a moving and vivid story with so much restraint and moderation. He convinces us easily of the essential truth of his narrative.

SIMON BRANDIN. By B. Paul Neuman. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.20 net.

The Invincible Alliance.

Mr. Francis Grierson is described as among the foremost of English essayists, but while this collection of his writings shows originality, a certain mystical insight, and much literary grace, it is not likely to command wide attention either for profundity of thought or for success in grappling with the definite problems of the day. The volume takes its name from its opening essay, the "invincible alliance" being, of course, one between America and England. On the day, we are told, that England sinks to a second-class power in Europe a European coalition will develop which will have for its prime object the partition of Mexico, Central America, and the states of South America. America would have to deal unaided with the navies of Germany, Austria, France, and Italy.

There are sixteen essays in the volume, and several of them are saturated with a certain pessimism based upon forebodings of calamity. Perhaps the most impressive of these is the one entitled "Materialism and Crime." Either materialism must be suppressed as we are now suppressing consumption or the nations must end in an orgy of crime. Christian civilization, we are told, has been descending lower and lower for four centuries, and civilization and barbarism are now separated by a few laws, a few conventions, one or two ideals, and a single religion. Elsewhere we have an approving quotation from Lord Rosebery to the effect that Europe is "rattling into barbarism." Perhaps such gloomy forebodings are not unjustified by a frank facing of modern facts, but certainly they will not be popular among people who have adopted optimism as a sort of social religion. Mr. Grierson seems to think that civilization is on the verge of cataclysmic changes of so startling a nature as to defy computation. Out of the melting pot of invincible events a new and better era will dawn, but the transition period must be a strenuous and terrible one. Those like-minded with the author may derive a certain grim satisfaction from so eloquent a voicing of their expectations, but the "man in the street" will be aware of a certain lack of evidence that Mr. Grierson seems little disposed to supply.

THE INVINCIBLE ALLIANCE AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Franklin Grierson. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50 net.

Briefer Reviews.

Brentano's have published an elegant little volume bound in chocolate and gold and entitled "The Wisdom of Bernard Shaw," being passages from his works as chosen by Charlotte F. Shaw.

The American Book Company has published a volume of "Lessons in English for Foreign Women," by Ruth Austin. The volume is intended for use in settlements and evening schools, and the price is 35 cents.

The Macmillan Company has published "The Sonnets" and "Hamlet" as additions to the Tudor Shakespeare, now in course of issue under the general editorship of William Allan Neilson and Ashley Horace Thorndike. Price, 35 cents per volume.

"The Sevenfold I Am," by Rev. Thomas Marjoribanks, B. D., has been added to the Short Course series, under the general editorship of Rev. John Adams, B. D., and now in course of issue by Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, 60 cents per volume.

A very useful and practical work has been issued by the American Book Company, under the title of "Nutrition and Diet," by Emma Conley. Intended as a text-book for secondary schools, the information is so definite and clear that it might well find a place on the domestic shelves. The price is 60 cents.

Under the title of "Tradition" Henry Holt & Co. have published a volume of six one-act plays of contemporary life by George Middleton. These plays, although serious in tone, are practical for clever amateurs and well suited to club discussion and reading. They are all character studies, worked out with precision and originality and with every evidence of the author's intention to say something worth saying. Price, \$1.35 net.

The Macmillan Company has published Book Two of "Everyday English," by Franklin T. Baker and Ashley H. Thorndike (60 cents net). Part One of the book is devoted to a simple yet comprehensive survey of English grammar. Part Two, on Composition, is based on certain fundamental principles: that language is primarily oral; that constant practice and review are necessary to skill in language; that form, though a necessary element, is less important and less interesting

The White House

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than ideas; that the study of English should widen the student's interest and his range of reading.

Horace Greeley said once that the best way to resume specie payments was to resume them. In the same spirit we may believe that the best way to calm ourselves is to calm ourselves. But if there are any excitable ones to whom self-restraint is difficult without rules and methods they can hardly do better than procure the little new volume by Dr. George Lincoln Walton, M. D. It is entitled "Calm Yourself," and it is both sage and persuasive. The publishers are the Houghton Mifflin Company, and the price 50 cents net.

Sardou and the Sardou Plays

BY

JEROME A. HART

WHAT THE REVIEWERS SAY

New York Evening Sun: Mr. Hart has collected a mass of material for his book, which contains many interesting facts. It puts within reach the histories of the dramatist's most important works. The story of the Sardou plays in this country will interest the devotees of professional reminiscence. The book is valuable.

The Observer: This book is marked by literary excellence, scholarly care in the use of material, and fine discrimination in criticism.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Is It Enough?

Mrs. Harriette Russell Campbell has written a story whose opening pages suggest a commonplace plot but that grows steadily in value until it reaches the exceptional and the beautiful. When Jean Kontze, cosmopolitan, and vagabond violinist, determines to marry Hilda Emery, who is only a simple-minded New England girl, we seem to foresee the usual squalid tragedy that has been told a hundred times. For Jean appears to be no more than a musical animal, ugly in temper. Oriental in his bearing toward women, hopeless from every human point of view. And, indeed, there is tragedy in plenty, and of the kind that we predict, but the author is artist enough to furnish a redemption and to do it so naturally that we are persuaded into a new faith in the finer forces of life. The last few pages of Mrs. Campbell's story have an artistic merit that has not often been surpassed.

IS IT ENOUGH? By Harriette Russell Campbell. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Country Church.

Mr. C. O. Gill and Mr. Gifford Pinchot have given us the results of certain investigations as to the decline in church attendance in two typical counties in Vermont and New York. They find that the movement has been steadily backward, "that in these counties the country church has suffered a decline which proves beyond question that it is losing its hold on the community." For the methods of investigation and for the remedies that are proposed the reader must be referred to the work itself. It must suffice to say that the chief cause is found to be an educational one. The minister of the country church—and of a great many city churches also—has nothing to say that is worth saying. His stock in trade is a collection of musty theological fables and platitudes which "does not satisfy the needs of modern people."

THE COUNTRY CHURCH. By Charles Otis Gill and Gifford Pinchot. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

G. K. Chesterton is quoted from London as remarking that he likes President Wilson's book, "The New Freedom," because "it is not new and because it is not freedom, but is full of ancient homages."

William Rose Benét, one of the younger American poets, has gathered together forty-two of his poems, many of which have seen magazine publication, into a little book which will be issued this fall by the Century Company under the title of "Merchants from Cathay."

The unusually large number of volumes which the Houghton Mifflin Company expect to bring out this fall necessitates their beginning at an unusually early date, and their first autumn hooks will be ready August 30. They include Meredith Nicholson's new novel, "Otherwise Phyllis"; "The Nation and the Empire," by Lord Milner; and Part IV of the second volume of Charles Sprague Sargent's "Trees and Shrubs."

William Waldorf Astor now owns the London *Morning Post*, the *Observer*, and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, three important Conservative newspapers. He has just paid \$1,250,000 for the *Post*.

Robert Bridges, the new poet laureate, is an accomplished musician, a fact which some critics assert has influenced the rhythms of his verse. Arthur Symonds finds a likeness in his poems to those of the song writers of the Elizabethan age, and ascribes this quality to his study of music.

Paul Heyse, the poet, dramatist, and novelist, is critically ill in Munich, where in 1884 he first went as court poet to Maximilian II. He is now eighty-three years old. As an artist he has remained true to the ideals of the romanticists, and, despite the present popularity of the school of realists, probably is the best-known living German writer. Heyse's novels are renowned for the vast scope of scientific, philosophical, and theological scholarship displayed. Many English and Italian works also have been translated by him into German.

Jeremiah Curtin, translator of Sienkiewicz and other European novelists, author of a book on the Indian legends of the Pacific Coast and other works, and widely known as a journalist and traveler, died a few days ago in Brooklyn, aged sixty-one.

"In the city of London there are living today, it is said, several young journalists who make an excellent income by writing scandalous memoirs" (according to Joyce Kilmer, writing in the *New York Times Review of Books*). "The responsibility of authorship is taken by some aged and titled lady, and the book sells largely because of her notoriety, but the memoirs themselves, the piquant gossip about great personages, the narratives of shocking episodes of high life, are, in many cases, the work of specialists in this peculiar art of fiction. Whether these books are actually written by the people whose

names they bear or are the creations of conscienceless hack-writers, they meet, at any rate, a popular demand and are bought as eagerly as novels."

Henry Holt & Co. publish this week in their English Readings for Schools series an edition of Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon" and other poems, prepared by Professor Hardin Craig of the University of Minnesota.

The "Chanson de Marie Stuart" which has been printed in biographies as a poem written by Mary, Queen of Scots, was probably the work of Sieur de Brantôme, a French poet who was one of the first to print a volume containing a flattering account of her accomplishments. It has been discovered that Brantôme published the song in a collection of his verse, and claimed it as his own. Dr. E. Galy, a French antiquarian, recently found a copy of Brantôme's long forgotten book in Perigueux.

New Books Received.

DEGAMO'S WIFE. By David Graham Phillips. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.30 net. A novel.

THE ROMANCE OF ALL. By Eleanor Stuart. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.25 net. A novel.

THE LADY AND THE PIRATE. By Emerson Hough. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25 net. A novel.

KING DESIRE AND HIS KNIGHTS. By Edith A. V. Panton. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.; \$1 net. A fairy story for children and adults.

THE STORY OF CALIFORNIA. By Henry K. Norton. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50 net. A history of mission, presidio, and pueblo, of Spaniard, Mexican, and American.

THE BRITANNIC QUESTION. By Richard Jehb. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; 35 cents net. A consideration of some imperial problems and notably of the Dominion's contributions to the navy.

THE YORE OF PITV. By Julien Benda. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1 net. A novel. Translated from the French by Gilbert Cannan.

JENA TO EYLAU. By Colmar, Freiherr von der Goltz. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50 net. The disgrace and the redemption of the old Prussian army. A study in military history. Translated from the German by Captain C. F. Atkinson.

WILLIAM MORRIS. By Arthur Compton-Rickett. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50 net. A study in personality. With an introduction by R. B. Cunningham Graham.

OSCAR WILDE. By Arthur Ransome. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. A critical study.

FOUR MOTHERS AT CHAUTAUQUA. By "Pansy." Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.50. A continuation of "Four Girls at Chautauqua."

THE BARNARD LANGUAGE READER. By Marion D. Payne. New York: American Book Company; 30 cents. Intended for the first school year.

BUSINESS ORGANIZATION AND COMBINATION. By Lewis H. Haney, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net. An analysis of the evolution and nature of business organization in the United States and a tentative solution of the corporation and trust problems.

THE WOODS. By Douglas Malloch. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1 net. A volume of verse.

CALIFORNIA, 1849-1913. By L. H. Woolley. Oakland: De Witt & Snelling; 50 cents net. The rambling sketches and experiences of sixty-four years' residence in California.

The *Bookman* has already discussed Jerome A. Hart's "Sardou and the Sardou Plays" (this paragraph is from the August number). The book showed that in fifty-four years Sardou produced seventy-eight plays, of which only six could be called failures. Contrast this with modern conditions. During the New York dramatic season ending with the summer of 1913 (according to Mr. Burns Mantle, an expert in these statistics) there were one hundred and twenty productions; of these, he states, eighty-two were financial failures, which means a loss to their producers of about \$1,250,000. Of the thirty-eight productions called successes, he further states, not more than twelve were money-making—the rest were "bloomers," so called, that is, quasi-failures, nursed along by "papering," or dead-heading the audiences sufficiently long to advertise the piece in the rural districts as a "Broadway success." This leaves only twenty-eight money-making plays out of one hundred and eight productions. The percentage in the previous New York season was about the same. During the London season ending August, 1912, fifty-four productions were made; of these only nine were fairly successful and only four ran through the season.

Claude Lorraine's "Book of Truth," said to be one of the rarest and most valuable volumes in Europe, is owned by the Duke of Devonshire. It is worth six times as much as the "Mazarin" Bible, the most costly book that the British Museum can boast. The late duke refused an offer of twenty thousand pounds for it.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Road to Anywhere.

Across the places deep and dim,
And places brown and bare,
It reaches to the planet's rim—
The Road to Anywhere.

Now east is east, and west is west,
But north lies in between,
And he is blest whose feet have prest
The road that's cool and green.

The road of roads for them that dare
The lightest whim obey,
To follow where the moose or bear
Has brushed his headlong way.

The secrets that these tangles house
Are step by step revealed,
While to the sun the grass and houghs
A store of odors yield.

More sweet these odors in the sun
Than swim in chemists' jars;
And when the fragrant day is done,
Night—and a shoal of stars.

Oh, east is east, and west is west,
But north lies full and fair;
And blest is he who follows free
The Road to Anywhere.

—Chicago Tribune.

Midsummer.

It was the time of shade and shine;
The roses pale as death
Poured on the wind a fire divine—
The spikenard of their breath!

The locusts chirped in monotone;
The toad in garb of rust
Monarch of silence on a stone
Ruled in a world of dust.

The birds were songless in the trees,
But in the blue above
The butterflies danced on the breeze
Like aeroplanes of love.

There was a rapture in the air
Caressing as a boon.
For high and low and everywhere
The year was at the noon!

—Edward Willbur Mason, in the Craftsman.

Discontent.

"I would I were an elegy!" the border-hallad sighed.

"The characters who filled my feet
Would keep on faring forth to meet
The Scot, or Southron raider fleet,
Beside the Teviot's tide."

"A border-hallad would I be!" (the elegy gave breath).

"Its heroes see a bit of sun
Before their earthly course is run;
But mine are done e'er I've begun
To mourn about their death."

—Frederick H. Martens, in Lippincott's Magazine.

The Wine of Night.

Come, drink the mystic wine of Night,
Brimming with silence and the stars;
While earth, bathed in this holy light,
Is seen without its scars.
Drink in the daring and the dews,
The calm winds and the restless gleam—
This is the draught that Beauty brews;
Drink—it is the Dream. . . .

Drink, oh my soul, and do not yield—
These solitudes, this wild-rose air
Shall strengthen thee, shall be thy shield
Against the world's despair.
Oh, quaff this stirrup-cup of stars
Trembling with hope and high desire—
Then back into the hopeless wars
With faith and fire!

—Louis Untermeyer, in Century Magazine.

Notable about Haydn is that at the height of his old age he produced two of his grandest and most voluminous works, "The Creation" and "The Seasons."

Mighty Work Progressing

It is doubly cheering to be able to state at this time, when calamity howlers all over the country are heard at their worst, that the gigantic Lake Spaulding hydro-electric enterprise undertaken by the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, is progressing with a certainty which insures the task being completed well within the estimated time.

Such a huge enterprise means a great outlay of money, and already the Lake Spaulding development, which embraces an installation aggregating 166,000 horsepower in electric energy, had cost, to June 30, \$4,500,000, and an additional \$3,500,000 will be required during this year to complete it.

This installation when completed will show a cost of \$71 per horsepower; the lowest price installation of hydro-electric plants ever made on this Coast.

It will involve the construction of six power-houses and two additional long-distance transmission lines, besides adding water available for irrigation sufficient to irrigate an additional 30,000 acres.

All this will tend to largely increase the revenue, as well as cheapen the cost of production, and it is thought that the stockholders can wait for the added returns which are bound to come from the benefit of this great work in the interest of the public.

The Spaulding dam will be completed this year, 1500 cubic yards of concrete being placed daily. Over thirty-five miles of ditches will be completed, and three power-houses with an aggregate capacity of 53,000 horsepower will be ready by November 15.

In the construction of masonry dams, penstocks, tramways, construction camps, power-house buildings, machinery foundations, hydro-electric equipment, electric generators, switchboards, transformers, and high-tension steel-tower transmission lines, this work has no parallel in any construction work of this character ever previously attempted.

Recently the Pacific Gas and Electric Company sold an issue of \$4,500,000 one-year 6 per cent notes to a New York syndicate headed by J. P. Morgan & Co. These notes are secured by the \$5,000,000 5 per cent bonds, the issuance of which was recently authorized by the California State Railroad Commission. It is announced that the funds derived from this sale will be used for completing the Lake Spaulding and allied projects.

Just what this great expenditure of finances, this building of a monster dam, boring of tunnels, erecting of great power-houses, and enlarging of irrigating canals means to the people of that part of the state covered by "Pacific Service" will best be shown a little later, when the plants are in operation. Serving as it does two-thirds of California's population, the Pacific Gas and Electric Company will be in a better position than ever to give better service in every way, aid in reducing the cost of producing, and so perform a mighty part in the upbuilding of the state in which it pioneered the way in the business in which it is engaged.

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THE SHOW-GOERS' ORGY.

All the consolation the lover of the theatre and old-fashioned plays can find now, after a careful view of the situation East and West, is in the reflection that fashions change but the real people are the same year after year. There are few good plays on the stage now, and when one appears, like Thomas's "As a Man Thinks," it is obliged to build its audiences slowly, drawing members that should have been loyal from antagonistic camps. There is, perhaps, little reason to berate either faction separately. The obsessed inspectionists who want nothing but sex problem discussions, and have followed down the line until they are ready to accept the clinical horrors of Shaw and Strindberg, are only a little worse than the thoughtless crowd that seemingly can be attracted by nothing but dazzling colors, swift movement, and empty nonsense too often frankly vulgar. Between these extremes there remain but a few who still look upon acting as an art, upon the stage as a place where only sincere and earnest effort should be tolerated, and who ask for plays that shall be clean and fragrant and leave behind them memories worth recalling. Producing managers are puzzled. Why should they not turn to moving-picture shows?

Even the good old Tivoli, that in all its years of life, in three incarnations, never offered a production that was not above suspicion of unworthiness, that has always given double or triple value to its patrons, as foreign attractions are rated—even the Tivoli suffers from this curious orgy of the show-goers. Since its season of comic opera opened it has looked in vain for the old throngs that used to crowd through its lobby. "Pinafore" did, indeed, bring out at its first Saturday matinee the largest audience that the new house has ever held, but the evening attendance has been a sad reflection on the present taste of San Francisco play-goers. Verily, there is a "new crowd" since the fire. But many possess not a hope but a conviction that this chase after the abnormal will pass and the legitimate reassert its claims and have them recognized. How soon, none may predict, but the revulsion will come.

Teddy Webb left last week for the East, where he is under contract to the Subberts to appear as comedian with Sam Bernard in "All for the Ladies." He leaves a big vacancy at the Tivoli.

Three violinists, in separate acts, win some of the heartiest, most persistent applause at the Orpheum this week. Little Betty Washington, a slip of a girl, with flashing eyes and a profusion of dark brown hair, is the one really artistic hit of the "Gus Edwards' Kid Kabaret" number. She plays her violin with confidence and a spirit that promise well for her musical future. Charley Abbate, who appears with Fred Hamill, a singer, is another proficient with the bow, and though he gives his ability to "rag-time," he is not altogether had. In the pretentious and richly decorated musical act of the Bell Family, the violinist is easily to be singled out as a capable player, though he is necessarily kept in the background. There are two feminine artists of more than ordinary gifts in this organization of nine musicians: the lady who resembles in features and facial expression the Minnie Maddern of twenty years ago and who leads the xylophonists in their excursions among operatic airs, and the younger but none the less gifted Spanish dancer, whose grace and abandon are not all the products of skilled instruction. As a whole the act merits the attention and praise it receives. The laughing success of the bill is contributed by Harry Divine and "Melle Williams," the traveling salesman and "female drummer." The two are original in their comedy methods, and their material is fresh and cleanly mirth-provoking.

Kipling's "Gunga Din" has long been a favorite with the vaudeville actor-monologist who cherishes the delusion that something serious is needed to sustain his slender hold on the so-called "legitimate" after his accession to the variety stage. Taylor Holmes uses it this week and makes a measurable success of it, though more through force than feeling. His best things are the simplest stories he tells. Comedy is like fiddling—if it is not done easily and without show of physical strain, it does not commend itself. Mr. Holmes need not work so hard.

Vaudeville we shall have, assuredly, to the end, with or without moving pictures. It is a good thing that Orpheum audiences almost invariably extend most favor to the really good numbers on each programme.

GEORGE L. SHOALS.

Composers have not scorned writing airs to suit the style of particular singers, thus, as Francis Rogers remarks, "storing up for the usual voices of subsequent generations much travail and sorrow." Mendelssohn crowded "Hear Ye, Israel," with high F sharps, in order to give Jenny Lind, whom he adored, a chance to display the particular beauty of her voice in that region, with the result that that air has been a sore trial to most sopranos ever since. Faure, the famous French baritone, also had a particularly facile and mellow high F sharp, and many parts were written especially to give him a chance to exhibit it to the gasping multitude. But in most baritone voices this F sharp is the very limit of the upper range, and although it may have both power and brilliance, it seldom possesses either mellowness or facility; consequently all the rôles written for Faure (Meyerbeer's "Dinorah," for instance) are particularly trying for the ordinary baritone.

Of New England ancestry, brought up in the New Hampshire farming community that is mirrored in the play "Old Homestead," Denman Thompson was intended for a carpenter, that being his father's trade; but it soon became evident that his talents, whatever they were, did not express themselves at the bench or plane. Then for a few years he perched upon a bookkeeper's stool, but slipped off of it upon the comedy stage, there to find his life work. He had been playing for fifteen years when he wrote the playlet, "Joshua Whitcomb," and for a decade he appeared in its principal character. The "Old Homestead" was an expansion of this sketch. From the time the homely, wholesome play was first seen in Boston, in 1886, Thompson, as "Josh," appeared 7000 times.

Starting its fourth season on November 24, the Chicago Grand Opera Company will later visit San Francisco, according to plans just announced. Tita Rufo, Bonci, Muratore, Bassi, Mary Garden, and Carolina White are among the principals who have been engaged. The operatic novelties scheduled for performance are: Massener's "Don Quichotte" and "Manon," Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West," Giordano's "Fedora," Fevrier's "Monna Vanna," Leoncavallo's "Zingari," Gnecci's "Cassandra," Franchetti's "Christoforo Colombo," and Kneitzel's "Le Ranz des Vaches." The notable revivals are "Don Giovanni," "Linda di Chamoni," "Puritani," "Pelléas and Mélisande," "Madama Butterfly," and "Parsifal."

In celebration of the fact that Professor Elie Metchnikoff has completed half a century's connection with science, friends of the great Russian biologist are to present him with a *livre d'or*. The book, which will be sumptuously bound, will consist of essays written by eminent doctors and biologists, each essay to consist of an absolutely original piece of work. A year is given for the preparation of the essay and of the research connected with it. Professor Metchnikoff began his scientific career at Odessa fifty years ago. Coming under suspicion of the Russian government, he moved to Naples and subsequently to Paris, where he has been thirty years.

Professor Dussaud of Paris, a scientist of considerable note, has produced a motion-picture apparatus for the blind, by means of which they may experience the illusion of moving objects as people with full powers of vision do in viewing an illuminated screen. The apparatus consists of a machine operated by electricity which causes a series of reliefs, representing trees, birds, or other objects, to pass rapidly under the fingers. The reliefs are so graduated that the delicate sense of touch of the blind translates their variations into apparent movements of the objects which are represented. The device is mainly employed for educational purposes.

Miss Julie Opp, the brilliant wife of William Faversham, who will be seen with him in "Julius Caesar" in this city this fall, owes her advent on the stage to two of the most distinguished Frenchwomen of the past quarter century—Mme. Bernhardt and Mme. Calvé, supreme artists in tragedy and song. She had made their acquaintance as a newspaper woman and they both urged her to take up a histrionic career. Her first theatrical engagement was in the support of the Bernhardt.

Portugal has only one conservatory of music, located at Lisbon. The highest salary paid is \$500 a year; assistant teachers get \$150. Orchestral players, though they have a union, are paid at the San Carlo Theatre no more than \$40 to \$80 a month; at vaudevilles and musical comedies they get 60 cents to \$1.20 a performance.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"The Chimes of Normandy" at the Tivoli.

Lovers of genuine comic opera, well sung and staged, will welcome the announcement of the Tivoli's revival of Planquette's beautiful opera, "The Chimes of Normandy," next Monday evening.

The cast of "The Chimes of Normandy" is unusually good. Rena Vivienne will be Germaine; Myrtle Dingwall, Serpolette, the Good-for-Nothing; Henry Santry, the Marquis of Corneville; John Phillips, Jean the Fisherman; Robert G. Pitkin, Gaspard, the miser; Charles Gallagher, the Bailli.

The most conspicuous musical numbers are Serpolette's rondo, "In My Mysterious History," and a delightful fantastic, "Go, Little Sailor"; Henri's grand aria, "I Have Thrice Made a Tour of the World."

Then there are the famous chorus with the chimes, a most graceful and interesting number; Gaspard's quaint old Norman song, "We Were Full Five Hundred Rogues"; Germaine's "Legend of the Bells," and Grenicheux's barcarolle, "On Billow Rocking."

The scene is laid in Normandy in the time of Louis XV. The first act of this charming opera, one of the most popular of its class, opens in an old Norman village during the progress of a fair. Henri, the Marquis of Villeroi, who has been an exile since childhood, has just returned.

The second act is occupied with the exposure of the ghosts in the castle of Villeroi.

In the last act the castle is restored to its old splendor and the marquis takes possession as master. After a love scene between Henri and Germaine, Gaspard, who has recovered his reason, discloses that Germaine, and not Serpolette, is the rightful heiress and the true claimant to the title of marchioness.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

Milton Pollock will head the Orpheum bill next week and will present George Ade's new playlet, "Speaking to Father," which is said to contain some of the funniest lines ever written and to convulse the audiences with laughter.

Will Rogers, known to the stage as "the Oklahoma Cowboy," will give an exhibition of his wonderful skill with the lariat.

Walter S. "Rube" Dickinson will introduce his own original character creation, "The Ex-Justice of the Peace," which is one of the biggest laughs in vaudeville.

Rameses, who will present his "Egyptian Temple of Magic," has just returned from a tour of the world, during which he acquired a number of new tricks.

A clever young woman who chooses to be known simply as "Phina," will, with the assistance of a trio of clever boys and girls, sing, dance, entertain, and make merry.

Next week will be the last of Divine and Williams, Fred Hamill and Charley Abbate, and the Bell Family in their artistic musical offering.

"Les Misérables" in Pictures at the Cort.

The photo-drama in its ultimate expression will be divulged at the Cort Theatre for an engagement of but a single week, beginning with the matinee Sunday. Referring to "Les Misérables," which has been done into film form and has created a genuine sensation abroad, this will be its first presentation in America. The pictures are said to have established a distinct epoch in the educational work of the "movies." It may be readily seen that an adequate and sympathetic interpretation of Victor Hugo's wonderful human document through this medium can not be other than of tremendous interest and value apart from its entertaining qualities.

The producers went about securing their film in the most conscientious manner. The matter of expense was not considered. It may seem like a tremendously extravagant statement, the claim that \$100,000 was spent in producing this photo-drama, but the magnitude of the project, made apparent by a few minutes' view of the film, silences contradiction.

"Les Misérables" is in nine reels and makes for an entire evening's entertainment. There will be special orchestra music.

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

Willard's "Temple of Music," one of the unique novelties in vaudeville, is the topping attraction on the new bill opening at the Pantages on Sunday. A bevy of pretty girls are used in the production. Charles Kenna, known as the original "Street Faker," is the added attraction. A duo of tango dancers are Alliston and Trucco. May de Long, a breezy little funmaker, is on a return engagement with a basket of new topical songs. Harry Ferris, Allen Bennett, and a capital little cast have a racehorse playlet called "The Favorite," with plenty of action and a typical race-track setting. Three fifty young college chaps have a rattling singing specialty, carrying the title of the "Three Troubadours."

Blanche Walsh, the famous emotional actress, upon whose shoulders the mantle of the late Fanny Davenport has fallen, will shortly appear at the Orpheum in an in-

tensely dramatic incident entitled "The Countess Nadine," which was written for her by Joseph A. Golden, and is said to afford her splendid opportunity for the display of that style of acting she has made so popular in the Sardou plays.

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson's last appearance in London in the character of Hamlet (says the *Westminster Gazette*) recalls Macready's farewell benefit at Drury Lane on February 26, 1851, when as Macbeth he took leave of the public. It had been necessary to guard the entrance to the theatre by police, who made a passage for the playgoers through the excited crowd in the streets. The orchestra had been converted into stalls, and the scene was one of boundless enthusiasm. This famous actor, the friend of Dickens and of Thackeray, in his parting address referred to the public support which had cheered him through many difficulties and enhanced the happiness of his life. Referring to his abandonment of the stage while his strength was undiminished, he added: "Because I would not willingly abate one jot of your esteem I retire with the belief of yet unfailing powers rather than linger on the scene to set in contrast the feeble style of age with the more vigorous exertions of better years." Hamlet was one of Macready's most successful parts.

A sarcastic French critic thus describes the performance of the latest specimen of musical "impressionism" at the Châtelot in Paris: "The conductor having raised his baton, the whole orchestra began to improvise without the smallest regard for tonality, dynamics, or rhythm. After ten minutes of this, deeming that the joke had been carried far enough, they were silent—proud at having thus brought to a hearing the introduction to the second tableau of 'Le Sacre du Printemps,' by M. I. Stravinsky."

Mrs. Fiske has probably played more "one-night stands" than any other actress of her prominence. Her five months' tour next season will include every border state in the Union except Florida and those in New England. She will thus girdle the country, and as Edward Sheldon's last season's play will be her medium of appeal, her tour will be in a double sense "The High Road" around the United States.

AMUSEMENTS.

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VANITY FAIR.

Dr. Yamei Kin, an educated Chinese lady who lately lectured in New York, had something interesting to say about some of the frothy nonsense circulated on the subject of the women of China. First of all she touched upon the delicate topic of trousers. It seems that an edict has recently been issued by the Chinese government to the effect that ladies, who wear trousers must also wear a skirt to cover said trousers. Now that seems right enough, although we are not greatly in favor of edicts of any kind. Personally we could never bring ourselves to offer hand or heart to a lady who visibly wore trousers. What ladies may be pleased to wear invisibly is another matter, and a matter upon which no gentleman would allow himself to be curious. Nor indeed will any curiosity be needed so long as our shop windows continue their present frank displays. According to Dr. Yamei there was a certain laxity among the women in matters of dress after the revolution. Before the revolution no lady would have thought of displaying her trousers in public, which is exactly what we should have expected, but after the revolution the skirts began to be discarded, and hence the present official request that the trousers be covered. The audience being composed entirely of women, Dr. Yamei then raised her own skirt in order to show how the trousers ought to be worn.

The lecturer then went on to talk of the advanced and progressive women of China who had played so large a part in the revolution, carrying bombs from one place to another and acting generally like full-blown suffragettes. Yes, there had been many such women, ready to give their lives for their country and to enter their names upon the imperishable tablets of freedom. What had become of them? Well, said the lecturer, the woman who devotes herself to that kind of militancy usually unfits herself for the more peaceful avocations of daily life, and as a matter of fact a great many of these young women revolutionists, thus thrown out of a job, so to speak, by the restoration of peace, had entered another profession, a very ancient profession, and one that is usually described by circumlocutory phrases. It is curious to note the chilling effect that can sometimes be produced by a fact.

Dr. Yamei had something to say about the suffrage in China, and once more a lovely delusion was heard to explode with a loud report. She was asked if women were allowed to vote in China, and she replied that they were not—nor men, to any great extent. It was true that Yuan Shi Kai was once prevailed on to give an audience to a suffragette. She talked to him for two hours, and he was then so insufferably bored that he ordered that no more from that ilk be admitted to his presence.

Some of the religious newspapers are bestirring themselves over the indecent dances of the day. It is time they did, not for any particular influence that they can exert, for the influence of the religious newspaper is a thing of the past, but for the sake of their own reputation. Thus we find a writer in the *Wesleyan Methodist* who quotes a Catholic priest of New York City as saying:

Never in history were the modes so abhorrently indecent as they are today. One may make the closest study of costumes through the prints and drawings and sculptures of five thousand years and find nothing to equal the shameless styles worn unabashed in the crowded streets and summer resorts by hundreds of thousands of apparently respectable girls.

The Catholic priest is to be congratulated upon his plain speaking, and it is time for plain speech. The talk about the glories of the age and the advance of civilization is sheer disgusting nonsense. The age has no glories, and civilization is not advancing. Public morality is at a lower ebb than at any time during the Roman empire. The women of the Roman empire were never so immodest or so debased as are the women of the present age, and we may believe that the Catholic priest above quoted spoke the exact truth when he said that "never in history" have the modes been so abhorrently indecent as they are today. It is bad enough that it should be so. That we should actually be so hectored as to acclaim our progress is more disgusting still. But the *Wesleyan Methodist* has something to say on its own account:

If girls had a faint idea of the disgusting sight they presented, or could hear some of the unmanly, dissolute remarks made about them as they pass along the streets clad in transparent waists, or one of those short, outlandish, tight-gripping, hobble skirts, they would feel so ashamed that if they had a spark of virtue left in them they would go to their rooms or get out of sight somewhere till they had a sensible dress to put on. How can they expect people to distinguish them from the low and corrupt if they dress exactly like them?

Now the assumption in that paragraph is undiluted rubbish. Does the writer actually suppose that these girls are unaware of what they are doing, that they are merely frivolous creatures with no sense of the significance of what they are wearing? We are asked, "How can they expect people to dis-

tinguish them from the low and the corrupt if they dress exactly like them?" They do not expect to be distinguished from the low and the corrupt. They are frankly and unashamedly imitating the low and the corrupt. They have consciously chosen the low and the corrupt for their models. Those are their ideals and those the gods they worship, and as for the "dissolute remarks made about them," they are perfectly well aware of those dissolute remarks, and it is for the purpose of eliciting those dissolute remarks that they dress as they do. We have heard enough of these ridiculous assumptions of a misled innocence. It does not exist. The girl who dresses indecently or dances indecently knows quite well what she is doing. And we are compelled to believe that the girl who dresses indecently or dances indecently also thinks indecently and talks indecently.

It is to be hoped that the Pittsburgh court will not divorce James Cole from his attentive and devoted wife. Matrimony seems to be just the thing that James needs, and it will make a man of him yet if the divorce law will only refrain from interference with the means of grace. James Cole is a six-foot professional baseball player and he complains of his spouse that "she forces me to do the family washing, and if there remains one spot on the clothes, or if they fail to show up as white and clean as my wife thinks they should, she beats me over the head with a silver milk pitcher until I fall unconscious." Now it is not every husband who is thus corrected with a silver milk pitcher. In the good old days of the simple life it was the copper stick that was requisitioned for such purpose, and there is a case upon record where a golf club proved no mean weapon for bringing a husband to the penitent's bench. The incident reminds us of the cowboy who was asked why he allowed his wife to beat him so much, and who replied, "Well, it pleases her and doesn't hurt me." But the cowboy was made of sterner stuff than James Cole, for whom we can wish nothing better than a continuance of the discipline of the washtub and the silver milk pitcher.

The "suffragette skirt" (says the *New York Tribune*) has blossomed but to die. We predicted as much, for yonder was Christabel, holding up Joan of Arc as a model for militants, and you know what King George thinks of Joan's riding togs. But in our wildest moments we were unprepared for Mr. Housman's speech urging the suffragists to imitate Lady Godiva. Shocking! And yet, on reflection, how reasonable! It is high time that steps were taken to give the cause some dignity. Nevertheless we are opposed to the adoption of any such practice in New York. Comfortable, of course, and climatically appropriate, but would it be noticed?

The Shoshone Indians have relapsed into savagery. They have abandoned their graceful tribal dances and are now to be found turkey-trotting, bunny-bugging, and grizzly-bearing just like real Christians. It seems a pity that the noble red man should thus be debauched by evil communications, and under the very eyes of a paternal government. Is there no way by which the Shoshones can be kept upon their reservations and thus saved from the contamination of inferior races?

At Ivory, a Paris suburb, has just died a remarkable old man, a septuagenarian, named Fraissard. He died in poverty, but had he chosen he could have become one of the most famous European sculptors. As it was, he finished life as he began it—more or less penniless. When a boy he was apprenticed to a marble cutter, and he at once discovered his powers in this direction. For fifty years (says the *London News*) he had continued to execute the most beautiful works of art, mostly in mosaics. M. Fraissard's masterpiece took him nearly twenty-four years to perfect. It is a black marble table. In the middle is a chessboard, on either side of which are playing cards arranged as fans. On the table are dominoes and dice, cigars and cigarettes, and several coins in gold and silver. All these are, of course, inlaid. The materials in the table, beside the black marble, are agate, onyx, porphyry, malachite, and lapis lazuli, the tones of which are black, red, orange, blue, and white. Ninety different kinds of marble were also used.

A law has been passed by the Shah of Persia forbidding persons to weave carpets according to European design. Violation of the enactment is a criminal offense, and the imperative attitude taken will have a greater tendency than ever to raise the Persian carpet or rug in esteem. Often a Persian carpet will remain in the family for generations, such careful treatment does it receive. When the owner of a valuable carpet dies he very often gives instructions that it shall be cut up in pieces as heirlooms to his successors, and should a member of the family not receive a portion he would feel very greatly slighted. The designs of Persian carpets have been handed down from remote ages. Each family keeps its own design, no two carpets being alike for fear of the Evil Eye.

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STORYETTES.

Greve and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Simmons had returned from his vacation. "I certainly enjoyed the husking-bees," he said to a young woman. "Were you ever in the country during the season of husking-bees?" "Husking-bees!" exclaimed the girl; "why, of course not! How do you husk a hee, anyway, Mr. Simmons?"

Mrs. Ellsworth had a new colored maid. One morning, as the maid came down stairs, the mistress said: "Emma, did you knock at Miss Flora's door when I sent you up with her breakfast?" "No, ma'am," replied the maid, with preternatural gravity. "What was de use ob a-knockin' at her do' w'en I knowed lo' sure she was in dar?"

Miss Carter had not been successful in bringing young Dodge to her feet, and in consequence felt a little spiteful toward him. One evening they were having quite a serious talk in the library. "Do you think," asked the young man, "that men progress after death?" "Well," responded the girl, "if they don't it would almost seem useless for some of them to die."

When John Drew was much younger than he is now, he took a small part in "Much Ado about Nothing," when that comedy was being performed by his mother, nor did he believe that his performance of his rôle left much to be desired until he uttered the line, "A gentleman should act better than I," whereupon he overheard his mother remark in an undertone, "I should say so."

The mistress was a leading member of the village woman's club, and was particularly interested in the courses of reading and literary criticism, which were the subjects of written essays. One day she had occasion to remind her maid-of-all-work of some shortcoming. This led to a week's notice from the latter, accompanied by the remark: "Sure, and I won't take that from the likes of you, who hasn't finished her eddycation yet."

A Washington suffragette was entertaining a number of delegates from distant cities. "Might I inquire," said the lady from South America, "why that extremely plain person in the red arm-chair arrogates unto herself so many airs?" "She is a Daughter of the Revolution," said the lady addressen, in awed tones. "Her ancestor fought in the Revolution." "Oh!" said the lady from South America. "I myself am a daughter of seventeen of them."

A somewhat parsimonious couple in Edinboro invited a friend to dine with them on a Monday, and when the joint was laid on the table it proved to be the remains of Sunday's roast heated up. Whereupon the guest remarked that this appeared to be "an' auld frien' with a new face." This, however, did not prevent his doing justice to the fare provided, and upon departing he said: "Well, good-night; I've had an enjoyable evening, and you have always the consolation that it hasna cost you much."

When the nervous young harrister rose to begin his maiden address to the jury he stammered out: "My unfortunate client—" And there he stuck. He tried again and, in a shaking voice, he managed to say: "My unfortunate client—" and could get no farther. Clearing his throat he had another try and for the third time he quavered out: "My unfortunate client—" and again his voice failed. "Come, come, Mr. —," interrupted the judge, "proceed with your statement. So far the court agrees with you!"

The best-known employee of a Cincinnati firm of tailors is the colored porter, Jerry. In order to conserve all of the good-will and bad book accounts, the firm has incorporated under a name that covers several panes of glass, and following this abridged city directory is the abbreviation "Inc." A customer, while being measured, remarked to Jerry: "You seem to be the only man in the shop whose name does not appear on the window. What's the trouble?" "Oh, I've dar, boss, all right," replied Jerry. "I've de ink."

Major O'Connor was in command of a squad of recruits, at target practice, and every member of the squad, with one exception, acquitted himself very well as a marksman. The exception in question failed on the 500-yard shot, and when the major tried him at 200 yards he again missed the target. Both the 100-yard and the 50-yard range were tried, but the recruit somehow failed to connect with the target each time. The major became exasperated, and, in thundering tones, commanded the recruit, "Attinshun! Fix bayonet, charge the target; it's the last chance ye've got."

Outside the photographer's establishment in the little country town stood two figures—evidently father and son. At last they went in.

"Oi want yer to take a picture of our Joseph 'ere, maister," said the fond parent, and Joseph was promptly placed in a chair and requested to compose his features for a while. The photographer's specialty was quick developing, and soon several negatives lay before the purchaser. The father gazed uneasily at them for a space, and then said, nervously: "You say in the window, maister, as 'ow yer can touch up the pictures to give any effect agreeable to yer customers." "That is so," assented the artist, readily, hastening to add, with his best professional smile: "But in your son's case any retouching is absolutely unnecessary." "Ow, aye," said the father. "That be main like Joseph, but to teller truth, he's got to send un wi' his testimonials for a job, and I'd like yer to alter his photo to make him look honest-like!"

In a Tennessee backwoods lived a farmer who, although he had never seen a railroad, yet had his opinion of them and the mischief which he understood they might cause. According to his notion, a train was as much to be dreaded as a cyclone itself. Great, then, was his consternation upon learning that a right of way for a railroad was wanted through his farm. He swore "by hickory" that no money could buy it. Finally land enough for the purpose was condemned and the road built. The day the first train was to pass the neighbors, knowing of the old fellow's opposition, persuaded him, nevertheless, to go with them to see it. As the train disappeared, some one said: "You see, Bill, it didn't hurt anything, after all." Bill was surprised, but hated to abandon his contention that a train would ruin things. "Wal, yaas," he said; "I reckon that ye mought say so, but ye see the gosh-durned thing come through here endways. Ef it hed come side-ways, it would a busted the daylight's outen of every cow in the place."

THE MERRY MUSE.

When She Goes Walking.
The summer girl in days of yore
Has startled us upon the shore,
But—no use talking!—
That bathing suit's a quiet gown
Compared to what she wears downtown
When she goes walking.
—Washington Star.

The Hygienic Horse
When the steed had nobly fed him,
And the stableman had sped him,
To the drinking trough he led him,
But he coaxed to no avail;
For the horse replied with hauteur,
"You may lead me to the water,
But to make me drink, you'd oughter
Have an individual pail." —Life.

On Revent Toutjours a Son Premier Amour.
A RYMBEL.
O! Seraphine, my Seraphine!
When first I saw your face
Flash by me in your limousine,
Methought there ne'er before was seen
Such loveliness, such grace.

Dear Grace! her image glows as bright
Upon my heart today
As when, a vision of delight,
She first rejoiced my raptured sight,
One afternoon in May.

'Twas then I took fair May to be
My bride, and I was true,
Or nearly so. I fail to see,
Considering my constancy,
What grounds May had to sue.


"And what became of Sue?" you say.
Alas! I have not seen,
Excepting in a casual way,
A sign of Susan since the day
I first met Seraphine.
—Oliver Herford, in Century Magazine.

Common-Sense Love Song.
Tom calls you rarest objet d'art
In Earth's collection?
Whew! What a sissy way to chart
A girl's perfection!
Why, you're the light of Life's cigar,
Wine of Love's spicing,
The gasoline that runs the car
Of my poor hcing!

What third rails to a subway be,
Bones to a torso,
Cream of Joy's coffee, you to me
Are—only more so.
Both of my heart, your suffrage makes
My vote's devotion;
You are the syrup on the cakes
Of sweet emotion!

You are the pay-day of Life's week
When we're together;
You are the talcum on Life's cheek
In shining weather;
You're the show-window on the street
Of Melancholy;
You are the only vacant seat
In Life's last trolley!

More than a war-scare needs the Japs
Or graft needs coppers,
More than peace advocates love scraps
Or Truth loves whoopers,
Above all needs and loves by far
I need and love you.
The only trouble is there are
So many of you!
—Chester Firkins, in Puck.



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Dr. Henry Gibbons has announced the engagement of his daughter, Miss Ida Gibbons, to Mr. Stafford Rogers of Baltimore. Miss Gibbons is a sister of Mrs. Perry Evans, Miss Miriam Gibbons, and Mrs. Shinkle, wife of Major E. M. Shinkle, U. S. A., of Boston Barracks, Dr. Morton Gibbons, and Dr. Walter Gibbons.

Mr. John A. Hooper has announced the engagement of his daughter, Miss Jeannette Hooper, to Mr. Arthur D. Foote, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur D. Foote of Grass Valley. Miss Hooper is a sister of Mrs. Oscar Beatty, Mrs. George D. Sommers, and Mrs. John McKee, and the Messrs. Arthur and Frank Hooper.

Mrs. Josephine Kennedy has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Cora Kennedy, to Mr. Clarence Coonan.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. O'Connor of Oakland have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Irene Patricia O'Connor, to Mr. Tyler Henshaw, son of Mrs. Grace Tubbs Henshaw of Oakland, and Judge Frederick Henshaw of Woodside.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Winifred Bridge of Mill Valley and Mr. Harry Beckwith Allen, son of Mr. and Mrs. David Allen of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. James Knox Wilson have issued invitations to the wedding of their daughter, Miss Grace Brown Wilson, and Mr. Hugh Ogilvy Fairlie, Wednesday evening, August 20, at the Grace Pro-Cathedral.

Mrs. Randall Hunt has issued invitations to the wedding of her daughter, Miss Floride Louise Hunt, and Lieutenant Henry Kent Hewitt, U. S. N., Saturday evening, August 23, at nine o'clock, at the family residence on Pacific Avenue.

The wedding of Miss Marguerite Flower and Mr. Julian Kinzie took place yesterday at the home in Mill Valley of the bride's mother, Mrs. Flower. Mr. and Mrs. Kinzie will reside in this city upon their return from the East.

Mrs. James W. Keeney was hostess last week at a luncheon and bridge party.

Mrs. William R. Sherwood entertained a number of friends at a luncheon at the Santa Barbara Country Club.

Miss Vera de Sahla gave a rag party at her home in San Mateo, entertaining about fifty young people.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch gave a picnic recently in San Mateo.

Mrs. Walker Coleman Graves was hostess at a tea Thursday in honor of Mrs. James Garneau of St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean entertained a large number of guests at a dinner-dance at Tahoe Tavern. The affair was to celebrate the golden anniversary of their wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Duane L. Bliss, Jr., gave a picnic and launch party at Sand Harbor on the Nevada side of Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Wilson, Jr., gave an Orpheum party in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Newell Fitch (formerly Miss Marjorie Stafford) and Mr. and Mrs. George Hatfield (formerly Miss Elizabeth Nevin).

Mrs. Melvin Plaff entertained twelve guests at a luncheon at her home on First Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Milo M. Potter entertained twenty-four guests at a dinner last week in the Moorish room of the Hotel Potter.

Miss Marguerite Doe was hostess at a tea at her home in Montecito in honor of the Misses Holton of Canada, who are visiting their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Luther J. Holton.

Captain Louis Chappale, U. S. A., and Mrs. Chappale entertained their friends at a dance Saturday evening at Fort Winfield Scott. The affair was complimentary to Miss Elizabeth Perkins of Salt Lake City.

Colonel William Lassiter, U. S. A., and Mrs. Lassiter gave a reception at their home at Fort McDowell in honor of General George Andrews, U. S. A., who accompanied Secretary of War Garrison on his recent trip to this city.

Mrs. Thomas Rees, wife of Colonel Rees, U. S. A., was hostess at a bridge-tea Tuesday afternoon at her home on Locust Street.

Major Sidney Cloman, U. S. A., and Mr. Charles N. Black were hosts at a dinner at the Burlingame Country Club in honor of Mr. Lindley Garrison, Secretary of War, General Leonard Wood, U. S. A., and General James B. Aleshaire, U. S. A.

Mrs. Roland Schumann gave a tea recently in honor of Mrs. George Neal, wife of Lieutenant Neal, U. S. N.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Hamilton McK. Twombly and her daughter, Miss Ruth Twombly, are en route here from New York in their private car. They are accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Allen T. Thomas and Mr. William Kissam. The party will sail next Saturday for the Orient.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Deering have been spending the past week in the Klamath country. Upon their return they will spend the remainder of the summer in their bungalow at Los Altos.

Mr. Percival Williamson of New York has recently been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George N. Armsby at their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin and her daughter, Miss Arabella Schwerin, spent the week-end in Monterey.

Mrs. J. D. Spreckels left Sunday for Europe, where she will spend several months. She was accompanied by Mrs. Francis Mead of Los Angeles.

Mrs. Samuel Knight has been spending the past two weeks at Weber Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse W. Lillenthal have arrived in New York from Europe.

Mrs. Jerome Landfield is the guest of Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale at her country home at Shasta Springs.

Mrs. Henry J. Crocker and the Misses Marion,

Kate, and Julia Crocker have gone to Lake Tahoe. Among the recent visitors at the Tavern were Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin and Mrs. Richard Ivers.

Mrs. W. D. K. Gibson and Miss Grace Gibson have returned from Coronado, where they have been spending several months.

The Misses Katherine and Alice Herrin and Mr. William Herrin, Jr., are at their bungalow in Shasta County.

Mr. Duane Hopkins has gone East to spend several weeks with his relatives.

Mrs. G. F. Ashton left Sunday for Sacramento to visit her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. John T. Piggott. Upon the return of Miss Helen Ashton, who sailed Tuesday for the Philippines, she will join her mother in the Capital City, where they will reside during the winter, having recently rented their apartment on First Avenue.

Miss Cora Smith has returned from Santa Barbara, where she has been visiting the Misses Alice and Henrietta Harrison-Smith.

Miss Sara Heath returned on the Sierra from Honolulu.

Miss Lucile Johns has returned from Baltimore, where she has been attending school. Miss Johns is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Van Dyck Johns.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Strong have returned to their home in New York after a visit with Mr. Strong's grandmother, Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Fraser Douglass and Mrs. Ursula Stone Shean have returned from an outing near Los Gatos.

Miss Helen Keeney has returned to town after a visit in San Mateo, where she was the guest of Miss Arabella Schwerin.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden and Mrs. A. N. Towne are established for the summer in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian de Guigne, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Robin V. Hayne have returned from a motor trip to Salinas and Monterey.

Mrs. Bessie Stewart Hooker has returned from a visit in Nevada and is at the Hotel St. Francis. Mr. Neville Castle has returned from Nome and will reside permanently in this city.

Mrs. Willard N. Drown is visiting Mrs. Joseph Coleman in Santa Barbara.

After a visit at Lake Tahoe Mrs. Duane Bliss, Sr., her daughter, Miss Hope Bliss, and her grandson, Mr. William Bliss, have returned to Massachusetts. Mr. Bliss will enter Harvard in September.

Mrs. Oscar Schultze and her daughter, Miss Olga Schultze, have returned to their home in Dixon after a visit in the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. Robert G. Hooker has recovered from his recent operation for appendicitis and has returned to his home in San Mateo.

Mr. Francis Carolan has returned from Europe after an absence of three months. Mrs. Carolan will remain in Paris until September.

Mr. William Gwinn has returned from Paris, where he has been studying vocal music, and is visiting his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. James Pollis, at their home in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry S. Bates and Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Hammond have returned from Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn have been spending the past two weeks at the Hotel Potter in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Milo M. Potter and Miss Nina Jones have gone to San Jose for a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Pease and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Watson left last week for an automobile trip to Shasta.

Mr. and Mrs. Duval Moore have returned from a visit in Shasta County.

Mrs. Benjamin Sturtevant Foss has gone to Santa Barbara and has joined Mrs. William R. Sherwood at the Arlington Hotel. Mrs. Foss will again visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred B. Chapman, before returning to her home in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Peixotto have returned from Santa Cruz.

Mrs. George W. Gibbs motored to Lake Tahoe last week. She was accompanied by Miss Mamie Rodgers and Miss Augusta Foute.

Miss Lillian Van Vorst has returned from the Russian River country, where she was the guest of the Misses Harriet and Marian Stone.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Jr., returned Thursday from the McCLOUD Country Club and are established in their new home in Los Altos. They will leave in October with Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Sr., for a visit in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark and their children have returned from Castle Crags.

Miss Fernanda Pratt is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Russell at their home near Alta.

Mrs. A. I. Macdonald and her two children have gone to Monterey to remain until September 1.

Mrs. Arno Dosch of New York is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Sperry, at their home in Woodside.

Dr. Harry E. Alderson and Mrs. Alderson have returned from an automobile trip to Lake Tahoe.

Dr. Howard Morrow, Mrs. Morrow, and Mr. Robert Morrow are established in the Peterson house on Buchanan Street. They have recently moved from Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Mary Huntington left last week for New York, where she will make a brief visit before sailing for Europe with her daughter, Mrs. Gilbert Perkins. Mrs. Guy Scott, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, accompanied Mrs. Huntington as far as New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Jr. (formerly Miss Jeanne Gallois) have returned from the McCLOUD Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard C. Chamberlin left Monday for Santa Barbara, where they are the guests of Miss Marguerite Doe.

Mrs. J. V. Coleman and her son, Jimmie, are at Casa del Rey for the season.

Mrs. Henry Hamilton Sherwood has arrived in New York from a trip abroad of several months with her son Warner, who remains in Vienna to complete his violin studies.

Dr. and Mrs. K. Pischel, Miss Inez Pischel, Miss Sepha Pischel, and Miss Jessie Boyd, of San Francisco, are at Casa del Rey.

Mrs. Leon Greenbaum has returned from Europe.

Among recent arrivals at Hotel del Coronado are Mrs. James M. McDonald, Miss Adelaide Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. R. I. Scollin, Mr. H. H.

Young, Mr. F. V. Wile, Mr. and Mrs. M. Goldsmith, Mr. A. E. Field, Mrs. Robert Green.

At his own request General William H. Bixbee, chief of engineers of the United States Army, will be retired August 11 in favor of Colonel William T. Russell, U. S. A., senior colonel of the Engineer Corps.

Colonel Frederick von Schrader, U. S. A., who has been seriously ill at the hospital at Fort William H. Seward, Alaska, has arrived in this city and is at the Letterman General Hospital in the Presidio. First Lieutenant Charles E. McBrayer, M. C., and Private John J. Hoist were detailed to accompany him on the homeward voyage. Colonel von Schrader and Mrs. von Schrader sailed May 31 for Alaska to visit their son and daughter-in-law, hoping the trip might benefit the colonel's health.

Captain James R. Pourie, U. S. A., and Mrs. Pourie were among the passengers on the transport which sailed Tuesday for the Philippines. Captain Pourie has been ordered to the Quartermaster's Department in Manila.

Major Harry Hill Bandholz, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bandholz arrived Saturday from Manila, where he was colonel and assistant chief of the Philippine Constabulary. They are en route to Michigan to visit relatives.

Captain Douglas McCaskey, U. S. A., Mrs. McCaskey, and their children sailed Tuesday on the Sherman for their new post, Schofield Barracks, Hawaiian Islands.

Major Sidney A. Cloman, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cloman have returned from Lake Tahoe, where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl.

Colonel Walter Finley, U. S. A., will leave August 17 for Fort Yellowstone, Wyoming, to visit the second squadron of his regiment and will then go to the Presidio of Monterey, where the third squadron is stationed.

Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. May, U. S. A., arrived last week from Galveston, Texas, and registered at headquarters.

Captain T. J. Coleman, U. S. A., has returned to Schofield Barracks, Hawaii.

Lieutenant-Colonel John W. Joyes, U. S. A., has been appointed ordnance officer for the Western Department.

Lieutenant Henry T. Burgin, U. S. A., and Mrs. Burgin sailed Tuesday for the Philippines. Lieutenant Burgin will be stationed at Corregidor for the next three years.

Mrs. C. F. Brooks has arrived from Washington, D. C., and is visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Captain Charles H. Lyman, U. S. A., and Mrs. Lyman, at their home at Mare Island.

Rear-Admiral Charles A. Stokes, surgeon-general of the navy, has returned to Washington, D. C., after an official visit at Mare Island, where he was the guest of Pay Director Charles M. Ray, U. S. N., and Mrs. Ray.

Passed Assistant Paymaster Robert B. Lupton, U. S. N., has arrived from Washington, D. C., and is at Mare Island awaiting the arrival of the Glacier, to which he has been assigned.

Mrs. Baker, wife of Captain Baker, is visiting her son and daughter-in-law, Paymaster Cecil S. Baker, U. S. N., and Mrs. Baker, at Mare Island.

Mrs. Irwin, widow of Rear-Admiral Irwin, U. S. N., has returned to her home at Mare Island, where she is recovering from a recent severe illness.

The home in San Mateo of Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Tobin has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Tobin, who was formerly Miss Abby Parrott, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Parrott of London.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew McCarthy has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. McCarthy was formerly Miss Bessie Dargie.

The home of Lieutenant Maxwell Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray has been brightened by the advent of a son.

Historical libraries composed of motion-picture films, and ocean steamships and long-distance trains equipped with motion-picture shows are among the things predicted for the near future by the motion-picture theatre owners, who gathered in New York a few days ago from every section of the country for the third annual convention and exhibition of the Motion Picture Exhibitors' League of America. The motion-picture men are of the belief that their business is still in its infancy. At the same time they declare that it is probably the largest business in the world today. Reports show that in the United States alone there are 17,000 moving-picture shows, and that these represent an outlay of anywhere from \$1000 to \$150,000 apiece, while some are being built now that will go beyond the bigger figure.

James J. McCloskey, actor and playwright, died July 25 in New York in the eighty-seventh year of his age. He was born in Montreal and was one of the original California '49ers, later managing a theatre in Marysville. In 1856 he went to Australia with Charles R. Thorne, and on his return to America played at the old Broadway, Bowery, and other theatres. He was a prolific writer, among his melodramas being "Across the Continent," "Through by Daylight," "On Hand," "The Twelve O'Clock Man," "Across the City," and "Nuggets," in which Oliver Doud Byron, "Johnny" Thompson, and others played some forty years ago.

Leoncavallo is to come to San Francisco in October to direct a season of Verdi operas, with his own "Zaza," "Zingari," and "Pagliacci," according to the Rome correspondent of the Musical World.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

James K. Lynch, the president of the San Francisco Clearing-House Association, will represent this city at Secretary McAdoo's conclave of representative bankers from fifty-nine cities, to convene in Washington on August 14. The conference will decide the disposition of the \$50,000,000 which Treasurer McAdoo proposes to distribute among the depository banks of the West and South for crop-moving purposes.

The Reverend Joseph Worcester, veteran pastor of the Swedenborgian Church at Washington and Lyon Streets, one of the unique landmarks of San Francisco, died Monday night at his home, Vallejo and Jones Streets. He had been ill since October. Dr. Worcester was seventy-seven years of age, was unmarried, and was a pioneer of California.

The Tamalpais Fire Association, whose object is to protect Mt. Tamalpais, completed its permanent organization Monday at a meeting held in the Merchants' Exchange Building. The new organization is to be purely a voluntary association. Roy C. Wood of Mill Valley was elected president.

Out of 20,603 names signed to the "Red Light" petition in this city, 1280 are declared by the registrar to be forgeries. In 6204 other cases the names signed were found to be those of persons not on the register. District Attorney Fickert has appointed Assistant District Attorney Louis Ferrari to institute a thorough investigation of the forgeries, and lay the matter before the Gormley grand jury at its next meeting.

The subscription lists for the October Portola celebration show \$32,000 more on hand than did the lists for the 1909 fête at a similar period before the opening of the festival. This is the announcement made by the Portola financial committee.

John Paul Cosgrave, a veteran newspaper man of this city and widely known throughout California and Nevada, passed away Saturday morning at St. Winifred's Hospital, after a short illness. Until about a month ago he was engaged in the active duties of his profession. Death was due to stomach trouble. He had been an active figure in journalism in this and interior and Coast cities for nearly forty years. In addition to his ability as a newspaper writer, he had poetic talent of a pronounced type and was the author of a large number of poems, some delicate in sentiment and others keen with satire. These poems were published in magazines and local papers. John Paul Cosgrave, who was sixty-five years old, was born in London a year before gold was discovered in California. He came here with his parents in 1854, was educated in old St. Mary's College, and later went to Virginia City during its bonanza days. There he was associated with "Dan de Quille," Arthur McEwen, Joseph Goodman, and other journalistic lights. He was connected with the local staff of the *Chronicle* up to the time of his death. He is survived by a widow, two daughters, three brothers, and a sister. He was a Mason, and his funeral was held on Tuesday afternoon under the auspices of Golden Gate Lodge, No. 30.

Sunday afternoon three lives were lost in the heach surf by bathers. The victims were all boys. Rupert Hardy was drowned at Baker's Beach. Cecil Lavar and George Garcia were carried to their death in the sea off the ocean boulevard, below the Cliff House. Garcia endeavored to save Lavar and was himself lost in the treacherous undertow.

The Swiss National Independence Day was celebrated Monday evening at Turn Verein Hall, Sutter Street, under the auspices of the Club Union Helvetia. A large programme was given, including Swiss singing and yodling, sketches, music, and speeches. George J. Steiger, Jr., president of the Swiss House, made the oration. Adolf Gasser presided.

The standard railroad of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition now traverses the state and foreign nation section of the exposition grounds from end to end, east and west. Rolling stock will be provided and the service of the road commenced at an early date, and the transportation of materials to points on the grounds will be more rapid. Dredging is now in progress in the passenger ferry slip, adjoining the freight ferry slip, which is nearly completed.

Suit was commenced Tuesday by the Panama-Pacific International Exposition Company against Rudolph Spreckels for \$17,500, together with interest and costs of suit, on his subscription of \$25,000 to the stock of the exposition. It is contended by Spreckels that the conditions under which his subscription was made have not been complied with. Any further payment, he states, in a letter to the exposition officials, other than his first payment of \$2500, would fix his liability up to

the par value of the stock subscribed for—\$25,000—and unless the stock should be issued in his name he refuses to pay. He therefore demands that the \$2500 already paid be turned over by the exposition to the Associated Charities and his subscription canceled.

In a decision handed down on Wednesday in the United States District Court by Judge E. A. Harrington of Nevada J. Downey Harvey and his wife, Sophia, are adjudged guilty of fraud in the transfer by the former millionaire to his wife of stock valued at \$200,000 immediately prior to his petition in bankruptcy in 1909. In the year stated Harvey tried to promote the Ocean Shore Railroad, met with financial reverses, and was forced into bankruptcy. The stock involved in the decision produces a dividend of \$1200 a month and represents city realty and about 35,000 acres of outside lands.

The mayor's veto of the weights and measures bill has been sustained by the board of supervisors. Mayor Rolph objected to the bill on the score that it would interfere with the state law, known as the Tyrrell bill, shortly to go into effect. The state law provides for the appointment of a "sealer" and four deputies, while the vetoed ordinance only provided for a single deputy.

Suit has been filed by Ferdinand E. Hesthal against J. Cal Ewing and F. M. Ish, the hase-hall magnates. Hesthal claims that \$165,000 is due him as the balance of the price agreed to be paid for the diamond and surrounding field at Valencia and Army Streets. He wants the court to compel the defendants to carry out their alleged agreement and hand over the money, or else order the hall ground sold.

Veterans of the General George H. Thomas Post, G. A. R., held a banquet in Hale's Pompeian Café Saturday night in commemoration of the birth of General Thomas. One hundred and seventeen members were present. How the veterans are passing is best illustrated by the fact that the post once had 600 members.

Most of the songs that have made history were written by men (says the *London Chronicle*) who had no other claim to immortality. The "Marseillaise" is the only production of Rouget de Lisle which has survived, and "The Wearing of the Green" was the work of an anonymous purveyor of hallads for the street hawkers of Dublin. Max Schneckenburger, an obscure Swabian merchant, who never published anything else, composed in 1840 some verses of which the burden was thus translated:

Dear Fatherland, no danger thine,
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

Little we heard of these until thirty years later, when the Franco-German War gave them an enormous vogue. They were then adopted as the national anthem of United Germany, and a yearly pension of 3000 marks was conferred on the composer of the tune to which they were set.

Leading men and women of the Sewickley Valley, Pennsylvania, the birthplace and field of inspiration of Ethelbert Nevin, composer of "My Rosary" and many other songs, have begun a movement to erect a monument over his almost unmarked grave in Sewickley Cemetery. A concert, in which musicians of note from all parts of the world will sing his songs, will start the fund. Mr. Nevin died in New Haven, Connecticut, February 17, 1901. The concert may be given in the Presbyterian Church in Sewickley, where he served as organist in his early years.

At a recent sale of paintings in London only \$6300 was paid for Sir E. Landseer's "The Otter Hunt," for which Baron Grant paid \$50,000 at one time. Sir L. Alma-Tadema's "In the Temple," which fetched \$3990 forty years ago, was secured for \$2100. "The Eve of the Deluge," by J. Linnell, Sr., sold for \$945, compared with \$7350 at a previous sale. C. Stanfield's "The Wooden Walls of Old England" went for \$840, compared with \$14,175 some years ago. "From Dawn Till Sunset," by T. Faed, sold for \$8925 twenty years ago. At this sale it brought only \$3255.

A report from Australia that King George and Queen Mary were to lay the foundation stone of the Australian Commonwealth Parliament house at Canberra next year is discredited by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which declares that Canada is to be the next British dominion visited by their majesties, and adds: "They take it for granted that while so near the United States, they will cross the border, and it is thought probable that they may pay a brief visit to Washington and perhaps to New York."

The citizens of Ascoli-Piceno, an Italian town, will have a bronze memorial bust of J. Pierpont Morgan by C. S. Pietro in their municipal building. The late financier restored the famous cope to the Ascoli cathedral after it had been stolen and sold to him.

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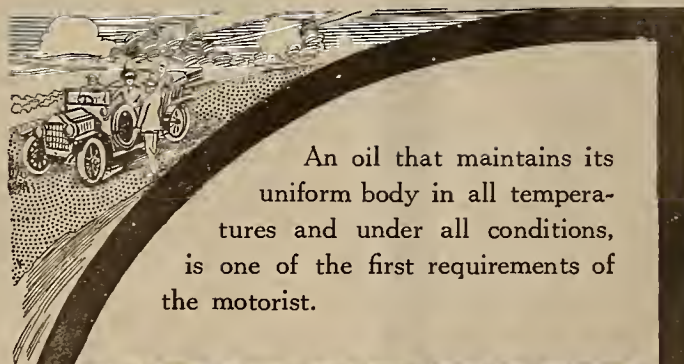
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Suffragette—I am looking for something fancy in a man's suit. *The Ribbon Clerk*—Not me!—*Life*.

Black—I was just going to ask you to have a drink. *White*—Well, I won't interrupt you. —*Nashville Tennessean*.

"I say, major, what's good for influenza besides whisky?" "Good gad, sir! Who cares?"—*London Opinion*.

Grocer—Wouldn't you like some horse-radish? *Mrs. Newlywed*—Mercy, no! We don't keep a horse!—*Judge*.

Farmer—That's the mother of those seven pigs. *Visitor*—So I see. They are all so like her in the face.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Head Bartender—Here! You are not making that cocktail right! *Assistant*—What's the dif.? This is the third one he's had.—*Puck*.

Mistress—Would you like to come on trial for a week? *Prospective Cook*—Sure, Oi can tell whether Oi will loike yez in twenty-four hours.—*Life*.

"Would you marry a man who has the reputation of being not more than half-witted?" "No, but I'll be a sister to you."—*Houston Post*.

Carpenter—You know nothing, didn't I tell you to watch when the glue overflowed? *Apprentice*—Yes, sir, I did, sir; it was just 4:32.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

Mephistopheles (at home)—How do you like the place? *The Actor (indifferently)*—Oh! I've been stranded in all sorts of places, don't you know.—*Puck*.

The Rescuer (to autoist)—That's an awful smash-up. Is your wife under there, too? *Autoist*—I aint married—this is the worst thing that ever happened to me!—*Life*.

"My husband bought an automobile because he said he needed it in his business." "What has he made with it?" "Forty-five miles an hour is all, I think."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Husband—You can put this down as settled, if I ever get out of it you will never catch me in matrimony again. *Wife*—You won't if you depend on me for reference.—*Public Ledger*.

"What's de matter wid Jimmy?" "Aw, he feels disgraced for life." "How's dat?" "His mudder come out yesterday and took him home right off second base."—*Kansas City Journal*.

Counsel—The law presumes you are innocent until you are proved guilty. *Prisoner*—My goodness; what a difference there is between the law and the district attorney!—*Town Topics*.

"Charles seems to be very exacting," said a fond mamma to the dear girl who was dressing for the wedding. "Never mind, mamma," said she sweetly, "they are his last wishes."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

"What is the object of your society?" "To prevent gambling among women." "Nonsense. It can't be done." "Certainly gambling can be stopped." "Gambling? I thought you said gahhling."—*Courier-Journal*.

Bobbie—Oh, mammal! Have you seen Uncle Jake? He looks awfully happy. *Bobbie's Mother (anxiously)*—What's the matter with him? *Bobbie*—I think he has been taking some of that good-natured alcohol.—*Life*.

"I can't get that woman to take any fresh air," complained the young physician. "You don't word your advice properly," said the old doctor. "Tell her to perambulate daily in the park, taking copious inhalations of ozone."—*Washington Herald*.

Gaydog (who has taken a few friends on a little cruise)—Boys, I'm sorry; we'll have to turn back—I've just learned that my wife has eloped with my chauffeur. *Agonized Chorus*—But think of us. We can't go back; our wives haven't.—*Puck*.

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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.
ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Again, Mr. Spreckels.

Mr. Rudolph Spreckels's latest adventure within the orbit of public observation serves afresh to illustrate the mentality of a curiously abnormal man. There is in most men in whom the fine qualities of sentiment and spirit are wholly lacking still certain evidences of inner consciousness of their deficiencies. But in this amazing creature there abides the effrontery of an ingenious childishness. Open-eyed and unashamed, obviously without the least sense of mental obliquity or of moral opacity, he does things that would shame a Digger Indian. Disapproval, contempt, ridicule, are lost upon him, for he has no sensibilities to see or to feel anything outside the limits of the brutally concrete. So elemental are the qualities of the man that he becomes a curious and a not uninteresting object of study.

The immediate instance exhibits Mr. Spreckels in a characteristic phase. He is one of a considerable number of wealthy citizens to subscribe the sum of \$25,000 each in promotion of the Panama-Pacific Exposition. He alone of many thousand subscribers, in sums great

and small, demanded certificates of stock in advance of full payment of his subscription. To have granted this demand would have been to do a thing out of order and propriety. Mr. Spreckels's demand therefore was refused. And so he has "canceled" his subscription, demanding the return of certain installments—about one-fourth in all—already paid. To give the matter a melodramatic aspect, and in a crude attempt to array the sentimental advantages of the transaction in his own behalf, he has specified that the sum already paid shall be turned over to charity. In other words, Mr. Spreckels, finding himself unable to get what he wants, and his wants are based upon no reason and no principle, seeks to play the welching act.

It is ever Mr. Spreckels's way to lay down the law for other men. It is not because he is a man of large wisdom or of discreet expedients, for he is neither. He assumes for himself a certain pontifical character merely upon the basis of many millions of inherited wealth. And when men better and wiser than himself smile at his pretensions he flies into a rage and seeks to smash things. This is the situation with respect to the exposition. Not being able to dictate the policy of the management, he would if he could knock the whole business into smithereens. If he can not boss the exposition he would rather not have any exposition at all. And whoever will not accept his dictation and bow to his authority is denounced as unfit and unworthy. This last pleasing trick he has recently acquired in imitation of our national colossus of presumption and conceit.

Of course the management of the exposition can not and will not concede Mr. Spreckels's demands. It can not and will not respect the orders cancelling his subscription and turning over the sum already paid to charity. It will proceed against Mr. Spreckels as against any other delinquent. He will be required to pay as he promised to pay. We say of course, because there is no other way. If for any reason or no reason one subscriber may cancel his subscription to the exposition fund, then all may do so. And if all or even a very considerable proportion should do so there could be no exposition. An enterprise undertaken under large motives and for large purposes, and in which there stands involved the credit of the city of San Francisco and California, would inevitably go to smash. This, of course, is Mr. Spreckels's calculation. Gratification of his vanity and of his resentment is to him a larger motive than the credit and honor of San Francisco.

The Impeachment of Governor Sulzer.

The extraordinary spectacle of the procedure against Governor Sulzer of New York calls for interpretations not available at this distance from the event and in the brief hour before the *Argonaut* goes to press. The curious thing is that no one of the daily journals which assume the function of collecting and putting forth the news has had the intelligence or has taken the pains to fully develop the facts in the case.

Beyond question the impeachment of Sulzer is a development of the open warfare between him, a Democrat of the unctuously-moral and reforming type, and the Tammany Society, by no means unctuous and wholly free from any obtrusive enthusiasm on the score of morality, real or bogus. When Sulzer came to the governorship he made public declaration of an intention to drive Tammany to the wall. The challenge was accepted, and now for full half a year there has been in progress a running fight, partly in the open and partly from ambush. The resolution of impeachment which passed the New York assembly in the early hours of Wednesday morning of this week by the emphatic vote of 79 to 45 marks a distinct score for Tammany. It appears to have "got" Sulzer in the sense that it has brought him to the bar of judgment upon counts which appear to be well founded.

The charge against Sulzer is a double one. It is

alleged that he made under oath a false statement concerning moneys received in aid of his campaign for the governorship. By his statement the sum of his campaign expenses was \$5460, whereas it is alleged that it is many times this sum, proof being promised in the form of canceled checks. The second of the charges is that Sulzer personally appropriated and applied to private investments considerable sums of money contributed for his campaign. These charges have been examined by a committee of the assembly and stand accredited by an official report both positive and circumstantial.

A development in the case which comes concurrently with the adoption of the resolution of impeachment is a report to the effect that Sulzer's wife, in an effort to shield him, takes upon herself the blame of speculation. She is alleged to have volunteered the statement that an investment made in his name was in fact made by her with funds she got from him and that he had no knowledge of the transaction. Be this as it may, there is little in it to relieve Sulzer from the discredit of the transaction. A man whose authority in his own household is so slight that it can permit his wife, even unknown to him, to apply to a dishonest purpose trust funds committed to his care, is either a moral weakling or a scoundrel or both. However our future sense of values may be modified by the new political relationships of womankind we do not yet permit a delinquent to shield himself behind petticoats.

How much or how little of the case against Sulzer may be due to the activities of the Tammany Society we can not at this time or at this distance know. Nor can we feel that it matters very much. For if Sulzer be guilty as charged, it matters not at all about the agencies through which his delinquency has been unearthed and forced upon public attention. We may indeed despise Tammany, but for that reason we may not sustain Sulzer in dishonesty and shame.

The resolution of impeachment which now hangs over Governor Sulzer has practically the effect of an indictment before a court. He must appear at the bar of the legislature and defend himself against charges of high crimes and misdemeanors. The obvious penalty is dismissal from office. If then there remains the gauntlet of ordinary criminal prosecution we are unable to say. Each state has its own laws in such matters and we have not at hand the constitution and statutes of New York.

In his personal character and pose Sulzer is a characteristic product of the time. He is a flamboyant creature of marked whimsicalities in dress, manner, and speech, and quite naturally the idol of an element which loves spectacular qualities in alliance with unctuous pretensions. His nomination and his election were alike ridiculous, and were made possible only by a combination of circumstances in which he stood as one of four candidates. Out of a total vote of 1,567,155 he received 649,559, or 41.44 per cent. The bulk of the votes being divided between Hedges, a Republican, and Straus, a Progressive, Sulzer came into the governorship upon a plurality and not by a majority.

England and the Fair.

Under date of London the 13th instant Mr. John Lawson of San Francisco, now sojourning in England, sends to the *Argonaut* the following message by cable:

Referring to the British government's decision relative to the San Francisco Exhibition, Sir Edward Grey has made the following statement: His majesty's government have come to the conclusion that they will not in the present circumstances be justified in asking the country to incur the heavy expenditure required to participate in this exhibition. This decision is based partly on the estimated cost of a representative commercial exhibit at the San Francisco Exhibition. This is estimated at one-quarter of a million sterling, and such a sum would be quite out of proportion to any commercial advantage likely to result. Moreover, inquiries which have been made among commercial centres in the United Kingdom have not shown any active desire to participate

the exhibition. The conditions of foreign exhibition laid down by the authorities prescribe that exhibits shall be distributed among a series of international pavilions, thereby rendering it impossible to obtain an effective national display as in previous exhibitions. The question has been considered and dealt with on these grounds without reference to the Panama tolls question. I may add that his majesty's government have done nothing to discourage participation of self-governing colonies in the exhibition. The government have done nothing to discourage participation of private individuals in the exhibition.

To this statement Mr. Lawson adds:

For your further information I have reason to believe that in the view of British manufacturers exhibitions have been overdone. Moreover, they are disinclined to undergo the expense of exhibiting in a country where they do not and possibly can not in future sell goods in view of the tariff. It is to them purely a business proposition. Naturally the government is unwilling to incur heavy expense unless manufacturers show more enthusiasm and desire to avail themselves of an opportunity to exhibit their goods.

This cable message is notable first as an authoritative word on the part of the British minister not so definitely or fully reported in daily press dispatches, and second as expressing the views of a gentleman at once a Californian and an Englishman on the ground.

Yet we are unable to believe that these statements, explicit as they are, tell the whole story. The fact that Great Britain declines to participate in the exposition is infinitely more emphatic than the polite and perfunctory phrases in which Sir Edward Grey disclaims the motive. It is true no doubt that British manufacturers are not disposed to participate for business reasons given; but these considerations would have small weight indeed with the British government if there were in the government the wish to coöperate in celebrating the opening of the canal. And nobody who will be at pains to examine the history of the negotiations between the two countries with respect to the canal, as detailed in last week's *Argonaut*, can be very much surprised or seriously aggrieved. If the act be a snub—and despite Sir Edward's civil phrases it is just this and nothing else—it is a snub which we have brought upon ourselves by an act of bad faith—by cheating, in other words—and which we richly deserve.

Now we have not the slightest doubt that, having administered an effective slap-in-the-face, the British government will in informal ways interest itself actively in promoting the exhibit. The otherwise friendly relationship between the two countries calls for it, and it is not the habit of British policy or British manners to shirk an international obligation. Therefore we may expect that a movement already started under nominally unofficial auspices to promote an exhibit will be carried forward with energy and probably on a scale quite as large as anything we might have had at the hands of the government itself. This is the presumption of press dispatches and it is supported by many considerations entirely tenable. But we shall no doubt miss what would otherwise have been a great contribution to the gayeties of the exposition, namely, the attendance of a fleet of British warships. Yet even this may come about in consideration of the effect that it would undoubtedly have if yielded as a concession and in the name of international courtesy and good-will.

An unofficial exhibit on the part of England will in no sense mitigate the emphasis of the reproof involved in the action of the government, yet it will very much mitigate the resentment which would almost certainly develop if no exhibit at all should be made. Such an exhibit under the patronage of the government in some sort, even though nominally unofficial, would be in effect to say to us that Britain will not as a nation join even her kinsman, ally, and friend in celebrating an event in connection with which she has been cheated, but that she will upon a lower plane and in consideration of having given us the slap-in-the-face which we deserve, do a neighborly part. If, as we surmise, this is to be the ultimate policy of Britain it has been conceived in discretion and will admirably answer the purpose in view—that of showing a proper resentment for an act of bad faith and at the same time exhibiting a general sentiment of friendliness and good-will.

The Billboards.

A further word on the subject of the billboards may seem appropriate in view of the action of certain interested persons who have plastered the city with excursions from an *Argonaut* editorial assumed to be favorable to their cause. As a matter of fact the *Argonaut* is not favorable to the billboards. Nothing that is human could be favorable to such a monstrosity unless under the stress of a money profit. The billboard is an in-

vasion of human rights, since it compels us to see things that we do not wish to see, often offensive things, and displayed in the most offensive way. It is an eyesore, a nuisance, and an insult to good taste. Nevertheless the *Argonaut* was strictly accurate in its inference that the noisy agitation against the billboard proceeded not from good taste nor from public spirit, but from the heartburnings of a few equally vulgar newspapers who were tortured by the sight of so much good advertising money going past their business offices.

Every good citizen hopes for the day when an aroused public opinion will suppress alike the vulgar billboard and the vulgar newspaper. But that day is not yet. So long as public opinion tolerates the hideous defacement of Yerba Buena Island, its practical conversion into a billboard very much more than ten feet high, and for the announcement of a mere civic frolic, we can hardly believe that the sentiment against the billboard is rooted very deeply in the public mind.

But there is another aspect of the case that is the most serious of all. The ordinance against the billboards was duly passed and it became a law. It was flouted and disobeyed. Disobedience to a clear and unequivocal law is followed in most civilized communities by the automatic and irresistible infliction of compulsion and penalties. But this is not our way. Defiance of law in San Francisco seems to have no other result than a respectful and deferential reopening of the whole case. Testimony is invited, discussion welcomed, and the supervisors address themselves to a grave debate as to whether a law that has been duly signed, sealed, and delivered shall or shall not be enforced. In point of fact a city ordinance seems to be precisely on a par with the gigantic pictures upon canvas of artillery and devils that the Chinese were wont to display for the terror of their enemies. Simply disregard them and all would be well.

This is, indeed, the real evil of the whole business. It is this rag-time way of law-making that explains why nothing is ever done or can be done. It explains also why laws in general are sinking fast into public contempt, and why city ordinances are received by the lawless with a well-founded indifference and derision.

The Nicaraguan Problem.

It is to be hoped that there will be no impetuous or ill-considered steps toward the establishment of a protectorate over Nicaragua. Mr. Bryan can hardly be said yet to have won that reputation for sagacity in foreign affairs—or indeed in anything else—that would justify a blind confidence in his counsel. Nor is the horizon of our international relations elsewhere so free from clouds that we can view a rash experiment with unconcern. Cuba is still a thorn in our side, while the Philippine problem is a running wound. That we should go out of our way actually to purchase still another sorrowful perplexity may well arouse our misgivings.

Mr. Bryan seems to have been misled by the mere surface values of a paper bargain. We can well afford to pay \$3,000,000 for anything that we need, and a guaranty against a Nicaragua canal, all sorts of coaling and naval concessions, and the right of general supervision over Nicaraguan affairs may seem to be substantial benefits. It may be querulous to suggest that no one wants to build a canal through Nicaragua, but we are certainly justified in asking if the other features of this agreement are actually as valuable as they seem to be. The recent history of Nicaragua is a catalogue of successive tyrannies and crimes, a sort of national police gazette. Is there actually any authority in that country competent to pledge its future? Is there any popular desire for American direction, or any guaranty that it will stand the strain of insurrections and revolutions that constitute the Nicaraguan idea of popular government? It is easy to understand that \$3,000,000 seems a very desirable thing to Nicaraguan patriotism. The distribution of that sum in the approved manner is quite likely to hide the corresponding obligations in a roseate mist of indifference. But what will happen when the money has been spent and nothing remains but the aforesaid obligations? And if those obligations should then be violated or repudiated by some political pirate in the shape of a dictator, how are they to be protected or enforced? No doubt our navy leagues and armament companies and Hobsons could answer that question easily and to their own gleeful satisfaction. But would such an answer be pleasing to the nation at large, which would now so

gladly retrace its steps in the Philippine policy if it were possible to do so. In foreign affairs repentance is always too late.

It may be said, too, that in such matters there is no greater blunder than untimeliness. At the present moment we are immersed in a sea of perplexity over Mexico, and the supreme factor in that perplexity is the nervous irritability of all these southern peoples when confronted with the possibilities of American interference. What will be the effect upon Mexico and upon our hopes there of the news that Nicaragua has been swallowed hoofs and hide at the invitation of a dictator whose one standard of stability is guns and bayonets and who is willing to sell anything in exchange for war material? What will be the effect upon all the other little bantam republics who are now shivering for their independence and for the divine right to regulate their ballots with their bullets? Ever since the loot of Panama by Mr. Roosevelt there is not one of these nationalities that is not unshakeably convinced of our malign intentions toward itself. One and all they are firmly persuaded that we "have 'em on the list." If now we absorb Nicaragua there will be an access of the sullen resentment that is so injurious to our interests, and it will be used remorselessly by the anti-American parties in Mexico. Indeed all Mexican parties will become more anti-American than they are now, while those of our own people whose property interests in Mexico are endangered will naturally clamor still more loudly for intervention in protection of their dividends. If we are to "protect" Nicaragua why should we not "protect" Mexico? Probably none of these considerations has occurred to Mr. Bryan, who is quite capable of regarding a Nicaraguan protectorate as a pin feather in the wing of the dove of peace and concord. Let us hope that they will occur to the Senate before we deliberately purchase one of those perplexities that so easily slide into shames.

The Cost of It All.

New laws to the number of 686 were added last Sunday night to the California statute-book. With the exception of a few peculiarly vicious or silly enactments, no one knows what these new laws are. The proceedings of the legislature were practically unreported except as a "source of innocent merriment," and it is safe to predict that a large majority of these absurdities will never be heard of either because they are mere products of silliness or because they are unenforceable. Any theory that the happiness or prosperity of any community on earth needs the creation of nearly seven hundred new laws is self-condemned. And the system that permits of any such wild hysteria of legislation is equally self-condemned.

There are, of course, some substantial products of the new programme that now goes into effect. Thanks to its financial prodigalities the governor has now the sum of \$100,000 for distribution among the faithful in the shape of yearly salaries, and from the gubernatorial point of view this probably constitutes the work of the session. All the other laws to which he has attached his signature were merely crumbs for the minnows and intended to lubricate the passage of bills to which appointments and salaries were attached. The legislature in the eyes of the governor was a useful mechanism for the support and solidification of the machine, and it is surprising how much can be done with \$100,000 a year adroitly extracted from the pockets of the electorate and distributed among the camp followers of a political machine.

But \$100,000 a year is a considerable sum of money at a time when the high cost of living is a burning problem. And it represents a very small proportion of the swollen expenditures that represent our efforts to tax ourselves into happiness. A large part of that sum will naturally be paid by San Francisco, which is already paying for its own expenses some \$7,000,000 a year more than it was paying at the time of the fire, and which now proposes to pay several million dollars more for properties which will be a veritable godsend to the next McCarthy or Tveitnoe administration. Certainly progressivism, whether national, state, or municipal, is an expensive luxury. If the average voter were but to exercise his ordinary powers of computation he would find that he is buying progressivism instead of comforts from the grocer and that his domestic budget is not wholly unrelated to those other budgets, Johnsonian and municipal, for which he votes at the polling booth. Nothing is more remarkable than the professed perplexity at the high cost of living while we

have \$14,000,000 municipal budgets staring us in the face and while legislators at Sacramento dispense dollars among the politically needy as though they were pebbles on the shore. It is hard to believe that the average citizen has any practical realization that these vast sums are actually paid by himself, that they are unerringly deducted from his weekly wages, and that he is saddled with the pitiful domestic anxieties that grow greater month by month, not that he may have a better government, but that he may have one far worse.

New York Municipal Debt, and Other Matters.

The demoralization of the finances of New York City, recently exposed through examinations of the bureau of municipal research, illustrates emphatically the tendencies of what may be called the bond distemper. New York City owes the vast sum of \$1,169,000,000. Upon this sum interest must be paid this year, 1913, in the tidy sum of \$33,453,877. In addition there must be paid into the sinking funds approximately \$9,000,000. Practically, since these payments are made through borrowing under the bond device, the municipal indebtedness of New York is increasing at the rate of \$55,000,000 per year—this on interest and sinking fund accounts alone, without reckoning casual additions to the debt due to new projects of public improvements and to increase in the costs of ordinary administration.

The growth of the New York City debt since ways were found for financing increases has gone by leaps and bounds. Measured by interest charge alone, it advanced a million and a quarter dollars in the year between 1903 and 1904. The next year, in 1905, it had gained nearly two millions; in 1906 practically a million and a half; in 1907 above a million and three-quarters; in 1908, in round numbers four millions; and in the years following to 1913 at the rate of three millions per year. These advances, mind, merely in the interest account.

It is estimated that nearly \$100,000,000 of the present New York debt was incurred for foolish and short-lived improvements, so called. Any one of the improvements represented by this vast sum for which the community is still paying interest could have been canceled at its inception without serious loss to the city in any way. But it has been easy to borrow money on municipal account and so the game has gone on and on until there has been built up an obligation so colossal in its proportions as to put a strain even on the enormous property values of the metropolis.

San Francisco is moving rapidly toward a condition equally staggering in its assurance of inflated taxes and extravagant practices in government. Men of sense who have the welfare of the city at heart see it plainly enough. Even small property-holders, upon whom the increasing burden of taxes already falls grievously, are alarmed by it. The valuations of property are mightily affected by it and investment is of course retarded through it.

Under the conditions as they stand it would be an act of extremest folly for San Francisco to appropriate a large sum, or any sum, for the projected municipal railway extensions. The project now in view by the inflationists is ill considered and promises no relief from present conditions. Extensions as planned could not in any practicable way serve the exposition, and it is the judgment of expert financiers that they could not possibly be made to pay. Securities based upon these projected extensions would find no market at all if they did not bear the guaranty of the municipality, and even with it they would be, as are all the more recent issues, a drug on the market.

Bonds of the City of San Francisco may now be had in the open market at prices netting $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, whereas only a little while ago they were readily saleable on a 4 per cent basis. But if a buyer will look about for bargains he can pick up job lots yielding anywhere from 7 to 8 per cent. Here is the explanation: For certain municipal projects bonds have been voted, but can not be sold. In this situation there has grown up a practice of paying for public work, not in money, but in bonds. The contractor, to meet this condition, merely screws up his price to cover the discount in selling the bonds at the low rates above quoted. Thus the city is today practically paying anywhere from 7 to 8 per cent interest on all the work now in progress and being paid for in bonds.

The contention between daily newspapers with respect to the operations of the Geary Street road goes

forward with undiminished energy. The *Examiner* and the *Call*, supporting the pending bond project, insist that the Geary Street road is paying, while the *Chronicle* and the *Post*, standing in opposition, are equally insistent that the Geary Street road is not paying. There seems no practical way to determine the point under present practices of municipal book-keeping. But there are estimates based upon authoritative statements that come to this general conclusion, namely, that (a) up to the time of the operation of Geary Street cars to the Ferry the system lost money; that (b) since the operation of the cars from the Ferry the system is earning its way and possibly something more; that (c) with a system of ill-calculated extensions, the system would surely lose, this being the rule in all such cases.

If the advocates of municipal ownership were clever they would insist that the condition should remain precisely what it is now. They have a new line through the heart of the city, finely equipped with new rolling stock, doing a good business. If they would be content for the present to let well enough alone they could speedily make an impressive demonstration of the success of the municipal ownership principle. But if they shall succeed in adding to the present profitable system a lot of non-profitable extensions they will involve the whole scheme in loss and in ultimate disaster and contempt.

Editorial Notes.

Apparently Mr. Glavis is to be always with us, like the poor. It seems only yesterday that this versatile youth was dismissed from his official position at Sacramento under suspicion—to put it mildly—of a remunerative enthusiasm for his lumber friends. And now here he is again, and in a new and more romantic rôle. Life is too short to ascertain the precise relations between Mr. Glavis and the young woman who attempted suicide on the Oakland ferryboat. She may have been his wife or she may have occupied a more tender but less permanent position. Doubtless she had her reasons, and association with Mr. Glavis explains much. But if this very cheap and nasty young man will now consent to relegate himself permanently to the obscurity from which he ought never to have emerged a few sensational headlines will be a low price to pay for it. And perhaps the reformers who once hailed Mr. Glavis, not only as the champion of a cause, but as the embodiment of all heroic virtues, will learn a much-needed lesson in caution and in the true values of human nature.

Mr. Bryan's friend, a man from Mexico without training in diplomacy, has been placed in charge of the Latin-American Bureau at Washington. Another friend of Mr. Bryan, whose capabilities have been trained as an insurance agent, has been given another high post in the Department of State. The editor of Mr. Bryan's *Commoner* has been made governor of the Canal Zone. And now another friend of Mr. Bryan—Governor Lind of Minnesota—has been sent to Mexico in the capacity of adviser to the secretary of legation in charge of affairs *ad interim*, with promise of the ambassadorship when it shall be deemed expedient to fill that position, made vacant by the retirement of Mr. Henry L. Wilson. So far as our observation goes the entire official service of the country is in the way of being filled either by friends of Mr. Bryan or by college professors known to President Wilson. There seems to be in the government at Washington no other "line" upon the men of the country barring their friendly relations on the one hand to Mr. Bryan and to their academic acquaintance with the presidency on the other. Incidentally it may be of interest that gossip accredits Dr. Jordan with having recommended Mr. Hayden to the President as the successor of Mr. McNab in the prosecuting attorneyship at San Francisco. And now, since the President has discovered that Mr. Hayden is scarcely more than a college boy and that the whole record of his legal practice includes only a few unimportant cases, he is deeply disgusted and has privately declared himself to the effect that in so far as the affairs of California are concerned President Jordan's name shall henceforth be Dennis.

It seems hardly likely that the President has done much to clarify the Mexican situation by sending Mr. Lind as a special envoy. No one seems to know much about Mr. Lind, but it is said that he has never been in Mexico before, that he knows nothing of the country or the people, and that he speaks neither Spanish nor

French. It may very well be that Ambassador Wilson has lost his value to the administration by his championship of General Huerta, who is regarded at Washington as a murderer. But is there no one else at the embassy who could be trusted to send reliable news and useful opinions? Was it actually necessary to employ a special envoy with dubious credentials, and in face of the spirited protests of the Mexican government, such as it is? A dispatch from Mexico City says that Huerta has enormously increased his popularity as a result of the insolence toward America that a wise diplomacy would have given him no cause to display. It seems absurd to suppose that at this time of day it should actually be necessary to devise a wholly fresh mechanism in order to get news from Mexico or to impress our views upon Mexico. At least there should have been an avoidance of needless exasperation or irritation. But Mr. Bryan's extraordinary incapacity to see the obvious or to allow for the ever-present equation of passionate human nature is one of the penalties that we have to pay for the picturesque in statecraft.

Four women calling themselves an Animals' Protection Society enlivened the monotony of life on Monday by snatching the feed-bags from a number of post-office horses, throwing the bags into the gutters, and generally acting like hoodlums. In some mysterious way this was supposed to be a protest against cruelty to animals, although the animals themselves may have their own unexpressed opinions on the matter. The women then visited the postmaster, who, we are told, received them courteously, and suggested that they make representations to Washington, to the end that a larger supply of horses be furnished. Now it would be interesting to know why these women were not arrested for assault and battery. But for their sex they would have been in custody in five minutes. It is easy to understand that this was the readiest way to get their pictures in the newspapers, but perhaps a better plan would have been to sell rubbishy pencils in the street in the sacred cause of charity or to arrange some grand society festival for the aid of indigent midwives. Tastes, of course, differ, but if street rioting is henceforth to be numbered among the methods of our charity workers, and if our newspapers are to reward it with the desired publicity, life will become even more strenuous than it is now. In the meantime we may ask once more why these females are not in jail for a breach of the peace.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Escape of Henri Rochefort.

1428 CORBETT AVENUE,
SAN FRANCISCO, July 29, 1913.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: While perusing the *Argonaut* I came across an article describing the heroism displayed by the French journalist and agitator, Henri Rochefort, in his escape from the inferno of Cayenne.

Rochefort never saw Cayenne in his life. After the riots of the Commune, in which he played a prominent part, he was sent to New Caledonia, a French colony near Australia. He was not condemned to convict life at hard labor; simply deported to a political exile. He and a thousand more or less of the same ilk, asses most of them, who had followed his leadership, were interned in a peninsula two miles from Noumea, the capital of the island. In all my travels over the world have I ever encountered a more pretty spot, a more pleasant and salubrious climate than at the place mentioned. Good cabins to live in, good grub to eat, no work to do but lay down under palm trees, all the chances to write to his heart content, good companionship of friends, newspaper men like himself, long hours of play at baccarat and any other hessed game, with many intermezzos of fine French liquors and wines in a private room of the general merchandise store of the locality.

He did not swim three miles, nor even five feet; he could not be devoured by sharks, not any where he was—the coral reefs keep them out. A small boat I hired at the cost of fifteen francs and five francs for the old boatman, of my own pocket, took him in the night from the shore of the peninsula to a small sailing vessel bound for Newcastle, Australia. The owner of the store, a friend of mine, lent him \$500 to pay his and two friends' expenses to Switzerland. Said owner was fired from the island when the government found out about the loan. I would have had the same fate if my pull had not been strong enough. My poor friend found himself stranded in Australia, having had to dispose of his business in a quick time; wrote to Rochefort to remind him of the loan; could not miss the address, as it was published in the French papers, and for all that never had an answer. There is all the truth in the escape of Rochefort. Very little heroism in it, but a great deal of ingratitude. I knew Rochefort well. He was a good writer, but a good deal of a bluffer.

Excuse me for hothering you so long about a thing which concerns you very little. I thought perhaps a journalist might like to know the truth of certain things. I'll conclude by telling you that I am a reader of the *Argonaut*. I like your editorials.

Yours truly,
J. L. LAPLACE.

The log cabin in which Vice-President John K. lived in youth still stands at Shelbyville, Ind.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

General Miles, returning from eastern Europe, says that the stories of Bulgarian atrocities are untrue. Of course that settles it, but at the same time we are at a loss to account for the many contrary reports that arrive ceaselessly from the seat of war. In the newspapers of a single day we find accounts of Bulgarian atrocities from King Constantine of Greece, from the special correspondents of *Le Temps* and the *Daily Telegraph*, from the consuls-general of Italy and Austria, and from the Servian government. Most of these stories are too disgusting to be printed. Mere massacre becomes trivial in comparison with the horrors of burning, torture, and mutilation inflicted by Christian soldiers upon their fellow-religionists. And if the Bulgarians acted in this way toward Servians and Greeks we can imagine, or rather we can not imagine, how they behaved toward the Turks.

The pages of modern history are filled with the records of wars waged by Christian nations against other Christian nations, usually for purposes of highway robbery. How many cases are there of wars waged by Mohammedans against Mohammedans?

No one will be disposed to deny that Dr. Bridges, the new poet laureate, is a real poet. But no one seems able to explain how it is that the average man has never heard of him. A writer in the London *Daily Chronicle* says: "When his name was first mentioned I turned up the volumes of the 'History of English Literature,' in which Sir W. Robertson Nicoll and Mr. Thomas Seacombe had collaborated. The volume that ranges from Wordsworth to Barrie contains no allusion whatever to Dr. Bridges among the poets of the nineteenth century." We may believe that the appointment of Dr. Bridges represents the personal preference of the prime minister or—who knows?—of Queen Mary, rather than the recognition of any sort of general acclaim. Perhaps the opinion of the man in the street upon such a matter is not worth notice, but there can be little doubt that education and poetic taste would have given their votes to Mr. Noyes rather than Dr. Bridges.

The hallots in the Democratic primaries in the Twenty-Third Assembly District of New York will be eighteen feet long and will be printed in six-foot sections and pasted together. *Vox populi, vox Dei.*

The museum of the University of Pennsylvania is about to publish a translation of the new laws of Hamurabi, King of Babylon, 4000 years old. These were recently discovered on a shattered tablet which supplements the laws already known. One of the most interesting of the statutes is the law regulating bankruptcy and which provides that: "If a man has borrowed grain or money from the merchant and has neither grain nor money to pay back, but he has movable goods he shall give whatever he has to the merchant according as [words missing] the merchant shall not refuse; he must accept." Another law fixes the rate of interest on loans at 20 per cent, but the creditor who charged compound interest was adjudged to forfeit the principal and six times the amount of interest. A borrower who had been robbed and who was therefore unable to pay need do no more than swear to his losses in the temple, and he might then go free, while the man who had failed to make a profit on his business journey was not required to pay interest on the loans that he had made for the purposes of that journey. It would seem that commercial life in ancient Babylon had its advantages in a curious mixture of benevolence and severity by no means without its admirable features.

There have been a number of public debates between Emil Seidel and J. Adam Bede on the question, "Is Socialism desirable for the United States?" And now Mr. Bede has a complaint to make about the treatment that he receives. Mr. Seidel, the Socialist, is always heard in attentive silence by the non-Socialist part of the audience, but Mr. Bede is always hissed and interrupted by the Socialist element. Of course he is. Just as we expect to find a peculiarly impudent and virulent form of corruption in the professional reformer, so we may always anticipate a peculiarly brutal kind of tyranny from the public exponents of liberty and justice. The time may come when the public will recognize this, but not this week.

The prophets of a universal peace and good-will toward men are invited to consider the recent action of the Dutch government, which has voted the funds for a new fleet of nine dreadnoughts with the usual equipment of torpedo boats and submarines. There was a time when Holland was a great naval power, but she voluntarily abandoned a position that now she seems anxious to reclaim. Of course her present anxiety is for her East India possessions, but one may wonder of what value would be nine dreadnoughts if those possessions should ever be seriously threatened. Nine canoes would be just about as effective against any of the great navies of the world.

The new French army bill has been passed by 358 votes against 204. The demands of patriotism—that is to say, of the armament companies—were irresistible, as they usually are, and now the authorities are beseeching the women to be more prolific in the supply of the new soldiers, and coercing the bachelors to do their share in the holy work of legitimate procreation. The steps of the interesting process are worth noting. Germany felt impelled to increase her army because of the rise of the Slav principalities. France does the same thing, not because of the Slav situation, but because she must keep pace with her rival across the Rhine. Now we are told that the new French strength constitutes a menace to Alsace and Lorraine, which must, of course, be met by

further German lives. And so the good work goes on to the tune set by the European capitalists, who furnish the necessary loans for the waging of wars and then sell to the combatants indiscriminately the munitions with which those wars are waged. It is known to the wise as the process of catching them coming and going. The foolish call it patriotism.

The ethics of the true and whole-souled Progressive are fitly displayed in the letter written by Senator Bristow to Senator Long in 1906, and now made public for the first time by Senator Ashurst. Mr. Bristow wrote: "I think I would like to have one of those advisory places on the canal commission. They pay \$7500, and require a visit to the Isthmus once in three months. I could hold it and live in Kansas, being there at least half my time, and when the fight got hot I could resign." Of course all things are lawful to a true progressivism on the principle that thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn. But it was unwise to write such a letter. A word in the ear would have been so much better.

Mayor Gaynor is to be congratulated on his letter to a certain pestilent parson named Keevil, whose chief occupation is to report cases of Sunday violation and to secure the punishment of the offender. Keevil recently discovered some young malefactors playing basehall on Sunday and promptly made the usual demand upon the mayor for the hanging, drawing, and quartering of the criminals. The mayor says in his reply that Mr. Keevil is himself breaking the same law which he condemns others for breaking, since "you are paid wages for enforcing the Sunday law, or seeking out violations, by a society which you got together for that purpose, and you make your living in that way." The mayor continues: "If I should admonish you, it would be in the most hesitant way, even touching you only by the very tips of my fingers, so to speak. In that spirit may I say that some think that what you are doing on Sunday, in trudging all over the city, and watching your neighbors and receiving wages therefor, is 'work' within the meaning of our Sunday law, and also of the divine commandment. Your case, to say the least, may be as debatable as the games on Sunday to which you are objecting. If these games are of doubtful legality, is not that also the best that can be said of the work which you are doing on Sunday for pay? If a private citizen hires out to any other private citizens to go about as a sort of catch-pole on Sunday to see his neighbors play ball, and stop them, is he not working?" The mayor suggests further that if circumstances permitted he might offer to Keevil some sage advice on the subject of grammar and spelling. Perhaps Keevil was once a schoolteacher.

Senator Fall is one of those shining lights of patriotism who clamor for war with Mexico from "a desire to see Americans protected" and who coyly admit that they are interested "in mining in Mexico." Nothing is more delightful than to see such harmony between beneficence and investments.

The mutiny of the Swiss guards of the Vatican breaks a record for fidelity of hundreds of years. Every European traveler has seen Thorwaldsen's "Lion of Lucerne," which commemorates the heroism of the Swiss guards who fell in the defense of the Tuileries against the revolutionary mob. But the traditions of Swiss loyalty were even then old. For two hundred years the Swiss guard had been the mainstay and the reliance of French kings, the men who were always untried and incorruptible. And now we find a mutiny so serious that the commander was compelled to draw his revolver, and for causes that seem so insignificant. The men resented some small restrictions of their liberty. They complained that they were drilled too much and they disliked mounting to the roof of the Vatican in order to learn how to repel an imaginary enemy. Evidently the dignities of these Swiss soldiers had been outraged, and we all know that human nature resents an indignity far more than a hardship. Doubtless they felt that they were being treated as "common soldiers" and that there was insufficient recognition of their traditions. However that may be, a long and unstained record has been soiled, and it would not be at all surprising if the Swiss guard in the Vatican should henceforth cease to exist.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

Plumbago, Ceylon's most important mineral product, is known all over the world for its lustre, lubricating, polishing, and binding qualities. The United States is the chief consumer. In appearance it is a strong black crystalline, and in this respect it differs from the grayish lead which is found in young rock in America. There are now about one thousand plumbago mines in Ceylon, including all the shallow pits, open works, and deep mines. The depth varies from a few yards to as much as seven hundred feet. Most of the mines are worked by natives, the only important one controlled by Europeans being the Medapola. At the majority of the mines the only machinery used is the "dabare." This consists of a long wooden barrel with handles at each end. Round this a rope is given two or three turns and a bucket fastened to each end. It is worked by seven or eight men turning the handle.

A phonograph-clock has been perfected by Max Marcus, a German, after many years of labor. He is confident that his invention will come into general use. It not only keeps time to the second, but tells the time in a clear baritone voice. "Four o'clock!" and "Forty-three!" says the clock in loud, distinct, but very pleasantly modulated tones, and the half and full hours may be repeated at will by the pressing of a button. The quarters are not spoken.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Cowboy.

"What care I, what cares he.
What cares the world of the life we know;
Little they reck of the shadowless plains;
The shelterless mesa, the sun and the rains.
The wild, free life, as the winds that blow."
With his broad sombrero
His worn chapparejos,
And clinking spurs;
Like a Centaur he speeds,
Where the wild hull feeds;
And he laughs, ha, ha!—who cares, who cares!

Ruddy and brown, careless and free—
A king in the saddle—he rides at will
O'er the measureless range where rarely change
The swart gray plains so weird and strange,
Traceless and streamless, and wondrous still!
With his slouch sombrero,
His torn chapparejos,
And clinking spurs;
Like a Centaur he speeds,
Where the wild hull feeds;
And he laughs, ha, ha!—who cares, who cares!

He of the towns, he of the East,
Has only a vague, dull thought of him;
In his far-off dreams the cowboy seems
A mythical thing, a thing he deems
A Hun or a Goth as swart and grim!
With his stained sombrero,
His rough chapparejos,
And clinking spurs;
Like a Centaur he speeds,
Where the wild hull feeds;
And he laughs, ha, ha!—who cares, who cares!

Often alone, his saddle a throne,
He scans like a sheik the numberless herd;
Where the buffalo-grass and the sage-grass dry
In the hot, white glare of a cloudless sky,
And the music of streams is never heard.
With his gay sombrero,
His brown chapparejos,
And clinking spurs;
Like a Centaur he speeds,
Where the wild hull feeds;
And he laughs, ha, ha!—who cares, who cares!

Swift and strong, and ever alert,
Yet sometimes he rests on the dreary vast;
And his thoughts, like the thoughts of other men,
Go back to his childhood days again,
And many a loved one in the past,
With his gay sombrero,
His rude chapparejos,
And clinking spurs;
He rests awhile,
With a tear and a smile,
And he laughs, ha, ha!—who cares, who cares!

Sometimes his mood from solitude
Hurries him, heedless, off to the town!
Where mirth and wine through the gohlet shine,
And treacherous sirens twist and swing
The lasso that often brings him down;
With his soaked sombrero,
His rent chapparejos,
And clinking spurs;
He staggers back
On the homeward track,
And shouts to the plains—who cares, who cares!

On his bronco's back he sways and swings
Yet mad and wild with the city's fume;
His pace is the pace of the song he sings,
And the ribald oath that maudlin clings
Like the wicked stench of the harlot's room,
With his ragged sombrero,
His torn chapparejos,
His rowelless spurs;
He dashes again
Through the trackless rain;
Reeling and reckless—who cares, who cares!

'Tis over late at the ranchman's gate—
He and his fellows, perhaps a score,
Halt in a quarrel o'er night begun,
With a ready blow and the random gun—
There's a dead, dead comrade! nothing more.
With his slouched sombrero,
His dark chapparejos,
And clinking spurs;
He dashes past
With face o'ercast,
And growls in his throat—who cares, who cares!

Away on the range there is little change;
He blinks in the sun, he herds the steers;
But a trail on the wind creeps close behind,
And whispers that stagger and blanch the mind
Through the hum of the solemn noon he hears,
With his dark sombrero,
His stained chapparejos,
And clinking spurs;
He slides down
Where the grasses brown
May bide his face, while he sohs—who cares!

But what care I, and what cares he—
This is the strain, common at last;
He is free and vain of his hide-rein,
Of his spurs, of his gun, of the dull-gray plain;
He is ever vain of his bronco heast!
With his gray sombrero,
His brown chapparejos,
And clinking spurs;
Like a Centaur he speeds
Where the wild hull feeds;
And he laughs, ha, ha!—who cares, who cares!
—John Antrobus.

The record price of \$250,000 was paid in London July 30 for the horse Prince Palatine, winner of the Ascot gold cup, by J. B. Joel, the South African millionaire sportsman. A proviso was made by his former owner, T. Pilkington, that the horse should not leave Great Britain. The previous highest price paid for a thoroughbred horse was \$196,875 for Flying Fox.

The twentieth Universal Peace Congress will take place at The Hague from Monday, the 18th of August, to Saturday, the 23d, of this year.

NEW FRONT FOR BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

To Beautify "Ugliest Royal Residence in Europe."

Seventy-six years ago this month a modest procession set out from Kensington Palace. Two carriages and an escort of mounted soldiers drew up before the doors of the mansion in the early afternoon to await the emergence of a young woman of eighteen summers who, a short month ago, had succeeded to the throne of England as Queen Victoria. The carriages were to convey her and the soldiers to escort her away from the scene of her birth and the home of her childhood. The queen, according to an annalist of the time, "appeared rather pale, and a feeling of regret appeared at the moment to come over her majesty's countenance at leaving the place of her birth." That leave-taking marked not only an epoch in the life of the young monarch, but the opening of a new chapter in the annals of the royal palaces of London, for since Queen Victoria abandoned Kensington Palace to take up her residence in Buckingham Palace the latter ungainly building has been the official London home of the sovereign of England.

Not that Queen Victoria was the first of her royal line to hold court in that palace of St. James's Park which stands on the site of James I's famous Mulberry Garden. Her uncle, George IV, had intended to make his home there, and his brother, William IV, had ordered the completion of the unfinished building. William, however, seems to have anticipated modern dislike of Buckingham Palace, for even when it was finished he still preferred to hold court at St. James's Palace. Thus it happened that Buckingham Palace was not finally fitted up for a royal residence until the accession of Queen Victoria, a fact which explains the joke of 1837 to the effect that it was the cheapest of all royal residences, it having been "built for one sovereign and furnished for another."

For many years it has been a commonplace of architectural criticism that Buckingham Palace is the ugliest royal residence in Europe. But that is not a modern opinion, the harvest of the aesthetic teaching of John Ruskin; so long ago as 1828 the Duke of Wellington declared that no sovereign of Europe was so "ill lodged" as his own king. Yet seventy-six years have been allowed to elapse before an attempt is to be made to beautify at least the outward appearance of the palace.

It's the old story of the new parlor carpet over again. For just as the new parlor carpet made everything else in the house look so shabby that the building had to be refurnished throughout, so the improvements which have been carried out in the erection of the new Admiralty Arch and the opening up of the Mall and the embellishments of Queen Victoria's snow-white Memorial have so accentuated the barrack-like aspect of Buckingham Palace that it has become impossible to neglect it any longer. So a few days hence, when King George sets out for Goodwood and Cowes and the season has ended, an army of masons will get to work on the palace, tearing off its old frontage preparatory to refacing the building and bringing it into harmony with its new environments. The contract time for the work is a bare three months, and to finish it within that period the masons will work in relays by night as well as by day, a huge electric installment having been designed for the night workmen. Some sixty thousand pounds will be expended on the renovation, bringing the total cost of work upon the building within the last half-century to over a million dollars.

Judging from the architect's drawing, a type of picture which is usually no more truthful than a tombstone tribute, the new front of Buckingham Palace hardly promises to make the building a serious rival to Versailles or even Hampton Court. There will still be the long line of factory-like windows, even though they are to be broken at intervals with columns, and the general effect of the façade will probably be as severe as that which it is to replace. All that optimism can hope is that the color of the stone may do something to relieve the hardness of the design. If the open space behind the railings were handed over to a competent gardener instead of being allowed to remain as a mere graveled yard it might yet be possible to transform the aspect of the palace into some likeness to the picture it presented when its ducal owner adorned his home with the legend "The household gods delight in such a situation."

For it is forgotten that there was a time when Buckingham House was truthfully described as "one of the great beauties of London" and when its garden included a "little wilderness full of blackbirds and nightingales." But that was more than a couple of centuries ago. Earlier still, thanks to a whim of James I, there was no more verdant spot in all London. For the forty acres of land now embraced by the palace and its grounds were embanked and laid out in 1609 by the "wisest fool in Christendom" as a mulberry garden in the hope of fostering the manufacture of silk. The project was encouraged by Charles I, but by the time the Merry Monarch was restored to his own the garden had degenerated to a pleasure haunt. Even in that form, however, it was not a great success if Pepys spoke the truth. "A very silly place," he found it, with but "little company," yet somewhat redeemed by a wilderness which was "somewhat pretty." The garden was closed about 1674, and a little more than a quarter of a century later it was purchased by John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, that "noble author" of

whom Horace Walpole cynically remarked that he "would more easily have been mistaken for the other Buckingham if he had never written at all."

Whatever his defects as a writer, the Duke of Buckingham certainly had a pretty taste as a house-builder and landscape gardener. It was his mansion, built in 1705 and named after his ducal title, which was classed among "the great beauties of London." In the old editions of his "Works," which his sorrowing duchess collected and published to commit his fame to "posterity," is a rambling letter from his pen in which he described the interior and exterior charms of his residence. Therein one may read of his "very large bed-chamber, intirely quiet, high, and free from the early sun," of his spacious "salon filled with pictures" and with a view of "the pleasantest park in the world," of his staircase walls painted with the story of Dodo, of his courts and arches and terraces. Nor was the duke less eloquent in describing his gardens with their broad walks and their canal and their walls covered with roses and creepers and their green houses and bathing apartments and a little outdoor library in which the books were so admirably arranged that "a very Irish footman may fetch any book I want." This Buckingham House figured largely in the duke's will as his "new-built house in St. James's Park" and gave him a world of thought as to its future destiny. Having allowed himself "liberties in relation to ladies," John Sheffield was in a quandary when he came to pen his last testament. By that time a third wife had presented him with an heir, but he was still mindful of the "certain youth called Charles Herbert" of whom one of his mistresses had made him the father. So Charles came in for the reversion of Buckingham House: if the rightful heir died without male issue the "new-built house in St. James's Park" was to become his property.

And so it befell. But Charles, who became Sir Charles Sheffield, found the house something of a white elephant and gladly parted with it to George III for twenty-eight thousand pounds. Here the third of the Hanovers made his home, and within Buckingham House were born all his numerous children save one. Here, too, he collected that famous library which his son is credited with having "presented" to the nation. The aspect of the mansion in those days is preserved in three views which figure in the Duke of Buckingham's "Works," views which the printer was so enamoured of that he used them over and over again as "fill-ups." They are our sole pictures of the house as it was when stout old Samuel Johnson had his interview with Farmer George.

For the Buckingham Palace of today is not the Buckingham House of John Sheffield. A part of the structure dates from the reign of George IV, a part from the period of William IV, but the hideousness took shape some sixty years ago when the east front was built. That east front has long been an eloquent proof that the Hanover accomplishments did not include a taste for the fine arts. If the new frontage shall happily transform the building into a picture pleasant for the eye to rest upon the fifth of the Georges will have done something to restore the credit of his line in the realm of aesthetics.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, July 29, 1913.

Probably the most unique farm in the world is located in Missouri, seventy-five feet underground, near the city of Springfield. True, there are small caves in France devoted to the growth of mushrooms, but the Missouri cavern produces not only mushrooms, but rhubarb and celery in quantities, to say nothing of frogs in season. It is owned and farmed by Robert Smith, who finds his labors highly profitable. Throughout the year the cavern, through which flows a gentle stream, maintains a temperature of sixty degrees. It is devoid of undue dampness and is freshened with a steady current of air. Twelve years ago Smith, then a resident of St. Louis, went farm-hunting, and finally selected the property which he has since made one of the exceptional places in the world. It was necessary to carry great quantities of rich earth into the cavern after the owner decided to go in for mushrooms. This venture proving successful, he experimented with rhubarb, and then found the underground farm an excellent place in which to bleach celery. Both rhubarb and celery are transplanted after obtaining a good start outside. The frogs are caught in a netted pond at the mouth of the cave.

Monument Park, near Colorado Springs, Colorado, contains some queer freaks of nature. Among the most singular is a group of light grayish-yellow sandstone pillars twenty or more feet high capped with a thin layer of dark-colored rock which resemble the tops of giant mushrooms which have shriveled and partially dried up. The dark-colored capping being of a much harder, ironstone, rock than the pillars has to some extent protected the latter from disintegration. Especially at nightfall is the traveler impressed with the weird effect of these gigantic and grotesque forms, which, in the uncertain light, assume the attitudes of huge human or animal shapes.

Under conditions probably more unusual than anywhere else in the world is baseball played at Ketchikan, Alaska, where the only level stretch of land suitable for grounds is along the ocean edge. Consequently the games must be played at low tide, for nearly twenty feet of water cover the home plate when the tide is at flood.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Reverend R. H. Charles, D. D., the new Canon of Westminster, has been Speaker's lecturer in biblical studies at Oxford. He graduated at Queen's University, Belfast, and became a scholar of Trinity College, Dublin, when he took his Doctorate of Divinity.

Dr. Pierre Roxe, who has just announced the discovery of an anti-cholera serum, is director of the Pasteur Institute, Paris. He made his statement before the Academy of Sciences, and said monkeys which had been infected with cholera had been cured by inoculation with the serum.

James Wilson, who recently retired after a long career as Secretary of Agriculture at Washington and is now traveling abroad, has received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Edinburgh. He is a native of Scotland, but came to this country when a youth.

Mrs. J. R. Green, who has been described as "the cleverest woman in London," was recently given the degree of Doctor of Literature by the Liverpool University. She is an historian of exceptional ability, and has written a number of such works. Her book on Henry II is considered to be the best life of any mediaeval king.

Charles Grimaldi, a newly discovered Italian composer, whose work is said to be remarkable, has been blind from birth. He is a professor in a school for the blind in Rome, and has aroused the personal interest of Queen Dowager Margherita. Probably his finest work is a mass, which was heard recently for the first time in public. He has also written several symphonies which will be executed during the next concert season.

Francis B. Sayre, whose engagement to a daughter of President Wilson was recently announced, has been notified by the appellate division that he passed the bar examinations on the substance of law and on the code and pleadings. He will be admitted to practice in New York State next fall. Sayre now is connected with District Attorney Whitman's office, but in February will go to Williams College as assistant to President Garfield.

Mme. Curie, the discoverer of polonium and co-discoverer with her husband of radium, will leave France shortly to make her home in Warsaw, Russia. She will superintend a radiological laboratory in connection with the Warsaw Society of Science. This new work will be along the same lines as those of the Radiological Institute of Paris, which Professor Curie founded and which since his death in 1906 has been managed by his widow.

Professor Charles H. Marvin, recently appointed chief of the government weather bureau, is fifty-five years old and has been in the service of the weather bureau since 1884. He has invented a number of instruments in use at weather stations, including apparatus for measuring and automatically recording rainfall, snowfall, sunshine, atmospheric pressure, and evaporation. Until his recent promotion he was professor of meteorology in the United States Weather Bureau.

Captain Shosaku Togo, who brought the *Hongkong Maru* of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha into the port of San Francisco last week, is the first Japanese who has ever brought a passenger vessel across the Pacific to this port. Although only in the thirties, he has had a wide experience as a navigator. After serving as commander of a troopship during the war with Russia, he was chief officer on various liners and then became skipper on a steamer running from Japan to South America.

Dr. Carl Lumholtz, well known in this country owing to his studies among the Mexican Indians, is equipping an expedition to explore the unknown interior of Dutch New Guinea. In the highlands of the interior Dr. Lumholtz expects to find savage tribes which have never seen a white man. He believes this region to be rich in rare animals and gorgeous unknown birds. The new country will be mapped by the photogrammetric method, which has been used lately with highly satisfactory results in Spitzbergen.

Dr. Paul S. Reinsch, chosen as the new American minister to China, has been professor of political science at the University of Wisconsin since 1901. He was born in Milwaukee in 1869, and was educated in Berlin, Rome, and Paris. In 1906 he represented this country as a delegate to the third Pan-American Conference at Rio de Janeiro. He is a member of the American International Law Association, and has written a number of works which have been translated into Japanese, Chinese, Spanish, and other languages.

Brigadier-General William H. Bixby, who is retiring from service at his own request, is chief of engineers of the United States army. He is a native of Charlestown, Massachusetts, is a West Point graduate, and in his long career in the army has had to do with most of the great engineering projects which have fallen to the charge of the army engineers, notably various projects for the improvement of the Mississippi River. He is an authority on the construction of bridges, having shown the practicability of a 3000-foot span across the Hudson River in the face of opposition from engineering circles. He is a member of several famous scientific bodies.

LONGITUDE A HUNDRED AND EIGHTY.

The Purser's Story of a Will, a Maid, and Two Men.

There's no cooler place than the high-perched chart-house of a Pacific liner, eastbound, when the wind is dead aft and the weather is hot—which it certainly was this trip aboard the *Empress of Japan*, from Yokohama for Vancouver, although the season was our northern midwinter and the fog-end of the Christian year.

Therein, after the saloon dinner, were foregathered the ship's Purser, her Chief Engineer, the Doctor, and the Globe-trotter—that's myself—and the teller of this veracious yarn. To us, when each man had gotten his tobacco burning according to taste and sea-talk had started, there entered another man who—but enough of him for the present; he comes in later.

"What was your position today?" I inquired of the Purser, as usual a wise Old Man of the Sea, in the skipper's confidence, and whose bounden duty it was to post the daily run in the saloon for the delectation of the curious in such things—not that it mattered one way or the other, except to those who gambled by way of the usual ship's pool on our daily run.

"Hundred and seventy-eight something east," replied that hard-bitten old sea-dog. "We'll cross hundred and eighty before eight bells, an' every Adam's son of us 'll add an extra day to our lives."

"What's that?" queried the Globe-trotter.

"Means, m' son, that this here bein' th' thirty-first o' December, there 'll be another thirty-first t'morrow. Savvy?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, it's this way," patiently, as one striving to instruct the hopelessly ignorant. "Supposin' you could travel with the sun, goin' west, you understand, an' keep pace with him, you'd naturally make th' circuit of this bloomin' old earth of ours in twenty-four hours, wouldn't you?"

"Certainly," allowed the Globe-trotter.

"But you don't," continued the mentor. "In practice you lose time. Consequently, t' please those sharps in Washington an' Greenwich, and keep proper time, when you're bound west you lose, an' to keep up with the procession you have to drop a day. But when you're sailing east, as we are now, you're supposed to be gaining time, so you add a day, and consequently you have two Wednesdays or two Sundays, as the case may be. This run we'll have two December thirty-firsts."

"Sure thing," assented the Doctor and the Engineer, with that quiet assurance of the seasoned voyager which "puts it all over" the novice or one who has never crossed the Pacific.

"And because the meridian of one-eighty—east or west—crosses few settled or civilized lands, the time-sharps settled on that as the proper place to make the changes—the International Date Line, it's called. It's a plain case of beating time when you're bound east."

Again there was a rumble of placid assent from the throats of the other two members of the quartet then present. The Globe-trotter was in an evidently stupid minority of one, although he vowed to himself that he would look up the matter in the ship's library next day.

"Member that famous Jules Verne story?" suggested the Engineer, by way of further enlightenment. "When Phineas Fogg got to London on that memorable Sabbath night he thought he had lost his wager to go around the world in eighty days, until he heard the church bells ringing, which told him it was really Sunday, when he thought it was a Monday. He'd gained a day on the Pacific, do you see, without knowing it."

"Oh, yes, I remember that part of it," admitted the Globe-trotter, "but—"

"There was once a chap who sailed out of 'Frisco on a trip after contraband opium, I've heard," interrupted the Doctor. "He was bound for a China port and owned a fast schooner, but old and only fit for the ship-breakers. Well, being hard up, he insured his outfit for exactly thirty days, which was cutting it rather fine, but which he reckoned was ample time for the run across, forgetting that he had to drop a day going west. On the twenty-ninth day he piled her up on th' rocks, off Formosa—an' lost his insurance, 'cause his log told the story."

"Ya-as, ya-as," drawled the Purser. "Sometimes it works one way, sometimes it works another. 'Minds me of a little romance we had aboard this old *Empress* just a year ago. Our adding a day saved for a young gairl a tidy fortune an' made two hearts happy, as th' story-books 'd say. I was in on the tail-end of it, an' I know."

The time of day—or rather evening—was what some one has called "the blessed hour of sight"—between twilight and moonrise. The good old *Empress* was doing her level eighteen knots over a smooth sea, although it was consummely hot. Outside on the bridge the watch-officer paced to and fro, one eye on the compass and two quartermasters at the wheel, the other on the engine-room telegraph. In the chart-house we were very comfy and just in the humor for a dippy yarn with a tinge of sentiment therein. Fresh cigars were lighted and pipes recharged to the accompaniment of such savings as "Get it off your mind, old man," or "We're all really and listening." Thus adjured, the Purser began:

"Well, gentlemen, I was only in at the death, as you might say, but I came to know the whole story before the parties left the ship, so I can speak by the card.

Yet I'll have to go back to the beginning in order that you may get me right."

"Go back to Methuselah, if you want to," growled the Engineer, "but get a move on, else my watch 'll come around and I'll lose the bally yarn." This Chief and the Doctor himself had only joined on the previous voyage, else they'd probably have sensed what was coming. Hence the Purser had a brand-new audience for a story that he doubtless had told several times already, since this was also the Globe-trotter's first trip on the *Empress of Japan*. So he began, biting the narrative into short, snappy sentences between puffs at a big brown-black meerschaum until he got into the swing of the story.

"Guess most of you've heard of old Dan Soverel? . . . Seattle millionaire known up and down th' Coast from San Hosay t' Chilkat. Had both thumbs in all sorts of financial pies—railroads, tractions, steamboats, light 'n' power companies, an' newspapers. . . . Generally managed to pull out th' plums every time. . . . Widowed, with one child, gairl of nineteen, named Mary. . . . Well, Dan Soverel went over the Divide in nineteen-eight, leaving scads of money an' a fool will behind. . . . Won't attempt to give you the exact language, but merely th' gist. . . . Seems Dan had a nephew named Samuel Peckinpaw, son of a married sister, an' wanted Mary t' marry this Peckinpaw person, with whom she'd been playmates more or less all her life. . . . 'Course it was perfectly scandalous to expect any gairl of sense to exchange a pretty name like Mary Soverel for anything so utterly hideous as 'Mrs. Samuel Peckinpaw.' . . . So she'd turned him down frequent an' also hard. . . . Had reasons good an' plenty; she didn't love Sam except as a sister could, an' all the other reasons—'cept one, which woman-like she forgot to mention—didn't matter.

"So Dan Soverel makes a will something to this effect: First, if Mary changed her mind an' married Sam Peckinpaw within two years, she was to have two-thirds of th' money an' Sam the other third. Second, if she didn't marry Sam, the estate was to go fifty-fifty each way, share and share alike between his daughter an' his nephew. Third, if Mary wasn't married to a good husband by the end of the third year, Sam was to get four-fifths an' Mary only one-fifth. . . . Seems as though Dan was plum anxious t' get Mary married, p'raps he was afraid to leave a pretty girl with all that money without a legal protector. . . . Looked as if the bettin' 'd be odds on Sammy. . . . Ya-as, Ya-as."

"Well, December thirty-first, nineteen-eleven, was the ultimate time limit; meantime Mary had fifty thousand a year t' play with while she was makin' up her mind, so she promptly hunted up a maiden aunt an' started on a trip round the world, takin' in London, Paris, Vienna, th' Riviera, an' all them show places, fairly turnin' up her nose at Dan Soverel's forty million, as you might say. . . ."

"Excuse me, Purser," a voice broke in on us from the half-lit doorway to the hurricane deck. "Don't get your dates mixed; it was only twenty million all told!"

We all craned our necks, only to discover that the words came from a tall figure lounging in the doorway of the chart-room. The electrics hadn't been switched on, so we were sitting with only the light of the newly risen full moon streaming right over the steamer's bows and through the heavy plate-glass front of the chart-house.

The Purser stopped, chuckled, and replied:

"Twenty million, then. . . . But see here, hadn't you better finish th' story, Mr. —?"

"Not on your life!" laughed the newcomer, who had stolen upon us unawares. "The sound of your voice and your diction suit me admirably, Mr. Purser. Pray continue. I won't interrupt again unless it becomes necessary to correct your facts or to check a too exuberant fancy."

The Purser chuckled again, lit his great pipe anew, and picked up the dropped thread of the story.

"Well, as I was about t' say when I was so impudently interrupted, Sam Peckinpaw went an' did a fool thing. . . . Set out to follow Mary an' her aunt. . . . Dogged and dodged 'em all across Europe, Africa, and Asia, pretending that his periodical appearances were purely accidental. . . . Result was, Miss Mary got sicker of him than ever, specially since he would keep on proposin'. . . . Ya-as, ya-as. Why, th' plum idjit kept a diary with such entries as these: 'Coliseum, Rome—Proposed to M. again; refused. Venetian gondola—ditto. Shepherd's Hotel, Cairo—ditto, ditto.' Fact, I assure you, gentlemen.

"An' so it went all th' way round till they got to Yokohama, where th' gairl turned him down for th' twentieth time an' for th' twentieth time begged him t' let her alone, 'cause never, never could she consent t' become Mrs. Samuel Peckinpaw, millions or no millions.

"You know the terms of your dear father's will," Sam reminded her. "The time is nearly up."

"Oh, bother the old will, and bother the money, too!" was Mary's answer, or something similar. "I don't want to marry anybody, least of all you, Sammy! Be a good boy and say no more about it. If papa's money goes to you at last, I'm sure I don't care—I've got enough to live on anyway."

"Sam Peckinpaw promised to behave thereafter—guess all that money began to bulk pretty large to him just about then—so Mary Soverel consented that he might take passage home in the same ship—this blessed

Empress of Japan—provided he didn't make himself ridiculous any more.

"Course by this time you gentlemen have suspicioned that there was another man in the case—th' chiefest of Mary Soverel's private reasons for not wantin' t' marry Sam Peckinpaw—and I believe I violate no confidence in admitting this to be true."

Here the Purser halted to light his pipe and cock his eye toward the silent figure in the doorway.

"Go as far as you like, Purser," was the half-laughing answer. "Don't mind me."

"Well, gentlemen, th' name and person of the favored gentleman turned out to be John Waltham, at that time second officer on the *Empress of Japan*, an' by consequence poor as Job's turkey. . . . He'd met Miss Mary on shore in Vancouver an' Seattle a couple of years before her father died. . . . He told me—humph!—that he—humph!—loved her at first sight, but was too poor or too proud to ask for the—er—hand of Dan Soverel's daughter an' she a millionairess. . . . What Miss Mary thought, gentlemen, we can only judge from the—er—the way the game was played out here on board the old *Empress*. . . . Ya-as, ya-as."

"So it fell out that John Waltham an' Mary Soverel came together on this homeward v'yage in th' last half of December of nineteen-eleven, an' it didn't take that second officer of ours long t' find out that she was now her own mistress an' to hear all about Dan Soverel's fool will.

"Gentlemen, I won't say that th' ship's duty was ever neglected—Jack Waltham was too good a sailor-man for that; but I do say that he was prowling about th' decks, in th' lee of th' boats, or leanin' over th' rail, dancin' attendance on Mary Soverel many's the time when he oughter have been in his bunk an' asleep. . . . All the saloon was hep t' what was goin' on 'cept Sammy Peckinpaw, who spent his time playin' solitaire in th' smoking-room—he only woke up at th' last minute when it was too late. Ya-as, ya-as."

"Now recall th' terms of th' will, gentlemen: If Mary Soverel wasn't happily married to somebody by the last day of December, nineteen-eleven, she'd lose th' difference in hard cash between one-fifth an' one-half of twenty millions, which totted up exactly six million dollars. 'Course, she'd 'a' been a prize for any man if she hadn't a dollar to her name. Ya-as, ya-as. . . . But six million is six million, an' there warn't no sense in lettin' Sammy Peckinpaw scoop it in for want of a little enterprise an' forethought. . . ."

"Mind ye, I didn't sense all of these things th' first ten days after leavin' Yokohama—Jack Waltham put me wise after he'd sprung his little coup. . . . 'Bout eight bells—midnight—on the evening of December thirty-first, I was called to our Old Man's stateroom. There I found him rigged out in his full-dress gold-braided uniform as Commodore of the Line, standing in front of his desk, an open prayer-book in his hand, an' in front of him that impident second officer of ours, Jack Waltham, with Miss Mary Soverel on his arm! Th' maiden aunt was there, too."

"Now, you know, any shipmaster can marry people on th' high seas, so I guessed at once what was in th' wind."

"'Mister Purser,' says the Old Man, very stiff and solemn, 'you are invited to witness the marriage of Mr. Waltham an' Miss Soverel, which I am now about to solemnize by virtue of my power an' authority as master of this ship,' which he proceeded to do in legal, solemn, an' shipshape fashion. When the splice was made we all signs our names to th' marriage certificate which th' skipper hands t' Mrs. Waltham, an' then me an' th' maiden aunt signs th' proper entry in th' log."

"Th' happy groom was in the act of salutin' his bride when in busts Sammy Peckinpaw without knockin'."

"'Captain Osborn,' he pants, 'I most decidedly protest against this irregular proceeding—I am the nearest relative of Miss Soverel—'

"'Mrs. Waltham, if you please,' says the Old Man, who was a great stickler for sea etiquette. 'You are too late, sir,' he goes on. 'There has been nothing irregular or illegal. Your cousin and Mr. Waltham are now lawfully man and wife according to the Revised Statutes of the United States. Nothing but death or divorce may legally part them.'

"Sam sputtered and fumed, while Jack Waltham looked him up an' down, half smiling, with his arm protectingly round his wife's pretty shoulders.

"That may be the unfortunate truth," says Peckinpaw, getting nasty, 'but there's another matter. You've defied your father's will, Mary. Your time expired yesterday. You know what was to happen if you weren't married by December thirty-first, nineteen-eleven. It's now January first, nineteen-twelve, and you pay forfeit! What was to have been your share reverts to me!'

"'One moment, Mr. Peckinpaw,' says the Old Man, holding up his hand for silence. He'd been posted beforehand as to all th' facts, you see. 'You are laboring under a grievous error as to your chronology. We are still in the year nineteen-eleven, and this is the thirty-first of the month, owing to the well-known nautical custom of adding a day to the calendar when eastbound on crossing the one hundred and eightieth meridian, which we did an hour ago. Your cousin was married on the thirty-first of December, as her marriage certificate, these witnesses, and the ship's log will testify, and I shouldn't advise you or any other man to try to prove otherwise, sir!'

"'Game's up, Sammy,' laughed Jack Waltham. 'Bet-

ter shake hands and forget it. Lord, man! you've got more money now than's good for you. Forget and forgive, an' kiss the bride! Which Sammy Peckinpaw proceeded to do, grinning like a sick monkey. An' I'm betting, gentlemen, that that was the first and last kiss he ever had from Mary Soverel, or Mary Waltham, either! Ya-as, ya-as.

"So that's the story of a sea-wedding on th' meridian of one-eighty. I'm free to confess that while the old *Empress* lost a damn fine second officer, Miss Mary got a crackerjack of a man for a husband—and there he stands grinning like a chessey cat! Jack Waltham, you sweep, come in an' show yourself!"

So saying, and rising to his feet, the Purser snapped on the electric, and we saw that the hero of the story had been with us, listening all the while.

"Gentlemen," he said, laughingly, "you are all invited to join a small party of friends in the saloon. This is our wedding anniversary and the wind-up of our honeymoon, so I want you to drink the healths of my wife and myself!"

"Gad!" exploded the Engineer. "Just my luck. There goes eight bells, and it's my trick below!"

FREDERIC REDDALE.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1913.

Although there are about one hundred coöperative societies for the disposal of fruit and vegetables in The Netherlands, only actual market gardeners and fruit-growers can become members, and the method of disposing of the product proves interesting to the traveler. The growers elect their own council, and on a piece of land favorably situated, bought by the council, erect the auction building, in which the produce grown by all the members is sold by the council, which is assisted by one or more officials. This selling is done by what in England is called "Dutch auction," and by an automatic auction apparatus, consisting of a large dial with a pointer. Around the rim of the dial are figures, indicating the prices. On raised seats, opposite this apparatus, the merchants are seated. Every seat is numbered and communicates electrically with the dial by means of a button. Between these seats and the apparatus is a small canal, wide enough for a barge to be poled through. Every morning the growers gather the produce ready for market in their gardens, grade it, weigh it, and write the quantity down in a book. The produce is then loaded into a barge, which one of the workmen poles to the auction place, where he hands the book to the office. From the moment the auction starts the barges are poled through the small canal between the merchants' seats and the auction apparatus. The auctioneer announces the quantity and releases the pointer, starting at a figure on the rim of the dial which indicates a price which is too high. The pointer then swings around, indicating lower and lower prices. When the price which some merchant is prepared to give is reached, he presses his button. The pointer stops, indicating the price at which the produce is sold, and at the same time a number appears, indicating the seat of the merchant who bought it. As the merchants always have the same seats, these numbers indicate the merchants themselves. The amount for which the produce is sold is entered in the book, and when the barge is poled out this book is flung on the barge. When the workman returns home with the empty barge the grower can see by this book the price which his produce fetched. Before the merchants can receive the produce they bought they must pay at the office. Once a week the grower can obtain his money at the office, less a certain percentage, which is retained by the council to pay the different costs.

The guild of Barrel Makers of Honkow, China, is a very polite body of men, as appears from the following advertisement in the local English papers (says the *Far East*) asking for an increase of pay, and headed "To Foreign Masters: Dear Sirs—We have the honor to inform you that, owing to the increasing cost of living, we can hardly support our families by making barrels for you at 400 cash as daily wages for each worker. Four years have passed since we began to make barrels for you, but during this long period of time we have not been favored with any increase of wages, while the cost of living has become three times higher. You are requested kindly to increase our wages to half a dollar for one worker's work per day, for which we are thanking you in anticipation. We beg to remain, yours very faithfully."

The possibilities of work in a bank as a career for women have been demonstrated by Farrow's Bank in London for women, which was inaugurated a few years ago, and which, after being managed by women, has proved so successful that it has been transferred to new and enlarged premises in the very heart of the West End. The manager says that the success of the bank is due to the hearty support of the women and that the business transacted is the same as that transacted by any other bank. The entire staff is composed of women.

Steel ties, which have made very little headway in the United States, are extensively used in Germany, where only two years ago the Prussian State Railways alone purchased over 150,000 tons of ties of this character. However, the German locomotives and cars are much lighter than those in the United States.

FUSION IN NEW YORK.

The Municipal Committee Hands Down a Ticket That Is Satisfactory to Nobody.

One hundred and seven more or less prominent, disinterested, and sapient reformers, constituting the Fusion Committee, have selected a municipal ticket for those voters of New York who are ready to take advice and nominees as professional invalids take patent medicines. At this writing there seems to be some difficulty, however, in the way of compounding. The prescription was a compromise, and not a particularly scientific one at that, and some of the ingredients hesitate about joining the mixture. First, the committee chose Mr. John Purroy Mitchel to head the ticket as candidate for mayor, to succeed the present Hon. William J. Gaynor. Mr. Mitchel is the active and opinionative young Socialist who was recently appointed collector of the port, succeeding that other active and opinionated patriot, Mr. William Loeb. Parenthetically, let me say that Mr. Mitchel very probably will not be called on to resign his federal berth. His choice as standard-bearer of the Fusion ticket is a large pill to swallow. For a long time he has been in public view as a special pet of Mr. William Randolph Hearst. As a member of the board of estimate he fought the subway contracts with more energy than discretion, as his efforts were ineffective and his subscription to the doctrine of municipal ownership and operation betrayed his habit of mind. Discussing his prospects, one of the evening papers incidentally exposes the most pronounced feature of the committee proceedings thus: "We don't know what Mr. Hearst expects to do with Mr. Mitchel. We don't suppose he counts on electing him. But maybe that isn't of so much consequence to Mr. Hearst." The fact is, Mr. Hearst heads a party, sometimes large, sometimes very small, of personal interest. It seldom sees any hope of success in a large way, but it is indefatigable in its search for an opportunity to throw a spike into the cogs of the machine—any machine, that is, which Mr. Hearst does not own.

All this appears more impressively in the case of Mr. George McAneny, whom the committee named as candidate for president of the board of aldermen. Mr. McAneny as borough president and thus a member of the board of estimate has been a consistent, courageous, and capable official. His ability and his achievements made him the choice of many for the mayoralty, and he had seriously considered a campaign with that end in view. Failing a nomination he had looked forward to a resumption of work in his own affairs, which have been neglected at a sacrifice during his public service. On the board of estimate he was vigorously opposed to the views of Mr. Mitchel, and his greatest effort and success was in defeating Mr. Mitchel's opposition to the subways, Mr. Hearst always supporting Mr. Mitchel. Naturally, Mr. McAneny was reluctant to accept a subordinate place on the ticket that carries Mr. Mitchel at the head. But he has overcome his discomfiture and accepts in the best spirit the nomination tendered him, for the public good. His letter of acceptance points out the fact that should Mr. Mitchel be elected mayor he will be powerless to affect the many contracts now in operation. He contents himself with saying of the nominee for mayor that he has "a passion for efficiency and good municipal order," and refrains from suggesting how that passion may exert itself on lines not at present under discussion.

So far the Fusion programme weathered threatening winds, but it is not yet out of troubled waters. It put down District Attorney Whitman as his own successor, again assuming a privilege not readily granted by its most interested object. Mr. Whitman has no desire to continue in the office which he has administered with such notable success. He has won many battles against desperate odds, and the criminal element fears him as it has never before feared a public prosecutor. As a just reward for this service Mr. Whitman is right in believing himself entitled to a higher place and less arduous and threatening activities. That he might be a candidate for mayor was the hope of thousands who hold him in unqualified regard. Mr. Whitman had announced his desire to give up the office of prosecutor at the end of his term, and his motive is no reflection on his devotion to public service. He hesitates, even more reluctant than Mr. McAneny, to accept the draft made upon him by the Fusion Committee. Before this letter is in print his decision will be made known. It will probably be to accept; circumstances make a refusal hazardous for his future.

Tammany is the big bogie, of course, though there are many who have an equal dread of Mr. Hearst's projects, discovered and secret. Should Mr. Mitchel pull through, Mr. Hearst will assume that a sturdy impulse forward has been given to his senatorial aspiration. On the other hand, Tammany is far from being cast down by the action of the Fusion Committee. It will rally to the standard of Mayor Gaynor and both shout and work enthusiastically for the reelection of our worthy mayor. Few who are uninfluenced by partisan prejudice are able to believe that New York will willingly exchange a Gaynor for a Mitchel. For the remainder of its ticket Tammany undoubtedly will take a leaf or two out of the committee's book. A sagacious and skillful sorting and mingling of names will give the untirred but often independent Democrats an opportunity to vote a straight ticket without nullifying the dearest wishes of Mr. Murphy's organization.

It is early yet, and there are numerous contingencies

aside from Mr. Whitman's delayed decision. The assault on Governor Sulzer will have an influence on the campaign that can not now be correctly estimated. There is the possibility of a third ticket, though this is hardly to be thought of so far as the friends of Whitman and McAneny are concerned. Mr. Hearst was the first to say, in his morning paper, that one of the two men disappointed by the nomination of Mr. Mitchel would be in line for the governorship, and his election next year most likely. He reckoned shrewdly on the effect this would have on the deliberations of the hesitating nominees. The governorship of the State of New York is the biggest and highest, as well as the most unsecure, of important political vantages in the United States. You can see the White House easily from that eminence, and sometimes the way thither appears smooth and straight.

A pertinent suggestion, made by the West Side Business Men's Association, at this juncture throws an illuminating side-light on present progressive methods in politics: It is that Collector Mitchel, District Attorney Whitman, and Borough President McAneny go before the voters on the primary ballots on September 16, with the understanding that the one receiving the most Republican, Progressive, and Independence League votes is to be the Fusion candidate for mayor. But this proposition would not commend itself to either Mr. Mitchel or the Fusion Committee. In all political reforms by reformers the wishes of the people are registered by intuition rather than expression. When the people have been told what is good for them, and the prescription has been duly stamped with authority, there is surely nothing more to be said. To an open-minded observer it would appear that the Progressive model of '13 is very much like the machine of the nineteenth century.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, August 6, 1913.

Within fifteen years Rio de Janeiro has been transformed. Up to that time the city had taken little advantage of its wonderful natural location. The streets were narrow, with rough pavements and open, noisome sewers. As the city is almost under the equator the death rate, under such conditions, was high. A decade or so ago Brazil, under the leadership of Dr. Muller and others, began her awakening. Her statesmen realized her tremendous resources and knew that capital and immigration could make her one of the great nations of the world. With that motive, therefore, the work of improving Rio de Janeiro began. Eventually the improvements cost \$200,000,000. The city now gives an imposing impression of wealth and prosperity. It has a growing millionaire colony and is gradually coming into its own as a Mecca for tourists. The city's waterfront, many miles long, which formerly was a fever swamp, has become one of the most magnificent boulevards on earth, thoroughly protected from the bay. It is a winding double drive of macadam, separated by lawns and groves of royal palms, while there are walks for pedestrians along the water's edge.

The people of Bengal number seventy millions and boast of perhaps the best culture in India at the present time. The language as a written language is only fifty years old. Though for over a thousand years it has been a dialect there is in Indian history unfortunately no trace of Bengali having been an important literary tongue. The language originates from Sanscrit, the mother tongue from which every other Indian language has borrowed its alphabet, grammar, and vocabulary; but, unlike the others, Bengali never shrinks from gathering new materials. There are numerous Persian, French, Arabic, and English words incorporated in it, and the wonder of it is that, instead of having been degraded into some vulgar form like pidgin English, Bengali has become the most literary, scientific, and perhaps the most philosophic of modern Indian languages.

Sicily, so long the dominating figure in the world's sulphur market, has been dethroned by the United States. This country has advanced from the position of an unimportant producer to that of one of the two leading sulphur producers of the world, owing entirely to the development of the sulphur deposits in Louisiana. During 1912 the domestic production constituted more than ninety-one per cent of the consumption. Japan was the leading exporter of sulphur into the United States, ninety-one per cent of the foreign sulphur admitted having come from that country. Sulphur comes from Louisiana, Nevada, and Wyoming, the production of Louisiana being the chief factor in the domestic sulphur industry.

On the bottom of Gull Lake, in Michigan, lies a small fortune in walnut logs, which were once considered of so little value that they were towed out into deep water and sunk. As the lake is 300 feet deep in places the logs are likely to remain a dead loss. The logs are really the butt-ends of fine walnut trees which were cut down years ago. Later the stumps were pulled out, hauled into the lake, and let go.

Thirty-nine million passengers in all crossed San Francisco Bay between December, 1911, and December, 1912, an increase of over two and one-half millions as recorded in the year previous. They were carried on the five ferry lines touching the east and north shores of the bay.

CORRESPONDENCE OF GOLDWIN SMITH.

Arnold Haultain Gives Us a Collection of Letters Covering a Period of Sixty-Four Years.

It is not easy to select representative passages from a volume of letters addressed to hundreds of persons during a period of sixty-four years and covering well nigh the whole field of human discussion. Very many of the problems to which Goldwin Smith addressed his extraordinary intellect—he was called “vastest Goldwin” at Oxford—are now, and have long been, *choscs jugées*. But Goldwin Smith’s mind was of that unusual variety that always referred the question of the moment to some underlying and abiding principle. As his editor, Mr. Haultain, tells us, “he saw far—very far.” He measured effects, not so much as they concerned his own immediate day, but in the results that they must have upon the future, perhaps the very distant future. Thus he advocated the “moral reunion” of the branches of the Anglo-Saxon family, he wished to see a church free from all governmental restrictions and relieved from the handicap of creed and dogma, and he foresaw the day when the party system of government would be lost in a more enlightened patriotism. Probably this age has not seen any man with so wide and intellectual a beneficence as Goldwin Smith, or one so entirely free from all interests save those of humanity at large.

Perhaps it is because Goldwin Smith referred all measures to their underlying principles that his letters are always readable irrespective of their immediate topic or their date. There is always something of more than contemporary interest, some illuminating glance into the future, some masterly interpretation of tendencies or drifts is always there to reward the reader. Writing to Mrs. Winkworth in 1890, he describes the McKinley tariff bill as “a sad relapse and a great disgrace to democracy,” but it was due to a general enfranchisement of those unqualified to think politically:

The fact is that the government of the world has by the extension of the suffrage been taken, for the time at least, out of the hands of intelligence, and narrow-minded cupidity, worked upon by political intrigue, is undoing the work done for humanity by Turgot, Pitt, Peel, and Cavour.

Writing again in 1894 and to the same lady, he touches on a variety of questions and then goes on to speak of the Pullman strike, which was being used by the “enemies of American institutions in England”:

On the whole we have got through it well, and I think the air is cleared. But the brutality of these trade unions and the blindness with which the men follow the worst leaders make one shudder to think that civilization may fall into their power. If I believed that Debs & Co. were to rule the world I should be inclined to rejoice that I had passed my seventieth year.

We find a further reference to American affairs in a letter addressed to Lord Farrer in 1896. Mr. Bryan had already become of portentous size and Goldwin Smith saw trouble ahead as the result. He says:

A great crisis is impending in the states. Bi-metallism is the least part of it, and even repudiation is not the greatest. All the forces of social dissatisfaction and anarchism are being combined under the Nehraskan demagogue for an attack on the commonwealth. How it will end Heaven knows. This time I suppose the commonwealth will win.

Protectionism is largely to blame for bringing on this convulsion. It has sacrificed the interests of the West to those of the East, and, in halting out the surplus to prevent a reduction of the tariff, by the infamous Pension Arrears Bill, and other waste of public money, it has thrown the national finances into disorder. Good citizens shrink from voting for McKinley, while they abhor Bryan, and this constitutes no small part of the present dangers.

Bryanism, continues the writer after the election, had been scotched but not killed, and would be heard of again “unless some people mend their ways,” which so far they show no signs of doing:

The American commonwealth has weathered the storm for the present, but Bryan polled a very large vote, and unless some people mend their ways this will not be the end. Bryan, or at least the movement headed by him, would have deserved sympathy if the attack had been confined to abuses such as the corrupt influence of commercial companies at Washington or in the municipalities, instead of extending to the soundness of the currency, the authority of the Supreme Court, and civil service reform. Prosperity has not yet revived because confidence has not yet been restored. The finances are still in a very critical state, and the balance of the parties in the Senate is still so close that it is doubtful whether measures of recuperation can pass without paying blackmail to the silver gang. McKinley, I am afraid, is not a strong man: he has hardly been known, except as the author of a protectionist tariff. A relapse into protection I fear is inevitable.

Toward the end of 1897 we find a letter to Lord Farrer in which the writer refers to the Dingley tariff and predicts that it will prove the end of a fiscal cycle:

The Dingley tariff, I need hardly say, has nothing to do with the return of commercial prosperity to the United States, except in so far that any settlement is better for commerce than the uncertainty in which it has been so long kept. The tariff, however, will get the credit. Nevertheless I cherish the belief that this recurrence of protectionism will be the last.

A month later we find another letter to Lord Farrer commenting on bi-metallism and expressing a doubt of much scientific conviction in its favor:

Of scientific or theoretic bi-metallism there is very little, I fancy, in the United States. The owners of silver mines, who started the movement, want to raise the price of silver. Debtors want to pay in silver what they borrowed in gold. There is a vague desire for “cheap money.” There is a hatred of gold as the money of the rich, especially of the commercial magnates of New York. The South voted with the Democratic party, not so much, I fancy, for silver as because that party is their shelter against interference with their political suppression of the negro; though I dare say they would not be sorry to pay the pension list in silver. Besides,

there is the invariable pandering to anything that has a vote, which, I fear, must be taken as the account of the President’s equivocal conduct on the subject.

In 1898 we find a letter from Goldwin Smith to Percy Bunting expressing his dissent from Dr. Dillon’s article on the war spirit in America at the time of the quarrel with Spain:

The passage in it which I should be most inclined to dissent is that in which it is said that the United States “were preparing [for war] with a vengeance, and that, to those who were acquainted with the United States, it was clear long before the *Maine* exploded that the people were the ardent of peace and war,” and that the feeling of the people was strongly in favor of war. I was in the United States for the two months immediately preceding the outbreak of hostilities, and I did not meet a single person who was in favor of war, and very few who thought that war was coming. The same thing was reported to me from the West, the supposed seat of the war spirit. War was forced on Spain by a set of unprincipled politicians for their own ends. The people would have been glad enough to see Spain got out of Cuba by pacific means, but I don’t believe they wanted war.

Goldwin Smith had positive opinions on an Anglo-American understanding, but he felt that it should be an understanding and no more. He had no sympathy with machine-made alliances or the frothy hysterias of professional conciliators. Writing to Lord Rosebery in 1898, he says:

I have declined, though I am a thorough Anglo-American, to join the Anglo-American Committee. There seems to be something a little grotesque in a committee to organize a friendship. There is danger of compromising the dignity of the country as well as its neutrality and its authority in case of mediation. Above all, approbation is implied of a war which appears to me unjustifiable and fraught with evil consequences to the American commonwealth and the world.

You could not go into partnership with these men without being carried far from the paths of safety and honor. You would have to accommodate your foreign policy to their party game. It would be liable to change at the end of each presidential term.

Nicaragua is supposed to be their next mark. If you cross them there or elsewhere, I suspect it will be “To hell with Great Britain!” as it is now “To hell with Spain!”

It need hardly be said that Goldwin Smith condemned the Boer war unsparingly. He doubts “whether England has been put in a worse moral position since the burning of Joan of Arc.” Writing to the Right Honorable J. X. Merriman in 1899, he says:

The President of the United States, like the politician that he is, lends his countenance to the British government in its attack on the Transvaal republic, and was supposed to be intending to send men-of-war to South Africa. His approbation is cited by Lord Salisbury as “impartial,” but the motive is obvious enough.

The presidential election in November next will be a fight between a plutocracy which is allying itself with the Tory aristocracy of England and a democracy which preserves American principles and traditions. The plutocracy is imperialist and militarist, the democracy the reverse of both. The plutocracy, though it is probably in the minority, will put forth the full power of its immense wealth. Much depends upon the turn which things may take in the Philippines and the continuance or subsidence of the war fever, which is still high.

He believed that the missionaries had much to answer for in connection with the struggle in South Africa, as of course they had:

My friend the M. P. tells me that the missionaries have done much to inflame the war feeling by the charges they have been making against the Boers. I have ceased to subscribe to missions.

Elsewhere we find a further reference to the pernicious influences of the churches in fomenting the war spirit. In a letter written to Mr. Merriman in 1900, Goldwin Smith says:

Apparently the next scene of hutchery and havoc under the name of propagating civilization will be China. The tiger seems to have fairly broken loose, and to be likely for some time to have the run of the world. The pandering of the churches to the war spirit is very notable and very revolting.

A month or so later we find another scathing indictment of the churches for their applause of the Boer war, and in the same connection the writer says:

We must be prepared, I am afraid, for an apparent triumph of imperialism in the United States in the reelection of McKinley. He has the entire plutocracy with him, and its wealth will be unscrupulously employed; but he would be heaten if the anti-imperialists had a better candidate than Bryan, who sticks to his silver craze and persists in making speeches which set not only the plutocracy but all commerce against him. Destiny has seldom played us a shabbier trick than in putting that man where he is at this crisis. A junction of American with British jingoism for the purpose of aggrandisement would be very disastrous. Chamberlain openly seeks it; McKinley and Hay are disposed to it. I cherish the hope that the better sense of the American people will prevail.

An alliance between American and British imperialists and jingoes seems to have been one of Goldwin Smith’s dreads. Writing to Frederic Harrison in 1900, he says:

The reelection of McKinley is a great misfortune. A number of anti-imperialists were misguided enough to vote for him from fear of Bryan’s currency theory, to which, if Bryan had been elected, he never could have given effect. They flattered themselves that having supported McKinley they would be able to control him. I fear they will find themselves very much mistaken. He and his crew have now four years to work their will, and it is too probable that they will do immediate mischief.

The most hopeful thing in the election was the vote of Massachusetts, which showed that anti-imperialism was strong in the great Republican state.

Nothing is more to be dreaded than the alliance of American with British jingoism, which I fear, under McKinley, may take place. In view of this, the differences about the Alaska boundary and the control of the Nicaragua Canal are not altogether to be deplored.

What could be more strange or more disastrous than this sudden relapse of humanity? If you, at seventy, are not likely to see the end, still less am I at seventy-eight.

Denunciations of the Boer war appear in letter after letter, not alone because of its inherent injustices, but

because of its ultimate effects on the progress of humanity. The moral consequences, we are told, will not end with the war, “while the disgrace will be never-ending.” And for the same anti-imperialistic reasons Goldwin Smith in a letter to Frederic Harrison, dated 1904, deprecates the election of Mr. Roosevelt:

The election of Roosevelt, which I take now to be almost certain, will be a disaster. He will carry the United States, if he can, with imperialism and partnership with the great robber powers. But Cleveland, though out of office, still has a good deal of influence, and the moderates will rally round him.

Socialism, it is suggested again and again, is the threat of the future, and its ranks are constantly fed by corruption. In a letter to Lord Rosebery in 1905 we find the following passage:

In the United States good men struggle gallantly against the inherent evils of the party and demagogic system. But the evils, having a professed army of intrigue and corruption on their side, inevitably prevail.

Meantime that which, in speculation, is Socialism, in action Maratism, extends its hold over the suffering or discontented classes. The germs of it are visible even here. It is becoming more international, more enlightened after its kind, better equipped with argument, more expert in conspiracy, and more formidably armed. Its terrible victory in Russia has sent a thrill of excitement and hope through all its members. We can not tell what the limit of the agitation will be.

The pronouncements of Mr. Debs aroused special resentments in Goldwin Smith. Writing to Phillips Thompson in 1906, he says:

I have read Mr. Eugene V. Debs’s manifesto in the *Appeal to Reason*. The incitements to violence and in a certain sense even to murder which I find in it seem to me to strain the principle of free publication, which is as much cherished by me as it is by you. Mr. Debs, calling himself, I suppose, a Socialist, is in fact a Maratist. So are all the Socialists of his type. If they got the upper hand they would do what Marat did, and leave the world much worse than they found it. Such is my personal conviction, which a perusal of Mr. Debs’s fulminations does not shake. That there are Socialists of another kind I am well aware. I hope and believe you are one of them.

In more than one place we find references to the pension list as evidence of the kind of corruption that results from a universal franchise. Writing to Mrs. Winkworth in 1906, Goldwin Smith says that “there is a visible tendency of the class which has many votes to use them for the purpose of mulcting, under the guise of taxation, the class which has few”:

As to the danger of mendacity adherent to pension systems, look at the pension list of the United States, which will this year amount to a hundred and forty-eight millions of dollars for wars, the principal of which ended forty-six years ago. Everybody knows that this is an enormous fraud. Yet both the political parties emulously uphold and applaud it for their demagogic purposes. One honest farmer indignantly refused his pension the other day. I think there is need of circumspection; I will not say more.

Canada and the United States were equal sufferers from the new class consciousness which was seeking neither justice nor equality, but dominance. Writing to Frederic Harrison in 1907, Goldwin Smith says:

The outlook at present here is not very bright. The unions are inclined to abuse their new-born power, and the working class seems to be severing itself more and more in sentiment, as well as in interest, from the rest of the community. This is a dangerous tendency. The governments, both that of the United States and that of Canada, are in a bad state. All real difference of principle between the two parties is at an end, and the struggle has become simply one for power, and place, in which corruption—“graft” as these people call it—plays an increasing part. It seems doubtful whether demagogism and faction can forever govern the world.

It is interesting to note the appeals made by Goldwin Smith to Lord Rosebery to “save the state.” The following letter was written to Lord Rosebery in 1907, expressing the writer’s fear of the spirit of the day:

If you will not save the state, who will? There is not a really strong man on either side of the House. You seem to think you can put off the Second Chamber question till tomorrow. There may be no tomorrow. A shadow is creeping over the scene. The masses have hitherto believed, though in a hazy way, that the present order of things, with all its inequalities, was providential, and that there would be compensation hereafter. That belief apparently is dying. You are in face, not of the Socialism of Plato or More, but of a growing tendency towards confiscation.

Goldwin Smith attributed most of the evils of corruption first to democracy and secondly to the party system which caused rival political factors to grovel at the feet of the masses of ignorance and prejudice. Writing to Professor Dicey in 1909, he says:

The party system seems to me to stand fundamentally condemned. Agitators of all kinds, Irish and Socialist, have learned to play on the balance of the parties. The woman suffrage party will do this at the next general election, and will thus carry female suffrage, and in the end representation of women in Parliament.

A few days later he writes in the same vein to Frederic Harrison:

The party system of government is surely everywhere breaking down. Here its downfall is complete, and the consequences are what they were sure to be. Our people, good enough in themselves, are all deploring the reign of corruption—“graft” as they call it; but their lamentations are in vain, and will be so till the system is changed.

A few selected examples from such a correspondence as this can hardly be described as representative, but they may at least display the trenchant character of Goldwin Smith’s criticism, his far-sighted view of the future, and a lofty humanitarianism that made of the whole world his country. And for this no small measure of thanks and applause is due to Mr. Arnold Haultain, whose editorship is all that it should be.

A SELECTION FROM GOLDWIN SMITH’S CORRESPONDENCE, 1846-1910. Edited by Arnold Haultain. New York: Duffield & Co.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Lore of Proserpine.

If there is any one who does not believe in fairies Mr. Hewlett's book is well calculated to remove his incredulity. For Mr. Hewlett has access to the fairy world, not exactly at will, but under certain favoring conditions that have recurred at many times during his life. Once he saw a fairy—a distinctly bad fairy—choking a rabbit to death in a wood. He describes the scene with an attention to detail that would do credit to a reporter. Another time he watched a dance of fairies, and once more we have a carefully circumstantial story that staggers us. On still another occasion Mr. Hewlett saw the soul of a poor sult woman, "her pure form from head to foot swathed in filmy blue." What were these things that Mr. Hewlett saw? Did he see anything? Or was it only imagination? And what is imagination?

But whether we believe in fairies or not—and a belief in fairies is a gift of God and not otherwise acquired—Mr. Hewlett's book remains as a delightful revelation of himself, of the dreamings and of the inner communications which are reflected in his books. He shows us something of the sources of his inspiration, and when he has finished we understand quite well how he came to see the fairies. The miracle would have been if he had not seen them.

LORE OF PROSERPINE. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Modern Philosophic Thought.

No one is better qualified than President Hadley to deliver the John Calvin McNair lectures before the University of North Carolina or to sketch the changes in modern philosophy and their influences upon thought. For the author always strikes one as having strong beliefs, as being not only a recorder of movements, but their anxious observer in the higher interests of the world. Here we have four chapters and two appendices devoted to science, politics, and ethics, poetry, philosophy, and the influence of Charles Darwin, and through all of them it is easy to detect a single keynote. Dr. Hadley's chief interest is in the things that are right, in the things that tend toward the high ideals of what the race ought to be, and that can prove their value by their permanence. The binding tie between individuals is not self-interest, but the moral instinct, and the advance of society is to be judged, not by its wealth, nor by its knowledge of facts, but by its ethical perceptions and practices. Dr. Hadley's book is short, but its vision is wide-angled and the thoughts that it suggests are those that are good to possess.

SOME INFLUENCES OF MODERN PHILOSOPHIC THOUGHT. By Arthur Twining Hadley. New Haven, Connecticut: Yale University Press; \$1 net.

Parrot & Co.

The hero who accepts the stain of disgrace in order to save another is a common character in fiction, and perhaps also in real life, but the idea has seldom been better used than by Harold Macgrath in his latest story. When we are introduced to Warrington in the Far East he is a sort of derelict hobo of the kind that Kipling delights in. Obviously he is far too good for the beautiful heroine, who is first attracted to him by the eccentricities of his evil-minded parrot, and who finds, as usual, that interest is apt to deviate into something warmer. In fact we can by no means countenance the attraction felt by the wealthy Elsa Chetwood for an adventurer of something more than questionable antecedents. Of course it all comes right in the end, when the hero is recognized to be a hero and rewarded in the only way that the novelist has ever heard of.

PARROT & CO. By Harold Macgrath. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.30 net.

The Battle of Gettysburg.

This book comes opportunely at a time when the great battle is once more in the national mind. The author was a first lieutenant in the Eighty-Fourth Pennsylvania Volunteers under General Humphreys. For many years after the war he lived in the immediate vicinity of the fight, familiarizing himself with every detail of the landscape, and in daily contact with its survivors. Indeed his book shows an extraordinary intimacy with facts as well as commendable skill in their arrangement and presentation. The author acquits Meade of supineness in refraining from a subsequent attack of Williamsport. He says upon his last page, "Remembering the fruitless assaults made under Grant in 1864, we may be grateful that the victory at Gettysburg was not frustrated by an attempt at Williamsport to storm a position which was too strong to be victoriously assailed." The volume has many interesting maps, plans, and illustrations.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG. By Jesse Bowman Young. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2 net.

Immanence.

Miss Evelyn Underhill is well known as the most authoritative living writer upon mysticism and as its chief bistorian. Now she gives us a volume of poems which prove her

to be not only a recorder of the thoughts of others, but herself a mystical thinker of no mean order. Her poetic message is well indicated by the title of her book. She sees the "immanence" of a spiritual consciousness throughout nature, a consciousness that makes everything beautiful and divine to those who can arouse it, or rather recognize it, within themselves:

I come in little things,
Saith the Lord.

These are Miss Underhill's opening lines, and the same idea may be said to be the text of everything that she writes. Not only is the idea a lofty one, but it is expressed exquisitely all the way through, and often grandly.

IMMANENCE. By Evelyn Underhill. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Degarmo's Wife.

Here we have three short stories by David Graham Phillips, all of them good, but with the best, the title story, at the beginning. Degarmo is a wealthy aristocrat who marries a nice girl with ideas, always an infelicitous combination. Norma wants Degarmo to make a name for himself. Degarmo believes that he has one already by inheritance. Norma wants babies. Degarmo hates them as irrelevant to the real business of enjoying life. How Norma eventually humanizes her husband must be left for the reader to ascertain. There is, of course, the usual freedom of speech and the usual emphasis upon the flesh that the modern story-teller delights in, and presumably his readers also, but in these instances we have some pictures of life in cunning colors that are perhaps worth the idle hours that will be given to them.

DEGARMO'S WIFE. By David Graham Phillips. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.30 net.

Problems of the Pacific.

We need no such weighty and well-considered book as this to remind us that the great national forces of the world are converging upon the Pacific Ocean, that the centre of the world's gravity has shifted from Eastern to Western waters. But it is well that those forces should be measured and weighed for us, tabulated and displayed, with the knowledge and accuracy employed by Mr. Frank Fox. Japan is a new arrival upon the scene. Russia is concentrating her thought and her energies no longer upon Europe, but upon Asia. Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and the smaller British colonies are beginning to expand in population to dimensions commensurate with their enormous geographical areas, and they consider the Pacific as their home and their heritage. The Panama Canal may be said to be America's bid for dominance, while there is a host of minor forces, such as Latin America and the native races, that are certain to provide their quota of irritating problems. All these many claimants are bound together, or separated, by a network of treaties, understandings, racial antipathies and affinities, jealousies and ambitions, that promise work and to spare for the best statecraft of a century to come.

All these factors are displayed by Mr. Fox with a lucidity that commands attention and admiration. If he can be said to have a constructive plea it is for some sort of an alliance, or at least an understanding, between the English-speaking peoples. He suggests that there should be a "friendly informal conference between Great Britain, the United States, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, ushering in the opening of the Panama Canal." Cooperation would mean the Anglo-Saxon mastery of the Pacific. A lack of cooperation might mean tragedy. But whatever may be our opinion of such a suggestion there should be no lack of appreciation for a work that from every point of view may be said to cover the ground.

PROBLEMS OF THE PACIFIC. By Frank Fox. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$2 net.

Briefer Reviews.

"The Barnard Language Reader," by Marion D. Payne (American Book Company; 30 cents), is intended for the first school year and contains an interesting variety of material for dramatization, reproduction, and memory work. The type is large and the illustrations are good.

"Four Mothers at Chautauqua," by "Pansy," will be welcomed by a large circle of readers who recognized in the author of "Four Girls at Chautauqua" a writer after their own hearts. The same characters are introduced, but at a later stage in their lives. The volume is published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; price, \$1.50.

"Isles in Summer Seas," by J. Law Redman (G. W. Dillingham Company; \$1.50), is a description of a pleasure trip in Bermuda. Although we do not get a very clear idea of the island there can be no doubt that the travelers were very pleasant people with a keen eye alike for the humorous and the adventurous. The book is admirably illustrated with thumb-nail sketches.

"The Lady Who Smoked Cigars," by Rupert Hughes (Desmond Fitzgerald, Inc.), is a little story, admirably told, of a prospector's wife who began to smoke cigars in order to

keep her husband company and who then renounced the weed for the same reason and after the doctor had forbidden her husband to indulge. It is a genuine piece of rough sentiment and as full of flavor as a good Havana.

The New Thought book for children was sure to come, and here it is from the pen of Mrs. Edith F. A. U. Painton, under the title of "King Desire and His Knights" (R. F. Fenno & Co.; \$1 net). It is described as a "fairy tale for children and some parents," and while we may doubt the efficacy of stories told in this way—or indeed of any kind of fairy story that has to be interpreted by its author—it is easy to recognize and to admire the purpose and the sincerity of the work.

"Problems of Modern Education," by William Seneca Sutton (Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.35 net), is a collection of addresses and essays delivered by the author as dean of the department of education in the University of Texas. Mr. Sutton's work is marked by much practical and sincere devotion to the cause of education and much intelligent insight into its needs, but there is an unfortunate disposition toward such platitudes as: "One could not, for example, doubt that, if both the British and the Boers had been guided by the dictates of reason, the war in South Africa would have been impossible." Among the many religious references we find such absurd statements as that no other religion than Christianity can "emphasize the universal brotherhood of the race." The author is evidently unacquainted with other faiths.

THE PRINCESS OF SORRY VALLEY. By John Fleming Wilson. New York: Sturgis & Walton Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

TAO SHELOON, BOY SCOUT. By John Fleming Wilson. New York: Sturgis & Walton Company; \$1 net.

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THE SOUL OF UNREST. By Emily Jenkinson. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.25 net.

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MARGERY FYTTON. By Lady Ridley. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.30 net.

A novel.

A RUNAWAY KING. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. New York: Duffield & Co.

A novel.

THE CHARMING OF ESTERCEL. By Grace Rhys. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

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DAISY DARLEY. By W. P. Ryan. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

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Peter Hume Brown, LL. D., the well-known historiographer royal of Scotland, in his new work, "The Youth of Goethe," recently published by E. P. Dutton & Co., has endeavored to allow Goethe's own words and actions exhibit that manifoldness of nature from which results the difficulty of formulating the poet's characteristics at any period of his life. The book covers twenty-six years, which were essentially his time of free "development before he was influenced by the restraint of his social and official relations in Weimar."

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JEROME A. HART

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CHARTREUSE

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

THE MONKS' FAMOUS CORDIAL



"LES MISERABLES."

It is a great loss, an irreparable omission, not to have read the fictional masterpieces at the right age. There are fashions in fiction, as in other things; we are always of our own time, and the present output in novels and romances is so enormous that there are plenty of intelligent people whose curiosity and interest about the masterpieces of other epochs are not sufficient to impel them, in the crowded present, toward their fuller acquaintance. There are so many things to do, in this age of multitudinous activities, that any quantity of potential readers will be only too thankful to make acquaintance with Victor Hugo's greatest novel through the medium of the moving-picture show.

The Cort audiences, indeed, bear much the same character as the regular theatre audiences during this week of "Les Misérables" in film form. Public curiosity and interest has been considerably augmented not only by the standing of the Parisian actors engaged for the representation, but by the thoroughness with which the producers entered into the work of suitably interpreting the spiritual side of Hugo's tremendous indictment of humanity. For his brief preface of not more than one hundred words makes it plain that he regards the book as an indictment and a defense of the wretched at once, since "by virtue of law and custom" there exists a social damnation artificially creating hells which allow "the degradation of man through poverty, the ruin of woman through hunger, the crippling of children through ignorance."

How modern it sounds, this statement of the very problems that are most agitating twentieth-century minds!

Whether audiences regard the piece in its photographed form as being more a species of sociological drama or a particularly thrilling melodrama it is hard to say. But that they find it deeply moving is very apparent.

The series of pictures selected to best convey the onward sweep of this mighty prose epic of pain show great thought and judgment. A few minor changes are made in the story, and, necessarily, many omissions. But the great structure, as a whole, is there, the framework practically intact.

Old Paris has been ransacked as a setting for the innumerable scenes of the pictured play, and it is very evident that the paintings of François Flameng have been used as models for portraits, costumings, and picture-composition.

The play begins with the picture of the wretched but in which Jean Valjean lived, with a mother dying of starvation being used as a more conventional motive for Valjean's first theft than the numerously off-springed sister of the book. There is a certain conventionality also in the incidents of the pursuit, the capture, the imprisonment, interesting though they are. But as soon as the bishop appears and the pregnant incident of the candles begins, we are with Victor Hugo once more. Side by side we soar with the great romanticist, the daring innovator who broke down the seemingly impregnable walls of cold classicism and refreshed the heart of humanity with waves of rich emotion and divine compassion. Old thrills are resurrected, as we see the famous story take shape before our eyes.

Henri Krause, the well-known Parisian actor, is a splendid figure of manhood to play the part of the peasant, Titan Tall; long-limbed, clean-flanked, with strongly molded features, and a countenance of great graphic possibilities, he looks, at first, to be a sort of Judas, before Valjean gradually develops into a philosopher, and, finally, into a saint.

As in the book, the most vital, the moving parts, are those which represent the awakening of Jean Valjean's spiritual nature through the instrumentality of the good bishop, the tragedy of Fantine's life, and the divine compassion it inspired in Jean Valjean's gentle and understanding soul, and the rescue of Cosette, by this same benevolent savior, from the den of the Thénardiens.

Mlle. del Ventura, of the Théâtre del Odeon, has undertaken the rôle of Fantine. She has not the golden hair of Hugo's pathetically lovely derelict, but from her thin, delicately featured face framed in the dense dark hair of Italy, and from the slender, drooping figure, there radiates the feminine charm which should characterize that unresisting sufferer of woman's heritage of pain.

Cosette's story is taken up after the death of Fantine, which, by the way, is strikingly

faithful to the description in the novel, and shows Mlle. del Ventura's fine acting abilities. She looks so startlingly rigid, with her face set in its mask of horror and fear, that it is impossible not to lose one's self to some extent in the illusion, modern though we are becoming in our avoidance of harrowing scenes on the stage.

The most touching, the most beautiful part of the story follows. No French writer has ever excelled Hugo in his descriptions of the emotions of childhood. And the absorbing romance of it reaches young and old. We see little Cosette, in the tiger's den, beaten, cowed, hopeless, and joyless. The famous episode of the doll is pictured in full. The child actress, La Petite Fromet, who plays the part, is quite a wonderful little player. She never over-emphasizes, nor shows the frequently exaggerated vivacity of the pantomimist. A wistful little starveling, she takes blows with resignation, love with affectionate gratitude, and peril with stoic calm.

We saw the heroic venture of Valjean when he scaled the convent wall impregnable to every man in France except himself; and witnessed the ascent of Cosette up the wall at the end of the rope.

La Petite Fromet made a perfect meal-sack of herself in these exciting adventures, and, in the whole group of thrilling pictures, showed her small self worthy of histrionic comradeship with the well-known Krause. She, too, like Fantine, possesses a wistful charm. But, alas! Cosette grows up, and the charm vanishes. The maiden Cosette is too aquiline. She jars with one's preconception of the Cosette who had "a Parisian nose—that is to say, witty, fine, irregular, and pure; the despair of painters and the charm of poets." Eponine's sharp-edged Parisian gaminerie is softened in this pictorial version, but, in appearance, she is the Eponine of Flameng's pictures. The actress who plays the part—I have forgotten her name, and they mistakenly fail to give the names of the players on the Cort programme—makes her very real.

All the minor parts are excellently taken, and, curiously enough, they seem to be, more than the principals at times—in fact, at all times—the characters they represent. For instance, I never once thought of Mme. Thénardier as being an actress representing that tiger-cat, but as being truly the tiger-cat herself.

Javert has a very theatrical make-up, and yet M. Ettevant has made him appear just as he is described. "His forehead could not be seen, for it was hidden by his hat; his eyes could not be seen because they were lost under his eyebrows. . . . But when the opportunity came there suddenly emerged . . . an angular, narrow forehead, a fatal glance, a threatening chin."

M. Ettevant is, like Henri Krause, an unusually tall man; likewise M. Gravonne, who represents Marius as he should be, picturesquely handsome, with "a calm, sincere air, and something haughty, pensive, and innocent about his whole face."

There are seasons in the book when we deliver ourselves over to a sympathetic interval of peace with Jean Valjean; during his surcease from pain as "Father Madeline"; when he rested for a time as gardener at the Convent of Little Picpus; and the happy time in Paris when he abandoned himself to a passion of paternity with Cosette. But no such intervals are possible in a story of such magnitude shown on the reels. It might seem to the laughter-loving too sombre a story, but the audience's imagination of it is too moved and thrilled by the panorama of events to be at all conscious of missing merriment.

There is a certain Greek austerity of treatment about a tale in which surpassing virtue and self-sacrifice strive almost in vain against relentless fate; but the dramatic interest is intense, and in spite of the necessary speed of this narrative by pictures, the genius of the great creator of the tale is felt and appreciated.

I know I would not willingly have missed it. It revived old enthusiasms and youthful ecstasies of interest. It sent me straight to Victor Hugo's pages, as I doubt not it will send, to their pleasure and profit, many more who never knew him sufficiently, and who now crave a better and more lasting knowledge of his works.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Justified by the success of his two Berlin concerts last winter and his participation in the more recent Bach-Beethoven-Brahms Festival, Max Fiedler will increase his activities next season and conduct a series of concerts with the Philharmonic Orchestra in Beethoven Saal. This former conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, instead of returning to Hamburg, whence the Boston post had lured him, has made Berlin his headquarters since he went back to the Fatherland.

Howard E. Potter has been engaged as treasurer for the coming transcontinental tour of Mme. Nellie McIba and Jan Kubelik under the management of Loudon Charlton. This combination will give ninety concerts in the largest auditoriums in this country, Canada, Mexico, and Cuba.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Young Heart in Agc.

Let fall the ashen veil
On locks of ebony sheen;
And let Time's furrowing tale
On once-smooth brows be seen.
And let my eyes forego
Their once-keen shaft of sight;
Let hands and feet not know
Their former skill or might.
Take all of outward grace,
Ye Aging Powers—but hold!
Touch not the inner place,
Let not my heart be old!

Then, Youth, to me repair;
And be my soothed guest;
All things with you I share
Save one,—that wild unrest!

—Edith M. Thomas, in *Century Magazine*.

My Garden.

A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Ferned grot—
The veriest school
Of peace; and yet the fool
Contends that God is not—
Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign;
'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

—Thomas Edward Brown.

Praeterita.

I was a poet once. Today
How faint the rose within the gray.
Something has changed me, something cold
Has mingled with my blood, the old
Rapturous urge toward loveliness
Has quieted. I tremble less
When the reluctant sun has made
For passion's feet a purple glade,
A glade of quivering purple fire
On to the ramparts of desire.
No longer is my heart oppressed
By the sea's saturnine unrest;
My pulse no longer doubles when
The lurking moon leaps forth again
And with intenser magic fills
Some lonely winding of the hills;
Nor am I shaken inexplicably
By the unyielding mystery
Of shrouded houses and dark doors,
When through a village street there pours
Night's laggard legion blind with rain. . . .

Oh, utter joy to feel again
The ache of swift imaginings!
The spirit-tumult of mounting wings
Beating a tenuous ether far
Too bright and light to float this star,
This earthy star low-hung and deep
Below the vast where poets sweep
Flame-feathered pinions! Joy to feel
Once more the doubly winged beel
Spurn back the sullen weight of time!
Joy to be young again! To rhyme
The ringing changes of the heart!
Joy long past over. . . . Now with art
I strain to half-remember these
Once vivid pangs, brave ecstasies
Sacred to youth and love and song!

Ye blessed ones who wildly throng
Life's glowing portals, radiant, free,
Press not too swiftly forward! We
Who mount the stairs of memory
Yearn down upon you with regret.
Envy us not that we are set
Above you in life's temple. Wait,
Unwearied ones, by the rose-hung gate
While song's ineffable grace yet clings
To the bright soft plumage of your wings . . .
Wings ye must fold ere ye advance
Down the strait aisles of circumstance;
Wings ye must shed, alas, ere ye
Cumber the stairs of memory.

—Lee Wilson Dodd, in *Atlantic Monthly*.

Mario, the singer, who died in 1883, appeared in London, his favorite city, for thirty-two years, during which he appeared in forty-six parts, a record which has never been approached by any other artist.

Making Life Easier

New uses are being found daily for electricity, and it is safe to say that the uses to which it is put today will be far distanced in the next few years. A blessing it is to the person who, compelled to sleep outdoors, finds the night air too chilly. For the man in this position a blanket has been invented which is heated all night long by a gentle current of electricity. Should he awaken during the hours of darkness and wish to know the time, a button beside his bed will flash a small lamp in front of a clock or throw upon the ceiling the dial of another clock to give him the information. If he suspects that a thief has entered his apartment he may look for the marauder, holding in his hand a pistol to which is attached an electric searchlight, which will blind the burglar and at the same time show the householder just where to shoot.

Then there is the domestic science side of the matter. A great deal of attention has been paid to the development of the use of electricity that the household may be lightened of many burdens. Electricity has progressed so far in this direction that it is beginning to solve the servant problem. Not a few homes are now conducted with less domestic help than was formerly required. Electricity often enables one servant to do the work which formerly required two to perform, and it is done with less fuss, done in a more sanitary way and with less manual labor. Take, for instance, the vacuum cleaner. Brooms were used before. They raised lots of dust and were tiresome articles to wield. The electric vacuum cleaner, however, is simply a rod with a bag to hold the dust, tipped with a nozzle shaped to fulfill requirements. The whole apparatus weighs only a few pounds and is capable of drawing the dirt and soot from corners where a broom could be used only with difficulty.

Electricity runs the sewing-machine, the dish-washer, bakes the bread, scours the knives and forks, makes delicious toast right on the table, boils eggs while the toast browns, and at the same time prepares the most tempting coffee. There are no fires to build, no waiting for the range to heat up, and no uncertainty as to the quantity of heat. Electricity for all purposes maintains an even heat continually and is always available.

Of course it can be used for a hundred and one other things about the house. No modern bath is complete without some of the new appliances, nor could milady of today very well get along minus the dainty little toilet electric contrivances which have come to her aid.

On the farm electricity has worked wonders. It now operates the pumps, giving dairyman, fruit-grower, and gardener an abundance of water whenever desired. It is making land of great value in districts which hitherto were held in contempt because of their small and uncertain crops. It is thus populating thousands of acres up and down the country, and a larger and more prosperous population means more wealth, happiness, and development.

In all this great work of building up the state, both by the use of electric power and by an irrigation system which supplies many fine farms in the Sierra foothills, the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, the pioneer in the field, has taken a leading part. It carries its lines everywhere, and is now supplying two-thirds of the population of California with that all-satisfying "Pacific Service," which means perfect service.

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“THE CHIMES OF NORMANDY.”

Planquette's operetta, which he called "The Bells of Cornville," owes much of its popularity in America to the taste for comic opera that was cultivated by Gilbert and Sullivan's "Pinafore." When amateurs had sung that first example of its kind into household familiarity they looked about for another composition suited to their ability, and found "The Chimes of Normandy." Its music is melodious, and its story, unlike that of the general run of operas bouffes, is free of suggestiveness. Its feminine chorus may wear the long skirts which Gilbert insisted on, and its stage settings are not necessarily elaborate. The piece had a great run in this country in the early 'eighties, and it is still a prime favorite with aspiring musical organizations of the smaller cities and towns. When produced in good style it is still as an attraction much above most of the modern attempts at light opera.

The revival of the piece at the Tivoli this week is marked by the care and lavish expense which the management of the new opera house has written down as first principles in its policy. It is handsomely appointed and remarkably well managed. Mr. Charles H. Jones, who is the new stage director, is a veteran in his profession, though still young in years. Sixteen years ago he was stage director with the Southwell Comic Opera Company at the old Grand Opera House, and his production of "El Capitan," "The Black Hussar," and other successes of that time are still cheerful memories with comic opera lovers. He has been busily engaged since that visit, coming occasionally to the Coast. He is a distinct acquisition for the Tivoli, and his eye for good effects is already apparent in the costumes and work of the chorus, though he had only three days in which to apply his methods.

Miss Vivienne, John R. Phillips, and Henry Santrey are well suited to their rôles and sing with new charm and steadily increasing appreciation. Mr. Phillips, as Jean, is obliged to make consistent and agreeable some curious incongruities in the part, but his ability and ease are never wanting. Mr. Santrey is a remarkably good Marquis, recalling his equal success in "Princess Chic." Miss Vivienne adds materially to the pleasure of her audience, though Germaine gives her no marked opportunity for vocal or dramatic display.

Myrtle Dingwall has new prominence in the well-balanced cast, and earns all the favors that it receives. Serpolette is a romantic and spirited elf, and Miss Dingwall finds the varied activities of the part particularly congenial. She sings the music with good expression and none of the words is lost. Her voice is light, but always clear, flexible, and musical, with an individual freshness and charm. On the opening night she was a little nervous, and over-anxious to carry off well the scene with the tormenting village gossips, but she quickly found poise and command of her resources. In the last act, when she found her claims to the dignity of a marchioness are a delusion, she was at her best. This is Miss Dingwall's first opportunity in an important rôle with the Tivoli company, and it proves her right to the place. Since her first leading success here, two years ago, in "Woodland," she has gained much in technique and in assurance; her singing has always been a delight.

Charles E. Gallagher as the Bailli is an inspiring comic figure, and he sings the part as well as he acts it. Robert Pitkin is the conventional, melodramatic Gaspard, but he does not get much out of his music.

To describe or even to suggest the changed appearance of the feminine chorus requires delicate phrasing. During the Gilbert and Sullivan revivals the strictest observance of the long-skirt rule was required, both by tradition and the character of the persons represented. That rule is now in abeyance. No longer are the slit skirts and silken stockings now ordinary in street display the last word in revelations. Normandy peasant girls—that is the stage variety—might be expected to improve on such fashions. They do, at the Tivoli. And the chorus bears the test very well. Any of the old-time habitués of the Eddy Street opera house could have told us what to expect, but seeing is believing. It is the youngest, the plumpest, and, withal, the most pulchritudinous chorus the Tivoli has ever had—at least for twenty years. Not one of the members of the present galaxy can remember as far back as that. They sing very well, too, with ever a cautious eye on Musical Director Linne. Not as well as the male chorus, but the male chorus has nothing to do but sing.

For the stage settings Ralph Nieblas has painted three handsome scenes. It is to wonder at the capabilities of the Tivoli forces. A new production every week may test its strength, but never to the breaking point. There can be few hours of leisure for any inside the proscenium arch, what with rehearsals of principals, chorus, and orchestra, and continual building and painting by carpenters and scenic artists, while nine performances are given weekly on the stage. Not altogether a playhouse, is it?

The public seems to be on the point of dis-

covering that the Tivoli is offering entertainment worthy of happy consideration. There was a good house Monday evening, and all tokens of interest and enjoyment were displayed. Next "The Bohemian Girl" will be offered, and many airs as familiar as "the legend of the bells," "Just look at this," and Henri's song in waltz time, which was hummed and whistled numerous and variously by dispersing audiences this week, will be recalled to memory. No theatre in San Francisco will give as much pleasure for immediate absorption and also for storage purposes as the Tivoli, this year of 1913, and years following, all going well.

GEORGE L. SHOALS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"Bought and Paid For" at the Cort.

William A. Brady is sending for the second time "Bought and Paid For." San Francisco was so pleased with the play last year that the return engagement at the Cort Theatre, which begins Sunday night, promises to beat even last season's record.

The play is by George Broadhurst and concerns a telephone girl who marries a millionaire whom she does not really love. She respects him; incidentally her marrying makes things easier for her sister and brother-in-law and their baby. The respect is soon shattered when the wife discovers that her husband is a refined drunkard. Under the influence of drink he boasts that she is his, "bought and paid for."

The last act shows her living as a poor shopgirl. The brother-in-law conceives an idea to bring the husband and wife together. He succeeds, and the playwright ingeniously rights the situation.

Charles Richman will again head the notable company, appearing as Stafford, the millionaire. Other clever people in the organization are Kathleen McDonnell, Marie Nordstrom, William Harrigan, Allan Atwell, Dorothy Davies, and Harry McFayden.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

Edwards Davis and his company will head the Orpheum bill next week. Mr. Davis will present his poetic symbolic drama, "The Kingdom of Destiny," the scene of which is the throne room of a king's palace. This gorgeous room is in itself symbolic. It represents the temple that is "within us." Love, with her sweetness and freedom of thought, finally liberates the enslaved mind of the king.

The Vanias, a quartet of grand opera soloists, each of whom has won laurels in notable European productions, will be heard in a song story called "The Fisherman's Betrothal."

Direct from the Alhambra Theatre, London, come the Three Du-For Boys, where they were one of the most popular dancing features. The Du-For Trio appropriately describe their act as "Dancing in a Nutshell."

Williams, Thompson, and Copeland will appear in an interesting and amusing little comedy called "The Burglars' Union," which contains several clever character studies.

Next week will be the last of Will Rogers, Walter S. "Rube" Dickinson, Rameses, and Milton Pollock and company in George Ade's comedietta, "Speaking to Father."

Tivoli Continues "The Chimes of Normandy."

So great has been the success of "The Chimes of Normandy" at the Tivoli Opera House and so many have been the requests for a continuance of the thoroughly delightful comic opera that Manager W. H. Leahy has decided to suspend his rule limiting a presentation to a single week and, in consequence, Planquette's charming work will be repeated for a second and last week, commencing Monday evening. This revival of "The Chimes," which has been a marked favorite with patrons of the Tivoli since 1880, is notable in every way, and those of the "old guard" who can hark back to the first presentation here, when Hattie Moore and Harry Gates were in the cast, say that the opera has never been better sung and acted than on the present occasion. The tuneful and familiar melodies of the score, and there are two dozen of them, seem to have been written especially for the capable singers of the Tivoli company, and encores without end are the order of every performance.

Balfé's masterpiece, "The Bohemian Girl," will follow a week from Monday.

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

It is rarely that a singing quartet carries the feature position on the high standard of vaudeville attractions that the Pantages circuit has been sending this way during the past several months, but the success that the "Victoria Four" have been making since they first appeared has earned them the title honors on the new bill opening next Sunday.

Direct from the Crystal Music Hall, London, is the spectacular dancing novelty of the "Eight English Roses," who not only wear stunning gowns, but can really dance well.

Charlie Lindholm, who was once starred in "Ole Olsen," will present his own little laughable playlet, entitled "The Man from Minne-

sota." The Tyler St. Clair trio will render a programme of operatic and popular numbers on three mammoth marimophones. Dainty Edith Haney, a winsome little comedienne, has a budget of new songs with a few brand new stories of a comical blend. A bicycling act differing from the ordinary routine of wheeling acts will be shown by the Four McNutts. Dilla and Templeton in an acrobatic act called "The Goblin's Nest" will complete the bill.

Geraldine Farrar will appear at the Cort Theatre, Sunday afternoon, October 5, under the local direction of Frank W. Healy. Her tour will be brief, covering a period of six weeks.

Annual Bohemian Club Concert at Tivoli.

That always eagerly anticipated event, the annual Bohemian Club concert, will take place at the Tivoli Opera House next Thursday afternoon, August 21, at three o'clock, when Rufus Steele's "The Fall of Ug," given at Bohemian Grove last Saturday night, will be staged. The public will have opportunity to hear the beautiful music written by Herman Perlet for the play and to see the motion pictures of the notable production in the forest of redwoods. A symphony orchestra of seventy-five picked men under the direction of the composer will interpret the music. The big male chorus of husbandmen, shepherds, huntsmen, and warriors will include seventy voices, and as this will be the only public production of the work, the Tivoli, which is admirably adapted to affairs of this kind, will undoubtedly be crowded to the doors. Seats will be on sale at the box-office on and after Monday morning at nine o'clock.

Martinelli Coming to America.

Giovanni Martinelli, the young Italian tenor, now in his second season at Covent Garden, has more than sustained the reputation he gained last summer. He is to be heard in America for the first time this fall and will be shared jointly by the Boston and Metropolitan companies. His voice is said to be full and rich in quality and to possess that telling vibrancy peculiar to the Caruso voice of ten years ago. He began life as a wood-carver, a trade which his father and brothers still follow, and it was not until he was undergoing his military service, when he played a cornet in the band, that his musical ability was discovered. His handmaster heard him singing one night and at once began giving instruction to the boy. Upon the completion of his term in the army he began the cultivation of his voice in earnest. His experience was similar to that of several others, for it soon developed that his voice was of such a rare quality naturally that nature's handiwork could scarcely be improved upon, and about all that remained was for him to learn the rôles he was to sing. He soon made his début and immediately leaped into the front rank of great tenors. That was only two years ago. Since then, outside of Italy, he has been heard only in Monte Carlo and London. He is twenty-six years old.

Chaliapin Forms His Own Style.

M. Chaliapin, the Russian basso who created such a vivid impression during the recent presentation of Russian opera in London, is a most delightful personality, and in private life might easily be mistaken for a country gentleman. In reply to the question (writes Alfred Kaliski in the London World) whether he had studied in any conservatoire he said, "The conservatoire which would suit me has not yet been built. My conservatoire has been life and the world." By this he means that he has formed his own style by work and independent thought, and has made up a repertory different from that of almost any other artist on record, because he sings both baritone and bass parts and light and serious. It was about thirteen years ago that he first began to make a name outside the confines of Russia, and since then it has rapidly grown. It was not for some time that he consented to

sing in any language but Russian; but he does sing in French and Italian, though he has never yet sung in German. He is, like Caruso, an enthusiastic draughtsman, and is also a sculptor. His favorite pursuit apart from singing is fishing, and he is a very Nimrod. He pleads guilty to having written a little on musical subjects.

Franz Egenieff, the German baritone who is coming to this country, is really Baron von Kleydorff. He was formerly in the army, and served with distinction as an officer of a cavalry regiment.

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VANITY FAIR.

For real society news as it ought to be given we have to go to the country press. There alone do we find that unobstructed vision of the main facts, that delicate blend of the vernacular and the classic that should always be the aim of the reporter. Take, for example, this item from the Dekalb (Missouri) Tribune:

Twenty-five young people, all dolled up in their glad rags, were highly entertained at the Mallett home Saturday evening. When they had played 'most all the games they knew, Henry raised a little excitement by pouring lemonade on two of the girls.

Something, too, is left to the imagination. How much lemonade did Henry pour on the two girls? And what happened to Henry afterwards?

A European correspondent writes as follows: "It would be very interesting to your Eastern readers if you would discuss in 'Vanity Fair' whether motherhood should have teachers from service in schools. Whether teachers should be dismissed for neglect of duty for maternity. Whether when teaching in a delicate condition it is a violation of the laws of reserve especially in the poor congested districts." We bow our heads reverentially before this tribute to our omniscience while coyly admitting it to be justified.

Now this question is really quite simple, dear lady—for it is a lady who writes. All we need to do is to clear away the fog induced by much rapid talk about the sacred duties of maternity, and women's sublime obligations to the community to have babies early and often. There is no such sacred duty and there is no such sublime obligation. Women have babies because they wish to have them or because they can not help having them, and for no other reason. It is no more the duty of a woman to have babies than it is my duty to have mumps. And it would be a very good thing for the world at large if the birth rate everywhere were cut in half for a few years.

So let us look at this matter from the standpoint of a solid common sense. Here are certain women in New York or elsewhere who have agreed to render a specified educational service in return for a specified salary. Through their own deliberate action—we speak under correction, having no personal knowledge of such matters—some of these women are no longer able to render the stipulated services. But they demand indignantly that they shall be paid just as though they were performing those services, or at least that their positions shall be held open in readiness for them as soon as their self-induced incapacities shall have disappeared.

Now an analogy is often helpful and illuminating, and we will search for one here. Let us suppose that these women, instead of being schoolteachers and so drawing their pay from that poor dumb and stupid heast the public, were stenographers, or lawyers, or cooks. What would be said to the woman lawyer who announced that she would be unable to argue the case for which she was being paid because she contemplated having a baby? What would our correspondent herself say to her cook who proposed to go home for a few months in order to produce a baby, and who demanded that her place be retained for her until it should be convenient to resume her more prosaic duties in the culinary department? The question is superfluous. The stenographer, or the lawyer, or the cook, as the case might be, would be reminded that she had incurred responsibilities obviously and patently incompatible with the baby habit, and that the contract, having been broken, must lapse in every respect. The whole difficulty arises, first from an almost irresistible temptation to graft on the public funds, and secondly from the indefensible theory that it is to the public interest that women should have as many babies as possible and that it is the duty of the community to help them to do it. They are already far too prone to the baby habit. The product is usually of a most inferior kind and we are better without it. An improvement in quality might lead to an increased demand, but there is no sign of this. In the meantime we must agree that having babies and teaching school are incompatible employments. One or the other must be relinquished with all its emoluments, profits, perquisites, appurtenances, and remunerations.

The third question as to a possible violation of the laws of reserve must be left for the determination of women themselves. Personally we are of opinion that there are now no laws of reserve, although there used to be. Being ourselves of the coarser male persuasion we are yet conscious of certain physical phenomena connected with health and hygiene that we regard as strictly private and to be concealed from every one except the physician. Perhaps women feel differently on such matters. We are inclined to believe that they do, and that the ordinary rules of modesty current among men are not now to be found in the opposite sex. We are led to that opinion by sundry horrid conversations between women overheard in street-cars and elsewhere. But what have the "congested dis-

tricts" to do with the matter, except on the theory that the women of the poorer classes are less reticent than their wealthier sisters? The exact opposite is the case. One of the chief difficulties of hygiene work in the congested districts is the rooted disinclination of the women to make known their physical difficulties even to the physician.

The French Budget Committee has decided to place a surtax of 20 per cent on all bachelors over thirty years of age, and the decision has been hailed with a shout of approval by furnishers, jewelers, and architects, who say that their business will soon be dead unless something can be done to put an end to the present slump in marriages.

Well, the new tax may do something to discourage bachelorhood, or on the other hand it may not. Personally we are inclined to think that it will be fruitless except for revenue purposes. We are usually disposed to value a thing in proportion to its cost, and the bachelor who is reminded of his liberties by the sight of that 20 per cent addition to his tax list is far more likely to chuckle over a most advantageous expenditure than to amend his ways by seeking a bride.

Now suppose a bachelor has been in the habit of paying \$200 a year as taxes. Henceforth he must pay an addition of \$40 or find a wife. Is there a man with soul so dead who would hesitate for an instant to pay so trivial a price for so magnificent a boon as liberty? Even from the most sordid financial point of view can we conceive that any sane human being would seek to evade a yearly payment of \$40 by getting married? Bachelorhood in France henceforth becomes dignified by legal recognition, and there will be a general inclination to believe that never before in the history of the world has such inestimable value been offered at so low a price.

Now if it is really the intention of the French authorities to promote matrimony we may inform those august personages that they are upon the wrong tack. The traffic will bear far more than this. What they should have done is to estimate the cost of a wife—of course only the cash cost—and impose a tax a little in excess of this. This would serve as an experiment and a guide for further action. True statesmanship always goes slowly, cautiously, feeling its way from point to point. The genuine bachelor instinct that places liberty at the giddy summit of all human endeavor would probably still be willing to pay, rightly believing that the transcendental glories of freedom are not to be measured in the base terms of money. But let this fact be established before a resort to more rigorous measures. The revenue, at least, would profit enormously.

A certain graded stringency might follow as circumstances seemed to dictate. Continued ohduracy might be met by complete confiscation of property. To this the bachelor would rightly reply that marriage itself is equivalent to the confiscation of property, that it is not in the power of the government to inflict a more devastating material ruin than matrimony, and that he preferred the penury imposed by due process of law to the practical pauperism involved in marital bliss. At least he would still have the franchise of the fields and the hills. Carefree, he could still roam the countryside, and the munificences of nature would be his compensation for the destruction of an artificial and unreal wealth.

We are, of course, merely forecasting the possibilities of the situation, but if we know anything of the holy fires of freedom that burn in the heart of the bachelor we believe that nothing short of physical violence will force him from his high estate. And of what value for purposes of matrimony is the bachelor who has been forced into compliance by defacement or mutilation? He would make a most unsatisfactory husband. He would be a mere relic of past glories, a sort of stranded wreck, an epitaph.

We are under no obligations to offer counsel to the French government, although we are always open to an advantageous offer. But we should advise the sister republic to look upon the bachelor as a source of revenue rather than of babies. He can not be coerced into matrimony without spoiling him as a man, but his power, his willingness, even his eagerness to pay for his exemption is almost unlimited. There is little fear that even the most rigorous of exactions will force him to the alternative of matrimony. It will never even occur to him as a possibility. He will give all that he has for his freedom and hold it cheap at the price.

The doctor looked him over, and after meditating awhile said: "You must drink hot water with your whisky. Otherwise you mustn't take it at all." "But how shall I get the hot water?" the patient queried, plaintively. "My wife won't let me have it for the whisky today." "Tell her you want to shave," the doctor said, and took his departure. The next day the doctor called and asked the wife how his patient was. "He's gone raving mad," his wife replied. "He wants to shave every ten minutes."

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

At a political meeting the chief speaker was a budding orator who loved to hask in publicity. Said the chairman, grasping the speaker by the arm on the conclusion of his long address: "Your speech was like a glass of good champagne"—here the chairman smiled pleasantly—"lots of froth and very dry."

Mr. Gladstone once denounced certain members of the Opposition as "a lot of truckling attorneys," a phrase which caused some indignation. On the following day he said: "I recently described some members as 'truckling attorneys.' I now wish to apologize"—some applause from the aggrieved parties interrupted him—"I now wish to apologize—to the attorneys."

A man who stuttered badly went to a specialist and after ten difficult lessons learned to say quite distinctly: "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers." His friends congratulated him upon this splendid achievement. "Yes," said the man, doubtfully, "but it's s-s-such a d-d-deucedly d-d-difficult remark to w-w-work into an ordin-n-nary c-c-convers-sation, y' know."

Some of the hoys had arranged for a nice little poker party one night and had induced Jones to be one of the group around the table. He was twitted about his wife and called a "wifey's hoy" until he couldn't endure it, and he bravely declared his independence. He notified his wife by phone that he wouldn't be home until after midnight. "What'd she say?" asked one of his friends. "Oh, I dunno," admitted Jones. "I hung up the telephone as soon as I told her."

A commercial traveler had taken a large order in the North for a consignment of hardware, and endeavored to press upon the canny Scottish manager who had given the order a box of Havana cigars. "Naw," he replied. "Don't try to bribe a man. I cudna tak them—and I am a member of the kirk!" "But will you accept them as a present?" "I cudna," said the Scot. "Well, then," said the traveler, "suppose I sell you the cigars for a merely nominal sum—say, sixpence?" "Weel, in that case," replied the Scot, "since you press me, and not liking tae refuse an offer weel meant, I think I'll be taking two boxes."

The testimony brought out at the trial of Colonel Roosevelt's case in Marquette, Michigan, reminds a Kansas story teller of the incident: Once there was a college professor who had been a total abstainer all his life. He became run down in health and had no appetite and his family physician recommended that he take a little beer before each meal. In a week he reported to the doctor. "That beer has done me no good, and I have taken it regularly before meals each day." "Uh huh," said the doctor, "how much did you take at a time?" "Why, doctor," said the professor, "I took a teaspoonful before each meal in a glass of water."

On one occasion Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Taylor, the golf champion, were at Biarritz together. A Scotch relative of Sir Henry's earnestly contended that Taylor was of Scotch hirth, a claim which Sir Henry was inclined to support. One of the guests then intervened: "Well, all I know about Taylor is that he is a very nice man; my golf club engaged him to play an exhibition match at a fixed fee. Taylor duly came, but the weather was so wet that no golf could be played; and when we offered him payment he refused firmly, only taking his bare traveling expenses." Whereupon Sir Henry turned to a compatriot and said, "I'm afraid such a fact is quite fatal to our contention!"

Augustus Thomas in his recollections of Frederic Remington relates the following: "One Sunday morning in those later days I went with him to the office of an osteopathic physician who was treating him. The osteopath was a slight man and not tall. Remington, lying face downward on the operating table, presented a skyline so much higher than that of the average patient that the doctor standing on the floor lacked the angle of pressure necessary to his treatment. The doctor, therefore, mounted a chair, from which he stepped to the table, and finally sat astride of Remington, applying his full weight to the manipulation which he was giving to the spinal column. 'I hope I'm not hurting you, Mr. Remington?' said the doctor. Remington answered, 'It's all right, doctor, so long as you don't use your spurs.'"

A poet with a precious scrap-hook of his own writings under his arm wandered by a theatre, when suddenly the idea struck him that he would like to see a play that night, so entering the place he asked for the press agent. That gentleman was out, but the manager was in. He was ushered in, and the *deus ex machina* inquired his business. "I

would like two seats for tonight," faltered the man of verse. "An' who might you be?" asked the manager. The poet mentioned his name. "Um, yes," smiled the other, "I've heard of you, but why should I give you seats?" The hard murmured something about courtesy to the press, and added that probably identification might be necessary, so, as he had a scrap-hook full of his published poems, he would be glad if— But the manager cut him short, and calling out to his secretary to make out a couple of passes for that night, said, "My dear sir, I'd rather give you the whole house than read your poems!"

Judge Parry tells a story of how Lister Drummond, the new London magistrate, once received a delicious rehuke from Justice Mathew. Parry and Drummond were judge's marshals. "I fear we marshals," says Judge Parry, "must have been somewhat of a trial to our respective judges, and every now and then Mathew put his foot down. One morning we both arrived at breakfast rather later than usual. Mathew was reading his paper and eating his hacon alone, and looked at us in a very Johnsonian and surly manner, and only grunted a reply to our greeting. Breakfast proceeded in silence until the judge had finished, when he put down his paper and said, 'Whose bedroom is next to mine?' 'I helieve mine is, judge,' I said, with hesitancy. 'H'm! Then who on earth was talking to you until two in the morning?' 'Well, you see,' I replied more cheerily, seeing a mischievous retreat, 'it was Drummond, but I am sure you will approve of it when I tell you that he wants to convert me to the holy faith.' 'Does he?' roared Mathew, hanging his fist on the table and glaring at Drummond. 'Then you may take it from me that if you continue to convert Parry in the small hours of the morning I leave the church.'

THE MERRY MUSE.

As to Julia: Suffragette.

When as abroad my Julia goes,
Armed with a stick of dynamite
Hid deep within those furhewels
That look so pleasing to the sight,
Her fell intention, clear and plain,
To blow some railway station up,
'Tis then my soul is filled with pain,
And over-bitter is my cup.

Not for the station do I care—
Its architecture's seldom fine,
And if it sails off through the air
I'm sure 'tis no affair of mine;
But Julia, spite of all her ways,
The which from etiquette depart
Is still the bright light of my days,
The uncrowned mistress of my heart.

And even if she went to jail,
Ten days, two months, or e'en a year,
My ardent love would never fail;
I still should hold her just as dear;
But yet it fills my heart with woe
And trembling when I think what she,
If she could treat a station so,
When we are wed will do to me!

—John Kendrick Bangs, in *Life*.

Strictly Business.

Dear Sir: Your favor, recent date,
Received and contents noted.
If, as you say, I'm your "soul's mate,"
No more need here be quoted.

Still, when you ask me for my hand
You pledge "a life's devotion."
Such I. O. U.'s, please understand,
Are scarcely to my notion.

My lawyer rates extremely low
This contract that you proffer.
I am a business woman, so
I must reject your offer!

Such poor collateral, you see,
My hanker won't consider.
"For 'love preferred' or 'bonds,'" says he,
"I can not find a bidder."

However, if you care to make
A little business journey,
The matter may freely take
To J. Brown, my attorney.

There half your worldly wealth assign
And your life partner make me,
Then I will joyfully be thine.

Sue Smith.
P. S.—Come take me.—*Chicago News*.

The Two Bards.

"Why do you write?" I asked the hard,
Whose rhymes were had, whose lines were hard
To read—whose tragedy was slush,
His wit obscure, his pathos gush;
With a tense look he raised his head,
"Because I am inspired," he said.

"Why do you write?" I asked the hard,
Whose fragrant verse was never marred
By one false note—whose poems fine
Breathed genius true in every line.
With a calm smile he raised his head—
"They pay me for the stuff," he said.

—*Boston Globe*.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mrs. Hannah Mitchell announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Lena Mitchell, to Mr. Jesse Chester Greenfield.

From Fort Liscum, Alaska, comes the announcement of the engagement of Miss Virginia Harrison to Lieutenant Charles Floyd, U. S. A. Miss Harrison formerly resided at the Presidio in this city with Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph O'Neill, U. S. A., and Mrs. O'Neill.

The wedding of Miss Marguerite Butters and Mr. Charles Teague took place Thursday evening at eight o'clock in the ballroom of the Palace Hotel. Mrs. Victor Metcalfe, Jr., was her sister's only attendant and Mr. L. A. Teague was the groom's best man. Mrs. Teague is the daughter of the late Mrs. Henry A. Butters and is a sister of Mrs. Lincoln Karmany, Mrs. Robert Augustus Bray, and the Messrs. William B. David, J. Paulding Edwards, and Harry Butters, Jr.

The wedding of Miss Louise Kellogg and Mr. George Harding Whipple will take place Saturday, August 30, at Grace Pro-Cathedral and will be attended by only the immediate families. Miss Kellogg is the daughter of Mrs. Kellogg and the late Mr. Marmaduke Bunnell Kellogg.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Page have issued invitations to the wedding of their daughter, Miss Emilita Dorothy Page, and Mr. Charles Lyman Buckingham, Saturday, September 6, in Belvedere. Miss Page will be attended by her cousins, Miss Leslie Page and Miss Marjorie Page, and her chosen bridesmaids are the Misses Kate Peterson, Marian Leigh Maillard, Marian Crocker, Marian Dickson, Margaret Nichols, Mildred Bright, Ruth Winslow, and Dora Winn.

Mrs. Hearst was hostess at a dinner last week at her home, Hacienda del Pozo de Verona, in honor of General Felix Diaz and Mme. Diaz of Mexico.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson entertained a number of friends Friday at a luncheon and auction bridge party at her home in Burlingame.

Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl gave a luncheon recently at Idlewild, her home on Lake Tahoe, complimentary to Bishop Hanna.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clark entertained a large number of guests at a dance Saturday evening at their home in San Mateo. The affair was in honor of their house guest, Miss Haywood, of London.

Mr. and Mrs. William Miller Graham gave a dinner at their home in Santa Barbara in honor of Mrs. Willard Drown of this city.

Miss Marguerite Doe was hostess at a luncheon at her home in Montecito complimentary to Mrs. Benjamin Foss, formerly Miss Dorothy Chapman.

Mrs. Claus Spreckels gave an auction bridge-tee last week in Coronado.

Mrs. Henry Burgin, who is en route to Maui, was hostess recently at a luncheon at the Francisca Club in honor of Miss Dorothy Palmer and Miss Florence Aitken.

Major J. C. Johnson, U. S. A., and Mrs. Johnson entertained their young friends at an informal dance Monday evening at Fort Miley in honor of Miss Helen Rees, daughter of Colonel Thomas A. Rees, U. S. A., and Mrs. Rees.

Mrs. Charles H. Lyman was hostess at a bridge party at her home in Mare Island in honor of Captain Lyman's mother, Mrs. Lyman, and his sister, Mrs. C. F. Brooke, of Washington, D. C.

Mrs. W. F. Dohrmann of San Francisco was hostess at a dinner at Hotel Coronado in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels, who are leaving for Europe.

Mrs. Thomas H. Rees, wife of Colonel Rees, U. S. A., gave a bridge-tee at her home on Locust Street in honor of Mrs. Charles Burch, who is visiting Major Kinsey J. Hampton, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hampton at the Presidio.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Miss Helen Keeney and Miss Gertrude Hopkins, Messrs. George Pinckard and William Mintzer, Jr., spent the week-end as the guests of Miss Cara Coleman and Mr. Robert L. Coleman, Jr., at their home in Burlingame.

Miss Josephine Grant spent several days last week in Burlingame, where she was the guest of Miss Cara Coleman.

Miss Mary Wilcox is visiting Miss Floride Hunt at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Goodwin returned last Friday to their home in Woodside, where Mr. Goodwin is recuperating from his recent illness. Mrs. Goodwin was formerly Miss Elena Robinson.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin have returned to Ross after a visit at their country home in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sears Bates have been spending the past two weeks as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Egbert Stone at their country home on the Russian River.

Mr. and Mrs. Ettore Avenali will move September 1 from Union Street, where they have resided since their marriage, to Walnut Street between Jackson and Washington Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Parmelee Eells and Rev. Henry Sloane Coffin and Mrs. Coffin of New York have been spending the past two weeks in the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Irving Scott left last week in their automobile for Weber Lake, where they will remain a month. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Eastland and Dr. Tracy Russell. Among the Burlingame people at the Weber Lake Country Club are Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, and her sons, Masters Mountford and Russell Wilson, Mr. J. Sidney Cloman, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cloman.

Mr. Wilson joined the party last Sunday and will return Tuesday with his family.

Mr. and Mrs. William Timlow and their daughter, Miss Emily Timlow, have arrived from Philadelphia and are visiting Mrs. James Carolan, who with Miss Emily Carolan and Dr. Herbert Caro-

lan are occupying Crossways, the home in Burlingame of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan. Mr. Carolan returned last Sunday from Europe for a few weeks' visit and will leave September 1 for Paris to accompany his wife on her homeward trip.

Right Reverend John McKim, Mrs. McKim, and their daughter arrived on the *Shinyo Maru* from the Orient and have returned to their home in New York. During their stay in this city they were the guests of Right Reverend William Ford Nichols and Mrs. Nichols.

Mrs. Charles W. Cobb and Miss Janet Cobb of Washington, D. C., are visiting friends in Berkeley.

Mrs. William S. Wood, who has recently returned from the Orient, is established at the Hotel Bellevue. Mrs. Wood has sold her home on Sacramento Street to Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Van Ness, who moved this week into the residence, which they have remodeled.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker will sail September 11 on the *Imperator* for home.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hopkins have rented for the winter a house on Franklin Street near Sacramento Street.

The Messrs. Eldridge, Allen, and Arthur Green, with their families, will soon move into their new homes, which have recently been built on Jackson and Laurel Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Julian Sonntag and their daughter, Miss Ila Sonntag, have returned from Palo Alto, where they have been spending the past two months.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Gaffey and their daughter, Miss Marguerite Gaffey, spent a few days in town en route from Europe to their home in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Edward Dutton, formerly of this city, was at last accounts in Florence. After a visit in Vienna she will return to Rome, where she will spend the winter.

Judge James A. Cooper, Mrs. Cooper, and their daughter, Miss Ethel Cooper, will reside at the St. Regis, where they have leased the apartment recently occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schlacks.

Miss Jennie Hooker will leave soon for Santa Barbara, where she has rented a cottage for a month. Miss Hooker has been spending several weeks in Woodside with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent.

Mrs. William S. Tevis has been spending a few days in town, having come down from Lake Tahoe, where she and her sons are spending the summer.

Mrs. Eleanor Hyde-Smith and Mrs. Alexander Garceau have been spending the past week in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood.

Mrs. Robert J. Woods has returned from Woodside, where she has been spending a week with Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali spent the week-end in Menlo Park as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph King are established in their new apartment on Leavenworth Street.

Mrs. J. J. Spicker has rented the apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Gregg, who with their daughters are occupying apartments at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye, Jr., are at the Burlingame Country Club for a brief stay. They will go to Monterey in August and contemplate leaving in September for Washington, D. C.

Miss Etta Warren is spending a few weeks at the Peninsula Hotel in San Mateo.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and her children and Miss Gertrude Jolliffe will sail the end of August for home. Mr. Spreckels, who returned a few weeks ago, was accompanied by his son, Master Howard Spreckels.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Buckbee and their niece, Miss Helen Holman, returned last week from an outing at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. Henry T. Scott has returned from a two weeks' trip in the northern part of the state.

Miss Jennie Blair spent the week-end in San Mateo as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith.

Mrs. John Metcalfe has gone to Los Angeles to spend several months.

Mrs. Hannah Neil Hobart with her children, the Misses Hannah and Ruth Hobart and Master Walter Hobart, Jr., will reside in Burlingame, where she has rented the Crossways cottage, which for several years has been occupied by Mr. John Lawson. Mr. and Mrs. Lawson, who are at present in London, will return home in October.

Mrs. C. W. Tuttle of Colusa has leased for two years the house on Pacific Avenue and Pierce Street of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Magee, Jr. Miss Charlotte Tuttle is traveling in Europe with Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Tubbs.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hough have returned from Marin County, where they have been visiting Mrs. A. P. Hotelling, Jr., and Miss Jane Hotelling.

Mr. and Mrs. George Kelham and their little son, Bruce Kelham, have returned from a two weeks' outing in the Tahoe country.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Jr., have returned from an automobile trip through Southern California and are visiting Mrs. Horace Hill, Sr., in Los Altos, where they will remain until October, when they will accompany Mrs. Hill to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bliss returned Monday from Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Eugene Bresse and her daughter, Miss Meta McMahon, have returned from Santa Barbara, where they have been spending ten days with Mrs. Harriet Miller.

Miss Emmaline Childs of Los Angeles has recently been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Dean in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. James Donohue Dougherty have arrived from Honolulu and are at the Hotel Stewart.

Miss Ysobel Chase is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Robin Y. Hayne in Burlingame.

Miss Marie Brewer has returned from San Mateo, where she has been visiting Mrs. Andrew P. Welch, Jr.

Miss Helen Bowie has returned from Montgomery, Alabama, where she has been spending three months with her cousin, Mrs. George Owen.

Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Waterhouse have returned to their home in San Jose after a few days' visit in town.

Mr. William Mayo Newhall, Jr., and Mr. John-

ston Mali, son of the Belgian consul in New York, have returned from a trip through Yellowstone Park.

Mrs. Walter Bliss has returned from Santa Barbara, where she went recently with Miss Virginia Vassault, to visit Mrs. Charles Fernald.

Mrs. Edgar Keithley is recovering from an operation for appendicitis at the Adler Sanatorium.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph G. Hooper and their daughter, Miss Helen Hooper, have returned to their home in this city after having spent the summer at Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hincley Taylor have recently been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. G. Russell Lukens is recovering from her recent severe illness at the Adler Sanatorium.

Mrs. George Carr and Miss Eliza McMullin have arrived in New York from Europe and will visit relatives in the East before returning home.

Mr. and Mrs. George Rodman Shreve and their daughters, the Misses Elizabeth and Agnes Shreve, are occupying a cottage at Miramar.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Findlay Montague, the Messrs. Paige and Kenneth Montague, have returned from Europe and are again occupying their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Miss Polly Mills have returned to Burlingame after a two weeks' visit at Stag's Leap, Napa County, where they remained during the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, who went East to meet Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Bishop have returned from South America and are visiting Mrs. Bishop's sister, Mrs. Herbert Folger, in Berkeley. Mrs. Bishop was formerly Miss Harvey Anthony.

Mr. John Seymour of London is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon in Menlo Park. Californians sailing for Europe July 28 were Miss Maud Howard of San Francisco, Dr. and Mrs. F. Franceschi and Miss Ernestina Franceschi of Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Arthur J. Brander, formerly of San Francisco, and her son Reginald, will leave Coronado on September 5 for London. Mrs. Brander will remain abroad while her son is attending school.

Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy and Miss Aileen McCarthy of Los Angeles are at the Potter, Santa Barbara, and will come to San Francisco to spend September in Mr. McCarthy's apartment at 2177 Pacific Avenue.

Mr. Samuel Shortridge and Mr. Wakefield Baker were guests at Hotel del Coronado during the week.

Among San Francisco people at Casa del Rey are Mr. and Mrs. Francis Cutting, Mr. F. W. Madison, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Mann, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Magee, Mr. H. R. Simpkins, Mrs. D. Hewitt, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden, Mr. W. H. Talbot and party, Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Sharon, Mr. D. W. Earl, Mr. J. M. Seymore, Mrs. F. W. Henshaw, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Fisk.

Lieutenant Emory Smith, U. S. A., aid-de-camp to General Bell, U. S. A., in Manila, will return home before the holidays to visit his mother, Mrs. W. H. Smith, in this city.

Major Charles Crawford, U. S. A., is assigned for duty as secretary of the Army War College and is appointed an acting quartermaster, succeeding Major Joseph D. Leitch, U. S. A., General Staff.

Major George S. Bailey, U. S. A., Quartermaster Corps, will sail October 5 for Honolulu.

Mrs. John Keyes will leave shortly for Texas City, where she will join her husband, Lieutenant Keyes, U. S. A. Mrs. Keyes has been spending several months with her parents, Lieutenant-Colonel William Forsyth, U. S. A., and Mrs. Forsyth, at their home in the Presidio.

Colonel Lea Fehiger, U. S. A., will remain in command of the Presidio after it has been made a brigade post by the addition of the Twelfth Infantry from the Presidio, Monterey, November 1.

Mrs. William Leahy, wife of Lieutenant Leahy, returned Tuesday morning to Washington, D. C., after a visit of two weeks in this city. Mrs. Leahy was called by the death of her mother, Mrs. W. P. Harrington.

Lieutenant-Commander William H. Standley, U. S. N., and Mrs. Standley and their children have returned to Mare Island after a month's outing in Mendocino County.

Captain Albert P. Nihlack, U. S. N., left Tuesday morning for Washington, D. C., after a brief visit in this city. He was accompanied by his wife, formerly Miss Mary Harrington, who has been spending the past six months with her mother, the late Mrs. W. P. Harrington.

The cruiser *California* arrived August 5 at Mare Island and will remain in San Francisco Bay for about two weeks before going to San Diego for target practice.

The cruiser *Maryland* is en route from Alaska to this city.

Lieutenant-Commander W. D. Leahy, U. S. N., has been assigned to duty at the Navy Department.

Lieutenant Irving Hall Mayfield, U. S. N., and Mrs. Mayfield have gone to Los Angeles to visit Mrs. Mayfield's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon Borden.

Lieutenant H. Kent Hewitt, U. S. N., will arrive Tuesday, August 19, from the East, where he is attached to the U. S. S. *Florida*. He will be married August 23 to Miss Floride Hunt of this city.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Torney has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Torney, who was formerly Miss Jeannette Wright, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kirkham Wright.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Orville C. Pratt has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Pratt, who was formerly Miss Emily Wilson, is the daughter of Mrs. Russell J. Wilson.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Hatch Kimball has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Kimball was formerly Miss Dorothy Eaton of Montecito.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Maurice T. Dooling of Hollister was inducted into the office of judge of the United States District Court on Monday, Judge William Carey Van Fleet officiating. Judge Dooling was formerly superior judge of San Benito County and succeeds the late Judge John J. de Haven, having been appointed about six weeks ago.

Treasurer John E. McDougald has been authorized by the board of supervisors to sell over the counter \$963,000 5 per cent hospital, school, and city hall \$1000 bonds. The bonds will be ready for delivery Tuesday morning, August 19.

The annual report of the trustees of the San Francisco Public Library shows the past year has been the largest in the volume of work and activities. The circulation of books for home use now amounts to 852,592. The library now has 130,381 volumes. The new members joining the library, numbering 21,673, brings the total membership to 41,016.

According to the savings deposit report just issued a surprising increase was made in this department for the year ending June 30. The report shows that more than \$11,500,000 is held by the savings banks than one year ago. On June 30, 1912, local savings deposits amounted to \$183,761,807.

Colonel Henry J. Brady, librarian of the Bohemian Club, and a member since 1877, died last Sunday at a health resort near Los Gatos. His health had been failing since the fire of 1906. He was noted as a collector of books and as a connoisseur of book-bindings. The funeral was on Tuesday.

The San Francisco Turn Verein, the oldest incorporated society of Turners in California, gave its sixty-first anniversary ball on Thursday evening.

The following superior judges, the offices having been created by the legislature, were named by Governor Johnson on Tuesday for San Francisco: Franklin A. Griffin, executive secretary to Franklin Johnson; George E. Crothers, Marcel Cerf, and Adolphus E. Graupner, all San Francisco attorneys. Graupner is associated with the city attorney's office. Griffin studied law with private firms.

The sale of the J. A. Folger estate at Woodside, which was to have been made to satisfy an \$18,000 judgment obtained by the Western National Bank against Folger in connection with the Ocean Shore failure, has been postponed at the request of the bank. The estate, which includes some 300 acres and a large residence, is valued at more than \$1,000,000.

The hospital and health committee of the board of supervisors on Wednesday refused to recommend that the city obtain the use of the disused Odd Fellows' crematory to expedite and decrease the expense of moving bodies from the cemetery.

Stating that the committee was hedged about with too many restrictions, M. H. de Young has resigned as chairman of and member of the committee on concessions and privileges of the Panama-Pacific Exposition. The resignation was accepted on Wednesday.

The supervisors' finance committee and representatives of the probation committee of the juvenile court decided Wednesday, as a first step toward putting into effect a plan for carrying out the new "mothers' pension law," to recommend the appointment of an investigator to look into all applications presented for aid under the new statute.

For the present at least use of public school auditoriums for election purposes will not be permitted. The board of education has taken this stand after considering the matter.

The San Francisco Traffic Club opened its new quarters at 207 Powell Street Wednesday night, President William Sproule of the Southern Pacific Company addressing the gathering. The club was organized to promote sociability among the members of the traffic departments of the various railroads, and its membership is nearing the 300 mark. Mr. Sproule in addressing the members applied for membership.

The police commission has requested the supervisors to amend the ordinance for the appointment of three "police protective women" by providing that the appointees must be citizens of the United States, not less than twenty-one nor more than thirty-five years of age, and residents of San Francisco for the past five years, and that before appointment they must pass a satisfactory physical examination, showing them to be in sound physical condition.

The railroad commission has authorized the Pacific Gas and Electric Company to execute

a general lien mortgage to the Guaranty Trust Company of New York and William C. Cox, and to issue under this mortgage 6 per cent, ten-year convertible general lien bonds of the face value of \$5,000,000. Permission is given to exchange these bonds for stock issued at 80. The company is also authorized to issue demand notes to the amount of \$4,500,000 and to issue as collateral therefor its thirty-year 5 per cent general and refunding mortgage bonds of the face value of \$5,000,000.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Volney E. Howard of Los Angeles has been brightened by the advent of a son, Volney E. Howard, the Third.

As far back as 1875 Verdi was moved by the approaching change in the mind of a part of the musical world, and somewhere between that year and 1882 he wrote to a friend: "I can tell you what will grow out of the present musical restlessness. One tries to be as melodic as Bellini, the other as harmonic as Meyerbeer. I am not in favor of either, but I do wish that the young musician, when he seats himself at his work table, would never consciously strive to be a melodist, or a harmonist, or an idealist, or a futurist, or the devil knows what the rest of those pedanticisms are called. Melody and harmony should be in the hands of the artist only the tools with which to produce music, and we shall see the day when there will be no more talk of melody, harmony, the German or Italian school, the past, the future, etc. Perhaps then the kingdom of art will begin. It is a fault of our time that the works of our young composers are 'products of fear.' No one writes with complete abandon. When the young persons write they are obsessed by thoughts of the audience and the critics. You tell me that I owe my success to the combination of the two schools. I never thought of it."

One of the most notable cases of sudden loss of musical memory related is that of Emile Prudent. One day, in a concert, while playing his own concerto with orchestra, he lost all consciousness of the connection between the notes, and from that time he had music only as confused sounds; neither from his own playing nor from that of the orchestra could he gain a distinct idea, and found that he had completely lost the ability to read the notes. From this attack, however, he soon recovered; the gravest symptoms disappeared the next day, but from that time he could play only from notes.

The government of France has placed the Paris Opera House at the disposal of Raymond Roze for the production of his opera, "Joan of Arc," which is to be heard for the first time at Covent Garden November 1. The entire Covent Garden company and production will be taken to Paris by Mr. Roze.

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Century and Argonaut.....	7.00
Commoner and Argonaut.....	4.15
Cosmopolitan and Argonaut.....	4.50
English Illustrated Magazine and Argonaut	5.50
Harper's Bazar and Argonaut.....	4.35
Harper's Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.80
Harper's Weekly and Argonaut.....	6.80
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International Magazine and Argonaut....	4.30
Judge and Argonaut.....	7.75
Leslie's Weekly and Argonaut.....	7.75
Life and Argonaut.....	7.85
Lippincott's Magazine and Argonaut....	5.05
Littell's Living Age and Argonaut.....	9.10
Mexican Herald and Argonaut.....	9.20
Munsey's Magazine and Argonaut.....	4.75
Nineteenth Century and Argonaut.....	7.40
North American Review and Argonaut..	6.80
Out West and Argonaut.....	4.50
Overland Monthly and Argonaut.....	4.50
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Scribner's Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.15
Smart Set and Argonaut.....	5.60
St. Nicholas and Argonaut.....	6.00
Sunset and Argonaut.....	4.50
Theatre Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.30
Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democrat) and Argonaut.....	4.30
Weekly New York Tribune Farmer and Argonaut	1.20

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S. S. Nippon Maru (intermediate service, sa-
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.....Tuesday, Sept. 30, 1913
S. S. Tenyo Maru, via Manila direct.....
.....Tuesday, Oct. 7, 1913
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Steamers sail from company's pier, No. 34,
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

“What color eyes d’ye like best, Billy?”
“Gee! I dunno. What color are yours sup-
posed to be?”—*Life*.

She—When I married you I thought you
were a brave man. *He*—So did everybody
else.—*Weekly Scotsman*.

Schuyler—What constitutes “the three R’s”
in the education of a d  butante? *I’an Puyster*
—Well, I should say raiment, ragtime, and
repartee.—*Life*.

B. A. De Gree—My stomach’s out of order,
doctor. *Doc Shipp*—Have you tried home-
cooking? *B. A. De Gree*—No, that’s not the
reason.—*Cornell Widow*.

Sweet Girl—My hired chaperone saw you
kiss me last night. *Adorer*—My gracious!
What did you do? *Sweet Girl*—I discharged
her.—*New York Weekly*.

Artist (angrily)—No, I tell you I don’t
want a model—I only paint flowers and fruit.
Model (sweetly)—That’s all right; every one
says I’m a peach.—*Cornell Widow*.

Instructor (at night school)—Give a sen-
tence with the word “metaphysician” in it.
Shoggy-Haired Pupil—On his way home Mr.
Jones metaphysician.—*Chicago Tribune*.

“That office boy is never here when he is
wanted.” “That’s not altogether his fault.”
“What do you mean?” “It’s hereditary. His
father was a policeman.”—*Houston Post*.

“Did you hear Gotrox married his stenog-
rapher?” “No; how are they getting on?”
“Oh, same as ever; when he starts to dic-
tate she takes him down.”—*The Canadian*
Courier.

“Bill’s going to sue the company for dam-
ages.” “Why, what did they do to him?”
“They blew the quittin’ whistle when ‘e was
carryin’ a ‘eavy piece of iron, and ‘e dropped
it on ‘is foot.”—*Punch*.

First Burglar—Say, Bill, ‘ave you got them
suffragette placards? *Second Burglar*—My
Gawd, I forget ‘em! *First Burglar*—Well,
you blarsted fool, ‘ow’re we goin’ to cover up
our trail?—*The Masses*.

“Success will come to any one who perse-
veres.” “I don’t know about that. I’ve been
married for ten years now, and my husband
hasn’t liked anything I’ve had for dinner yet.”
—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

“At a card party which I attended one
afternoon last week all but two of the ladies
present had been divorced.” “What was the
matter with the two?” “They were old
maids.”—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

“I suppose classical music is all right in
its place,” said Maud. “I’m sure it is,” re-
plied Mamie; “I don’t care to listen to it my-
self, but sometimes you have to play it in
order to get a man to go home.”—*Washington*
Star.

Judge—What is the charge against the
prisoner? *Officer*—Yer honor, he’s a public
nuisance. He’s been goin’ around in th’
middle o’ the night, wakin’ up night watch-
men and thin runnin’ away.—*Milwaukee Daily*
News.

“Officer, there’s a terrible fight going on
round the corner to the right.” “Thank you,
sir. I’ll do as much for you some day, sir,”
said the policeman gratefully, as he took the
turning to the left and quickly disappeared.—
Liverpool Mercury.

“I’m beginning to doubt my judgment
about the new soprano,” said the first man-
ager, who had been wildly enthusiastic.
“Why?” asked the second manager. “None of
the other sopranos seem to be jealous of her.”
—*Kansas City Star*.

“Daughter,” called the father from his po-
sition at the top of the stairs, at the well-known
hour of 11:55 p. m., “doesn’t that young man
know how to say good-night?” “Does he?”
echoed the young lady in the darkened hall;
“well, I should say he does.”—*Pittsburgh*
Post.

“Do you think the motor-car has come to
stay?” asked one man of his neighbor.
“Well,” replied the other, “there was one
out in front of my house today which I
thought had; but they got a horse, after a
while, and towed it home.”—*New Orleans*
Picayune.

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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Bond Election.

On Tuesday next San Francisco will determine by popular vote whether or not to authorize an issue of three and one-half millions of municipal bonds for extension of the municipal railway system. The considerations in opposition to the proposal are many and important. The scheme of extensions proposed will contribute little or not at all to public convenience, and regarded as an investment it is plainly unwise. Then, since there is now no market for municipal bonds at normal rates of interest, construction would have to be paid for at abnormal rates. That is, contractors will no doubt take the bonds, but under conditions of practical discount that would make the interest far above the current rate. But even under this extravagant method of building the extensions proposed could not be completed in time to serve the exposition, while they would have the effect of preventing the existing transportation agencies from extending their systems. As

regards the exposition, therefore, the project in hand would be a damage rather than a help.

Even if it be admitted that the ultimate policy of the municipality should be to control its own street railway system, the present object is not properly related either to times or conditions. Every existing street-car franchise we believe has a limit. Under a waiting policy the city may in time and without disturbance of conditions come into the ownership upon equitable terms of every foot of railway within the municipal limits. This seems now inevitable. With this prospect in view it would be both extravagant and foolish to proceed with a costly scheme of construction which would merely duplicate existing lines and ultimately complicate the whole scheme of street transportation.

Against the immediate project—as against every project which calls for large additions to the army of municipal employees—there stands a large fundamental objection. It is this, namely, that it would surely increase the number of persons with an immediate and personal interest in community policy as opposed to the community interest. Given a street-car service employing several thousand men and you have a solid block of votes which may—and surely will—be used for the corruption of municipal politics. Given time for organization and it will surely formulate selfish demands and use its political power *en bloc* for their enforcement. Under our practices in politics the creation of a great body of municipal employees would mean practically to turn over the administration of municipal affairs to the job-holders. It means that schemes of taxation, administration of police—all shall be under the practical domination of an army of municipal employees bent chiefly upon their own interest in the form of increased public activities, large rates of pay, short hours of labor, and all the rest of it. The vital question is: Shall San Francisco be governed by her taxpayers or by her taxeaters?

There is in our city charter a fortunate requirement that projects calling for use of the public credit must be supported by a two-thirds vote. That is, to authorize this project of street railway extensions there must be two votes in the affirmative for one in the negative. This provision gives to the opposition a large advantage—and properly so. Now it remains to be seen whether the forces of conservatism, always large enough to dominate any situation, will be interested enough to sustain their own cause. If those who stand legitimately opposed to this project of extravagance and folly shall sufficiently interest themselves to go to the polls, there is no question about the result.

The Collapse of the "Call."

When Mr. John D. Spreckels bought the *Call* twenty years ago it was a rather colorless but entirely respectable publication. It printed the news in fairly good form and under reasonable if not notable standards of intelligence and impartiality. It did not stand very positively for anything, but it was clean and wholesome. And as a business enterprise it was successful. Its earnings were not great, but they were sufficient for its needs with a reasonable margin of profit. Regarded as a public institution the *Call* was on the whole worthy and worth sustaining.

Under Mr. Spreckels's ownership the paper ought to have been made the bulwark of a legitimate conservatism. Its readers were for the most part of the respectable middle class, properly solicitous for stability in government, for economy in public expenditures, and imbued with respect for the fundamental social virtues. The *Call* was then essentially the family newspaper of San Francisco, and there was every reason why it should have sustained this character and have grown with the expansion of the city.

But unhappily in reorganizing the *Call* Mr. Spreckels selected agents unequal to the work, lacking the inspirations essential to it and deficient in the elements

of character and respect. Perhaps in his inexperience Mr. Spreckels himself did not fully comprehend the responsibilities of journalism; most certainly the men he put in charge failed to do so. One fatal idea of the new management was the assumption that a newspaper may without destroying its own character sustain the motives and expediences of a private interest. The *Call* with an intemperate ardor at once espoused the Spreckels side of then pending controversies over the policy of the government in the matter of imported sugar. On top of this the editors of the *Call* assumed a pontifical attitude towards local and general politics. Who, whose memory runs back twenty years, does not remember the childish arrogance with which the *Call* under the first editor of the Spreckels régime undertook to lay down the law, to organize political combinations, even to dominate neighboring states? It was of course a stupidly foolish as well as a futile policy.

But perhaps more serious than mistakes of policy was the lack of stable character. The paper developed energy, but it stood for nothing. First there were evidences of a tremendous exhilaration in possession of unquestioned resources. This, in addition to the arrogances and follies above recited, led to extravagance, and extravagance quickly ran upon the shoals of necessity. For though the Spreckels purse was long there were behind it natural tendencies to discretion. When the effort was made to make the paper profitable there followed a period of concession to doubtful expediences. Mr. Spreckels we doubt not would have been willing, if he had had the right kind of counsels, to have backed the *Call* in a straight career in championship of vital principles. But his agents had no vision of principles, and even with respect to expedients they proceeded without judgment. The things done by the management of the *Call* in an effort to make it pay speedily made it impossible for it to command public respect.

The climax of folly was attained when, after the first signal failure, there was called to the administration of the paper a man about equally identified with low politics and the race-track. Under this régime the *Call* lost whatever chance of worthy regeneration there had been left to it upon the collapse of the previous régime. Mr. Spreckels evidently did not comprehend that a newspaper, whatever else it may be, is never better than the man who makes it. He did not see that a combination of race-track tout and underground political worker could not make a journal to command respect. Thereafter the *Call* was doomed. One device after another was tried, but to no purpose, for the blight had struck deep. The old tradition of respectability had been lost; the new condition was without promise.

Now for some years the *Call* has wobbled about in search of some issue or pose upon which it might sustain an effective career. It has championed many things in turn and nothing long. And as always where there is no guiding principle and where policies shift from month to month there has been no real force and no success. The *Call* has notoriously been without a dominating motive and therefore without character. Whereas the *Examiner* stood for one sort of thing and the *Chronicle* for another, the *Call* has stood somewhere between the two, but without the vitality of either. It has lacked the abandon and the resource to match the vulgar flamboyances of the *Examiner* and it has not had the careful administration under the spirit of restraint which has marked the course of the *Chronicle*. It might indeed, if there had been at the head of it a man of serious purpose and vital powers, have crowded the *Chronicle* from a field which it has held—somewhat out of character—as a conservative journal. But the personal quality was lacking, and so the paper now for a time imitating the *Examiner* and anon imitating the *Chronicle* has gone from bad to worse and in a

ness sense steadily down hill. The pity of it is very great, for over and above all other things—civic centres, opera houses, boulevards, expositions, and all the rest of it—San Francisco needs a characterful and socially responsible daily newspaper.

The merging of the *Call* with the *Chronicle* is merely a polite way of disavowing without really disguising an absolute failure. Few papers really die—they are "merged." By this process the definite financial obligations of their subscription lists are taken care of and there is left to their managements some shadow of "face." None the less the failure of the *Call* is positive and without real mitigation. The paper has not in a genuine sense been sold to the *Chronicle*. Only this, the *Chronicle* has taken over the subscription lists and will look after the sale of the material junk.

There is much speculation as to what, first and last, the *Call* has cost Mr. Spreckels. Probably Mr. Spreckels himself could not tell; and being a man of some pride he wouldn't tell if he could. But certainly there went into the paper enough if it had been expended wisely in sustaining sound and worthy policies to have given San Francisco a great, resourceful, successful, useful daily newspaper. And what an achievement, what a public service, this would have been!

Some day we hope San Francisco may have such a paper. It will come, if it shall ever come, not as the consequence of mere "policy," but in response to a definite expression of character. A worthily successful newspaper must first of all have an inspiration in fixed principles and it must plow a straight course. Through good times or bad it must stand by its guns with absolute moral devotion. It is true that the public taste under long-sustained bad influences has become degenerate. It has acquired the propensity for putridity. Even those who cry most loudly for a decent newspaper would, we suspect, be the least disposed to support such a paper. But a newspaper rightly purposeful, like the *Portland Oregonian*, the *Los Angeles Times*, or the *Springfield Republican* or the *New York Times*, would ultimately build up for itself public respect and in time command a sufficient measure of public support. Somebody in God's own good time will probably do it. But those of us who have had close observation of San Francisco journalism and of the tendencies and habits of the San Francisco public do not hanker after the job.

Now an Evening "Examiner."

There is, we are told, to be a further development of the bargain under which the *Call* has been snuffed out and its raiment parted among its rivals. Mr. de Young has taken over the subscription lists and the material plant, but in addition to whatever may (or may not) have been paid to Mr. Spreckels, there had to be a settlement with the *Examiner*. For many years the *Chronicle* has held in abeyance a right to an evening Associated Press franchise for the city of San Francisco. This, we are told, it has passed over to Mr. Hearst as his share of the loot, and he will, so it is said, very shortly begin the publication of an evening *Examiner*.

What will happen when Mr. Hearst gets his presses to going in the afternoon is an interesting subject for speculation. The new publication will of course be in the familiar yellow fashion, but with some elements of real strength. What will be the effect upon the *Bulletin*? We can only hope. And this without any very serious interest in the new venture itself. It goes without saying that the evening *Examiner* will in a news sense be infinitely more effective than the *Bulletin*. Yet there is a sphere in which the latter can never be outdone. By no combination of money and genius can any newspaper ever become more dched, more vulgar, more false, more indecent than the *Bulletin* has been now these several years. Try as he may, Mr. Hearst can never force his paper down to the low level of complete moral abandonment whereupon the *Bulletin* finds the congenial inspirations of its life. It would call for degeneracy plus insanity in the third degree to make another such paper.

As to the effect of the forthcoming Hearst evening paper upon the *Post*, we can only guess. Despite the handicap of a bad history and the demoralizing influences of a degenerate rival, the *Post* has potentialities of respectability. It might indeed be better, and this we hope will happen. The evening *Examiner* will undoubtedly fill the sensational field completely, therefore there will remain the open field of respectability. If in a financial sense this field is not very inviting,

still there should be in it rewards above the scorn even of the modern newspaper manager. We shall hope for the best.

A New Force in Labor Contentions.

The peaceful adjustment achieved within the week of matters at issue between the Southern Pacific Railroad and a large group of its employees is important in itself, since it has averted a "fight" which would have tied up trains from El Paso to Seattle. Such an interference with the routine of transportation at this time would have been a hardship—indeed a calamity.

But intrinsically important as the settlement is, the means by which it has been brought about are more important. It will be remembered that when some two weeks ago the conductors and engineers voted to go on strike the Southern Pacific management, instead of preparing for a conflict of resistance and endurance, proposed to arbitrate the points at issue. It called upon the newly created National Board of Mediation and Conciliation to lend its aid. The function of this new agency in government is to intervene in labor disputes at the request of either or both parties—to mediate between them and to bring them together if practicable. This failing, the board is empowered to recommend arbitration and to arrange the machinery for it. There is no compulsion, but the recommendation of the board is practically obligatory, since whichever party should decline to accept it would put itself in a pose of obvious moral disadvantage.

In the immediate instance the Board of Mediation and Conciliation from its headquarters at Washington sent a man of intelligence and common sense to talk over matters between the threatening employees on the one hand and the railroad management on the other. Both were found in conciliatory mood. Neither the men nor the company wanted a strike; nobody ever does in the light of sober second thought. Strikes are the product of acrimonious conferences and of superheated counsels, and there are few occasions perhaps when they might not be averted if at the right time and in the right way there could be friendly, intelligent, and disinterested mediation between the parties.

So it turns out in this case. The company has made certain concessions; the employees have made certain other concessions. There will be no strike, no tie-up of trains, no disturbance of business—nothing of the bitterness, the loss, the public rage and the private anguish that are the inevitable accompaniments of industrial warfare. It has all come about very quietly, and the result leaves the parties to what might have been a bitter and sustained warfare in closer and friendlier affiliation than before. They understand each other better and will be less ready to talk loud and submit ultimatums than hitherto.

Obviously a new force has entered into the sphere hitherto occupied solely by capital and labor in the relations of employer and employed. The new Board of Mediation and Conciliation represents the third and larger party in every labor dispute, namely, the public, and it has the status of governmental authorization. It may not indeed impose itself upon any situation, but it is subject to the invitation of either party in any dispute concerning labor. If it should happen that one party should appeal to the board and the other decline its offices a hundred moral advantages would instantly array themselves in behalf of the appellant. For he who believes himself to have right and reason on his side never has fear of mediation. It is the party in the wrong who resents it.

The immediate case is, we believe, the first notable instance—if not indeed the first instance—in which the services of the new board have been called into action. The result mightily commends this new agency in the life of the country.

A Right Principle Sustained.

The point at issue between the men and the management of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company in the contention just now happily ended was one in which the public has a vital interest. At various points on the Southern Pacific system electrical service is being substituted for steam service, notably in Alameda and Santa Clara counties of this state and in the Willamette Valley, Oregon. The question arose in connection with organizing these new electrical services. In the steam service there has been a regular system of promotion, and certain men (conductors and engineers) have acquired a certain status or, as it may otherwise be defined, certain rights in this service relating to promotion. The demand of the men was that,

the two services should be so closely interrelated that a man available for promotion in the steam service should have preference in the electrical service. Objection on the part of the management was positive. A man, it was claimed, might be entirely qualified for steam service, but unqualified by experience or upon any other account for the electrical service. The idea of the management was to organize the electrical service independent of the steam service—under a system in which promotion should be made within the electrical service itself, this being deemed important on many accounts, so important that the management determined to stand or fall upon the issue. The adjustment now happily achieved, while giving to the men certain advantages of preference, sustains the management in its main contention. It will not be required under the arrangement now made to pass men from the steam service to the electrical service unless in the judgment of those in authority there shall be individual capability for the work to be done. In other words, inexperienced and ill-qualified men may not be foisted upon the electrical service with the risks which such an imposition would involve. Common sense has prevailed and the interest of the public in so far as it is related to the employment of expert men in the electrical service has been secured. It is a good adjustment, fair to everybody, including the public.

In vital aspects the matter at issue stood parallel with recent contentions between the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad and its employees. It will be remembered that a recent fatal accident on the last-named line was due to the incompetence of an engineer whom the company had been compelled to employ under union rules of seniority. The New York, New Haven & Hartford management pleaded that it had no choice in the employment of engineers, since they were compelled to take whoever was recommended by the unions. This plea neither saved the company against moral reproach nor against financial responsibility for the accident in which many lives were lost. The Interstate Commerce Commission after due investigation and with entire justice placed the blame upon the railroad company. This instance no doubt had its effect in stimulating the Southern Pacific management in its protest against the demands of the men and so became an important factor in the settlement of a serious contention in adjustment with a sound principle.

The men themselves, in the light of an intelligent mediation, have been brought to see the wrong of their own demands, and further have been brought to concede the expediency and justice of a rule under which only men of expert qualification may be given posts of responsibility in railroad service. The management of the Southern Pacific on its part has in like manner been brought to concede a certain preference to employees of its steam service in connection with the interchange from steam to electricity, where the particular men involved stand qualified for particular duties.

Sulzer and New York.

The letter on the subject of the Sulzer investigation that appears in this issue of the *Argonaut* may well suggest certain political reflections covering a wider area than the guilt or innocence of one man, or the fate that should befall the high official who betrays his trust. The official investigation is necessarily limited to the suspected misdeeds of the governor of New York. Actually, and so far as the public mind is concerned, it should be a far wider inquiry than this, and one not wholly free from the element of self-reproach. Every self-governing community must share largely in whatever disgrace may befall its elected representatives, and in this case it is the State of New York that lies under a shadow quite as heavy as the cloud that threatens to obliterate its governor. For Sulzer was elected, not because he was a man of established character or of known probity, but for no other reason than a certain glib dexterity in the use of political shibboleths and the popular catchwords of reform. He was chosen, in other words, for capacities that are well within the reach of any unscrupulous intelligence that is weatherwise to the prevailing political winds. The demand of the electorate in its search for a governor should have been for a man whose unquestioned and unquestionable personal reputation was a guaranty of the stability and responsibility of his political opinions. But there seems to have been never a thought of Sulzer's character or repute. No man becomes a thief over night nor reverses the habits of a lifetime merely because he has

been chosen to some high office. If Sulzer should be convicted on the charges brought against him it becomes evident that he is not only unfit to be governor of New York, but unfit to be left alone with a silver spoon. And this general poverty of character must have been known to many and ascertainable by all before a vote in his favor was cast. Nevertheless he was chosen governor of New York by an electorate who must have supposed that character was of no importance at all, that nothing was of importance except a "programme" that any clever rogue could piece together in ten minutes. Sulzer was prepared to "get" the right people. He was "for" all the short cuts to happiness, all the quackeries, and patent medicine of the day. Nothing was asked of him except a pose and a livery.

New York is not exceptional in her methods of choice, although she is exceptional in her bad luck. All over the country we see the same false standards at work. All over the country we see men chosen because of what they say, and not because of what they are. Character has become the least valuable of political assets; posture and a quick change programme the most valuable. Sulzer seems to have had every credential that was demanded of him by his supporters, but because he was lacking in the one credential that was not asked of him—personal probity—he has brought disgrace upon himself and a calamity upon the State of New York.

Blundering in Mexico.

Amateur diplomacy under the inspirations of an academic sentimentalism has achieved its natural and perfect work in Mexico. Without in the least diminishing out national responsibilities, it has substituted distrust for confidence, contempt for influence, and affront for courtesy.

We have long had as ambassador to Mexico under trying circumstances a man of so much discretion and poise as at least to command general respect. Mr. Henry L. Wilson has now for several years been a considerable factor in Mexico as the representative of the United States, and he has so carried himself as to avoid serious irritations. But President Wilson, who thinks he knows pretty much everything in the world by instinct, fancied that he could do better with raw, untrained, unofficial agents acting under uncertain commissions and upon irregular lines, than through approved and formal processes of diplomacy. So he sent first a secret agent, second an agent without commission of any kind, but accredited only by common understanding, then a third agent informally authorized but without a formal commission. The plan was the brilliant one of dealing authoritatively with the Mexican government *de facto* without giving it formal and civil recognition. It was a stupid conception involving the worst form of affront to Mexico without any promise of effectiveness, real or sentimental.

Out of all this has come a natural and proper resentment on the part of President Huerta's government. He will not be dealt with as a child, subject to a consciously superior and arrogantly reserved authority. He will be recognized by the government of the United States or he will have naught to do with anybody representing the United States. He will not be dealt with as a child, subject to a consciously superior and arrogantly reserved authority. He will be recognized by the government of the United States or he will have naught to do with anybody representing the United States. He will not be dealt with as a child, subject to a consciously superior and arrogantly reserved authority. He will be recognized by the government of the United States or he will have naught to do with anybody representing the United States.

It hardly needs to be said that by his silly and boyish policy President Wilson has given to the government of President Huerta perhaps its best chance to sustain itself. There is among all classes in Mexico an intense resentment towards the United States. By flaunting defiance in the face of the Washington government President Huerta has for the moment made himself a hero in his own country. Whether or not the present state of public feeling will last long enough to sustain him in his efforts to establish a stable and authoritative government only time can tell. But for the moment Huerta, whom President Wilson distrusts and will not give even the quasi-support of recognition, stands higher than before because forsooth he has ventured to slap the face of the government at Washington.

In the meantime our responsibilities in Mexico are precisely what they have been all along. Under our Monroe Doctrine we stand pledged to the maintenance

of public order and for the security of foreign investments. If under this obligation we shall fail, then we shall have no right to complain if Europe takes the job off our hands and bids us pack the Monroe Doctrine in lavender and lay it carefully away out of the sight of men. Our task is still before us, and it has been made more difficult by a policy which has no foundation in common sense, no justification in precedent, no respect anywhere.

Exhibitors and the Exposition.

For England's refusal to take part in the Panama-Pacific International Exposition there is an obvious reason of international policy. But there is no such motive in the case of Germany. We may therefore take at its face value the explanation that from the standpoint of the German manufacturer the cost of participation would outweigh any possible benefits to be expected from it. It is with the Germans a matter of business pure and simple.

And this brings us face to face with one of the consequences of our tariff policy. It is because there is no great market in the United States for German merchandise that the German manufacturers see no point in an exhibit. We may think or say what we will about higher motives in such matters, but the fact remains that advertisement—business exploitation—is the dominating motive in every exposition exhibit. Without it—excepting where political considerations enter—there would be no expositions. And since we practically close our doors against the bulk of European manufactures, we shut ourselves out from whatever benefits might come from coöperation in enterprises like that we now have in hand. True Germany and other European countries participated in a large way in the expositions at Philadelphia, Chicago, and St. Louis; but in each instance the result from a business standpoint was disappointing. Even the goods exhibited could not be disposed of advantageously, but had in a very large measure to be returned. The enterprising persons who got up the exhibits had their pains for their reward. And such hopes as they may have cherished of modification of American policy under the influences of friendly coöperation were disappointed. It seems entirely reasonable therefore and in no sense invidious that this latest invitation should be declined.

Again, there is no use shutting our eyes to the fact that the world is a bit tired of expositions. Whatever remained of the element of novelty after the great fairs of London, Paris, and Philadelphia has long since ceased to be. Expositions have come to be regarded as local enterprises designed not so much in celebration of great events as in exploitation of national or local interests or for some immediate political purpose. England now and again gets up a big show as a means of sustaining the spirit of empire. Paris deals in expositions precisely as she does in other schemes for the attraction of full-pursed visitors. And since motives are thus obvious, it is hardly surprising that an enthusiasm originally based on high sentiments should have become dissipated.

That finally England will take a considerable part in the Panama-Pacific Exposition we do believe. For here the motives stand above mere business considerations. It is notable that the British government almost unanimously has decided upon an unusual plan but after a liberal fashion. This is hardly an accident. The government, which resents our policy in the matter of the canal and so declines to have an official part in our merrymaking, will do what it may to encourage participation on another and lower basis. Probably in the end it will send a fleet to San Francisco Bay in 1915, this being the most signal means by which the government could exhibit its good-will without sacrifice of self-respect.

We suspect that European participation outside of England will be mainly commercial and probably limited to luxuries and objects of art which find a market here even in spite of our tariff. The great manufacturers of staple articles against whom our doors are shut will indeed stand aloof. But the producers of fine and beautiful things for which there is a demand in America, even despite the tariff obstacle, will no doubt see their advantage in advertising their wares.

Long ago there was remarked in these columns that if our fair were to have a distinctive character it would have to be found in an exposition of the life around about the Pacific Ocean. Here is indeed a new world; and here are many things as yet unexploited before the wider world. Japan, China, the British Colonies of

Australia and New Zealand, Mexico, Alaska, South America, Central America—here are countries and conditions which have much to offer both to serious students and to the lightly curious. And if these regions shall be brought each to make exhibition of what is most interesting in its life and character we shall have an exposition far more attractive and charming than one possible to be organized by the massing of exhibits from the conventional world of western Europe.

Editorial Notes.

Mayor Rolph is or used to be a man of business understanding and of business habits. He knows or ought to know what a business statement should be. And all this being so it is not creditable to Mr. Rolph that the public accounts are so kept—or not kept—as to afford the basis of a running controversy for many weeks as to whether one public utility owned by the city is making money or losing money. We can not but believe that if the affairs of the municipality were Mr. Rolph's private business he would have known long before now if the Geary Street road were paying its way or not.

The inevitable has happened and Harry Thaw is at liberty. He walked through the open gates of the asylum, entered a waiting automobile, and fled to Canada, where he is now under arrest on some vague charge of being an undesirable immigrant. Presumably an elastic law will permit of his delivery to the New York authorities and his return to the asylum, where his money will be employed once more in the corruption of officials high and low and in a periodic siege of the law courts upon technical points. But for the fact that Canadian territory adjoins the State of New York it is hard to see upon what grounds Thaw could be extradited. He was adjudged innocent of the crime of murder upon the ground of insanity, and if he is insane he is equally incapable of any other legal crime, such as conspiracy. But the public is sick of the whole hateful business and bitterly resentful of these incessant reminders of the apparently invincible power of money in the defeat of the criminal law. No one believed that Thaw was insane at the time of his crime. No one believes that he is insane now. He was allowed to purchase a verdict and society has now to pay for its supineness by this long chapter of humiliations.

Dr. Aked makes one important omission from his report of the Diggs-Caminetti trial which he has furnished to the columns of the San Francisco *Examiner*. Entering on a comparison between the procedures of America and of England, he has much to say about judges, juries, and prisoners, about witnesses, sheriffs, and policemen, but, curiously enough, hardly a word about clergymen. Therefore it may be well to supply an obvious deficiency and to point out that in no other civilized city would be considered seemly that a minister should gain privileged access to the delivery of nauseating criminal evidence and, under the guise of a moral exordium, convey suggestions of that evidence that are properly excluded from legitimate reports. Thanks to Dr. Aked, the prurient imagination has an outlet for a titillation upon which to feed. It is like to excite in the press and in the public a "closure" which is "simply ghastly," and Dr. Aked is "tempted to repeat," and by so doing to "risk the editor's displeasure and—perhaps the censure of the public." Certainly there should be no profitable employment for the popular clergyman who is willing that his pieties should be the medium for the dissemination of nastinesses from which the hardened yellow reporter is precluded by the ethics of his trade.

Of what use is a statutory limit upon the rate of interest which may be paid upon state bonds and a charter limit to interest payable upon municipal bonds if in the one case "bonuses" may be given by the authorities of the state and, in the other, bonds may be discounted without limit by a board of public works? In what terms must we characterize those who, having taken oath to obey constitutions and charters, lend themselves to these evasive devices? And isn't it a curious fact that this species of dishonesty is more commonly practiced by those who pose as moral reformers and as regenerators of society than by those whom they loudly denounce as less worthy than themselves?

The cantaloupe growers of Imperial Valley, California, estimate a return of \$2,500,000 for the current season.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Secretary Daniels is quite sure that the world is now entering upon an era of universal peace and that we shall soon have plenty of money for education and piety. None the less it is sometimes necessary to face the disillusionment of fact and to consider conditions rather than theories. We have now the precise terms of the new German army law. During the last forty years the German forces have been increased twelve times, and now there is to be an addition of over twenty per cent. The numbers of the rank and file will be enlarged from 544,211 to 661,478, and this will place the army upon a total peace strength of 814,000. On the other hand the French army will be increased from 570,000 to 730,000, but an apparent difference of 80,000 men between the two armies is actually much greater in view of the demands made on the French forces by Algeria and Morocco. Two innovations in the German army are furnished by the new law. The hicycle will be officially recognized to the extent of fourteen cyclist companies, and we shall also witness the reintroduction of the old "Greek fire," which will be flung into the enemy's trenches. The nature of the material is not divulged, but its suffocating powers are said to be so great as to render a trench uninhabitable for twenty minutes. And thus we see the great cause of Christian civilization marching from triumph to triumph.

The reputation of the Turk seems to be slowly on its way toward a partial rehabilitation. Here we find the *New York Evening Post* asking with some solicitude what will happen to the Jews of Adrianople and Salonica at the hands of the Christian conquerors? What treatment will they get from Bulgaria and from Greece? The *Evening Post* thinks that "a guaranty of civic and religious equality is of momentous importance to the Jews, who have hitherto lived under the tolerant rule of Constantinople." How times do change, to be sure. A few months ago we were invited to look upon the Turk as a monster of cruelty and oppression, and now we are told that the Jew will need special protection and safeguards because he is transferred from a Mohammedan to a Christian government. And it may be said that the Jews themselves seem to be fully alive to the situation, seeing that they began to leave the country in large numbers at the first indication that they were about to lose the protection of the Mohammedan government.

As a matter of fact the government of the United States has interfered more than once to save the Balkan Jew from his Christian persecutor. It will be remembered that Secretary Hay in 1902 made a vigorous protest against the ill-treatment accorded to the Jews of Roumania and the protest was effective. Roumania regards the Jew as an undesirable alien, but none the less she compelled 20,000 Jews to enter the army that invaded Bulgaria.

We were all so busy cheering General Diaz on his way through San Francisco to Japan that we had no time to ask the nature of the business that called that interesting swash-buckler to the Far East. Japan, it seems, refused to receive the Mexican envoy, and this in itself was sufficient indication that his errand was not quite of the conventional kind that was suggested. Some of our Eastern newspapers are now commenting upon this incident, and they surprisingly assume that the mission of Diaz was to persuade Japan to enter into an offensive alliance against the United States. Indeed it seems likely to be true. Nothing short of some vital errand would have taken Diaz from Mexico at such a time as this, but certainly it seems a little incongruous that the police of San Francisco should make arrangements to save Diaz from the ardor of his American admirers.

The *London Daily Express*, commenting on the increased cost of living, prints a table of commodities and their prices, showing clearly enough the additional demands now made upon the purse of the consumer, who has, of course, no additional revenue wherewith to solace himself. The problem is obviously unconnected with tariffs, since it exists alike in America, where a tariff exists, and in Great Britain, where there is no tariff. It exists throughout Europe, where tariffs are of all sorts and kinds. It exists everywhere, and therefore we have to search for some cause that is common to all countries. Such a cause is to be found, says the *Daily Express*, in labor agitation and in the new paternal legislation. Increased pay for the workman must be added to the price of the thing that he makes. So must the cost of strikes and the attendant cessation of industry. Paternal legislation is almost equally effective in raising the price of living. Old age pensions, maternal pensions, national insurance of all kinds, imply the spending of large sums of money, and every penny so spent is added to the cost of commodities. Compel the manufacturer to pay for the insurance of his workmen, to pension those who are old, and to doctor those who are sick, and he adds the cost of all this to the price of the commodities that he then sells at their enhanced value to the very people who are supposed to benefit from the new order of things. No matter upon what class we impose our imposts, they sink inevitably and by their own gravity to the lowest social strata. Their whole weight falls upon those who are unable to pass on the burden. Governmental dolcs are invariably paid by the class that receives them, and so we have a vicious circle that alike harasses the employer and impoverishes the workman.

One of the best existing examples of "complete characterization" is furnished by Franklin P. Adams in a letter written in 1896 by William Vaughan Moody to Daniel Gregory Mason: "Another girl . . . a Californian, dating mentally from the age of Rousseau and Chateaubriand, with geysers and bursts of romanticism, not to say sentimentality; dating

spiritually from the age of gold, or some remoter purity, some Promethean dawn, some first-foam-hirth in hyperborean seas. She likes Gibson's drawings, adores *Munsey's*, and sings 'Don't be cross, dear,' with awful unction."

Apropos of the trouble with the Swiss Guard at the Vatican, the *London Daily Chronicle* says that many stories are told of the Swiss mercenaries in the service of France. As M. Edmund d'Auvergne says, they used to play in French humor the part assigned to the Irishman in ours. A Swiss captain, ordered to bury the dead after an engagement, went at it so thoroughly that he was hurrying the living with them. When this was pointed out to him, he replied: "As to that, if you listen to these hodies they would have you believe there isn't a dead man among them." A Swiss guard had orders to allow nobody to enter the Tuileries from the street. "You can't enter," he said to a citizen, who replied, "I don't want to enter; I wish to leave this street." "Ah! that's another matter," said the guard, and let him pass.

The lack of public spirit in modern life is the cause for the incessant demands upon the law to do the things that a proper communal feeling could do easily for itself. In New York there is a National 1913 Club which has just started a campaign "against all advertising which diverts the public mind to the degree of being a danger to health and welfare." The preliminary announcement says that "public safety and sanity demand the elimination of obtrusive advertising which is an insult to our intelligence and a danger to the mental equilibrium. With the discontinuance of placards in all elevated, subway, and surface cars it will be possible for the traveling public to get a moment of concentration and relaxation from the strain of business life and responsibility. The diversion has been a most disturbing factor in the pursuit of one's business occupations, and a patient and generous public has been imposed upon." And yet how easy it would be for an aroused public opinion to regulate all such matters without recourse to the laws. No more would he needed than a general resolution to huy no article that is offensively or aggressively advertised.

Italy is the latest country to discover that education and civic value are not convertible terms. Germany and England discovered it some time ago, and America is slowly awaking to the recognition of a lost ideal. A volume entitled "Italy Today" by Bolton King and Thomas Okey tells us that Italy has now so many well-educated young men that they are unable to find work consonant with their lofty attainments. It is the old conflict between the head and the hands which refuse to work in harness. The Italian government, as well as a good many governments, has proceeded on the theory that the value of a man is in proportion to the things that he knows. Very soon we shall be forced into a general revision of that theory. It is character and not knowledge that gives value to human nature, not the facts that are stored in the mind, but the tendencies that govern action. Civilization is now training vast numbers of men who are small encyclopedias of knowledge, but who do not know the difference between right and wrong.

There is a general consensus of authoritative opinion that the revolution in China was largely the work of her students, who had been educated abroad and who returned to their own land saturated with new ideas. But a good deal seems to have depended upon the country to which they went. Residence in Japan was peculiarly productive of violent revolutionary sentiment, whereas the American students were more cautious and with that constructive habit of mind that is disposed to consider the plans for the new building before tearing down the old one. This is accounted for Mr. J. S. Tsao, secretary of the Chinese Students' Alliance in America. The men who went to Japan for their education were in such large numbers and were so close to their own country that they naturally formed themselves into political associations for the discussion of home news and for the elaboration of political plans. But there was another factor and a rather surprising one. Japan herself has just "discovered" the writings of Montesquieu, Tom Paine, Rousseau, John Stuart Mill, and Henry George. She was still bubbling with enthusiasm over the writings that have become commonplace elsewhere, and over political theories of freedom and progress that have lamentably failed to bring the human happiness that they promised. They were revelations to the Chinese mind, a sort of new evangel of hope for their race. Paine and Rousseau, though dead, yet spoke, and with all the vital force that they exercised over Europe a century ago. Perhaps there is no more curious phenomenon in the history of literature than this reincarnation of an old idea, nothing more striking in the story of the world than a great revolution suddenly provoked by writings a century old and that had been stored away on museum shelves by the people to whom they were given. It is a clear case of suspended literary animation.

Apologies to Dr. Bridges for saying that the new poet laureate is popularly unknown. It seems that the *English Journal of Education* for June offered a prize for a list of "the three greatest living English poets in order of excellence." The winner was selected by vote, and the successful list was headed by the name of Rudyard Kipling. William Watson came second, and Robert Bridges was the third. Kipling received nearly twice as many votes as Watson, while Bridges came a close third. But then the *Journal of Education* is hardly a popular newspaper. It can hardly be said that its readers represent the masses. And what about Alfred Noyes, who came rather a bad fourth. If our opinion had been asked, which it was not, we should have placed Alfred Noyes at the head of the list as the poet who has more beautiful things in his store window than all the others combined.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Country of the Camisards.
We traveled in the print of olden wars,
Yet all the land was green
And love we found, and peace,
Where fire and war had been.

They pass and smile, the children of the sword—
No more the sword they yield;
And O, how deep the corn
Along the battlement!
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

A Visit from the Sea.
Far from the loud sea heaches
Where he goes fishing and crying,
Here in the inland garden
Why is the sea-gull flying?

Here are fish to dive for,
Here is the corn and lea;
Here are the green trees rustling,
Hie away home to sea!

Fresh is the river water
And quiet among the rushes;
This is no home for the sea-gull
But for the rooks and thrushes.

Pity the bird that has wandered!
Pity the sailor ashore!
Hurry him home to the ocean,
Let him come here no more.

High on the sea-cliff ledges
The white gulls are trooping and crying,
Here among rooks and roses,
Why is the sea-gull flying?
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Heather Ale: A Galloway Legend.
From the bonny hells of heather
They brewed a drink long-syne,
Was sweeter far than honey,
Was stronger far than wine.
They brewed it and they drank it,
And lay in a blessed swoond
For days and days together
In their dwellings underground.

There rose a king in Scotland,
A fell man to his foes,
He smote the Picts in battle,
He hunted them like roes,
Over the miles of the red mountain
He hunted as they fled,
And strewed the dwarfish hodies
Of the dying and the dead.

Summer came in the country,
Red was the heather hell;
But the manner of the brewing
Was none alive to tell.
In graves that were like children's
On many a mountain head,
The Brewsters of the Heather
Lay numbered with the dead.

The king in the red moorland
Rode on a summer's day;
And the hees hummed, and the curlews
Cried beside the way.
The king rode, and was angry,
Black was his brow and pale,
To rule in a land of heather
And lack the Heather Ale.

It fortune that his vassals,
Riding free on the heath,
Came on a stone that was fallen
And vermin hid beneath.
Rudely plucked from their hiding,
Never a word they spoke:
A son and his aged father—
Last of the dwarfish folk.

The king sat high on his charger,
He looked on the little men;
And the dwarfish and swarthy couple
Looked at the king again.
Down by the shore he had them;
And there on the giddy brink—
"I will give you life, ye vermin,
For the secret of the drink."

There stood the son and father
And they looked high and low;
The heather was red around them,
The sea rumbled below.
And up and spoke the father,
Shrill was his voice to hear:
"I have a word in private,
A word for the royal ear.

"Life is dear to the aged,
And honor a little thing;
I would gladly sell the secret,"
Quoth the Pict to the King.
His voice was small as a sparrow's,
And shrill and wonderful clear:
"I would gladly sell my secret,
Only my son I fear.

"For life is a little matter,
And death is naught to the young;
And I dare not sell my honor
Under the eye of my son.
Take him, O king, and hind him,
And cast him far in the deep;
And it's I will tell the secret
That I have sworn to keep."

They took the son and hound him,
Neck and heels in a thong,
And a lad took him and swung him,
And hung him far and strong,
And the sea swallowed his body,
Like that of a child of ten;
And there on the cliff stood the father,
Last of the dwarfish men.

"True was the word I told you:
Only my son I feared;
For I doubt the sapling courage
That goes without the heard.
But now in vain is the torture,
Fire shall never avail:
Here dies in my hosom
The secret of Heather Ale."
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE SULZER IMPEACHMENT.

"Flaneur" Sketches the Situation in New York and the Unpleasant Position of the Governor.

It is hardly necessary to outline the main facts of the Sulzer impeachment. There are some events that become national as soon as they see the light, and this is one of them. It is no small thing that the governor of the chief state in the Union should be accused of stealing. That the stealing should be of a peculiarly mean and despicable kind emphasizes the interest. That it should be committed by one of the shining lights of our new uplift politics is a further aggravation of a situation that has eclipsed all other topics in the popular mind.

The whole country, probably the whole world, now knows that Governor Sulzer has been accused of understating the number of his campaign contributions and their amount and of using a large proportion of those contributions for his own private stock exchange purposes. His sworn statement was to the effect that there had been sixty-eight contributors and that their payments aggregated \$5460. The evidence already submitted to the Frawley investigating committee shows that there were at least ninety-four checks sent to the election fund and that the total was \$36,601.24. Now there may have been other contributions that did not take the form of checks, or there may have been other checks that were disposed of in circuitous ways. But these are the face facts, and it may be remarked that the committee shows no disposition to go to any unnecessary depth in the mud. It is not inclined to proceed on the questionable ethics of the famous couplet by Dr. Watts, who said:

It is a sin to steal a pin,
How much more a greater thing.

At the same time we may note the existence of rumors, and indeed of positive assertions, that a well-thrown dragnet would bring other and larger facts to the light and that so far the half has not been told.

It may perhaps be well to quote a solitary example of the kind of direct evidence as to the disposition of the funds with which the committee has had to deal. A suitable case is that of Mr. Lyman A. Spalding, who testified that he had contributed \$100 to the Sulzer campaign fund. No receipt had been sent to him, but there was the check itself as proof of the transaction. It had been endorsed by William Sulzer, it had been certified, and it had been deposited in the Manhattan Bank by Boyer, Griswold & Co., the firm that acted for Sulzer in stock exchange matters. There was a large amount of evidence of this kind. It was detailed, it was precise, it was sustained at every point by documents. Now it may be that the governor has some card up his sleeve that will presently be laid triumphantly on the table. All things are possible. But there are some things that are not probable, and this is among them. No one ever charged the Tammany men with a moral motive, but on the other hand no one ever charged them with being fools, and there is nothing about these proceedings to suggest the furtive stab in the back, or the snapshot action intended only to hurt by its innuendo.

But the real interest of the proceedings is not in the suggestion that a governor is a thief, but that such a governor should be such a thief. Possibly other governors have been thieves, but no other governor has committed depredations involving such amazing antagonism between precept and practice. For Sulzer was a reformer; not a mere follower after righteousness, but a leader of the politically elect. He knew all the appropriate formulas of social regeneration and used them as irresistible bait for those whose political pieties are embraced in the conviction that "something must be done." Wall Street was his special aversion, and its iniquities wrung his heart. The reformer knows no more reliable ammunition than an attack upon Wall Street. The answering cheer from the gallery of have-nots never fails to reward the orator with a command of the platitudes about the money power and of the expedients by which it can be shackled. Governor Sulzer had even gone so far as to meet a committee from Wall Street and to explain to its members how shocking were their methods and how much they stood in need of repentance and of grace. He was prepared to lead them to the light and to initiate such coercive legislation as would expedite their progress and discourage the gambling tendencies that were playing such havoc with the people. And at the very moment when he was emitting these frothy platitudes he himself was head over heels in the deepest waters of speculation. During the very days when he was unctuously appealing to Wall Street to be good and to lead the simple Wagnerian life he himself was besieged with applications from Wall Street brokers for more cover for his gambling financial ventures and appealing for time and aid in the protection of his margins. To provide a motive is no small part of criminal procedure. In this case it seems to be clear enough that the governor was desperately embarrassed for money and for the financial sinews of war so essential to those who would "get rich quick."

But Sulzer was not only a financial reformer. Like the younger Pitt, who was equally ready to take command of the army or of the navy, so Sulzer was prepared to take charge of the whole field of the social reformer. For example, there was the Sulzer statewide direct primary bill and his measure for a stock

transfer tax. Wherever the uplifters were in evidence there was Sulzer in the midst of them with his words of gracious approbation and encouragement. For example, in a recent issue of the *Reform Bulletin* we read an impassioned defense of the Sulzer primary bill. Some members of the legislature, we are told, have gone deliberately to the great interests and have sold themselves for money, but let the electorate see to it that only friends of Sulzer and of his great bill receive their franchises. Let every candidate be required to pledge himself to Sulzer and reform and thus save the nation if not the world.

So far Sulzer has made no reply. He has left his wife to do all the talking, which may be an acquired habit. And Mrs. Sulzer has had a good deal to say. She seems anxious to take the blame for everything, specified and unspecified. It was she who speculated on the stock exchange, and not her husband. It was she who furnished the cover and protected the margins, and when things became threatening it was she who gathered up all the stray checks that were lying around and offered them up propitiatingly to the Molochs of Wall Street. And of all this her husband had no suspicion. Perhaps the best comment upon this explanation is to make no comment at all. It suggests a staggering and incredible picture of a domestic ménage that would be unique even in those advanced circles where women have come into their full heritage of dominance and control. But Mrs. Sulzer is not only explanatory. She is also defiant. She hints at extraordinary measures of self-defense that will presently be taken by her husband, who is always ready to "fight at the dropping of the hat" and who will drop the hat himself if no one else does. And, by the way, Mrs. Sulzer herself is described by her friends as a "fighter," and it may be said as evidence of the topsy turvy world in which we are living that this designation of a woman as a "fighter" is used in a eulogistic sense.

Governor Sulzer is, of course, ruined. Even an acquittal could not save him. The demand for his resignation comes from Democrats and Republicans alike. He seems to have no apologists even among the public who for some time have looked askance upon an unconventionalality that they suspect to be a pose. That the attack has been engineered by Tammany matters not at all. Obviously there can be no other question than the truth or falsity of the charges, and no one can read the evidence without a recognition that a successful rebuttal is too much to expect or hope.

NEW YORK, August 14, 1913.

FLANEUR.

During the past two years the knowledge of the world has been enriched through discoveries made by about twenty scientific expeditions conducted under the direction of the Smithsonian Institution in many parts of the world. An expedition to the Altai Mountains of Siberia resulted in the collection of more than six hundred mammals, of which eleven forms are new to science. Of unusual interest was the search for data in Siberia concerning the race supposed to have peopled America. Here Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, though able to make only a rapid survey of the several localities where the remains of this race dwell, gathered extensive information and collections, from which he draws the conclusion that there exist in several places in Siberia, Mongolia, and Tibet numerous remains of an ancient population which was physically identical with and in all probability gave rise to the American Indian. The hunting trip to East Africa yielded thousands of specimens, and out of the collection came forty new species, and twelve new genera were described. Observatory investigations during the past year proved conclusively the supposed variability of the solar rays.

Founded in 1900, the Bergero Tree-Planting Society, Norway, has undertaken a task which will require many years and large expenditures of money and labor to complete, as it proposes to cover the mountain sides and the untillable acres of western Norway with forests as they were centuries ago. Assisted by wealthy contributors and timely government aid, it has excellent prospects of succeeding. Since the society started, thirteen years ago, 36,606,000 young trees have been produced, covering about 14,000 acres within the borders of the two Bergenhus counties.

Thousands of tons of licorice root, an article that by the natives generally is esteemed a pest and worse than worthless, are annually gathered in Turkey for exportation to America for use in the manufacture of chewing and smoking tobacco as well as for flavoring confectionery and beer. The principal collecting stations are Bagdad, Alexandretta, and Smyrna, at which places the exporters maintain offices, hydraulic presses, and warehouses. The business is largely controlled by an American concern.

The import tobacco trade into Hongkong consists almost entirely of second-rate to waste tobacco, chiefly of filler from the Philippines which has been discarded for the fine trade by the great Philippine factories, and of wrapper from Sumatra discarded by the high-grade trade, and various tobaccos from Java, India, and the Malay states which are not suitable for the fine trade anywhere.

Cedar Point, which is said to be the smallest town in Kansas, has let a contract for the building of an electric light plant. The town has a population of just 183.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Rev. Ding Li Mei, the famous Chinese evangelist, has probably the longest personal prayer list of any Christian in the world. Some months ago he had more than 1262 names on his list.

Mrs. Mary Klump of Allentown, Pennsylvania, ninety-two years old, has been a druggist for seventy-five years and has not stopped work. She is the daughter of a druggist, married a druggist, and at his death continued the business.

Joseph W. Wheatley, succeeding John E. Wilkie, resigned, as supervising agent of the customs service, has been in charge of the special customs agents in New York for several years. He will have charge of the government's investigations of customs frauds.

John Sheridan, the most interesting figure in the world in his field of endeavor, has been umpiring baseball games for thirty-eight years, and bids fair to continue for some time to come. He is always a prominent figure in world's championship series, and the record he has established is not likely to be eclipsed for many years.

Lili Boulanger, who won the Grand Prix de Rome for vocal music this year, is the first woman who has ever carried off this honor. She is nineteen years old, the same age at which her father won the prize which she has been awarded. Her vocal training, begun by her father, has been continued by her mother since the former's death.

The Duke of Abruzzi, who has been appointed to the supreme command of the Italian fleet, until recently held the rank of captain. He is known as an explorer and mountain climber. In 1896 he made the ascent of Mt. St. Elias. His polar expedition took him nearer to the North Pole than had been accomplished up to that time. On this trip the venturesome young Italian reached a latitude of 86 degrees and 33 minutes.

Professor Edward Albert Schaefer, who has been secured by the Stanford medical department to give the fourteenth series of the Lane medical lectures next month, is professor of physiology in the University of Edinburgh. He is well-known throughout the medical world as a scholar, having earned many degrees from European universities. For his consistent research work he was knighted recently by King George of England and is F. R. S.

Sir Samuel Walker Griffith, chief justice of the High Court of Australia, now on a visit to England, is the son of a Welsh Congregational minister, and was taken to Australia at the age of nine. He was called to the Queensland bar when he was twenty-one. Entering the Queensland Parliament in 1872, he became attorney-general at twenty-nine, and rose to be premier of the colony in 1883. He played a prominent part in bringing about the federation of Australia.

E. R. Waite, curator of Canterbury Museum, New Zealand, has undertaken the preparation of the report on the fishes of the Mawson expedition in the Antarctic. He has been termed the highest authority in Australasia on ichthyology, and already has in hand the fishes which he collected at the Macquarie and Auckland Islands when he went to the Southern Ocean in Dr. Mawson's exploring vessel, the *Aurora*, last year. Mr. Waite also reported on the fishes obtained by Sir Ernest Shackleton's expedition.

Father Conrardy, who for thirty-seven years has devoted his life to work among lepers, has been granted a substantial sum by the Canton government, China, toward the cost of the erection of fifteen large houses on the island of Sheklung to accommodate a growing leper colony which will exceed 1000 persons. His attention was first drawn to the condition of lepers in 1871, when he was in India, and from 1876 he has devoted his life to the alleviation of their sufferings. He labored in Honolulu from 1887 to 1896, then for a year in Canton before taking up his residence at Sheklung.

The Right Reverend Modeste Everaerts, who is now on his way back to the Far East, is bishop of the diocese of Kingchow, China, and has spent nearly forty years of his life in China as a priest, missionary, and bishop. He is a native of Belgium, and is returning from a visit to his native land, as well as to Rome. The bishop, who speaks little English, but converses in French, Italian, and Chinese with fluency, has his diocesan seat at Kingchow, but his territory covers a vast country. He has under him nearly 16,000 Christians, but there are several million inhabitants in his territory. There are over 1200 students in schools which he has established.

Major-General James Madison Drake, reappointed historian of the Army and Navy Medal of Honor Legion, has held that position for twenty years. During that time he has written 1500 sketches of the valor of his companions. He is a veteran newspaper man, having been actively engaged in that work from 1853 to 1890, except for a period of four years, during which he served in the Federal army. Taken prisoner at Drury's Bluff, Virginia, he escaped later from Charleston, and after a tramp of 1000 miles reached Union lines at Knoxville, Tennessee. He was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for distinguished gallantry. By special act of the New Jersey legislature he was breveted brigadier-general. During his military life he has also written a number of war books.

A BOURGEOISE ROMANCE.

Having to Do with the Unrequited Love of Norine.

Handsome Mme. Bayard, in her black dress and plainly braided hair, was sitting at her desk at the back of the shop, writing quietly in an immense brass-bound ledger, when her husband came home, after having done his commissions for the morning. He stopped on the threshold to grumble at his workmen for taking so long to unload a wagon from the Northern Railway, that was drawn up by the pavement, filled with a dozen barrels of glucose for the great chemist of the Rue Vieille du Temple.

"I have bad news for you," said Mme. Bayard, wiping her pen in a little pot of steel shavings, as her husband came into the glass cage. "Poor Voisin is dead."

"Léon's nurse! Ah, poor woman! And her little girl?"

"That is the saddest part of it, my dear. One of poor Voisin's relatives writes to me that they are too poor to burden themselves with the child, and that they will be obliged to send her to the asylum."

The druggist stood silent for a moment, pulling his thick blonde beard; then, suddenly looking at his wife with kindly eyes, he said: "You know, Mimi, she is Léon's foster-sister. If we were to take her—"

"That is what I thought," his handsome wife answered, simply.

"That is right!" cried big Bayard, stooping over his wife and kissing her on the forehead, without troubling himself about what his workmen and shop-boys might think of it. "That is right! You are a good woman, Mimi; we will fetch little Norine home here, and she shall be brought up with Léon. That won't ruin us. And I have just done a grand stroke of business. We will go to Argenteuil on Sunday, and fetch the child; it will be a nice little excursion for us."

They were worthy people, the Bayards, and an honor to the drug trade. Their marriage had joined two houses that had long been rivals; for Bayard was the "son" of the "Silver Pestle," which had been founded by his great-grandfather in 1756 in the Rue Vieille du Temple, and he had married the heiress of the "Offering to Esculapius," of the Rue des Lombards, an establishment which dated back to the First Empire, as was duly set forth by its sign-board, copied from Guérin's celebrated picture. Worthy people! very worthy people! And there were many more like them still in the old Parisian commerce, whatever people may say, keeping up the old traditions, giving back the *pain bénit* to the parish church, going to the upper boxes at the Opera Comique on Sundays, and innocent of the secret of false weights. For the last ten years Mme. Bayard had worked quietly every day, winter and summer, in her glass cage; and, with her pale brunette skin and her simply braided hair, was the ideal of all the young shopmen in the Sainte-Croix de la Bretonnerie quarter.

For a long time there had been a trouble in this happy home, a cloud in the pure sky: the Bayards had no heir; and it was not till five years after their marriage that little Léon made his appearance. You may imagine how joyfully he was welcomed. Now they would be able to write some day, under the "Silver Pestle," these magic words: "Bayard & Son." Only as the child arrived just at the isinglass-melting season, when Mme. Bayard's presence in the shop was indispensable, she could not think of nursing him herself. She was obliged, too, to give up the idea of taking a nurse for him at home, on account of the unhealthy atmosphere of this corner of old Paris, and she was obliged to content herself with a journey to Argenteuil every Sunday, with her husband, to see her son at his nurse's, Mother Voisin, who was overwhelmed, as one may suppose, with coffee, sugar, and other delicacies. At the end of eighteen months Mother Voisin brought back the baby in splendid condition, and now for the last two years a nursery-maid, carefully chosen, had taken the child out for an airing every day in the Square of the Tour Saint-Jacques, and displayed the fine rosy cheeks and dimples of the future druggist to her companions. So that the good Bayards, when they heard of the death of Mother Voisin, could not bear to think of the little girl who had been fed with the same milk as their son being abandoned to public charity, and they went to Argenteuil to fetch her.

Poor little Norine! For the fortnight since her mother was laid in the grave she had been taken in by a cousin, who kept an inn and billiard-room, and although not five years old, she was already set to wash the tumblers. M. and Mme. Bayard thought her charming, with her great eyes the color of the summer sky, and her luxuriant fair hair that fell loose from her ugly, black mourning cap. Léon, who had been brought down, too, with his nurse, kissed his foster-sister; and the cousin, who had boxed the orphan's ears that very morning for neglecting to sweep out the hall, was as affected as if losing Norine broke his heart. However, he was comforted when his Parisian visitors ordered a copious breakfast.

It was a beautiful Sunday in June. They were in the country, and they must profit by the fresh air—so M. Bayard declared. And while handsome Mme. Bayard pinned her petticoats around her and went with the children and the nurse to gather wild flowers in a neighboring field, the druggist, who was not proud, and the innkeeper cousin a glass of vermouth, and sat

down with him by the billiard-table, which was covered with dead flies. They had luncheon in a hot and shadeless arbor, through which the midday sun darted his merciless rays. But what of that?—they had taken their ease and they were comfortable all the same. Mme. Bayard had tied her bonnet to the trelliswork, and her husband, in a boatman's straw hat that the innkeeper had lent him, carved the duck, merrily. Little Léon and Norine, who had made friends directly, emptied the salad-bowl of cream cheese, and gamboled about in the grass. After luncheon they went out in a boat, and, intoxicated with the fresh air and the country, the busy family who lived in a street in Paris that was damp even in the dog-days, were determined to enjoy their rustic idyl to the full.

Yes, there was a moment—as they were coming back in the boat, before a delicious sunset, with little pink clouds on a green ground—when Mme. Bayard, grave Mme. Bayard, who petrified the shop-boys with a look, began to sing the well-known air, "Toward the Shores of France," keeping time with the splash of the oars with which her husband was rowing in his shirt-sleeves. They dined in the same arbor they had lunched in; but this second meal was sadder; the night moths which came and buried themselves in the candles frightened the children, and Mme. Bayard, overcome with fatigue, had hardly strength to guess the simple riddles on her dessert-plate.

No matter! They had had a good day, and when they came back, in a first-class car, they felt they had done the thing thoroughly. Mme. Bayard, with her head leaning on her husband's shoulder, watched Léon and Norine, who had fallen asleep on the nurse's knees, and, half asleep herself, whispered in a happy voice: "We are doing a good action, Ferdinand, in taking in the poor little thing. And then she will be a companion for Léon. They will be like brother and sister."

And so they grew up together.

Those Bayards really were very worthy people. They made no difference between the humble orphan and their own beloved son—who was destined some day, under the firm of "Bayard & Son," to monopolize rhubarbs and engross castoreums—and they loved her as if she had really been their daughter, little Norine, who was as intelligent as she was sweet, and as delicate of mind as she was dainty of body. The nurse took two children now to the square of the Tour Saint-Jacques when it was fine, and in the evening, at the family dinner-table, there were two high chairs side by side for the foster-brother and sister. M. and Mme. Bayard was not long finding out, for that matter, that Norine had a very good influence on Léon. She was quicker, more nervous, and more teachable than the boy, who was lymphatic and heavy—as his father said—and she seemed to communicate something of her own lightness and flame to him.

"She shakes him up," said Mme. Bayard. Since his foster-sister's arrival Léon had grown brighter and more animated every day. When they were old enough to learn to read Léon drove his mother to despair. He could not get on, but stuck over one of those alphabets with pictures where the letter E is under an elephant, and the letter Z under a zouave; but as soon as Norine, who had learned to spell very quickly and could read syllables already, came to his aid, the little fellow began to make wonderful progress. It was the same thing when they were both sent to a children's school kept by an old Miss Merlin, in the Rue de l'Homme-Armé. According to the misleading prospectus sent out by Miss Merlin to the shopkeepers of the quarter, there was "a garden" attached to the establishment—that is to say, four broomsticks in a sanded court—and it was there that, on the first day in the play hour, the innocent Léon broke out into cries of terror at seeing the mistress drive one of her knitting-needles into the front of her dress when she had to interrupt her work for a moment. One of the big girls, who was sitting in the corner with the fool's-cap on, explained this phenomenon to Léon and Norine; but, all the same, the boy could never get rid of an impression of superstitious terror when he was in the school-mistress's presence. This terror would have paralyzed his childish faculties and prevented him, in school, from following Miss Merlin's wand when she pointed to the map of Europe or the table of weights and measures, if Norine had not been there to reassure and encourage him. From the beginning she was the best pupil in the school, and to the idle and backward Léon she was a sort of fraternal counselor and affectionate teacher. At about four o'clock Mme. Bayard used to watch the two children, whom the nurse had brought home to the shop, settle themselves by her in her glass bureau, and note how Norine, opening a copy-book or a lesson-book, would explain to Léon some exercise he had not understood, or make him repeat the imperfectly learned lesson.

"The good God rewards us," Mme. Bayard would say sometimes to her husband at night, between the curtains. "That little Norine is a treasure. So good, and so hard-working! I was listening to her, today, working with Léon. I really think without her he would never have learned his multiplication-table."

"Trust me, Mimi," replied Bayard; "I shall not forget. We are getting on very well; we will give her a dot and marry her, won't we, when she is old enough?"

She is old enough—age always comes so quickly! And now there is a beautiful, slender, fair, young girl,

in the glass cage, sitting beside Mme. Bayard, who begins to show silver threads in the bands of her black hair. Norine writes in the big, brass-covered ledger now, while her adopted mother works at some piece of embroidery.

Seven o'clock. The gentlemen ought to be in by now. They have to shut up the shops where gas-jets are flickering and twisting in the November wind. Here they are at last! Bayard has grown stout, and has a corporation, and Léon, who had passed his apothecary's examination last month, has grown into a very handsome young fellow.

"How d'ye do, Mimi?—how d'ye do, Norine? Let us make haste upstairs to dinner. I have a great piece of news to tell you," said the druggist.

They went up to the dining-room, and while Mme. Bayard, seated in her lyre-shaped chair, ladled out the soup, old Bayard tucked his napkin under his chin, looked knowingly at his wife, and said: "It is all settled, Mimi!"

"The Forgats consent?"

"Yes; and Léon will marry Hortense in six months; and our daughter-in-law will come and live here with us. Yes, Norine, you knew nothing about it, for one doesn't talk of those things before young ladies; but, for the last year and more, Léon has been in love with Hortense Forgat, and has done nothing but torment us to give her to him. *Parbleu!* it was not difficult—we had only to speak the word. Léon is a good enough match. The only difficulty was that we wanted to keep our son with us. However, now everything is settled, and your foster-brother will have the wife he wants. Are you glad?"

"Very glad!" answered Norine.

O deaf ears! O blind eyes! They never heard Norine's voice when she answered them—the dull, sad tone that is the echo of a broken heart! And they will sleep peacefully, dreaming pleasantly of the future, while Norine, shut in her room—her room that is separated from her adopted parents' by so slight a partition—will fall upon her bed, fainting with pain, and bury her head in the pillow to stifle her sobs.

The Bayards were determined to have the wedding at their own house. And with plenty of flowers—for they are in the middle of summer—they have decked the Rue Vieille du Temple, till it has quite a festive air, and there they have triumphantly installed their daughter-in-law.

It is all over at last. The young bride and bridegroom are in their wedding-chamber, where Mme. Bayard accompanied them a moment. As she comes out she meets Norine in the small drawing-room, where she is helping the servants to put out the lights, and kissed the young girl tenderly, saying: "Go to bed, my child; you must be tired." And she adds with a smile: "It will be your turn next."

And at last Norine is left alone in the darkened room, only lighted by the bedroom candle, which she had put down on the piano.

How strong the flowers smell; and how her head aches!

It has been a horrible day! She has suffered agonies from the moment when she knelt before Hortense, her rival, with her mouth full of pins, like any lady's maid, arranging her white satin train, until just now, when Léon, with his arm round his young wife's waist, had drawn her toward him, and, husband and wife, had almost mingled their kisses on her forehead.

Ah, the scent of the flowers is unbearable, and she feels quite giddy.

She falls down into an arm-chair, worn out with the dull pain in her head, and, with her head thrown back and her forehead pressed between her two hands, watches that door—the door of the room where the young bride and bridegroom are shut in together. She is almost delirious! Oh, how the scent of those flowers hurt her! And what thousands of memories come crowding on her! She sees herself again a little girl in the inn at Argenteuil, and the Parisians arriving so well-dressed and caressing her; and the pretty little boy, with a white feather in his hat, kisses her. Then other pictures follow each other rapidly through her mind. The school in the Rue de l'Homme-Armé, and Miss Merlin, with her knitting-needle sticking in her chest, pointing with the end of her wand to the table of weights and measures; the darkened drug shop on Sunday, when the shutters were shut and she and Léon played at hide-and-seek behind the sacks and barrels.

O God! Is she going mad? Now she can not help humming the air of that waltz she was dancing with Léon just now. She is suffocated!—oh, those flowers! She must go—at least she must open the window. But she can not get up, she has no strength left. Is this death? Her forehead seems bound by two fingers of iron. Oh, those roses! those orange-blossoms!—those orange-blossoms above all!

At last, with a great effort, she rises, straight and pale—so pale in her white dress. But suddenly she falls—first upon her knees, and then striking her head and shoulder upon the floor.

Poor, poor Norine! She lies outstretched at the door of the bridal chamber—dead.

But was it a broken heart, you ask? "Not so," says the cynic. "People do not die of broken hearts."

True. Then it must have been the heavy perfume of the flowers.—Adapted for the Argonaut from the French of François Coppée, by Mlle. Bouchier.

IN THE COURTS OF MEMORY.

Mme. de Hegermann-Lindencrone Recalls Some Distinguished People and Some Great Events.

The preface to this entertaining volume explains that Mme. de Hegermann-Lindencrone is the wife of the present Danish Minister to Germany and that before her marriage she was Miss Lillie Greenough of Cambridge, Massachusetts, where she lived with her grandfather, Judge Fay. As a child she developed the voice which later on was to make her famous, and when only fifteen years of age her mother took her to London to study under Garcia. Two years later she married Charles Moulton, the son of a well-known American banker who had been a resident in Paris since the days of Louis Philippe. As Mrs. Charles Moulton, the charming American became a welcome guest at the court of Napoleon III and the Paris newspapers of the days of the Second Empire were filled with the praises of her personal attractions and fine singing.

After nine years of gayety in the gayest city in the world came the war of 1870 and the Commune. Upon the fall of the empire Mrs. Moulton returned to America, where Mr. Moulton died, and a few years afterward she married M. de Hegermann-Lindencrone, at that time Danish Minister to the United States and later his country's representative at Stockholm, Rome, and Paris. The letters composing this volume were written to her mother and her aunt and are therefore intimate and detailed. They were worth writing and worth publishing. Mrs. Moulton met most of the distinguished people of her day, and nearly all the really important figures in the world of music of the past half-century, including Wagner, Liszt, Jenny Lind, Auber, Gounod, and Rossini.

The author's earliest experience with royalty was in Paris in 1863. Visiting the Lake of Suresnes in order to skate, she was approached by Prince Murat, who told her that the emperor was coming to speak to her. On the approach of Napoleon she was presented by Murat, and the emperor then asked if he might ask "such a perfect skater as you to skate with so humble a skater as myself":

He was a humble skater indeed! I answered that it would be a great honor to me. He then stretched out his hands, and I took them very much as I would have taken any one else's hands, and we ambled forth, I supporting and upholding the tottering steps of the monarch of the French nation. I felt that the eye of the nation was on me, and, indeed, it was, as much of the nation as happened to be there; but, proud as I was, I wished that some one would relieve me of this responsibility. Suppose his majesty should fall! . . . Dreadful thought! The emperor skated on silently, intent on balancing himself, and I, you may be sure, was intent on keeping him intent. He stumbled at every stroke; but as I was on his left side—the weak one—we got along very nicely, and we felt that we were being admired—*patineusement*. His hat fell off once (he skated in a tall hat), and I had to pick it up for him while he clung to my hand and lifted his other hand to put his hat on his head. In our course we came upon the empress, and we slowed down neatly. She was being supported by two very "trembling" chamberlains, who almost knocked us down in their efforts to keep their balance. When we had come to anchor the emperor said to the empress, "This is Mme. Moulton! Does she not skate beautifully?" I ought to have made a courtesy; but how could I—on skates?

Mrs. Moulton was present at the costume ball given by the minister of foreign affairs and held a lively conversation with the emperor under the protection of their respective masks. The emperor eventually asked her to take supper with him, and she replied: "Not alone; you are too dangerous." He laughed and said, "I shall not be alone, my pretty lady," and told her to bring her husband:

After supper the empress came up to me and said, "Where can one buy such lovely curls as you have, chère madame?" I understood the reason now for the notice I was attracting. They had thought that the curls were false. I answered, hoping it would sound amusing, "Au Magasin du Bon-Dieu." The empress smiled and replied, "Nous voudrions toutes acheter dans ce magasin-là; but tell me, are your curls real or false? You won't mind telling me (and she hesitated a little). Some people have made bets about it. How can we know," she said, "unless you tell us?" "My hair is all my own, your majesty, and if you wish to make sure I am perfectly willing that you should see for yourself." And, removing my helmet, I took out the comb and let my hair down. Every one crowded around me, and felt and pulled my hair about until I had to beg for mercy. The emperor, looking on, cried out, "Bravo, madame!" and, gathering some flowers off the table, handed them to me, saying: "Votre succès tenait à un cheveu, n'est-ce pas?"

Supposing the curls had been false, how I should have felt!

In 1864 Mrs. Moulton visited New York and was presented to President Lincoln. She says "he might take the prize for ugliness anywhere," but he seemed so good and kind, and withal so humorous that "I confess I lost my heart to him." The meeting was at the house of a Mrs. M., who had provided a lecturer on the human brain for the President's edification:

After this *séance manquée* I was asked to sing. Poor Mr. Lincoln! who I understood could not endure music. I pitted him.

"None of your foreign fireworks," said Mr. Trott in his graceful manner as I passed him on my way to the piano. I answered, "Shall I sing 'Three Little Kittens'? I think that is the least firework of my repertoire." But I concluded that a simple little rocket like "Robin Adair" would kill nobody; therefore I sang that, and it had a success.

When the gaunt President shook my hand to thank me, he held it in a grip of iron, and when, to accentuate the compliment, meaning to give a little extra pressure, he put his left hand over his right, I felt as if my hand was shut in a waffle-iron and I should never straighten it out again.

"Music is not much in my line," said the President; "but when you sing you warble yourself into a man's heart. I'd like to hear you sing some more."

What other mild cracker could I fire off? Then I thought

of that lovely song, "Mary Was a Lassie," which you like so much, so I sang that.

Mr. Lincoln said, "I think I might become a musician if I heard you often; but so far I only know two tunes."

"'Hail Columbia'?" I asked. "You know that, I am sure!"

"Oh yes, I know that, for I have to stand up and take off my hat."

"And the other one?"

"The other one! Oh, the other one is the other when I don't stand up!"

In January, 1866, Mrs. Moulton writes that she has been on a yachting tour to Cannes and had met Jenny Lind, who is "neither handsome nor distinguished looking; in fact, quite the contrary; plain features, a pert nose, shallow skin, and very yellow hair." The great singer asked Mrs. Moulton to visit her on the following day, and she did so:

I wish you could have seen her! She was dressed in a white brocade trimmed with a piece of red silk around the bottom, a red, blousy waist covered with gold beads sewed fantastically over it, perhaps odds and ends of old finery, and gold shoes!

Just fancy, at eleven o'clock in the morning! We talked music. She hated Verdi and all he had made; she hated Rossini and all he had made; she hated the French; she hated the Americans; she abhorred the very name of Barnum, who, she said, "exhibited me just as he did the big giant or any other of his monstrosities."

"But," said I, "you must not forget how you were idolized and appreciated in America. Even as a child I can remember how they worshiped Jenny Lind."

"Worshiped or not," she answered sharply, "I was nothing more than a show in a showman's hands; I can never forget."

A subsequent letter relates a visit to the emperor and empress at Fontainebleau. At the request of Princess Metternich the author had procured a basket of American corn and the imperial chef was instructed how to cook it, although he seems to have been instructed wrongly:

The corn came in due time served as *légume*.

I was mortified when I saw it appear, brought in on eight enormous silver platters, four ears on each. It looked pitiful! Silk, *robe de chambre* and all, steaming like a steam engine. Every one looked aghast, and no one dared to touch it; and when I wanted to show them how it was eaten in its native land they screamed with laughter. Baron Haussmann asked me if the piece I was playing (he meant on the flute) was in *la-bémol*?

I looked to the Baroness de Pierres for support; but, alas! her eyes refused to meet mine and were fixed on her plate.

I tried to make the corn less objectionable by unwrapping the cobs and cutting off the corn. Then I added butter and salt, and it was passed about; first, of course, to the emperor, who liked it very much; but the empress pushed her plate aside with a grimace, saying, "I don't like it; it smells like a baby's flannels."

The emperor, seeing the crushed look on my face, raised his glass and said, with a kind glance at me, "Here's to the American corn!" I reproached the Princess Metternich for having suggested my taking it there.

Later on we have a glimpse of the Marquis de Gallifet, who seems to have regaled Mrs. Moulton with some of the more hideous of his Mexican experiences:

The Marquis de Gallifet, *Officier d'Ordonnance de l'Empereur*, whom I sat next to at dinner, is what one might call sarcastic; he actually tears people to pieces; he does not leave them with a shred of reputation, and what he does not say he implies. He thinks nothing of saying, "He! He's an abominable scoundrel! She! She is a shameless coquette!" and so forth. He spares no one; nevertheless, he is most amusing, very intelligent, and an excellent talker. He told me of his awful experience in the war of Mexico. He had been shot in the intestines and left for dead on the field of battle. He managed, by creeping and crawling, "*toujours tenant mes entrailles dans mon képi*," to reach a peasant's house, where the good people took care of him until he was able to be transported to a hospital. There he stayed through a dismal year of suffering. In order to keep the above-mentioned *entrailles* in their proper place, the doctors covered them with a silver plate. "I had my name engraved on it," he said.

He asked me, "Did you ever hear anything like that?" I tried to fancy how any one would look placarded like that, but replied that I had never heard of anything quite so awful; but I had heard that every cloud had a silver lining. He laughed and said, "I shall call myself a cloud in future."

In 1867 Mrs. Moulton had a visit from Prince Metternich, who was overwhelmed with grief at the tragic fate of Maximilian in Mexico, although it is hard to understand an emotion that seems to be excessive:

Prince Metternich came out here the other day. I had not seen him since the tragic death of Emperor Maximilian in Mexico. I never would have believed that he could be so affected as he seemed to be by this. He cried like a baby when he told us of the emperor's last days, of his courage and fortitude. It seems that, just as he was going to be shot, he went to each of the men and gave them a twenty-franc gold piece, and said, "I beg you to shoot straight at my heart."

How dreadful it must have been!

Prince Metternich was most indignant at Rochefort, and says he can never forgive him because, in an article in *La Lanterne*, he called the royal martyr "the archdupe." Auber said: "You must not forget that Rochefort would rather sell his soul than lose an occasion to make a clever remark." "Yes, I know," moaned the prince. "But how can one be so cruel?"

"C'est un mauvais drôle," Auber answered (don't think Auber meant that Rochefort was droll; on the contrary, this is a neat way that the French have of calling a man the worst kind of a scamp), and added, "Rochefort's brains are made of *pétards*," which is the French for firecrackers.

Auber told many anecdotes. I fancy he wanted to cheer Prince Metternich up a little. One of them was that, on taking leave of the emperor, the Shah had said:

"Sire, your Paris is wonderful, your palaces splendid, and your horses magnificent, but," waving his hand toward the mature but noble *dames d'honneur* with an expression of disapproval, "you must change all that." Imagine what their feelings would have been had they heard him.

The outbreak of war found Mrs. Moulton still in Paris. She tells us of the enthusiasm of the people and of their confidence that the French army would soon be in Berlin. But disillusionment followed quickly. On March 14, 1871, the author describes her journey from Dinard to Paris and the scenes of national exhaustion through which she passed:

At Le Mans, the place where we stopped for luncheon, the soldiers were lying about on the brick pavement of the station,

too tired and worn out to move, and presenting the saddest sight it has ever fallen to my lot to witness. They were waiting for the cattle vans to take them away. In these they would be obliged to stand until they reached Paris and its hospitals. Every one of the travelers was anxious to alleviate their misery in some way, by offering them cigars, food, and money. My heart bled for the poor creatures, and I gave them all I had in my purse, and my luncheon also. They represented the débris of Faidherbe's army, which of all the troops had seen the most desperate fighting during the war. All the trains we passed were packed tight with soldiers, herded together like cattle, patient misery painted on their pale, tired faces.

After the war came the Commune, and we have a succession of letters describing the inferno in the French capital. It is all now a part of history, but a single extract will serve to illustrate the scenes that so rapidly followed each other during those hideous days:

In the evening of the 22d the victims—forty of them—the good Darboy, Duguerry, Bonjean, and others—were piled into a transport wagon with only a board placed across, where they could sit, and were taken to the place of execution.

The archbishop seemed suffering; probably the privations he had endured had weakened him. Bonjean said to him, "Lean on my arm, it is that of a good friend and a Christian," and added, "La religion d'abord, la justice ensuite." As soon as one name was called a door opened and a prisoner passed out—the archbishop went first; they descended the dark and narrow steps one by one. When they were placed against the wall Bonjean said, "Let us show them how a priest and a magistrate can die."

Rigault ordered their execution two hours after they were taken; and when some one ventured a remonstrance he curtly replied, "Nous ne faisons pas de la légalité, nous faisons de la révolution." Some ruffian in the mob cried out the word "liberté," which reached Darboy's ears, and he said, "Do not profane the word of liberty; it belongs to us alone, because we die for it and for our faith." This sainted man was the first to be shot. He died instantly; but President Bonjean crossed his arms and, standing erect, stared full in the faces of his assassins with his brave eyes fastened on theirs. This seemed to have troubled them, for of the nineteen balls they fired not one touched his head—they fired too low—but all his bones were broken. The defiant look stayed on his face until the *coup de grâce* (a bullet behind his ear) ended this brave man's life. These details are too dreadful.

The death of the Emperor Napoleon gives occasion to the author to pass a eulogy upon his memory, which may be justified by the principle of *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, but which seems hardly justified by cold fact:

You can't tell how grieved I was to hear of the kind and good Emperor Napoleon's death. He was only sixty-five years old. I thought he was older. What an eventful life he had—tragic would be the right word. What did he not endure? When he was a child he was an exile, and since then, until he became first president and then emperor, he was knocking about the world, sometimes hidden and sometimes pursued. However, he had fifteen years of glory, for there was not in all Europe a man more considered than he was, and he had until the last four years of his reign more prestige than any other sovereign. I think after the tragedy of Mexico his star began to pale.

The Emperor Napoleon was certainly the kindest-hearted and best-intentioned man in the world, so full of life, fun, and appreciation. I can see him now shaking with laughter when anything amused him, as was often the case at Compiègne.

The papers say that he had once been a policeman in London. I do not believe this is true, though the emperor told me himself that he had lived very humbly at times; still, that is very different from being a policeman.

In February, 1875, the author writes that she has been staying in Rome and describes a papal reception at which she was present:

It was not long before his holiness (Pius IX) appeared, followed by his suite of monsignors and prelates. I never was so impressed in my life as when I saw him. He wore a white-cloth *soutane* and white-embroidered *calotte* and red slippers, and looked so kind and full of benevolence that he seemed goodness personified. I knelt down almost with pleasure on the cold floor when he addressed me, and I kissed the emerald ring which he wore on his third finger as if I had been a born Catholic and had done such things all my life.

He asked me in English from which country I came, and when I answered, "America, your holiness," he said, "What part of America?" I replied, "From Boston, holy father." "It is a gallant town," the Pope remarked; "I have been there myself."

Having finished speaking with the men (all the ladies stood together on one side of the room and the men on the other), the Pope went to the end of the gallery. We all noticed that he seemed much agitated, and wondered why, and what could have happened to ruffle his benign face. It soon became known that there was an Englishman present who refused to kneel, although ordered to do so by the irate chamberlain, and who stood stolidly with arms folded, looking down with a sneer upon his better-behaved companions.

His holiness made a rather lengthy discourse, and did not conceal his displeasure, alluding very pointedly to the unpardonable attitude of the stranger.

Space may be found for the author's interview with Garibaldi, who appeared to be "grumpy" and quite indifferent to the honor that was being paid him:

Garibaldi talked Italian in a soft voice with his friend and French to us. He asked a few questions as to our nationality, and made some other commonplace remarks. When I told him I was an American he seemed to unbend a little, and said, "I like the Americans; they are an honorable, just, and intelligent people."

He must have read admiration in my eyes, for he "laid himself out" (so his friend said) to be amiable. Amiability toward strangers was evidently not his customary attitude.

He went so far as to give me his photograph, and wrote "Miss Moulton" on it with a hand far from clean; but it was the hand of a brave man, and I liked it all the better for being dirty. It seemed somehow to belong to a hero. I think that I would have been disappointed if he had had clean hands and well-trimmed finger-nails. On our taking leave of him he conjured up a wan smile and said, very pleasantly, giving us his ink-stained hand "A rivederci."

I wondered if he really meant that he wanted to see us again. I doubt it, and did not take his remark seriously. On the contrary, I had the feeling that he was more than indifferent to the pleasure our visit had given him.

Here we must leave a volume of interesting memories interestingly recalled. And all the more interesting because they are recorded in the unstudied form of a domestic correspondence.

IN THE COURTS OF MEMORY, 1858-1875. By L. de Hegermann-Lindencrone. New York: Harcourt & Brothers; \$2 net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Laddie.

Gene Stratton Porter's latest novel should rank high among the distinctive American stories of today. The American story as a designation conjures up pictures of finance, politics, and the city life. It should be devoted mainly to the country, where Americanism undefiled may still be found by those with the curiosity to seek it.

"Laddie" is a story of the farm, and it is told in the first person by "little sister," the youngest child in a family of twelve. The Stanton family is a social system in miniature, with Laddie, the eldest son, in the foreground, and "little sister" as the scribe and recorder. The whole life of the Stantons is unfolded before us. We see them at work and at play, in school and at church, courting, marrying, and making holiday. The book in the completeness of its picture, in its quaint humor and fidelity to wholesome human nature, has no parallel in American story-telling unless it be Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn."

But the author has by no means slighted his central narrative, but he goes about it in so leisurely a way that we find ourselves caught in the thread before we know it. Close to the Stantons is the farm of the Pryors, an aristocratic English family of father, mother, and daughter whose exclusiveness gains them a reputation for mystery. Evidently the Pryors have a story behind them, if not a tragedy, and the honest, open-hearted Stanton hopes that no such trouble will ever come to him that he can not tell to his neighbors. The girl is a beauty of the first water, and when Laddie falls under the spell of her black eyes we foresee a conflict between the two kinds of pride, the pride of exclusiveness and the pride of honest independence. The nature of the Pryors' secret, and the slow melting of their reserve may be said to constitute the plot of "Laddie."

The author has written the kind of story that should be the rule and not the exception. It is conceived in the spirit of genuine Americanism and wholly without the sordid taint that is often allowed by the novelist to discredit the name. Any one of at least six of his characters would give distinction to a story, and when we have reached the last page we feel that we have gained a fresh insight into the goodness of human nature.

LADDIE. By Gene Stratton Porter. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.35.

Roman Farm Management.

This is an unattractive title to a most captivating book. The agricultural treatises of Cato and Varro are accessible to all, but only under some such attractive guise as this could we be persuaded to read them. It is to be hoped that this volume will be read by the agricultural authors of today in order that they may learn how to give to their work some of the human attributes that will make it readable. For example, under the heading of "The Duties of the Overseer" we read that "he should not have any hangers-on, nor should he consult any soothsayer, fortune-teller, necromancer, or astrologer. He should not spare seed in sowing, for that is bad economy. He should strive to be expert in all kinds of farm work, and, without exhausting himself, often lend a hand. By so doing he will better understand the point of view of his hands, and they will work more contentedly; moreover, he will have less inclination to gad, his health will be better, and he will sleep more refreshingly." Elsewhere we find this piece of sage advice: "When it rains try to find something to do indoors. Clean up rather than remain idle. Remember that while work may stop expenses still go on." But these treatises are practical. They show us the complete practice of the Roman farm and the management both of the fields and of the live stock. There are chapters on geese, ducks, rabbits, game preserves, snails, dormice, bees, and fish. The Romans seem to have known as much about alfalfa as we do, and it is indeed surprising to note how much we are in their debt for agricultural knowledge and for innumerable expedients now in use among us. And those who wish to experiment with some of the old Roman cookery will find here an assortment of the less dangerous formulas. Finally the author may be congratulated for his notes in which he elucidates the text and compares the Roman practice with that prevailing at the present time. Those who never read a book on agriculture in their lives will find that this one has the charm of a good novel.

ROMAN FARM MANAGEMENT: THE TREATISES OF CATO AND VARRO. Done into English, with notes of modern instances, by a Virginia farmer. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.

Swinburne.

That Swinburne's poems should have failed of a popularity sometimes accorded to lesser values is an impeachment of the public, and not of the poet. Perhaps Mr. John Drinkwater would have written even more effectively than he has if he had somewhat subdued the note of defense and contented himself with one of analysis and interpretation. But we are unfeignedly grateful for an

appreciation that is thoughtful, penetrative, and sincere. We are told that the work by which Swinburne will live is the use of his metrical cunning to express an attitude towards life that was consistent and bravely eager. The charge that Swinburne lacked integrity is the resort of a small mind. There could have been no such splendor of imagery without a vision, and it is the vision with which every poet must concern himself, however little it may be amenable to the laws of intellectual discussion. Poetry, after all, is something more than metaphysics versified. Mr. Drinkwater seems to have discovered the thread on which Swinburne strung his pearls, and he shows it to us without extravagance of praise or blame.

SWINBURNE: AN ESTIMATE. By John Drinkwater. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Brass Faces.

Circumspection is obviously the duty of the young man who comes accidentally into the possession of a letter from a girl to her father imploring him to rescue her from a house "with a red blind" into which she has been beguiled. When Robert Gilmour found himself in this predicament he first followed the course of prudence and telephoned to the girl's father. But when he was repulsed from the other end of the wire he threw prudence to the winds, discovered the incriminated house for himself, and forcibly rescued the damsel in distress at the point of a hayonet, so to speak. Then he finds that he has indeed a white elephant on his hands. After hiding the girl in his country cottage he discovers that the police are on his trail and that he is the central figure in what seems to be a typical and daring illustration of the white slave trade. Such is the reward of an indiscriminating chivalry.

Those who wish to see the knot untied must read this capital story for themselves and learn from the painful, although ultimately pleasant, experiences of Robert Gilmour that a degenerate civilization has devolved upon the police some of those duties of knight errantry that were once the pride and the privilege of the individual.

BRASS FACES. By Charles McEvoy. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25.

The Woods.

If Mr. Malloch should fail of a welcome it will be a reproach to the public, and not to Mr. Malloch's verse. It would be hard to find anything more exuberant, or better expressive of the mind that has been liberated by nature from the insincerities of our social order. Of this we may find a good example in a single stanza from Mr. Malloch's poem "Possession":

The boss his forest wealth kin read
In cent an' dollar sign;
His name is written in the deed—
But all his land is mine.
There's some of us has this world's goods,
An' some of us has none—
But all of us has got the woods,
An' all has got the sun.

Turning over the leaves at random we find another stanza which can hardly be described as poetry in the best sense of the word, but that nevertheless strikes home:

Your morals down there in the city
Are different morals from ours:
Both punish, ner pardon ner pity,
The serpent that gits in the flow'rs;
Both punish, when punishment's comin',
An' yet on a different plan:
You gen'ly brand the woman—
We gen'ly shoot the man.

Mr. Malloch might perhaps use the polish of hush to some advantage, but his poetry is real poetry.

THE WOODS. By Douglas Malloch. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50 net.

William Ernest Henley.

Those who have learned to reverence the memory of Henley will do well to procure this little volume by L. Cope Cornford, formerly the editor of the *National Observer*. It was Mr. Cornford's intention to estimate Henley's work and to assign to him his place in literature. He has done this and very much more. His four chapters on "Entrance," "The Time," "Biographical," "Criticism and Journalism," and "Poetry" are as fine a piece of condensed appreciation as it would be easy to find. But still finer is the unstudied picture of Henley as a man and of those splendid qualities that would have irradiated any work to which he set his hand. Mr. Cornford has done a worthy work and done it worthily.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY. By L. Cope Cornford. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 75 cents.

Our World.

In the introduction to his new volume Dr. Josiah Strong points out that the present age is different from all other ages, not only in the nature of its social problem, but in its possible solution. Heretofore it has always been possible for discontent to run away, to emigrate to some other country where conditions are more favorable. But now there is no other country to run to. The world is practically full. Either we must cure our social evils or the system to which they belong must fall—and the latter eventuality is by no

means beyond the range of the author's speculations.

To follow Dr. Strong through his statement of the problem would be impossible here. Industry, wealth, lawlessness, legislation, and government are all considered with a certain judicial restraint that commands attention. There is neither denunciation nor invective, nor is there that reforming rahdity so much the mark of the day and far more dangerous than the evils it pretends to cure. Indeed the author has that peculiar and rare sanity that recognizes only one permanent and effective remedy in the cultivation of new and individual ideals of duty and responsibility. Since every human evil originates in selfishness it is only by the eradication of selfishness that they can be remedied or palliated. Dr. Strong has written a decidedly valuable book, a book that impresses by its gravity and by its breadth of vision.

OUR WORLD. By Rev. Josiah Strong, D. D. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1 net.

Briefer Reviews.

Mrs. Edith Nicholl Ellison's story, "The Human Touch," is now in a well-deserved second edition, a tribute to its popularity among lovers of wholesome fiction. It is published by the Bookery Publishing Company, 12 East Thirty-Eighth Street, New York. Price, \$1.25 net.

"Lilt o' the Birds," by Emile Pickhardt, is an illustrated volume of verse dedicated to various varieties of birds. In all there are sixteen selections, holdly printed on large pages and with occasional delicately expressed sentiments to reward the reader. It is published by Sherman, French & Co. Price, \$1.25 net.

Under the title of "The Mythological Zoo" we have another volume of verse and illustrations by Oliver Herford. It is perhaps the best thing of its kind that Mr. Herford has done, both text and illustrations having a satirical point unusually sharp. The little volume is published by Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, 75 cents net.

"American History, First Book," by Arthur C. Perry, Jr., Ph. D., and Gertrude A. Price (American Book Company; 60 cents), covers the period from 1492 to 1763 and is intended as a first cycle history study for fifth-year pupils. The work deserves praise for a narrative style far in advance of the usual school book and well calculated to make study a pleasure.

"Mrs. Fiske," by Frank Carlos Griffith (the Neale Publishing Company; \$1 net), has at least the virtue of authority. The author was acting manager for Mrs. Fiske from 1897 to 1910, and while he disclaims any intention to write a biography, he has produced a highly satisfactory piece of biographical work, as well as a character sketch that seems to make Mrs. Fiske both visible and audible to the reader.

The latest addition to Studies in Theology, now in course of issue by Charles Scribner's Sons, is "A Critical Introduction to the Old Testament," by George Buchanan Gray, D. D., D. Litt. (75 cents net). The series now numbers twelve, and those who are familiar with its scholarship and the independence of its thought will need no other recommendation to possess themselves of its latest contribution.

"The Witch of Golgotha," by B. Pesh-Mal-Yan, is a story of Jesus and of Judas which professes to be founded on the historical traditions of Armenia. It is probable that the majority of fiction readers will find that such a theme is distasteful to them and that a necessarily fanciful colloquy and incident is out of place with such a theme. At least it may be said that the story is well told with vigor, imagination, and enthusiasm. It is published by Sherman, French & Co. Price, \$1.35 net.

The J. B. Lippincott Company has done well to produce a second edition of "How to Judge Pictures," by Margaret Thomas. Nothing more complete of its kind and size has ever been published, nothing that carries with it so much illumination for the lay reader who knows enough to wish for guidance. "Three paintings," says the author, "of all I have seen stand out in my memory as the greatest ever produced by human genius, and beyond which art can not go. These are Velasquez's 'Surrender of Breda,' Raphael's 'Sistine Madonna,' and Rembrandt's so-called 'Night Watch.'"

Mr. W. H. Olin describes his book on "American Irrigation Farming" (A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50 net) as "a systematic and practical treatment of every phase of irrigation farming, including its history, with statistical tables and formulas." It is all this and more. Its first part treats of the history, terms, and principles of irrigation. The second part is devoted to a discussion of the more important things the farmer must consider for successful crop farming under irrigation, and in the third part we find data, facts, and tables for reference use on the farm. The author writes not only understandingly, but brightly, and the illustrations are good.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Bride

The years to come; what will they bring?
Joy to our home or suffering?
Breathless, in life's wide door we stand,
Gazing ahead, hand clasped in hand—
Mine handed with his wedding ring.
Hushed are our lips that fain would sing
Of hopes immortal, challenging
The years to come.

Keep ours the love that joys to fling
The gauntlet to each sordid thing
Of all the world-old, vicious hand
Lurking without our fairland.
Ended is our philandering,
Now, by the one I crown my king,
Grant I may meet, unfaltering,
The years to come.
—Meigs O. Frost, in *Galveston News*.

Summer.

Blue skies and a singing bird
In the maples overhead;
Young leaves by the breezes stirred,
And blossoms white and red,
The drone of the busy bee
And the hum of an insect hand,
And our dreams, and you and me,
And summer over the land.

Green fields, fenced in from the street,
The sunshine full in their face,
Young cattle with eager feet
And horses that rear and race,
Sweet bloom of the wild rose tree
In reach of an eager hand,
And our hopes, and you and me,
And summer over the land.

A brooklet that sings away
To the ocean's waiting breast,
And minnows that leap and play
Where the alder shadows rest,
God's peace upon stream and lea
And blossoms by soft winds fanned,
And our love, and you and me,
And summer over the land.
—Lalia Mitchell, in *Columbian Magazine*.

The Cornish Moors.

Far, very far from hazy streets
And big, world-weary throng,
From banal talk of trivial things
Here, where we most belong,

We are at rest, my heart and I,
Happy, the livelong day,
Where little furred and feathered folk
And laughing waters play.

Whole nights and days we dreamed of it,
This well-remembered spot,
Where God had planted gorses,
Where clouds and cares are not.

Where every vagrant breeze spills breath
Of heather on the air,
Where music, mystically sweet,
Steals round us everywhere.

The old gods lived here once, they say,
Perchance they haunt it still,
When amethystine shadows creep
Along the cairn-crowned hill.

Something great-souled and noble
Most surely lingers here
And lends these wide-flung solitudes
Diviner atmosphere. —London News.

Song Primitive.

Thou Eve who art my Eve—
Sole to me, in the earth alone!
Ten thousand thousand women cleave
My path, and smile and dance and weave.
And I am stock and stone.

For us two hidden lies
The Garden, spread in myriad light.
If Angel of the Sword arise
To brand us forth with flaming eyes,
We two shall tread the night.
—Francis Hill, in the *Forum*.

The New Hesperides.

Long had they sailed, a company of freemen:
Endless the labor, turbulent the seas,
Onward they drove with the questing heart of
seamen:

Always they longed for the new Hesperides.
Of on a day by some enchanted island
Sighed they and hovered, yet stayed for none
of these:

Sweeping the west till another gleaming highland
Rose far away like the new Hesperides,
Loud on the gale fed phantom echoes crying
"End sea-roaming; land and be at ease!"
Windward the mariners gazed without replying,
—Sought they for ever the new Hesperides.
—M. Arnold-Forster, in the *Living Age*.

Edward F. Adams, for many years on the editorial staff of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, and author of "The Inhumanity of Socialism," first announced as "The Case Against Socialism," recently made the following statement: "I am opposed to Socialism because of its inhumanity; because it saps the vitality of the human race which has no vitality to spare; because it lulls to indolence those who must struggle to survive; because the theories of good men who are enthralled by its delusions are made the excuse of the wicked, who would rather plunder than work; because it stops enterprise, promotes laziness, exalts inefficiency, inspires hatred, checks production, assures waste, and instills into the souls of the unfortunate and the weak hopes impossible of fruition, whose inevitable blasting will add to the bitterness of their lot."

Music in all its forms results in the expenditure of about \$600,000,000 annually in this country.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Isobel.

All things are possible in the frozen north, just as they are at the torrid equator. There is no law of God or man in either place. Nevertheless this story has to do with the law as represented by Sergeant William Mac-
Veigh of the Northwest Mounted Police, who has been sent a thousand miles north of civilization to arrest Scottie Deane, the murderer. And when at last he found his quarry he allowed him to slip through his fingers by the wiles of a beautiful woman. The story itself is a good one, as good as Mr. Curwood has ever written. But even its vivid narrative is of secondary interest to the kaleidoscopic pictures of the Far North where men die from sheer loneliness and where even crime takes on the picturesque aspect of a rivalry of elemental passions. The story in which money plays no part and in which humanity is stripped of its conventions to the bone is always wholesome, and Mr. Curwood knows how to tell just such a story.

ISOBEL. By James Oliver Curwood. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.25.

The Influence of Baudelaire.

Mr. G. Turquet-Milnes seems to suggest that the art of Baudelaire and of his many imitators was a protest against a materialism that simplified and explained all things by reducing all things to the terms of a blind mechanism. The universe is made up of the visible and the invisible, of consciousness and of the medium through which it shines. Science had explained to us the medium and had tried to persuade us that nothing else existed. It was for the poet to show us the underlying mystery and its beauty, the obscure motives and meanings of life. Human nature demands mystery, and it resents whatever is easily understood. Above all it insists upon the beautiful, and beauty, explains Baudelaire, is complex in its constituents. "Mystery and regret," he says, "are also characteristics of the Beautiful. . . . I do not mean to say that Joy can not associate with Beauty, but I do say that Joy is one of her most vulgar ornaments. While Melancholy is, so to speak, her noble companion, and so much so that I can scarcely conceive of a type of Beauty where there is not some Unhappiness."

Baudelaire was doubtless so impressed with the value of all those things that materialism ignores as himself to fall into exaggeration. What we may call nature, for lack of a better term, became something to be ignored and despised, and the enemy of art. He gives us his whole philosophy in his lines:

Que m'importe que tu sois sage
Sois belle et sois triste.

It was a reaction against materialism and the simplification of nature, and, like all reactions, itself exaggerated and unbalanced.

Among the predecessors of Baudelaire the author gives us critical summaries of Poe, Sainte-Beuve, and Gautier, and among his "posterity" we find similar presentations of D'Aureville, Verlaine, Huysmans, Laforgue, Swinburne, and Oscar Wilde. Mr. Turquet-Milnes shows not only a considerable power of accurate estimate, but a critical faculty of no mean order. His is a valuable contribution to the study of French literature.

THE INFLUENCE OF BAUDELAIRE. By G. Turquet-Milnes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50 net.

Crowds.

Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee's "Crowds" is not the greatest book of its day, but it is none the less a great book, and a book to be great need not be original. Probably Mr. Lee has said nothing essential that was not said by Carlyle. Probably he has no essential idea that was not Nietzsche's. But whereas Carlyle and Nietzsche are not read by the man in the street, Mr. Lee will be read by the man in the street, who may possibly, and for the good of his soul, be persuaded thereby that he is a fool, and that his social, political, and religious idols are of mud and that his chief need in life is an overseer with a whip. At least he may be persuaded that this is the state of his next-door neighbor, and this will be something gained.

Mr. Lee's book defies analysis. Its effect is that of a volley of rifle bullets. He shows us a world governed by crowds, and by the crowd consciousness, paralyzed by its own incapacities and in perpetual terror of its component parts. The crowd consciousness necessarily hates and fears the individual consciousness because it is unlike itself, and so wherever a head is raised above the level it is pulled down and stamped upon. The genius of natural leadership is loathed by democracy, which says that all men are created equal and sees to it that all evidences of inequality are shorn away. Crowds feel but they do not think. They think they think and the present social system with its paralysis of impotencies and its low descent into the abyss is the result. In some way as yet undivulged the crowd consciousness must admit the sway of the individual consciousness, of the supermen who have now been silenced by the machinery that sees to it that all men are crushed or racked into equality. Democracy

must be led, but we may wonder if it would still continue to be democracy.

Mr. Lee's charm is that he can be understood, that he speaks in the vernacular, that he expresses in homely speech and with homely illustration the ideas entertained silently in many minds. He knows how to pulverize an axiom by a sentence and to shatter by a paragraph what we call our truisms. Why, for example, should we expect to get wise statesmen by a process of voting when no one but an idiot would suggest the selection of the president of even the smallest commercial concern by a similar process? The true democracy, we are told, is a system by which people are allowed to govern themselves, not a "machine for stopping people nine times out of ten." Democracy should be a method "for letting men be men by trying it."

To quote Mr. Lee's striking passages would be to reproduce the book. Nearly all are striking, and sometimes they strike so hard as to hurt.

Crowds. By Gerald Stanley Lee. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.35 net.

The Man Who Would Not Be King.

Mr. Sidney Dark's amusing story relates the adventures of one Fenimore Slavington, who suddenly finds himself in charge of a vast business in peptonized soups and of the garden city in which his army of employees make their home. Fenimore's equipment for such a task is certainly a poor one, as he has never done a day's work in his life, nor indeed anything more arduous than sauntering through Bohemia and enjoying the simpler delights of the leisured life. Mr. Dark's story has, of course, a moral, like everything else that is worth reading. A human soul is far too high a price to pay for kingship, and especially for commercial kingship, and when Fenimore escapes from his throne and from its enormous emoluments we feel that there has been joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth. Mr. Dark is to be congratulated upon the light literary touch that gives so much grace to his story.

THE MAN WHO WOULD NOT BE KING. By Sidney Dark. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net.

Ellen Key.

Probably no woman of her day has occupied so large a place in the public eye as Ellen Key. It is probably also true that no other woman has been so maligned by a stupid and obstinate conservatism that resents with insult and derision every departure from the path of orthodox thought.

Mme. Louise Nystrom Hamilton is content to give us a life of her heroine without any attempted criticism of her writings. But she defends her heroine from some of the grosser slanders that have been brought against her by those unable to believe that she has not exemplified in her own life certain ideal conditions for which the day is not ripe. Whether Ellen Key's philosophy for women is a wholesome one is a matter of opinion. Probably the most severe attacks upon it have come from her own sex and because of her insistence upon work and duty, and upon the essentials rather than the unrealities of true freedom. But the author has none the less succeeded to abundance in her chosen task. Her biography shows the picture of a valiant woman, using all the powers of a lofty altruism for the good of humanity, and illustrating in her own life the gospel of purity and of benevolence that she taught.

ELLEN KEY. By Louise Nystrom-Hamilton. Translated from the Swedish by A. E. B. Fries. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25 net.

Foreign Policy.

The author of this volume, Sir Harry Johnston, sets forth a general survey of British foreign policy as it exists and as it ought to exist, toward France, Germany, Austria, Russia, Portugal, and America. It is hardly a disparagement of a well-informed and authoritative work to say that its interest for the average American reader is mainly confined to the section on American affairs. Speaking of the Clayton-Bulwer agreement on Panama tolls, the author says: "Treaties, in fact, only bind the polity of the United States as long as they are convenient. They are not, really, worth the labor their negotiation entails or the paper they are written on. . . . nor will it even be possible to force the United States to do anything it does not wish to do, even to the keeping of its pledged word." This seems to carry the *ex uno disce* principle to an extreme. Later on the author says: "If the United Kingdom were ever in serious danger from a hostile European coalition, it is a prophecy almost certain of fulfillment that a fleet would sail from the United States to her rescue."

COMMON SENSE IN FOREIGN POLICY. By Sir Harry Johnston, G. C. M. G., K. C. B., D. Sc. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Since the Thomas Y. Crowell Company published "The Journal of a Recluse," an anonymous novel, it has continued in such demand that it has now entered its fifth edition.

A work of unusual scope has been undertaken by Longmans, Green & Co. in the pub-

lication in parts of the "Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures," with the approval of the cardinal archbishop and the English hierarchy. It is the intention to commence with the publication of the New Testament. The object of this new translation is twofold. First to reproduce in English exactly what the sacred authors wrote, with due regard to idiomatic differences of language; secondly, to produce the sacred writings, as far as external appearance goes, in a manner more worthy of their character. A beginning has been made with the Epistles of St. Paul.

"Comrade Yetta," by Alvert Edwards, is now in its third edition, and continues to be one of the best sellers on the Macmillan Company's list.

Seldom is it said that a man becomes a soldier that he may receive an education, but in the case of Alexander Irvine it transpired. While fitting himself he took part in the Sudan campaigns, and was decorated by Queen Victoria and the Khedive of Egypt for "distinguished bravery." The Century Company is now publishing a new volume of Mr. Irvine's, largely of Irish life, under the title, "My Lady of the Chimney Corner," a caption which the author had previously applied to some of his short stories.

To gain the confidence of the Paraguayan Indians, of whom he writes in "A Church in the Wilds" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), it was necessary for W. Barbrooke Grubb to virtually become one of them. He accompanied them in their travels, took part in their dances and tribal festivities, and learned their language. It took him seven years to get these Indians to the point of forming a settlement where he could establish anything like headquarters.

General Meade's estimate of Grant is one of many striking examples of the great general's fairness and judgment with which "The Life and Letters of George Gordon Meade," which the Scribners have just published, is scattered. He says: "Grant is not a mighty genius, but he is a good soldier, of great force of character, honest and upright, of pure purposes."

A new tourists' edition of Helen Hunt Jackson's famous novel, "Ramona," with illustrations from photographs of actual scenes, is among the autumn publications by Little, Brown & Co.

Jeffrey Farnol has been leisurely touring England and Scotland since the publication of "The Amateur Gentleman." A bookseller of Manchester presented him with a Japanese samurai likeness dressed in chain armor for fighting. This is a life-sized, ferocious-looking figure. As Mr. Farnol will keep this in his room, the "Jap" will be a silent companion for the young English author while he is burning the midnight oil.

Owen Johnson, whose new book, "Murder in Any Degree," was issued by the Century Company August 15, has been living and working in Italy for some months. The first book of this popular author, "Arrows of the Almighty," was accepted by the Yale faculty as the equivalent of five months' academic work, lost through illness.

During her long stay in East Africa, Eleanor Stuart learned to communicate with the natives by means of the lingua franca of the east coast, where, she states, Hindustanee is added to the numerous dialects spoken there, owing to the large number of East Indian immigrants. The opening scenes of her new novel, just published by Harper & Brothers, "The Romance of Ali," are laid in Zanzibar.

Virginia W. Johnson, in "Two Quaint Republics, Andorra and San Marino" (Dana Estes & Co.), draws an interesting picture of the two smallest republics, and the two oldest, in the world. They are seldom visited by travelers and still preserve their unique customs and traditions.

New Books Received.

RUE AND ROSES. By Angela Langer. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.20 net. A novel.

A GARDEN OF SPICES. By A. Keith Fraser. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net. A novel.

RISE AND FALL. By Harold Begbie. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net. A novel.

BECAUSE OF JANE. By J. E. Buckrose. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net. A novel.

MURDER IN ANY DEGREE. By Owen Johnson. New York: The Century Company; \$1.30 net. A novel.

FLORA. By H. J. Stewart. New York: White-Smith Music Publishing Company.

A cycle of vocal duets for soprano and alto (or mezzo-soprano) or tenor and baritone.

FABRE, POET OF SCIENCE. By Dr. C. V. Legros. New York: The Century Company.

A biographical survey, translated from the French by Bernard Miall.

ART IN SHORT STORY NARRATION. By Henry Albert Phillips. Larchmont, New York: The Stanhope-Dodge Publishing Company.

An analysis of the qualifications of fiction in

general, and of the short story in particular, with examples.

JOHN BARLEYCORN. By Jack London. New York: The Century Company; \$1.30 net. A chapter of autobiography.

MY LADY OF THE CHIMNEY CORNER. By Alexander Irvine. New York: The Century Company; \$1.20 net. A story.

THE INHUMANITY OF SOCIALISM. By Edward F. Adams. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.; \$1. The Case Against Socialism and A Critique of Socialism.

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"BOUGHT AND PAID FOR."

The fact that William A. Brady felt sufficient confidence to send "Bought and Paid For" to San Francisco so soon after its first representation here proves two or three things: For one, that George Broadhurst's play has convincingly demonstrated its popular appeal; for another, that the great producer has good judgment; and, for the third, that managers and producers are feeling their way cautiously during these panicky times. Money is too scarce for even theatrical producers, who are constrained to be gamblers by the uncertainties of their business, to take chances on new plays. Evidently the venture is coming out all right.

It was good judgment to make a change in the personnel of the company, and, on the whole, it was equally good policy to retain Charles Richman for the rôle of Robert Stafford. Mr. Richman's name is a drawing card, and, in spite of a fine appearance that might easily have made a vain man rely too much upon it, he is an excellent actor. Furthermore, Mr. Richman has demonstrated his ability to make his public accept him enthusiastically in the rôle of a self-made American millionaire, when, with his aristocratic appearance and slightly efflorescent manner, he has made the rôles of men of breeding and position peculiarly his own.

There has been a great deal of discussion about "Bought and Paid For," and many women of romantic ideals and a disinclination to face certain issues of life have been so struck between the eyes, as it were, by the culminating scene in the second act that they have professed themselves as being opposed to Mr. Broadhurst's idea of what constitutes drama. But, all the same, everybody goes to see the play and talks about it afterward, and, for my part, I found myself, during this second hearing, much interested, and in an enjoyably sympathetic attitude throughout, all over again.

"Bought and Paid For" is drama straight from the shoulder, and drama about everyday people. Furthermore, it is peculiarly rich in marital atmosphere. What most reflects life is what people want. And, in spite of the high cost of living, matrimony, like the poor, is always with us.

The situation that is brought about, the dramatic conflict, to use the technical term, lies in the peculiarly deep sense of personal delicacy and self-respect felt by the girl-bride who is so brutally shocked and violated by her husband during his occasional periods of intoxication. Some critics have been rather cynical about the ex-telephone girl having renounced the luxuries of a home of wealth with a husband who had won her affection, because of those alcoholically inspired outbursts in the name of love. But it struck me in a second hearing, even more than in a first, that Mr. Broadhurst had made his point. Everything, every small event, led up logically to that scene of womanly revolt in which the wife, unable to secure from her husband the promise of future abstinence from intoxication, left the home in which marital love had been so degraded, and she herself so deeply insulted by her compliance being exacted as the condition of a bargain in which she had been "bought and paid for."

After all, human nature is frequently an incalculable thing, and the records of divorce courts are crammed with cases in which wives leave rich husbands because of intolerable conditions.

Mr. Broadhurst's heroine has, perhaps, violated the probabilities in refusing all financial aid from her husband, but certainly not the possibilities. The very fact that she loved his real self so deeply would be apt to put her into that state of emotional exaltation which made quixotism possible. However that may be, the play is interesting throughout, and keeps the observer in a peculiarly sympathetic attitude. We, Americans are extremely romantic, in spite of our reputation for practicality, inventiveness, and love of the material pleasures of life, but we have learned to look for romance in the daily walks of life, where it exists in fullest measure. In fact, America, with its immense possibilities for the exaltation of toilers to giddy heights of wealth and power, is preëminently the country of romance. The offices of our millionaires are filled with beautiful girls making themselves useful or indispensable, according to their ability and capacity. Robert Stafford was one of those lonely millionaires, without family or social affiliation. Self-made, he felt

no hesitation in wooing for his wife the gentle, pretty, and instinctively refined girl who worked in his office. And there's your romance, with almost weekly replicas chronicled in the press to give it credibility.

The play is, to repeat a comment already made, peculiarly rich in marital atmosphere. It pleases us to see the generosity of the rich husband, the gentle and affectionate appreciation of the wife. Even Jimmy has his virtues as a marital partner. Fanny loves him, and the matter-of-fact comradeship between the two is agreeable to see, while the occasional asperities are amusing and natural.

As for Stafford, the millionaire bushand, we understand and enter into his feelings. The rich man, having no taste for society and lonely in the midst of his wealth, wishes a figure of gentle womanhood on his hearthstone. With a wife he gains a home. And, curiously enough, and with much credit due to Mr. Broadhurst for this result, our attitude of sympathy toward this marriage does not change when we see the husband altered by his condition of intoxication. Altered, but not transformed, Mr. Richman, as before, acquits himself most brilliantly in this scene. He plays the part in such a manner that we feel the generosity, the kindness, the likeableness of the man under all that unseemly disguise wrought by the potency of alcohol. We still sympathize, but in a different way. It is now with a man's misfortune, instead of his happiness, for we know, we are made to feel, that it is a man, a real man, temporarily obscured, even brutalized, but worthy of being saved. We sympathize with the wife's distress, with the sister's dread. We are, preceding the turn which brings affairs to this point, immensely sympathetic with the enjoyment of the Gilleys in their new prosperity. And, with keen enjoyment, we sympathize in the sense of humor which makes Robert Stafford accept Jimmy as an unending, never-exhausted joke. We sympathize, too, with that sudden movement of recovered dignity which makes Stafford, the employer, put Jimmy, the over-familiar employee, in his place when he calls him Robert.

In fact the dramatist causes the spectator to play such an active part with his sympathies that, whether or not "Bought and Paid For" has its unpleasant side, whether, also, it has a moral which was designed to make you think, its real merit is that it makes you feel; which is, after all, the true province of drama.

The company is of the same standing as the earlier one. The play began, as before, with a certain sense of formality, of stiltedness (except for the untamable Jimmy), on the part of the players. But a second hearing impels me to a recognition of the author's intention. There was restraint and self-consciousness in the air. Virginia guesses Stafford's intention to propose. Fanny and Jimmy are weighed down by the portentousness of the occasion. Stafford, in spite of the confidence bestowed upon him by his wealth, is uneasily conscious of the coming fateful moment.

Kathleen McDonnell, in this act, is very suggestive of Julia Dean. If she copies the better-known actress it may be subconsciously, but it deprives her of spontaneity and of her own individuality, and it was not until the second act that we discovered that she has a charm and a fitness all her own for the rôle. Miss McDonnell is peculiarly successful in conveying the idea of the frail, thoroughly feminine, yet indomitable type of American girl whose slender body a strong man could snap in two, but whose spirit he could not subdue, nor whose will he could not break. She was entirely equal to the demands made in the taxing scene in the second act, which goes with such emotional impetus that the two protagonists are caught up as in a whirlwind, and plainly show, at its conclusion, the artistic excitement under which they are laboring.

The quality of Mr. Richman's acting in this scene is such that you are unwilling to lose a single point. A little overwhelming in the first act, too mannered perhaps, in the second act he has the clutch of life on the rôle. That business with the carnation, that trick of the eyes that would enlighten a child as to Stafford's condition, the drunken exaggeration of his mirth, yet, through it all, that hold, precarious yet unmistakable, on a naturally dignified man's sense of personal dignity; all were admirably, even perfectly, done. And in the last act his tenderness to his wife during the scene of reconciliation was delicately and beautifully expressed.

Marie Nordstrom, who originated the rôle of Fanny, the wife of Jimmy Gilley, is a pretty and attractive actress whose experience has been too brief, I should judge, to have tamed her slightly over-exuberant sense of comedy. That, however, will come soon enough, for Miss Nordstrom is an instinctive comedienne, and very intelligent. She depicts Fanny as an attractive child of nature, whose primitively ready emotions of discomfort or delight jostle each other by the untutored promptness with which they tumble into view. Altogether hers is a very agreeable and effective personation.

William Harrigan, in spite of a powerful rival having been first in the field, has brought Jimmy Gilley back to us again. There is no

need to make comparisons. Frank Craven was Jimmy before, from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. But William Harrigan is Jimmy, that artless fireside delight, quite as much. He has given to Jimmy's speech a something typical of the everyday young man in the lower walks of life which is quite unanalyzable, but thoroughly typical. And like Frank Craven, he manages to make the audiences echo with delighted unctious the rich appreciation of Robert Stafford for Jimmy's complacent idiosyncrasies.

Allan Atwell, as before, gives a deceptively Oriental personation of Oku, the Japanese Butler, and Dorothy Davies is the comely French maid who is cleverly used by Mr. Broadhurst to show how quickly Virginia availed herself of her new opportunities for acquiring accomplishments.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Birmingham, England, recently opened a theatre which marks the incursion, at least, of German study and practice, into the English-speaking world. Instead of the gently tilted floor and circling balconies and boxes which were inherited from Italy and the eighteenth-century aristocracy there is seen a high, plain, rectangular room, the floor of which is like a staircase, with fifteen rows of seats upon the alternate steps, so to speak. This is the "amphitheatre" of Littman and the other advanced German architects. There are fully eighteen inches difference in height between the rows. A perfect view of the entire stage can be seen from every seat. Indeed women wear their hats without impeding the view in the slightest.

David Popper, the world's most noted violinist and composer for that instrument, celebrated his seventieth birthday in Budapest recently (says the *Musical Courier*). He is the Liszt of the 'cello, having saved its repertory from degenerating into trashy supersentimental morceaux and tawdry transcriptions and variation arrangements. Popper widened the scope of 'cello technic, ennobled its character, and made a lasting place for the knee fiddle in the rank of real solo instruments. Popper teaches at the Landesakademie in Budapest, and is the musical idol of all Hungary, although he is by birth a Bohemian, having first seen the light of day in Prague.

Miss Rachel E. Marshall, author of the new play, "The Short Cut," was educated in a New Orleans convent, where she studied painting with a view to making it her profession. She went to Seattle later and took a course in journalism at the Washington University. While at the convent Miss Marshall learned to speak French as fluently as she speaks English, and it was there that she began to read the old French chronicles in the original and made the acquaintance of François Villon, whom she has since made the hero of several original one-act plays. Although she deals with daring subjects, she is described as quaint and demure.

Peterboro, New Hampshire, is in the midst of the music festival on the forest pageant stage and in Town Hall, which began August 21 and will conclude August 24, the affair being under the direction of the Edward MacDowell Memorial Association. A feature of the meeting is a programme of American compositions conducted by the composers. The Boston Festival Orchestra is participating.

The 'cello used by the late August Van Biene in his performances of "The Broken Melody" was recently sold at auction in London for the sum of \$425.

The Kings of Old Didn't Live So Well

as the people of the present day. All the rulers from King Solomon to Peter the Great were at a disadvantage compared with the citizens of today. Not one of them had a porcelain bathtub and modern sanitary plumbing in his place. Not one of them used a safety razor, had an appetizing breakfast food, used a telephone, or enjoyed the comforts of an electric light. All these are within reach of the rich and poor alike nowadays, and they all enjoy them.

Non-existence of electrical contrivances alone caused those old rulers to miss a lifetime of comfort. Were they living now it is quite safe to say that each would have an electrical kitchen, wherein royal feasts would be prepared quickly, in a cool atmosphere, and above all else in the most cleanly surroundings.

Over in London the electric kitchen—or restaurant—is a new force which has arisen which will compel a revision of the methods of catering for the city's millions, and may ultimately cause a change in public catering generally. One of the features of the new electric restaurants over there is the standing invitation that exists for customers to see the cooking in operation. The reason for this lies probably in the fact that an electric kitchen is as different from the kitchen of old as the boiler-room of an oil fuel steamship from the boiler-room of a steamship burning coal in the old-fashioned way. One resembles a cool, well-ordered centre of pleasurable activity, and the other a working model of the nether world. There are no fires in an electric kitchen, and consequently no smoke and no dust. The heat that is used for cooking cooks, and nothing more.

Visitors are encouraged to prepare for themselves such portions of the meal as are most appetizing when first cooked. To this end the management provide electric toasters and electric egg-holders free of charge—dainty little instruments that adorn rather than spoil the appearance of the table. So local is the heat with these appliances that it is difficult for any one sitting at the table to realize that the toaster or boiler is otherwise than cold. Toast cooked by electricity is delicious, and if prepared from electrically haked bread is quite distinct from the toast to be obtained elsewhere. Of the superior virtues of a newly boiled or newly poached egg in comparison with those prepared even a few minutes before consumption there is no question. The advantage, too, to persons of weak digestive powers in being able to infuse one's own tea needs no further comment.

Coming nearer home, wonderful things have been accomplished through the agency of electricity on the 12,000-acre tract of West Sacramento, where the Pacific Gas and Electric Company furnished the "juice" which virtually reclaimed that great tract and prepared it for cultivation. There "Pacific Service" provided the power which operated the pumps, suction dredges, the power plows, stump-pullers, tractors, caterpillars, and motor trucks.

Not only that, but all the cooking for large crews of workmen was done on electric ranges, which gave perfect satisfaction at all times.

So rapidly is the electrical field growing that the Pacific Gas and Electric Company is now spending millions of dollars to complete its gigantic plants in the high Sierras and erect power lines to carry the wonderful fluid to every part of its field, which now includes two-thirds of the population of California.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"The Mission Play" at the Columbia Theatre.

San Francisco, through the efforts of Gottlob, Marx & Co. of the Columbia Theatre, is to be the only place outside of the town of San Gabriel, the birthplace of "The Mission Play," to see John Steven McGroarty's pageant-drama of early California life and romance.

For two years "The Mission Play" has been attracting throngs to the Mission Playhouse at San Gabriel, and now San Francisco is to see it for the first time away from its native environment. But the managers of the Columbia Theatre are going to set the play in a framework of mission decorations that will serve to further enhance its value and attractiveness. Special scenic equipment has been made to fit the stage of the Columbia Theatre, and when "The Mission Play" is viewed on Monday night, August 25, over one hundred people will be seen on the stage.

The play is in three acts. The first act shows the Bay of San Diego as it was in 1769, and here the story starts with the return of Don Gaspar de Portola, who has advanced into northern country and rediscovered the Bay of St. Francis (San Francisco). The second act pictures the Mission of San Carlos near Monterey in 1784. In this scene is shown the missions in their glory and the advancement of the civilization of the Indians. Act three presents the ruined Mission of San Juan Capistrano in 1847.

There is a big advance sale of seats for all the evening performances, as well as for the Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday matinees. The entire company has been in San Francisco for the past ten days, and daily rehearsals will tend to bring about a smooth and interesting performance on the opening night.

Following "The Mission Play" at the Columbia Theatre will be seen Margaret Anglin and her own special company in a series of Shakespearean revivals. "Antony and Cleopatra" will be one of the Anglin productions.

"Bought and Paid For" Continues at Cort.

"Bought and Paid For," George Broadhurst's master drama, which begins the second and final week of its engagement at the Cort Theatre with Sunday night's performance, has scored as emphatically this time with San Francisco theatre-goers as it did last season. "Bought and Paid For" stands the test of repetition in wonderful fashion, and appeals to its audiences as though it were fresh from the playwright's typewriter.

On Sunday night, August 31, comes "Ready Money," a comedy of laughs and thrills by James Montgomery. This is also a Brady as well as a Broadway production, and it comes here with the endorsement of all the critics of the East. Real comedies are rare, and "Ready Money" is said to be one of the rare ones.

"Bohemian Girl" at the Tivoli.

The last performances of Planquette's ever-welcome comic opera, "The Chimes of Normandy," will be given at the Tivoli Opera House this Sunday afternoon and evening, and on Monday night "The Bohemian Girl," Balfe's masterpiece, will be accorded a lavish and spectacular presentation.

It is safe to say that no more popular opera has ever been written than "The Bohemian Girl," and it includes three of the most famous songs known to English music lovers—"The Heart Bowed Down," "Then You'll Remember Me," and "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls."

The various rôles will be filled to a nicety and every gem in the score will be sung to its full value, the cast including Henry Santrey as the bereaved Count Arnheim; John R. Phillips as Thaddeus, the proscribed Pole; Robert Pitkin as the eccentric Florestein; Charles E. Gallagher as the Gypsy chief, Devilshoof; Rena Vivienne as Arline, and Sarah Edwards as the Gypsy Queen. Miss Vivienne, Mr. Phillips, and Mr. Gallagher recently played these rôles with presentations of "The Bohemian Girl" made by the Aborns, each with great success. The production, under the direction of Charles H. Jones, will include many novelties, among them the Basy troupe of acrobats, dancers, and musicians in the fair scene. Hans S. Linne and his capable men will, of course, supply the opera with a beautiful orchestral setting.

"The Beggar Student" will follow "The Bohemian Girl" at the Tivoli.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum announces another great new show for next week. Stella Mayhew, whose irresistible humor has won her recognition as one of the foremost comedienne on the American stage, and Billie Taylor will present a travesty on vaudeville headliners which is punctuated by songs written by Mr. Taylor. Miss Mayhew and Mr. Taylor scored the greatest hit of last season's New York Winter Garden productions.

W. L. Abingdon, who is playing his first vaudeville engagement, will present the tensely dramatic play, "Honor Is Satisfied," the author of which is Charles Eddy. Mr. Abingdon is well known in the East, but still better in London, where he was associated

as leading man with such stars as Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, Sir John Hare, and Sir Forbes-Robertson. He will be supported by his London company, which includes Miss Nina Herbert and Mr. Frank Hollins.

Alma Youlin, the celebrated dramatic soprano, who is gifted with a voice of exceptional range and timbre, will be heard in a repertory of songs.

It is a new style of black-face comedy that will be introduced by Kenney, Nobody, and Platt, which all revolves about "Mr. Nobody" and is exceptionally funny.

M. and Mme. Bartholdi will present a particularly interesting and attractive act, in which fifty cleverly trained tropical birds, among which are papageys, cockatoos, and parrots, will perform surprising feats.

Next week will be the last of the Vanis, and Williams, Thompson, and Copeland. It will conclude the engagement of Edwards Davis in his allegory, "The Kingdom of Destiny."

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

Joseph E. Howard, one of the most prolific composers, is the star attraction on the new bill which starts Sunday at the Pantages. Howard is the man who was responsible for that whistling jingle, "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now?" "The Time, the Place, and the Girl," "The Girl Question," "The Honey-moon Trail," and "A Stubborn Cinderella." For his vaudeville offering the composer has with him Miss Mabel McCane, a dainty little miss with stunning frocks and an ample voice. They sing Howard's best-known song numbers. A gripping romance of the underworld is "The Redemption," a story of the San Francisco slums. Dorothy Davis Allen, a local stock actress, will enact the leading rôle in "The Redemption." Jack Taylor is what they call a tricky monologist, which means that he peddles comedy while turning a rabbit into a pack of cards. The Velde Trio, two men and one woman, do acrobatic stunts, but the big thing in their act is a lot of canines which do what is known as "Looping the Loop." Courtney and Jeanette have a pretentious comedy juggling act which will please the crowds immensely. A tall, lanky comedian is Harry Henson, who has a laugh in every line.

Frederick the Great was the most distinguished musical amateur of his age, and his position gave him the power to regulate the style of composition employed by the musicians of his period. For instance, he made the following rules to be followed by operatic composers: "All the principal singers must have big arias and different in character, as an adagio aria, which must be very cantabile to show off to good advantage the voice and delivery of the singer; in da capo the artist can then display her art in embellishing variations; then there must be an allegro aria with brilliant passages, a gallant aria, a duet for the first male singer and the prima donna. In these pieces the big forms of measure must be used so as to give pathos to the tragedy; the smaller forms of time, such as two-four and three-eight, are for the secondary rôles, and for these a tempo minuetto can be written. There must be the necessary changes of time, but minor keys must be avoided in the theatre, because they are too mournful."

An association has been formed in Dresden for the special purpose of bringing about a worthy celebration of the 200th birthday of Gluck next year. It is hoped (says the New York Evening Post) that some of his neglected masterworks will be revived. In Vienna a society has been organized for the purpose of collecting funds for a Gluck monument in that city. For Vienna he wrote three of the best operas—"Orfeo," "Alceste," and "Iphigenie in Aulis." It was here that he changed his style and paved the way for his Parisian successes, in which he was aided by Marie Antoinette, who studied with him in Vienna. Carl Goldmark is president of this Gluck association.

Berlin will witness the production of Paul Tietjen's new comic opera, "The Royal Bed," in September. It is the result of years of study of the operas and operettas of Germany. The music was played recently for Berlin critics and was warmly approved. The book was written by Horst Mescher and the lyrics by a well-known German composer with the pen name Ola Oha. American critics who have seen the comic opera think it will need considerable revision before being able to pass the censorship in New York.

The Oliver Ditson Fund for Needy Musicians in Boston and the Home for Aged Musicians, conducted by the Mutual Musical Protective Union of New York, provide, so far as is generally known, the only instances of assistance offered to those musicians who, through adverse circumstances or advanced age, have been compelled to rely upon outside help.

John Drew and Charles Frohman, after twenty odd years of association, begin next week their first joint venture in Shakespeare.

Abundance of Grand Opera.

Aside from the recent announcement that the Chicago Grand Opera Company would visit San Francisco late in the season unusual interest naturally attaches to the plans perfected for a grand opera season at the Tivoli, owing to the successful agreement between Mr. W. H. Leahy, manager of that popular house, and Messrs. Ettore Patrizi and Eugene d'Avigneau, the former already well known in the city owing to his efforts in promoting grand opera and the latter having formerly been with the Henry Savage productions.

The organization which is being formed will be called the Western Metropolitan Grand Opera Company and, as far as California is concerned, will play only in San Francisco at the Tivoli Opera House and in Los Angeles at the Auditorium Theatre. At the Tivoli the season will last six weeks, commencing either October 13 or October 20.

Among the singers will be Carmen Melis, the soprano, who was a favorite with the Hammerstein organization at the Manhattan Opera House and afterwards with Henry Russell of the Boston Opera Company. She is now scoring heavily at the Covent Garden in London, together with Destinn, Caruso, and other stars of the Metropolitan Opera House. Two other sopranos bound to create a sensation will be Lucia Crestani and Maria Mosca, the former from La Scala of Milan under the direction of Toscanini and the latter from the Imperial Theatre of Warsaw and the Lyceum of Barcelona. Three exceptionally good tenors have been engaged. U. Chiodo, for the dramatic rôles, is now touring the principal theatres of Europe with his impersonations of Verdi's Othello. Another is Piero Schiavazzi, one of Italy's most electrifying singers, a favorite of Covent Garden, where last year he was successful in "Carmen" and "Conchita," in which opera he sang with Tarquinia Tarquini. Then there is Luca Botta, a young lyric tenor who in the last two or three years has come to the front by his rarely beautiful voice. The organizers of the Western Metropolitan Opera Company have been no less fortunate in regard to the baritones, for they have secured two of the very best now singing in the leading European theatres, and to whom will be added George Mascal, who sang here with Tetrazzini and the Chicago Grand Opera Company.

No less a personage than Ruggiero Leoncavallo, the composer of "I Pagliacci," will be the leading conductor, devoting his art especially to the Verdi repertory and his own operas.

Henry Hadley, the director of the Symphony Orchestra, will cooperate for the success of the coming season and will lend his assistance in conducting some special performances. Leandro Campanar, former conductor at the Manhattan Opera House and Covent Garden, now living in San Francisco, will also contribute in making the season a great artistic success.

Modern composers who lack the faculty of creating original melodies sometimes try to console themselves with the reflection that the melodic possibilities have been exhausted. How far this is from being true Dr. Ralph Dunstan has shown: "Even with such a short musical form as the Anglican single chant, which consists in its simple statement of the notes, no less than 60,000,000 different melodies are possible, without regarding the multitudinous differences formed by passing and auxiliary notes, harmonies, and rhythmical accentuation. Supposing only one in a hundred of these tones to be musically interesting, we have a possible repertory of 600,000 single chants. And if this be true of such a simple and restricted form of melody, with what overwhelming force does it apply to longer and more important compositions!" The chromatic scale yields over 6,000,000 possibilities in the construction of melodies.

Commencing on the first of September there will be fifteen companies presenting "Within the Law." Six of the organizations are to present Bayard Veiller's melodrama in the United States and Canada. Five more companies will present the play in Great Britain, two in Australia, one in Berlin, and one in Vienna. Of all American plays produced, "Within the Law" seems to be the one which will bring the most fame to Mr. Veiller, its author.

The Maine Music Festival, which annually is given in October, under the direction of William R. Chapman, will have for soloists Mme. Schumann-Heink, Lillian Blauvelt, Mildred Faas, Roberta Beatty, Cornelia Rider-Possart, George Harris, Cecil Fanning, John Finnegan, Max Salinger, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest J. Hill. The festival chorus includes 800 voices from the cities and towns of western Maine, and the orchestra is that of the Boston Opera House.

Florence Macbeth, the young coloratura soprano who created somewhat of a sensation in London last spring, and who has been engaged for the Chicago Grand Opera Company, is a native of St. Paul, Minnesota. It was in that city that she began the study of vocal music.

Forbes-Robertson to Farewell in New York.

Having given his farewell performance in London, Forbes-Robertson, who was recently knighted, will within the next few months play for the last time in New York. The event will be perhaps the most prominent in the dramatic world of the city for the entire season. The Forbes-Robertson engagement will take place at the new Shubert Theatre in West Forty-Fourth Street, which is being rushed to completion, and his supporting company will be headed by his wife, Miss Gertrude Elliott. Among the plays which the actor-knight will present are the dramas of his Shakespearean repertory, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," "The Light That Failed," and Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra." After his New York season, which is scheduled to begin about October 1, Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson will make a transcontinental tour of Shubert theatres.

The veteran composer, Englebert Humperdinck, is at work on a new opera dealing with the life of Field Marshal Blücher. There is special reason for gratification in the announcement, in that it had been feared that Dr. Humperdinck might never regain strength enough to take up the composition of an extended work after his serious illness. The new opera is said to be so far advanced that it may be ready for presentation during the present season, probably at the Berlin Royal Opera. The libretto has been written by Robert Misch.

An English moving-picture concern has engaged 4000 actors for the production of a mammoth film representing the battle of Waterloo. More than 3000 cavalry horses and fifty large cannon will also be used.

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VANITY FAIR.

How curiously some people reason, if indeed their mental processes are entitled to any such name. Here is Mr. Laurence Housman, the author, who tells the members of the International Women's Franchise League that they must imitate Lady Godiva, who, it will be remembered, rode through the streets of Coventry insufficiently clad in purity and nothing else in order that an unjust tax might be taken from the people. Women, says Mr. Housman, must "again and again do violence to their conventional sense of modesty in order to shame men into just ways." And then, that there may be no doubt of his meaning, he says: "It is not always sufficient to gird the loins. Sometimes it is necessary to strip."

Now personally we have no objections to such a procedure, although we can hardly acclaim it on the ground of novelty. Indeed we were under the impression that women had already stripped, and that to discard the few shreds and patches still remaining to them would hardly be enough of a novelty to excite much attention. No one would be likely to notice it. Fashion, it would seem, has already forestalled the newest line of suffragist attack, and if we should meet a procession of Lady Godivas we might easily believe that it was no more than some society function out for an airing.

But consider the logic of the proposition. We are already accustomed to the inference that women ought to be allowed to vote because of their ingenuity in breaking our windows and our heads, and now, because we are still unconvinced, they propose to discard their clothing. How would there be any more irrefutable proof than this?

And while upon the delicate topic of ladies who depend for their decoration entirely upon their unveiled charms we may draw attention to an article in the London *Daily Express* written by Dora d'Esparigne Chapman. This article protests against a statement made in another newspaper that the "orgy of undressing" now fashionable among women is an "extensive advertising campaign, conceived with the object of reviving the fading interests and passions of the male." Women, says the writer, have no such intention. They know nothing about the "passions of the male," and they have no passions of their own. They have no other desire than to be beautiful, and as they believe that their own bodies are the most beautiful things in the world they take care that they shall be displayed for the edification and delight of themselves and the world. She says:

I fancy, for instance, it is difficult for the average unimaginative man to realize the state of innocence in which a woman may remain, even though she reads numbers of novels which would have shocked her grandmother. Theoretically, she may "know everything about everything," but in actual practice she does not dream that the vision of her ankle or her bare neck may rouse in the men she actually meets more than the æsthetic pleasure she herself feels at the contemplation of herself in a long looking-glass.

Now we should like to believe this. We always like to believe a lady. We will even go so far as to admit that Dora d'Esparigne Chapman is writing in good faith and expressing her own convictions. But we are reluctant to follow her into this realm of certainty. Like the Scotchman we "hae our doubts." For women do not love the beautiful. It is not within the vision of their ambitions. The whole history of feminine fashions fails to disclose any true search for beauty. It is a wild and continuous stampede for fashion, and for nothing more.

Moreover, we may note that the present feminine incursion into the realms of immodesty is by no means confined to dress. Perhaps we could bring ourselves to believe that the skirt is slashed to the knee and worn without an underskirt in order that its owner and the public may enjoy the purely æsthetic delights of the ensuing revelations. Perhaps we could believe that the costume that is actually transparent is donned for no other reason than an innocent desire to contemplate the beautiful. It would tax our credulity, but we should do our best. But what are we to say to the unquestionable fact that these laxities in the matter of dress are accompanied with equal laxities in other respects, and that the woman with the slashed or transparent skirt may often be heard discussing sexual matters with a freedom usually associated with his majesty's army in Flanders, and much addicted to the hestial dances—with apologies to the heasts—that are now so much in vogue? Is the conversation as well as the dress a mark of the "state of innocence" to which Dora d'Esparigne Chapman refers? Do the dances also represent that love of the beautiful in which we are asked to believe? We may believe not. The true explanation is much more simple than any theory requiring us to believe either in women's love of the beautiful or in an innocence that is unaware of evil. The real solution is to be found in the fact that women have thrown off the restraints of a modesty that was never very much more than a pose, and that at last they feel themselves at liberty

to act in the way that is natural to them. The pent-up waters have burst their bonds. The shameless costume, the shameless conversation, the shameless dance, are all parts of the same phenomenon. They represent the intention of women to be natural, to throw away the pretense and the pose, to do as they wish, when they wish, and how they wish. Fortunately such women are still in the minority.

A lady correspondent who wishes to be anonymous is so good as to applaud certain remarks that appeared in this column anent the useless occupations of women and the contemptibly silly things that they make under the impression that they are spending their time profitably. Of this we may gather a dozen illustrations from the woman's page of our Sunday newspapers, and especially at such times as Christmas, when it is the feminine custom to annoy us with obnoxious "gifts" whose only virtue is that they are usually inflammable.

"Can you not," says our correspondent, "also attack the useless egg-beatings and general musing-up of good materials that consume an incredible amount of the time of women who do cookery of the fancy work order? I've just been making a lemon pie; time, eighty minutes."

Now this is a serious matter. If a piece—a large piece—of the lemon pie had accompanied the letter we should be in a position to say if the eighty minutes had been profitably employed. We have some skill in these matters, and also a recollection of lemon pies that it would have been a waste of time to spend five minutes over. On the other hand we have eaten lemon pies that would have justified many hours of anxious endeavor. But in this case we lack the evidence on which to base an unbiased judgment.

But there can be no doubt that cooking implies an appalling waste of time, not because cooking itself is unnecessary, but because it involves such a needless multiplication of effort. Probably our correspondent could have made a lemon pie ten times as big during the same eighty minutes of which she speaks. Probably, or possibly, the lady next door was also spending eighty minutes in making a lemon pie or some such time-consuming delicacy. Both might have been made in the same eighty minutes, leaving one of the cooks free to attend a eugenic congress, or a drawing-room meeting of the society for the compulsory abolition of the human mind.

In any considerable city area it would be easy to find say a thousand women engaged in peeling potatoes, putting those potatoes into a thousand saucepans, over a thousand fires, and spending a thousand half-hours in prodding them with a thousand forks to see if they are "done." Of course it is a waste of time. We all know that. And when it comes to a thousand women making a thousand little lemon pies the waste of time becomes frightful. All that work could be done by a very few women in the same time, leaving all the others with abundant time for those schemes of uplift which are turning this world into a vale of tears.

Now there are several remedies. First of all there is the remedy open to the individual woman. Let her refuse to make lemon pies. Let her furnish her table only with those things that need little cooking or none at all. Lemon pies are usually poisonous anyway. She is under no compulsion to make them, and the health of her family would probably be advantaged by her refusal. The average domestic woman is obsessed by the heresy that there is a certain virtue in doing things that are laborious and time-consuming, simply because they are laborious and time-consuming, and apart from the value of the thing itself. That is why women buy five cents' worth of ribbon and from it and at the expenditure of a vast amount of time construct a dozen Christmas presents that have no value whatever. That is why they make lemon pies.

Of course there is what may be called the collective remedy, but this is unattainable until women shall have acquired the power of combination. Let them devise some way—if they must have lemon pies—by which all the lemon pies of the district are made by the same woman in the same eighty minutes. Let them concoct some system by which the potatoes for a thousand families are cooked in one saucepan and over one fire. It is a noble ideal.

But, frankly, we are rather afraid of what women would do with so much spare time. If we could only be sure that they would spend it in a sensible way we should view the prospect with equanimity. But they won't. It will be used for purposes of law promotion, for wild and incredible "reforms" that are opposed by the whole history of the human race. It will be used for the study of hideous and filthy follies like eugenics. After all, it may be better for them to go on making lemon pies.

"Don't you think women are getting too daringly original in the matter of dress?" "Original! They are getting positively ahoriginal."—*Boston Transcript*.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Some years ago in a Western mining town a man was found dead in his hotel room, hanged to a headpost by his suspenders. The jury of miners brought in the following verdict at the coroner's inquest: "Deceased came to his death by coming home full and mistaking himself for his pants."

"What's the matter with the train?" asked the lecturer, vexed with the speed they were making. "If you don't like this train," the guard retorted, "you can get out and walk."

"By Jove!" said the lecturer, "I'd like to do it; but a reception committee is to meet me at my destination, and I don't want to get in ahead of time."

A solicitor called upon a professional brother one day and asked his advice upon a point of law. The lawyer whose opinion had been sought said: "I generally get paid for what I know." The questioner thereupon took half a crown out of his pocket, handed it to the other, and remarked: "Tell me all you know, and give me the change."

Dr. Brent, the American Bishop of the Philippines, finds that when he visits England his territorial title proves a sore trial to servants, by whom he is generally announced as "the Bishop of the Philippines." Once when dining with a leading London Non-conformist he heard himself gravely described as "the Lord Bishop of the Philistines."

A man walked ten miles from his home to an adjoining town. When he reached his destination he was greeted with some astonishment by an acquaintance. "You walked all the way!" the latter exclaimed. "How did you get along?" "Oh, first rate," the man replied, genially. "That is, I did till I came to that sign out there—'Slow down to fifteen miles an hour.' That kept me hack some."

A Kentucky colonel of the old school had made a proud boast that he hadn't drunk a glass of water in twenty years. One day as he was riding to Nashville the train was wrecked while crossing a bridge and plunged into the river. They pulled the colonel out with a hoathook and when they got him on shore one of his friends rushed up, crying: "Colonel! Are you hurt?" "No!" he snorted. "Never swallowed a drop."

Old Corn Husk saw his hoy carrying the thermometer from the kitchen out into the yard. "Whatcha doin' wi' that thar thermometer, hoy?" he asked. "I want'er git the difference in temperacher, pop, betwixt inside and outside," the son answered. "Wall, quit it," snapped old Corn Husk. "Keepin' the mercury runnin' up and down the tube like that, fust thing ye know the durn thing'll be worn out, and long'll go twenty-five cents for another thermometer."

When Judge Stewart of Vermont presided at the trial of a negro charged with the murder of another of his race he admitted afterward to friends that he had serious doubts of the prisoner's guilt until he began to pronounce sentence. His doubts vanished when, after reminding the negro that he had been duly tried by a jury of twelve men and found guilty, he said: "It is my duty to warn you that your days on earth are numbered, and it behooves you to avail yourself of the little remnant of time allotted to you to make your peace with God." Just there the negro broke in with the exclamation, "Ah done made ma peace, jedge, hefo' Ah went out ter kill dat niggah!"

Amelia E. Barr, in her autobiography, tells of her experience in looking for a "church home" in the big city. She enjoyed a sermon by a famous preacher and wrote to ask about joining his congregation. An officer of the church called. After the polite preliminaries he said: "Dr. C. would like to know the name of your hanker." "My hanker," she replied in amazement. "I have no hanker." "You see," he continued, "ours is a very extravagant church—I mean in good works—and our members must be looked to for large subscriptions. Dr. C. is acquainted with your name, and thinks highly of you, but he is afraid you would not be able to give as—liberally as our church expenses demanded." Mrs. Barr looked at him silently while he floundered in explanations. Finally she said: "You had better make no more explanations, sir. I understand that only the rich can be members of Dr. C.'s church. The Lord Christ also is therefore ineligible. I will remain outside with Him."

Charles L. Sinnixson, a London advertising expert, was praising in New York the change that has come over the advertisement. "In advertising, as in other things," he said, "it has been found that honesty pays, and today, throughout the world, the successful advertiser is modest and conservative in his statements. Advertising is no longer mistrusted. Things are no longer as they were in Pritt's

day. He weighed over 400 pounds. Well, he saw an ad in the paper—"Fat folks reduced, five dollars"—and he answered it.

"Did he get any reply?" asked a listener.

"Oh, yes; it was just as advertised." "That's good. And how much was he reduced?"

"Why, just as the advertisement said, five dollars."

"The president of this road," remarked the man in the corner of the smoking compartment, "is one of those old-fashioned rail-rovers. He began as brakeman. Instead of riding over the line in a private car to inspect it he walks over it." "I don't blame him," declared the man who was making his first trip on the road.

A Port Jarvis harber attended a spring revival meeting and "got religion." It was a hard-won conversion and the evangelist was elated. He saw a chance for passing religion on to a host of Port Jarvis citizens, utilizing the harber shop as a gateway. "Now, Mr. Scissors," said the evangelist, "instead of talking hasehall and fishing with a patron, why not say a few words calculated to turn him into cleaner paths? Remind each, as you have been reminded, that while he is large in life he must get ready for the end, which comes to all men." The harber thought that was a fine idea, and pledged himself. Then he went back to his shop. Little old Johnny Looseleaf came in. The harber got through with the lathering and half the shave with brief remarks about the fog and the movement to fill up the abandoned canal. He was just poised the razor over the patron's throat when it occurred to him to address a few words of inquiry to Looseleaf concerning the state of his soul. "Johnny," said the harber slowly, "arc you prepared to die?" The man in the chair opened his eyes and saw the razor, then the high light in the eye of the other. "What's that?" he shouted. With which he did a lightning leap from the chair, wrested the razor from the harber and rushed from the place in terror, yelling "Police!"

THE MERRY MUZE.

Hot Weather.

I pick the paper up and see
That matters are acute.
It's 98 at Kankakee
And 99 at Butte.

It's torrid up at Devil's Lake;
Hot in Quebec, we learn.
The cities fairly seem to bake
Wherever we may turn.

I pick the paper up and see,
From Oshkosh to Fort Worth,
That forty cities claim to be
The hottest upon earth.
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Her Figure.

"He fell in love with her figure."
No wonder, for she was a peach.
He shook at the thought of proposing—
She seemed so far out of reach.

"He fell in love with her figure."
She was constantly in his thoughts.
No wonder he loved her so madly—
Her figure was one and six naughts!
—Joe Cone, in Judge.

The One Exception.

They're handing out degrees galore—
Most everybody lands one;
At colleges, from shore to shore,
Each proud director hands one;
They're giving 'em to men whose claim
Is not a whit o'er zero;
They're giving 'em—these tags of fame—
To lowbrow, sage, and hero.

They're giving out degrees today
To men who call it "drummer";
(Not that upon this harmless play
We fain would use the hammer).
There's only one place where you can't
Cop out some tag of knowledge;
At it take one admiring slant—
The good old 'Lectoral College!
—Denver Republican.

The Bohemian.

He scruples not the midnight oil to burn,
For fame he cares not, only for the "dust";
And with the proceeds of each storied earn
He goes off on an animated "bust."
—Puck.

The Official.

Pick him up suddenly. Lift him on high.
Slam him down hard, with a kick on the sly.
Get him alone on some dark, stormy night;
Tie both his hands, then compel him to fight.
Banish all sympathy far from your breast.
He's just an official who's doing his best.

Proudly we bade him farewell as he went
Forth to assist in this great government;
Then the houquets round his pathway were thick;
Later each hand groped around for a brick.
Loudly the call to attack still ascends,
"He's just an official. He doesn't need friends."

The public ofttimes like a mischievous boy
The figure it fashions will seek to destroy.
It sets up a hero on high and aloof,
Then makes him a target for every reproof;
And it sounds the refrain with a pitiless roar,
"He's just an official. We'll find plenty more."
—Washington Star.



THE ANGLO AND LONDON PARIS NATIONAL BANK

Of San Francisco

Paid-Up Capital.....\$ 4,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits..... 1,699,466.98
Total Resources..... 49,245,218.89

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Sig. GREENBAUM.....Chairman of the Board
WASHINGTON DODGE.....Vice-President
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G. R. BURDICK, Assistant Cashier
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Mission Branch, S. E. corner Mission and 21st Streets
Richmond District Branch, S. W. cor. Clement and 7th Ave.
Haight Street Branch, S. W. cor. Haight and Belvedere

June 30th, 1913:

Assets.....\$55,644,983.27
Capital actually paid up in Cash.. 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.. 1,757,148.57
Employees' Pension Fund..... 158,261.32
Number of Depositors.....62,134

J. C. WILSON & CO.

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The Stock and Bond Exchange, San Francisco.

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The beer he calls for
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Captain E. F. Taylor and Mrs. Taylor of Oakland have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Mildred Eloise Boyne, to Mr. Charles Conyngham Kutz, son of Admiral Kutz, U. S. N., and Mrs. Kutz.

Mrs. Thomas Edward Harding has announced the engagement of her daughter, Mrs. Claire Harding Gunn, to Captain George Courtney Tracy of the Second Duke of Cornwallis's Light Infantry, stationed at Hongkong, China.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Nena Robinson and Mr. Francis H. Porter.

The wedding of Miss Grace Wilson and Mr. Hugh Ogilvy Fairlie took place Wednesday evening at nine o'clock at Grace Pro-Cathedral. Miss Madge Wilson was her sister's maid of honor. Mr. Fairlie was attended by Mr. Ronald Ogilvy as best man and the ushers were the Messrs. Earl Brown, Caspar Brown, E. Denman McNear, Robert Porter, Herbert Punnet, and Paul Woodman. Following the ceremony, which was performed by Bishop William Ford Nichols, a reception was held at the home on Pacific Avenue of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James K. Wilson. Mr. and Mrs. Fairlie will reside in this city upon their return from their wedding trip.

The wedding of Miss Floride Hunt and Lieutenant Henry Kent Hewitt, U. S. N., will take place this evening at nine o'clock at the home on Pacific Avenue of Mrs. Randall Hunt. Mrs. Herbert Baker will be her sister's only attendant. Lieutenant R. F. McConnell, U. S. N., will act as best man and the ushers will be Lieutenant Frank D. Pryor, U. S. N., and Paymaster Spencer D. Dickinson, U. S. N., brother officers of Lieutenant Hewitt. Only relatives and a few intimate friends will attend the wedding and reception.

The wedding of Miss Elizabeth McNear of Oakland and Mr. Power Hutchins of St. Petersburg will take place October 10 at the home in London of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Rickard.

Mrs. Effingham Sutton was hostess at a tea at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Mrs. Graeme Macdonald, who was formerly Miss Marcia Bacon of Louisville, Kentucky.

Mr. Robert Porter was host at a theatre party complimentary to Miss Grace Wilson and Mr. Hugh Ogilvy Fairlie, who were married Wednesday evening.

The Misses Ethel and Helen Crocker entertained a number of their young friends at an informal dance Saturday evening at their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Alexander Garceau gave a luncheon and bridge party recently at her home on Jackson Street.

Judge George Crothers and Mrs. Crothers entertained a number of friends at a dinner at their new home on Laurel Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Dean entertained their friends at a dance Saturday evening at their home in San Rafael.

Mrs. Harriet Miller was hostess last week at a dinner in Santa Barbara in honor of Miss Metha McMahon of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Henshaw entertained a large number of guests at a dinner at their home in Santa Barbara preceding the fancy dress ball given by Miss Beatrice Miller.

Miss Marguerite Doe gave a dinner-dance at the Montecito Country Club in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Willard C. Chamberlin.

Miss Helen Keeney gave a matinee party last week, when she entertained a number of her girl friends.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Lilley and Mrs. Truxton Beale gave a moonlight picnic and dance in San Rafael.

Miss Sophie Beylard was hostess last evening at a dance at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Coleman entertained their family and a few intimate friends at a dinner last week to celebrate the nineteenth birthday of Mr. Coleman.

Mrs. Philip E. Bowles has issued invitations to a garden party at her home, The Pines, in Oakland, Saturday, August 30, from four to six.

Mrs. David Sellers entertained a few friends at a luncheon at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Robert Leo Irvine was hostess at a tea at the residence on Lynn Street of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Klink. Mrs. Irvine is the wife of Lieutenant Irvine, U. S. N.

Lieutenant Albert Rees, U. S. N., and Mrs. Rees gave a dinner recently at their home at Yerba Buena in honor of Lieutenant Alexander Sharp, U. S. N., and Mrs. Sharp, and entertained a number of friends Wednesday at a luncheon complimentary to Mrs. R. P. Schwerin. Mrs. Rees was formerly Miss Jennie Lee.

Lieutenant Wallace Berthoff was host at a luncheon on board the U. S. S. California Thursday, when he entertained twenty guests.

Ensign Hamilton Bryan, U. S. N., gave a dinner last week on board the U. S. S. California. Mrs. George Bell, wife of Colonel Bell, U. S. A., entertained the members of the Presidio Bridge Club recently at her apartments at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mrs. Leonard Waldron was hostess at a bridge-tennis party at her home at Fort Winfield Scott in honor of Mrs. Burch of Washington, D. C.

An informal dance was given last week at the Officers' Club at the Presidio.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Sturtevant Foss have returned from Santa Barbara and are again with Mr. Foss's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred B. Chapman.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Willcutt and Dr. George H. Willcutt have returned from Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Brawnner have returned from New York, where they have resided several

years, and have leased a house on Clay and Locust Streets. Mrs. Brawnner is a daughter of Mrs. William P. Fuller.

Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale will leave shortly for New London, Connecticut, where she will visit her brother-in-law and sister, Major George Pillsbury, U. S. A., and Mrs. Pillsbury.

Mrs. Frederick von Schrader has returned from Newport, having been called by the illness of her husband, Colonel von Schrader, U. S. A., who is now convalescing at the Letterman Hospital.

Mrs. von Schrader is at the Hotel Richelieu. Miss Florence Bandman has been spending a few days in Ross with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Botkin. Miss Bandman has recently been the guest of Miss Marie Louise Winslow in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Anderson were the guests over Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. John Drum at their home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard C. Chamberlin returned Monday from a two weeks' visit in Santa Barbara. Dr. Grant Selfridge and Mrs. Selfridge have returned from Europe, where they have been spending the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, the Misses Ethel and Helen Crocker, and Mr. William Crocker will leave next Tuesday for Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Henderson have returned from Santa Cruz, where they have been spending several week-ends with Mrs. Henderson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. O. McCormick.

Mrs. Arthur Brander of Coronado, with Master Reginald Brander, will sail September 13 for England, where she will remain until her son is established in a school.

Admiral W. H. Whiting, U. S. N., Mrs. Whiting, and Miss Marie Whiting have gone to Monterey for a few weeks' visit.

Mr. J. Wilson Edmond of Chicago has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dibble at their home in Ross.

Mrs. Harry Cresswell and her daughter, Miss Gertrude Cresswell, have returned from the East, where they have been visiting relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. George Page, Miss Leslie Page, and Miss Mauricia Minter have returned from a few days' visit at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. John C. Breckinridge is contemplating leaving in September for a visit in the East.

Miss Lottie Woods is visiting friends at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. William Geer Hitchcock, their son, Master Gordon Hitchcock, and their nephews, Masters Frank and Allan Drum, have been spending the past two weeks at Shasta Springs.

Rev. Edward Morgan has arrived in New York from Europe, where he has been traveling during the summer. He will return home next week.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Gring of Santa Barbara have been spending a few days in Monterey.

Mrs. Robert I. Bentley and Miss Esther Bentley have returned from Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. James Otis and their daughters, the Misses Cora and Fredericka Otis, are expected to arrive today from South America, where they have traveled extensively during the past four months.

Mrs. John Brice and her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Brice, have returned from an outing in the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. Charles E. Maud has returned from Europe and with Mrs. Maud has gone to Monterey. They will spend the winter in town, occupying Mrs. Darling's house on Clay Street.

Mr. Stanford Gwinn will spend the next few years in Mississippi, where he will assume the management of a large plantation.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Koshland, Miss Margaret Koshland, and Mr. Daniel Koshland are en route to Europe, where they will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant and their daughters, the Misses Josephine and Edith Grant, are established in their new home in Burlingame. They have been spending the summer at their ranch near Mt. Hamilton.

Mrs. George B. Kelham and her little son, Bruce, left last week for Bolinas, where they will remain two weeks. Mr. Kelham spends the week-ends with his family.

Miss Mary Gamble has arrived from Santa Barbara and will leave soon for New York, en route to Europe.

Mrs. Raymond Spilvalo has returned to her temporary home on Washington Street after a month's illness at the Adler Sanatorium. Mr. and Mrs. Spilvalo are occupying the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence W. Harris, who will return September 1 from Mill Valley, where they have been spending the past four months.

Mrs. Willard N. Drown has returned from Santa Barbara, where she has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Coleman, Jr.

Mrs. Charles K. McIntosh and her children have been spending the past two weeks at Castle Crags.

Miss Gertrude O'Brien has returned from Santa Barbara, where she has been visiting the Misses Elizabeth and Agnes Shreve.

Mrs. R. Porter Ashe has recovered sufficiently from her recent illness at the Adler Sanatorium to return to her home in San Rafael.

Mrs. William B. Tubbs and Miss Emily Tubbs will leave Tuesday for Monterey to remain during the polo and golf tournaments. They will be accompanied by Miss Helen Keeney.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter McG. McNear arrived Tuesday from the East and are again at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Thomas P. Bishop and her son, Mr. Frank Bishop, are contemplating another trip to interesting places in Europe. They returned a few weeks ago from a tour of the world.

Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McBean spent the week-end in Woodside as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Buckhee left last week in their automobile for a two weeks' trip through the Tahoe country. They were accompanied by their niece, Miss Helen Holman.

Messrs. John Gallois and Arthur Brown have gone East to spend a few weeks.

Miss Louise Boyd has returned from Lake Tahoe, where she has been visiting Miss Kate Brigham.

Miss Emmeline Childs left Saturday for Santa Barbara after a visit in San Rafael with Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Dean. She will return to this city in a few weeks with her mother, Mrs. Wil-

liam O. Childs, of Los Angeles, who recently met with an accident that has confined her to her home for several weeks.

Mr. Benjamin Gunn and his sons, the Messrs. Kenneth and Russell Gunn, spent the week-end at Casa del Rey in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson and their sons returned Monday from the Weber Lake Country Club and are again in their Burlingame home, which has been closed during their absence.

Mr. Harry Evans has returned from a ten days' visit in Portland.

Miss Lila Van Kirk has returned from Santa Barbara, where she has been spending the past two weeks.

Mrs. Robert J. Woods has returned from a visit with Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent at their country home in Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone are at Lake Tahoe, where they are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Moore and Mr. Willis Davis have returned from Santa Barbara and are again in Belvedere.

Mr. and Mrs. Milo M. Potter and Miss Nina Jones have been spending the past two weeks at the Hotel Vendome in San Jose.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Page and their four little sons have returned from a two months' outing in Bolinas.

Mrs. Harrison Dibble left last week for New York, having been called by the death of a relative.

Dr. Walter Albion Hewlett, Mrs. Hewlett, and their two children have arrived from the East and are visiting Mrs. Hewlett's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William P. Redington, at their home on Scott Street.

Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Howard of San Francisco are at Casa del Rey.

Mr. Rudolph Spreckels has gone to New York to meet Mrs. Spreckels and their little daughters, who will sail today from London. Before returning to this city they will motor in the East.

Mr. W. R. Whittier is at Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Higley, Miss Blanche Higley, Mrs. T. P. O'Brien, and Miss O'Brien, of San Francisco, spent the week-end at Casa del Rey.

Dr. Florence N. Ward, accompanied by Mrs. A. W. Kent and Mr. Matt Kent, of San Francisco, and Dr. and Mrs. N. D. Mattison of New York are spending some days at Hotel del Coronado.

Among the guests at Coronado registering from San Francisco are Mrs. Harry R. Young, Miss Edith Young, Mr. F. W. Twobey, Mr. Conant Wait, Mrs. Harrison Smith and family, and Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Gay.

Major Christopher Clark Collins, U. S. A., has been ordered to the Presidio from Fort Scriven, Georgia.

Lieutenant-Colonel Leon S. Roudiez, U. S. A., who has recently been promoted from a majorship, has arrived in this city from his former post at Fort Gibbon, Alaska. He has been detailed to fill a vacancy in the adjutant-general's department, succeeding Colonel Francis J. Kernan, U. S. A.

Brigadier-General Marion P. Maus, U. S. A., commanding the First Brigade of the First Division at Albany, New York, was retired August 2 at his own request.

Lieutenant Raymond E. Lee, U. S. A., stationed at Fort Winfield Scott, has been ordered for duty as assistant to the quartermaster at West Point.

Lieutenant Turtle, U. S. A., and Mrs. Turtle have arrived from Puget Sound and are established at Fort Winfield Scott.

Lieutenant Charles Elliott Ide, U. S. A., Mrs. Ide, and their infant daughter, Betsy Ide, will return to Fort Barry about September 1. They are visiting Mrs. Ide's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Blair, at the Bellevue.

Major Joseph Knowlton, U. S. A., has returned to Fort Barry after a brief leave of absence.

Colonel Hamilton Stone Wallace, U. S. A., will return next week for a ten days' tour of inspection at Fort Rosecrans in San Diego, Camp Yosemite, and the Presidio Monterey.

Lieutenant-Colonel Robert H. Noble, U. S. A., has returned from San Diego, where he attended the joint army and militia coast defense exercises at Fort Rosecrans.

First Lieutenant Thomas W. Burnett, Medical Corps, now at Fort Casey, Washington, has been ordered to Fort Rosecrans for temporary duty with troops guarding detained Mexicans in camp at the naval reservation near San Diego.

Lieutenant-Commander T. I. M. Major, U. S. N., spent the week-end in San Mateo as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes-Smith.

Lieutenant Alexander Sharp, Jr., U. S. N., and Mrs. Sharp (formerly Miss Janin) have arrived from Washington, D. C., and have been visiting Lieutenant-Commander David F. Sellers, U. S. N., in this city, and Commander Charles A. Gove, U. S. N., and Mrs. Gove and Lieutenant Albert Rees, U. S. N., and Mrs. Rees at their homes at Yerba Buena. Lieutenant Sharp is attached to the U. S. S. California.

Lieutenant-Commander David F. Sellers, U. S. N., and Mrs. Sellers left yesterday for a week's visit at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Bayard Hyde-Smith, who have been abroad since their marriage, will sail in September for America. They will reside in Norfolk, Virginia, with Mrs. Hyde-Smith's mother, Mrs. Gill, whose husband, Captain Gill, U. S. N., has been assigned three years' land duty.

Mrs. R. A. Hewitt of New Jersey arrived Tuesday with her son, Lieutenant Henry Kent Hewitt, U. S. N., who will be married this evening to Miss Floride Hunt. Mrs. Hewitt is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Baker (formerly Miss Natalie Hunt).

Mrs. Frank Luckel (formerly Miss Gladys Pennell) has gone to San Diego to join her husband, Ensign Luckel, U. S. N.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Edgar Todd (formerly Miss Madge Cunningham) has been brightened by the advent of a son.

A Bargain.

Rauch & Lang electric automobile in first-class condition. Can be seen at Modern Electric Garage, 1554 Van Ness Avenue.

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The ingredients in many soaps, require free alkali to saponify them.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

George Alexander, manager of the American Type Founders' Company, was killed Tuesday night, when he was thrown from his automobile in a collision with a car standing still in the county road between Beresford and Belmont. Jesse S. Andrews, Mrs. F. J. Smith, and Mrs. J. Spaulding, who were also in the Alexander car, were injured. Andrews was driving, and in attempting to pass the other machine misjudged his distance.

Temporary peace has been established in the hillboard fight by the resolution of Supervisor Volgersang, offered at the board meeting the first of the week. The Volgersang resolution granted the twenty-two applications for twenty-foot hillboards, which had been recommended by the majority report of the public welfare committee of the supervisors, and referred all the rest to the committee to report on whether they are dangerous to public health and safety. The applications for new space for twenty-foot hillboards were likewise referred to the same committee.

A new record—for women—was made in a swim around the Seal Rocks on Tuesday morning by Mrs. Myrtle Wright of the California Swimming and Life-Saving Club. She made the distance in fifty seconds less than the previous record, held by Miss Nell Schmidt of Alameda.

The open cut of the Stockton Street tunnel is completed and the bore under California Street is beginning. A bridge has been constructed across the cut for vehicles and pedestrians.

One of the legacies of the late Joseph Worcester, who for many years presided as pastor of the Swedenborgian Church, is a bequest of \$5000 for the Society for Helping Boys. He died in this city on August 4.

Thaddeus W. H. Shanahan, formerly of Colusa, has been sworn in as the new superintendent of the United States mint. The new federal official was recently appointed by President Wilson, and, with the exception of Edward Leake, appraiser, was the first to take office in this city. Superintendent Shanahan was born in Colusa County in 1859, and has served as a state senator several terms.

Last Saturday the United Railroads sent to Sacramento a check for \$201,000, being its semi-annual state tax on its gross earnings. The largest part of this tax was formerly paid to San Francisco, but since the segregation of the state from municipal taxes corporations pay only to the state on their earnings and properties.

M. J. Hynes, public administrator of San Francisco, sustained a broken arm last Sunday in an automobile accident in San Jose. The machine in which he was riding, together with a party of friends, overturned. Among the others injured was his sister-in-law, Mrs. John D. Hynes.

Justus S. Wardell was sworn in on Monday morning as surveyor of the port of San Francisco by Collector of Customs Frederick S. Stratton, who retired from that position the day following in favor of John O. Davis, whose commission as collector, hearing the signature of President Wilson, arrived from Washington last Monday. Immediately the new surveyor took charge of the office in place of Duncan E. McKinlay, who resigned two months ago.

Joseph L. Droulette, John H. Sullivan, William McHugh, and Charles Joseph, four of the policemen who are serving a term of nine months in the county jail for conspiring with the members of the Italian huncio ring, appeared before Judge Dunne to answer to indictments charging them with grand larceny. The grand larceny cases were then continued until August 28.

City Attorney Long has advised the police commissioners that Ordinance 777, forbidding the granting of a permit for a moving-picture theatre to be located within 200 feet of the front line of any church or school, or within 160 feet of the property line of the site of a church or school, is not intended to prohibit the establishment of such theatre near a church or school lot not yet built upon.

Superior Judge George A. Sturtevant rendered a decision on Monday denying the injunction asked by the Pacific Gas and Electric Company to enjoin the Light and Power Council of Electrical Workers and its members from interfering with its employees and property, against which the gas company charged depredations had been committed.

Six suits were filed on Monday through the attorney of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition to compel subscribers to the fund to make their payments. So far sixty-nine suits of this nature have been brought, and

eight judgments on subscription contracts have been obtained.

Miss Amy Steinhart, 2521 Scott Street, sister of Jessie Steinhart, assistant city attorney, has been appointed by the state board of control one of the three state children's agents, who will supervise the administration of the \$860,000 mothers' pension fund. Miss Steinhart is a graduate of the University of California, being a member of the class of 1900. She will take up her duties Monday. The salary is \$175 a month.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Youngberg has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Youngberg, who was formerly Miss Trixie Russell, is the daughter of Mrs. Monson Russell. Dr. Tracy Russell is her brother.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Millen Griffith has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Griffith, who was formerly Miss Constance McLaren, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman McLaren.

The home in Los Angeles of Mr. and Mrs. Volney Howard has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Howard was formerly Miss Hazel Monson.

George Scarborough, two of whose plays are to be produced in Shubert theatres this year, is a New York newspaper man who has learned playwriting from real life rather than from "behind the scenes." Mr. Scarborough was for some years on a New York paper, but left that field of work to enter the federal secret service as an investigator of bucket shop and white slave problems. Mr. Scarborough left the service less than a year ago, when the first of his plays was accepted for production, and he had ample reason to feel confident of the future in his new work.

Lou Tellegen, who was Sarah Bernhardt's leading man during her last two "farewell" tours of this country, is transferring his interest to the English-speaking stage. He will become the tenant of the Vaudeville Theatre in London—a house devoted to drama, not to variety—and there he will stage, as his first venture, a play founded on Oscar Wilde's "The Picture of Dorian Grey." A little later Tellegen will act in Wilde's "The Duchess of Padua."

Although the first edition of Browning's "Pauline" was sold at auction for \$2400, yet not only did Browning receive nothing for it originally, but he would have withdrawn it from print if it had been possible. Yet so highly did Rossetti think of this despised masterpiece that, not being able to find a copy elsewhere, he went to the British Museum library and spent several laborious days copying it word for word.

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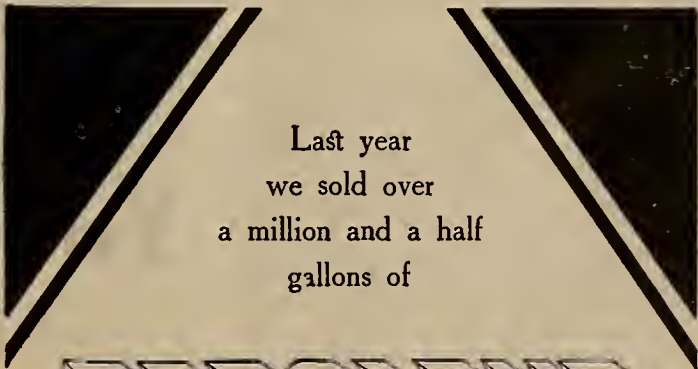
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"Dead men tell no tales." "Doctors are lucky fellows."—*Town Topics*.

"Ye're a naughty goil to get yer face dirty. If ye do it again, I've a good mind to wash ye."—*Life*.

"Did she write her husband's epitaph?" "Yes; she was bound to have the last say."—*Town Topics*.

Jack—They say he ran through his wife's money in two years. Jill—What caused the delay?—*Club Fellow*.

She (suspiciously)—You kiss as though you were an old hand at it. He (suspiciously)—How do you know?—*Boston Globe*.

"What do you think of my new hall dress, Edwin?" "Is that the latest?" "The very latest!" "It looks some like the earliest."—*Puck*.

Employer—It takes half my time rectifying your mistakes! Office Boy—Oh, well, I take my vacation next week, and you can rest up!—*Puck*.

Tough Stranger—I say, old top, could you tell me the time? Jones—No use—another guy took it four hocks below here!—*New York Globe*.

Mrs. Cohenstein (at shore hotel)—Oh, Isaac! Subboose dis hotel should take fire! Mr. Cohenstein—Impossible, Rachel! Dey're making money!—*Puck*.

"Don't you think you ought to be treated for the drink habit?" "Well, that is a more economical way of getting 'em than huying 'em."—*Baltimore American*.

"Speaking of déhutamtes, did you see Miss Smythe coming out?" "No; hy the time I got there they had her fastened in with a couple of shoulder straps."—*Boston Globe*.

"In some places in Italy litigants can hire lawyers who will talk for three days for \$5." "We have still cheaper ones here, who will take \$5 and not talk at all."—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Griggs—I see the English women who are health faddists are wearing their hair unconfined. Briggs—My wife wore hers that way one night, and it fell out of the window.—*Houston Post*.

Her Father—Have you a family tree? Her Lover—No; hut I have 10,000 acres of pine timber in Wisconsin. Her Father—Great! Have a drink, a good cigar, and the girl!—*New York Post*.

Lady (who has given beggar a penny)—And did you have any work to do at Christmas time? The Man—Well, mum, I thort o' doin' a hit of carol-singing, hut I couldn't prig a 'ymnhook.—*Punch*.

"What are you going to tell your constituents when you get home?" "I'm going to huy a lot of refreshments," replied Senator Sorghum, "and tell them to help themselves."—*Washington Star*.

"There, I think I have made myself plain, have I not?" she finished her tirade. "Made yourself plain, dear?" sweetly answered the once friend. "Oh, no, dear; you were born that way."—*Arlington Argus*.

The Host (showing family portraits, proudly)—Portrait of my great-uncle—lost an arm at Waterloo. The Youth (hopelessly bored)—Putrid place, Waterloo; lost my golf clubs there last week.—*Sketch*.

Tripper (after a long straight drive by golfer)—What's 'e do now, 'Erbert? Herbert—Walks after it and 'its it again. Tripper—Do 'e? Lor' lumme, then I should take jolly good care not to 'it it too fur.—*Punch*.

Milligan—If I he afther laving security aquil ter what I take away, will yez thrust me till nixt wake? Sands (the grocer)—Certainly. Milligan—Well, thin, sell me two av thim hams, an' kape wan av thim till I come agin.—*Puck*.

"James," said the efficiency expert, annoyed by the cheerful habit which his chauffeur had of whistling while at his work, "you should remember that the greatest fortunes nowadays are made from the hy-products of waste. Hereafter when you whistle, whistle in the tires and save the expense of a pump."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.
ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - Eoitor

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The Bond Election.

By a vote of nearly four to one the electorate of San Francisco on Tuesday authorized an issue of municipal bonds in the sum of \$3,500,000 for extensions of the municipal street railway system. The lines of road authorized are:

Through Van Ness Avenue from Market Street to North Point Street.

Church Street from Thirtieth Street to connection with the Van Ness Avenue line at Market Street.

Acquisition of Presidio and Ferries roads upon the falling in of the franchise in December next.

California Street from Thirty-Third Avenue to a connection with the Geary Street line at Fifth Avenue.

Stockton Street from Market to Columbus Avenue.

Lines connecting the Van Ness and Union lines and running on Steiner, North Point, and Chestnut Streets and through the Fort Mason Military Reservation to the transport dock.

The vote by which this project has been authorized affords several points of interest. The total registration

is 141,254. The total vote cast on Tuesday was 65,369. Thus it appears that of the total qualified vote less than one-half took the trouble to go to the polls—this in connection with a proposal vital in its relations to a great principle in municipal government. The affirmative vote of 51,649 by which the city has been put under mortgage for a questionable enterprise was practically one-third of the registration, whereas the intent of the charter was to limit such authority to a two-thirds vote.

It is a painful reflection, nevertheless it is a pertinent one, that more than one-half of the citizenship of San Francisco has practically abdicated its political privileges and duties. Eternal vigilance, says the familiar maxim, is the price of liberty, and since our people appear to have abandoned all thought of vigilance there need be no surprise if calamities fall upon us, as surely they must.

For already our municipal credit is nil. Large issues of bonds duly authorized remain unsold, while the costs of government increase and the rate of taxation goes higher. But while our bonds are unsaleable under the precise terms of the municipal charter, they are disposed of under a device which practically nullifies certain charter provisions. They go in direct payment to contractors for city work at such practical discount as enables the buyer to peddle them out at very low prices. Under this practice there is added anywhere from one hundred to four hundred dollars to the cost of each thousand dollars' worth of work done for the city. We are therefore paying an enormous premium upon every species of public work, not to mention the waste which seems inseparable from work done under official as distinct from business administration. It is a merry dance to those who have no care for the final reckoning. But the reckoning must come, and San Francisco, which for a generation, wholly free from debt, prospered under a low tax rate, must soon find itself burdened and thwarted and hindered in every phase of its life.

Practically it is futile to quarrel with a result so emphatic as that of Tuesday's election. Yet there are facts in connection with this event which ought not to pass unnoticed. From start to finish it was a tax-eaters' campaign. All the forces of the municipal government were enlisted in it. On the part of the mayor and all down the line of officials and employees boosting the bonds became the supreme business of the period. All other things were ignored or slighted. The municipal band, the municipal automobiles, and everything else subject to official control was brought to bear in support of this campaign. It was an improper and a shameless business. Yet we are bound to say it was not more shameful than the neglect of duty on the part of thousands of citizens too occupied with their business or their pleasures or too indifferent to go to the polls.

What will happen in connection with this new project is easy to foretell. The lines of road projected have not been planned on business considerations, but rather with a view to enlisting support at the polls. The roads will be built at enormous cost. There will be delays following upon delays, still further augmenting the factor of cost. Then when the roads are built they will yield practically nothing in the way of public convenience and contribute little or nothing to the success of the exposition. In the end they will become a permanent burden.

But this is not the whole tale. There will be added many hundreds of thousands to the roster of city employees and these will combine to exact from the municipality unreasonable rates of wages and reduced hours of labor. New demagogues will arise to compete with those already in the field, to voice these exactions, and to lead the tax-eaters, and we shall have a new carnival of selfishness, jobbery, and ultimately

of infamy—a new régime with all the vices of the cra of Ruef and Schmitz and with an infinitely firmer grasp of the powers which control municipal action.

It is not a pleasant picture, but it looms clearly and we may just as well look it in the face. The prospect is not calculated to stimulate hope for the immediate fortunes of San Francisco. Some of us, however, will have the consolation of having done our duty, of having pointed out the hazard, and of having entered our protests against it.

The Coercion of the Senate.

The radical press throughout the country has hailed the passage through the Senate of the sugar and wool schedules as a presidential victory. The President, we are told, has at last succeeded in dominating the Senate and in securing the ascendancy necessary to his policies. Recalcitrant senators have heard the crack of the whip and have fallen into line. Party solidarity has been assured, not by a rule of reason or by the moral influences that always have their legitimate weight, but rather by those vaguely understood and subtle forces that are grouped under the name of politics. In short we are asked to congratulate ourselves on a victory won by the President over the upper house of Congress, and apparently on the theory that the chief function of the President of the United States is to coerce and to control the Senate.

There are many ways in which such coercion can be, and has been, applied. It may almost be said that the reputation of a senator can be made or unmade by the President, and this by methods so stealthy that not even a news item can be built upon them. The President has it always in his power to cut off a senator's patronage by disregarding his recommendations. He can exercise a vast influence over committee assignments and so relegate to comparative obscurity any senator who happens to be obnoxious either by his timidity or by his independence. He can easily produce a situation that shall frustrate all a senator's plans and projects. In fact there are a dozen ways in which the President can sterilize a rebellious senator, reduce him to the level of a nonentity, and display him before his home community as impotent and ineffective. That senators ought to be strong enough to stand to their convictions is true enough, but none the less irrelevant. We have to take men as we find them, and just as it is ambition—usually a laudable ambition—that takes men to the United States Senate, so it is ambition that disposes them to surrender to a pressure that they can not resist and that would speedily reduce them to a futility that they would find it hard to explain to their constituents. With most of them it is a choice between compliance and extinction.

Therefore we know exactly what it means when we are told that the President has secured a dominating influence over the Senate in the matter of the wool and sugar schedules. For a time the fate of these schedules was in doubt through the scruples of a few men who hesitated to vote for a blight upon their home industries. But at the last it was evident that the whip had been cracked with success. The recalcitrant senators fell into line simply because they had not the moral strength to resist the furtive coercion that faced them. Neither reason nor argument play any part in the game. It is simply a case of vote with the party or be "wiped off the map."

It is hardly likely that any plea for the preservation of constitutional essentials and the balance of official powers will avail against the headlong enthusiasms of those who are willing to snatch any momentary and factional advantage at the cost of the fundamental principles upon which all free government must be founded. But it is well that such a plea should be made if only for the purpose of record. And it is made with distinctive cogency by Elihu Root in the current issue of the *North American Review*. All the essential characteristics of American government, says Mr. Root,

are aimed at the preservation of rights by the limitations of power, and by a distribution of authority that must never be allowed to invade a domain that is not its own:

But the precise allotment of power and lines of distinction are not so important as it is that there shall be distribution, and that each officer shall be limited in accordance with that distribution, for without such limitations there can be no security for liberty. If whatever great officer of state happens to be most forceful, skillful, and ambitious is permitted to overrun and absorb to himself the powers of all other officers and to control their action, there ensues that concentration of power which destroys the working of free institutions, enables the holder to continue himself in power, and leaves no opportunity to the people for a change except through a revolution.

However legitimate may be the end immediately in view, it must not be sought in illegitimate ways or at the cost of constitutional essentials, or by an impairment of official equilibrium. Mr. Root continues:

The system which permits an honest and well-meaning man to do this will afford equal opportunity for selfish ambition to usurp power in its own interest. Unlimited official power concentrated in one person is despotism, and it is only by carefully observed and jealously maintained limitations upon the power of every public officer that the workings of free institutions can be continued.

That such methods are unconstitutional is probably a matter of small concern to those who so loudly applaud their results. Certainly the authors of the constitution never contemplated a situation where the votes of senators would be wrung from them by well understood but unexpressed threats of political humiliation and impotence. But that such expedients should be hailed as a triumph of democratic principles is a thing short of a mystery. Anything more directly opposed to the spirit of true democracy it would be hard to imagine. It is an axe laid at the roots of popular government. The short-sighted enthusiasms of the moment may hail its results as a triumph and a victory, as radical newspapers everywhere are doing, but it is none the less a departure from fundamental and wholesome principles of American government that is pretty sure sooner or later to lead to deep and dangerous waters.

Mexico.

The first reflection with respect to President Wilson's demands upon President Huerta of Mexico tends to amazement. By what authority does the head of this country assume to impose upon the head of another country a definite scheme of personal policy? Surely there is nothing in the constitution of the United States which justifies such assumption; and there is no precedent for it in our national history. The President indeed rests under a definite obligation to protect the rights of Americans in Mexico. But this is far from authorizing him in the name of the United States to set up and to pull down, to say who shall be president of Mexico and who shall not, or by what methods elections are to be held. But here we have the amazing spectacle of a President of the United States patient beyond all limit of outrages committed against American citizens, and at the same time presumptuous beyond all precedent with respect to internal Mexican policies.

The second reflection with respect to the President's demands upon Huerta is as to their futility. How can Huerta cause hostilities to cease in Mexico? And how can he resign in view of the fact that there is no authority into whose hands he may commit his responsibilities? To resign, as President Wilson insists, would be merely to turn over so much authority as he holds to factional or revolutionary chiefs whose title to consideration is certainly not better than his own. And how pray can a strictly constitutional election be held in Mexico when not one Mexican in ten can read the national constitution or knows or cares anything about it? And under what rule of equity, and by what means, does President Wilson expect to enforce his demand upon President Huerta that he shall not be a candidate for the presidency?

Even while taking upon himself authority to say what shall and what shall not be done by Huerta, President Wilson seems unable to comprehend certain essential and fundamental facts in the Mexican situation. He is so far misled by the terms of the Mexican constitution as apparently to believe that an orderly election is possible in a country where only the tenth man has any conception of the meaning of law and where not one man in a hundred has any respect for its obligations.

The leading European countries it is said will support the President in his demands. But this is subject

to interpretation. The European position is that it is the duty of the United States to pacify Mexico. They are willing therefore to leave the matter wholly in our hands. In their eagerness to put upon us the obligations of the situation—to involve us in definite responsibility for the future of Mexico—they are willing to support any project which we may offer. Their backing of President Wilson, therefore, is not to be interpreted as an approval of his project, but rather as an acceptance of an American pledge to establish peace and order in Mexico.

If President Wilson had any grasp of the situation in Mexico he would know that the national constitution bears no relationship at all to the national character. It is not a product of the national life, but exists as the result of an attempt to engraft the American system upon a people incapable of comprehending this system, much less of sustaining an orderly government under it. It has served not so much as a basis for government as a means by which an autocratic authority has sustained itself. Diaz assumed to respect the constitution and to work under it; but as a matter of fact he gave it only such consideration as was useful to his purposes. Successive elections were nominally subject to the terms of the constitution, but there was scarcely more than a pretense of submission to prescribed conditions.

There are but two possible conditions for Mexico. One is that of anarchy and the other is that of autocracy. The first is intolerable because it means a continuance of the reign of terror now deluging the country with blood. The second is dependent upon the rise of some man strong enough to follow the course of Diaz. Huerta may or may not be the man. But whoever he shall be he will not come to authority through virtue of the constitution. If elected at all it will be only a nominal election. His real title to his office will be the power to seize and to hold it; and this power will largely be dependent upon the action of the United States and of the countries which follow our lead.

Our policy must ultimately be to give moral support to some man whose energy of character and military capacity shall afford some sense of confidence in his ultimate power to rule. We should have given this support to Huerta. His position at one time was one of promise, and it is the judgment of so competent an observer as Ambassador Wilson that with our friendly backing he could have pacified the country. Now Huerta appears an impossibility and our obvious course is to give moral support to whoever shall rise in his place. Probably no man will be strong enough to control the situation without the moral support of the United States; and probably any one of several men now in sight would be able to do it with this support.

In the meantime Europe grows more and more impatient. All that Europe wants is peace in Mexico. It concedes leadership to us in any effort we shall make to enforce peace. It will back our policy, whatever it may be, up to a certain point. But unless peace shall be attained, there must come a time when the leading countries of Europe will take the matter into their own hands. If we do not find a way to enforce order we must not complain if England or France or Germany, or all acting together, shall take the job off our hands. It would seem that this should be plain to the Washington administration as it is to everybody else. And it would also seem that it should be plain to the Washington administration that a better situation in Mexico can only be sustained by a policy in support of something or somebody.

Crimes and Punishments.

That Maury Diggs has got his deserts, and that Drew Caminetti is in the way to get his, are matters concerning which there can hardly be any contention. The things done by these young men are in contempt and defiance of principles and sentiments fundamental in respect to social order and social decency. Their punishment was necessary, not indeed under a vindictive purpose, for there should be no such purpose, but as a protest on the part of organized society against violations of essential rules of civilized life.

Nevertheless it remains to be said that Diggs has been convicted and that Caminetti is in the way of conviction of crimes which they did not commit. What they did was unspeakable and there are no terms of reproach too severe to be applied to them. Unspeakable wretches they are, but they are not white slavers. It is as if a man guilty of rape were convicted of arson. He is deserving of punishment, but the punishment

shall be on the account of the crime he has committed rather than another which he did not commit.

There is in the immediate instance a certain moral comfort in the reflection that these reprobates are not in the way of getting anything not justly coming to them. Yet there is danger in loose practice. It can not be conceded with safety to society that punishments may be inflicted on general principles. Such a rule must quickly lead to contempt of the law and to the degeneracy of any system dependent upon the law.

The lesson of the immediate incident ought not to be lost. It points to the need for modification of the Mann white slave act. This law should be limited in its application to the wretched business of white slavery, on the one hand, and on the other hand there should be provisions of state law covering the crimes for which Diggs and Caminetti have been held accountable.

If left in its present form one of two things must surely happen under the white slave law. The law will speedily become a club ready to the hand of the blackmailer or it will fall into desuetude. This is the invariable fate of laws which go too far. And it ought not to be. There is need of a national law to put a stop to that most infamous of all traffics, the traffic in women. But to serve this purpose the law should be pruned of the verbiage which makes it apply loosely to other and wholly different crimes.

Immorality is one thing, and it is fairly subject to legal restraints and penalties. Commercialization of vice is quite another thing, and it, too, is properly subject to restraints and penalties. But a law which so loosely confounds the two that crimes done under the one may be made subject to penalties prescribed under the other is obviously wanting in the precision essential to assured justice, and quite as obviously may be made the occasion of abuse.

Let there be no misunderstanding. We make no plea for Diggs and Caminetti. They abundantly deserve whatever punishment may come to them. But the integrity of society under the rule of law requires that there shall be a definite rather than a haphazard adjustment of punishments to crimes.

Our Latest Strike.

Thanks to the cautious reticence of our daily newspapers the public is generally unaware that the pressmen and the pressfeeders of San Francisco have been on strike for the last eight weeks. On June 23 the pressfeeders demanded a wage increase of \$2.50 a week, and failing to secure it except in a small number of shops they ceased work. The pressmen also struck, not because they had any grievances of their own, but on the principle of what is known as the sympathetic strike. Efforts to persuade the Typographical Union into the same evil path were unsuccessful. The Typographical Union disapproved of the strike and discouraged it, and so gave one more instance of the intelligence and liberality of mind that has so often distinguished that organization. The very few shops that surrendered to the demands of the strikers are now paying the higher rates and, naturally, recouping themselves from their customers. The shops that refused to yield—and they are in the great majority—have found no difficulty in securing all the labor they need, and it is satisfactory labor in every way. It is generally admitted that the strike is a failure and that it is on the point of collapse.

Now there ought to be no return to previous conditions. The habit of servility to these striking unions has been broken and it ought never to be reestablished. The press rooms of San Francisco are at this moment on an open-shop basis and it ought to continue. Henceforth the union card should be utterly negligible. It should be ignored, and its possession should be neither a bar nor a recommendation to employment. Nothing but a fatal supineness will allow the insolent tyrannies of the feeders' and pressmen's unions to be restored. If the employers have the courage to shake off these oppressions once and for all they will find a vast body of public opinion behind them, and their determination will put heart of grace into other concerns that are threatened by the same exactions and the same despotisms.

Without some such action it is futile to talk of the commercial expansion of San Francisco. It is contraction that we shall have to face, and not expansion. This particular strike is a relatively small one, but small as it is it has had the effect of driving the printing of the *Sunset Magazine* from San Francisco to Port-

land. Henceforth this considerable wage list will be paid in Portland instead of this city. And the *Sunset Magazine* is merely the latest of the very many concerns that have been driven from the city under the threat of extermination by labor unions. There are some items of news that even our newspapers can not wholly suppress, and every one knows that the commercial life blood of San Francisco has been steadily drained away by labor-union persecution. Now *Sunset* has gone with the rest, inevitably attracted by another community where some semblance of independence and self-respect is still possible. The casualty list ought to be closed now and forever, and it can be closed if we have the courage to seize the opportunity afforded by the present strike.

The Late A. B. Nye.

Alfred Bourne Nye was a journalist of the old school that is to say, he was a journalist imbued with a sense of social responsibility. He had the kind of integrity which makes sure of facts and is scrupulous in the development of opinions. With Mr. Nye nothing went with the day's work—that is to say, nothing with him was merely perfunctory. He possessed by inheritance the New England conscience and the hurly-burly of life which with many destroys conscientiousness tended in Mr. Nye to deepen it. Mr. Nye was one of the few men to enter public life without making moral concessions, and one of the still fewer to sustain themselves in it under a rigid moral reserve. He had the cooperative mind, but he had not the conceding mind. He would work with others, but he gave to no man or group custody of his personal conscience. And somehow, although wholly lacking in the common arts of political ingratiation, Mr. Nye came into large public respect and consideration. His success was a triumph, not of political trickeries and cajoleries, but essentially a triumph of character. It was no small tribute to Mr. Nye that in the midst of the political upheaval of three years ago he became the nominee of all parties and of all factions for a post of high responsibility. It was not because he entered into combinations, or made arrangements, or stood before open bars, or gave pledges, for he did none of these things. But through some subtle process, of the operations of which he himself was wholly unconscious, he inspired men of all associations and all beliefs with a sense of his honesty and of his competence. In the death of Mr. Nye the state loses an efficient servant. More than this it loses a man—the one man we can think of at the moment—who might in respect of his character and connections have brought all factions of his party together to the end of saner policies and unimpassioned purposes in government. If Mr. Nye had lived and retained his health he would probably have been the next governor of California. Republicans and Progressives could readily have combined in support of one who while conceding to neither its whole demand still held the confidence of both. In private as in public life Mr. Nye won approval and affection. Men of intellect valued him for the powers and tendencies of his mind. Men of business valued him for the clarity of his judgments and the thoroughness of his methods. Men of politics—even those with whom he differed—valued him on the score of a character which no influence could move from the even course of a clear-seeing and straightforward integrity of purpose. There remains to be added the tribute of one who knew him as a neighbor and who valued him for his courtesy, friendliness, and manly sweetness.

Editorial Notes.

The application of Captain Conboy for parole was at once presumptuous and impertinent. Here was a man commissioned to safeguard social order, but so shamelessly wanton in character, so grossly regardless of every obligation, as under the mask of official character to shoot down a citizen in cold blood. That he was drunk when the deed was committed was no excuse, for he had no business to be drunk. The punishment meted out to him was too much tempered with mercy, and to have added the privileges of parole would have been a crowning indecency. To ask it was to exhibit a hardihood inconsistent with the pretensions upon which the request was made. Be it said to the credit of the board of prison commissioners, this request has been denied; and one can only wonder that in the board there was found one man so little regardless of the obligations of justice and the obligations of his office as to support it. Conboy should be made to serve his full sentence, not because society is or should be vindictive in its resent-

ments, but as a protest against the outrage involved in an act of gross wickedness done under circumstances of special aggravation.

Governor Sulzer's counter attack on the officials of the Tammany Society has an interest all its own, though it implies nothing to the discredit of Tammany that is not already well known to the public. Nevertheless Sulzer's charge bears no particular relation to the immediate case. For it is Sulzer himself who is now on trial, not Tammany Hall. And it will matter not at all as related to the charges against Sulzer that Tammany Hall may be—probably is—guilty of all the offenses he sets forth. The question immediately to be determined is, did Sulzer make false statements of his campaign receipts and campaign expenses? And did he either directly or through his wife apply funds contributed in support of his campaign to private ventures in the New York stock market? If Sulzer did these things it will not help him either legally or morally if he shall be able to prove that Tammany is a creature of hoofs and horns.

It is not surprising to be told that the "pressure" attempted to be put upon him by President Wilson has vastly enlarged the popularity of President Huerta in his own country. If at this time there be one thing more than another irritating to the Mexican mind it is the suggestion of American domination of Mexican affairs. Resentment is confined to no party or to no class. It rests largely upon fear. For it has been impressed profoundly upon the Mexican mind that the United States stands in the pose of a cormorant eager and waiting to swallow up their country and reduce it to a species of territorial bondage. Preposterous as the theory is, it yet finds support in the universal credulity and gives its color to a situation already sufficiently difficult. And what is true of Mexico is true of every other of the nearer Spanish-American countries. The piratical policy of our government in the matter of Panama under the hand of that champion of equity and fair play, the then President Roosevelt, has made a profound impression upon all these countries. They can not be convinced that it is not the wish and the purpose of the United States to possess their territories and that we are only awaiting an opportunity to pounce upon them.

Nothing is more remarkable than the rapidity with which the radicalism of yesterday becomes the conservatism of today as the pressure from behind increases. Here we have Dr. Devine of New York, head of the school of philanthropy, and self-described as "a progressive and radical social reformer," who denounces the mothers' pensions schemes and says: "I deeply regret the painful steps which we shall certainly have to retrace." But more painful still is the opinion of Mr. Frank Tucker, another "progressive and radical," who said to the national conference of charities and corrections at Seattle that by our recent remedial legislation "we are storing up for ourselves economic and social diseases that will become painfully apparent when the legislative narcotic has failed to work." Let us hope that Dr. Devine and Mr. Tucker will be duly drummed from the progressive ranks and their places taken by others who are not so addicted to thinking

Amateur diplomacy in alliance with bungling political purpose has achieved a result in connection with Washington's apology to London which is both amazing and amusing. It will be recalled that some ten days ago Secretary Bryan was instructed by President Wilson to send the following cablegram to Ambassador Page:

The interview given to the press yesterday by Mr. Henry Lane Wilson, whose resignation as ambassador to Mexico has been accepted, to take effect at the end of his vacation, October 14, having been brought to the President's attention, he directs me to ask you to call at the British Foreign Office and say to Sir Edward Grey that he disclaims all responsibility for Mr. Wilson's action in the matter and for the language employed by him in his interview, and that he regrets exceedingly that a diplomatic official in the employ of this government should have been guilty of such an impropriety.

Secretary Bryan not only sent this communication, but gave it to the press, adding the following statement:

A copy of the cablegram to the American embassy was sent to Ambassador Wilson. Mr. Bryan added that the President does not go farther at this time because he takes it for granted that the action which he is obliged to take in this matter will be to him (Ambassador Wilson) a sufficient reminder of his official duties.

Now the joke of the whole business is that the

British Foreign Office when it read these paragraphs as news dispatches in the London papers did not know what it was all about. Great Britain had not felt itself insulted—did not know indeed that any offense had been given. And by way of preparation for the apology about to be made cabled over to Washington to find out what was the matter. In fact no apology was due. The determination to make one related not to any offense actual or implied, but grew out of a wish to do something that would discredit Ambassador Wilson. It was a clumsy piece of political jobbery, originating no doubt in the subtle mind of our overripe statesman from Nebraska. But the incident does not tend to national dignity and it certainly is not calculated to sustain respect for American methods in diplomacy.

The present intention of the government as intimated by Secretary Daniels of the Navy Department is that the old battleship *Oregon* shall be the first vessel to pass through the canal. Two motives are behind this plan; one, that of paying tribute to the most famous ship in the western world, the other to mark by contrast the advantages of the canal as compared with the route around the southern end of the continent followed by the *Oregon* on her famous voyage. The *Oregon* is now "in ordinary" at the Bremerton Navy Yard, but only a year ago she was thoroughly overhauled and she could within a few days notice be made ready for the prospective trip. The plan is for the ship to pass from the Pacific to the Atlantic and join the Atlantic fleet, then returning to head the fleet in a stately march through the canal to San Francisco. It has been further suggested for dramatic effect that Rear-Admiral Clark, her commander of 1898 and now on the retired list of the navy, be recalled into active service and placed in command.

Friends of the feminist movement are a little puzzled to account for the action of the women of Denver in demanding the recall of Judge Lindsey. It seems now that the project is not the work of a few irresponsibles, as was at first supposed, but that it is sponsored by the Woman's Protective League and that it is making headway. The charge is the now familiar one that Judge Lindsey has been unduly lenient toward boys charged with offenses against girls. Of course he has his defenders. The radical press is quite unable to believe that a progressive champion can be guilty of anything, and so for the moment it is compelled to throw over its theory of the political immaculateness of the new women voters and to suggest that the assault upon Mr. Lindsey is the latest form of activity of the Beast. The dilemma is an uncomfortable one. Votes for women were supposed to mean the final extermination of this very Beast who is now detected comfortably ensconced behind the skirts of his destroyers. Far be it from us to decide who has the rights of it, the Judge, the Beast, or the Women, but certainly Mr. Lindsey can make no complaint against the application of a measure so loudly advocated by himself as the coping-stone of democratic wisdom. But then it never occurred to him that sinners as well as saints might use the recall or that there would be an alliance between Beauty and the Beast.

Dayton, Ohio, is to make trial of commission government under a form somewhat different from that in operation at Galveston, Des Moines, and elsewhere. A new charter adopted on the 12th instant by the overwhelming vote of 13,217 to 6042 puts the whole municipal administration in the hands of a "business manager" to be selected by a commission of five citizens, of whom one—the man polling the largest vote—shall act as chairman and nominally mayor of the city. The manager will be responsible for the whole fabric of government and is charged with the operation of public affairs precisely after the pattern of a great corporation manager. He will be assisted by five directors, each of whom will be in charge of a department subject to his orders. Dayton ranks among the most conservative communities of the eastern Middle West and the adoption of this new scheme of local government comes as a distinct surprise. Even the most hopeful among the supporters of the new movement had no expectation of so large a vote. Its supporters were the middle class and made up largely of property-holders. The professional politicians were of course opposed to the scheme and they worked in active cooperation with the Socialists, who likewise were resentful of a project looking to a concentrated authority.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

A statement by Lord Islington, who was once governor of New Zealand, to the effect that conscription had been imposed in that country "with success" calls forth a remonstrance from Mr. J. Sellar, who writes to the London *Daily Express* in order to point out that within the last two years about four thousand boys have been prosecuted under the act and about one hundred sent to prison or confined in military forts for a refusal to serve. If this same proportion of prosecutions and imprisonments were applied to Great Britain, where the voice of the conscriptionist is now loud in the land, there would be 180,000 prosecutions and 4300 imprisonments. Mr. Sellar goes on to say that two of his sons were among the one hundred prisoners, and as he was informed that they would be incarcerated again and again until they consented to learn the gentle art of military murder, he brought his whole family back to England. It is just as well to give the widest publicity to the fact that a new community like New Zealand, without tradition of evil days, with all the ideals of the age before it, and hoastful of the most advanced democracy on earth, should yet adopt conscription at a time of profound peace and as an integral part of its social organization.

Thoughtful Italians may be excused for their wonder at the steady procession of ships from Tripoli laden with sick and wounded men. These victims are arriving at the rate of about two thousand a month, and it is admitted that only the worst cases are being sent home, the remainder being treated in Tripoli, where there are hospitals with 1000 beds, and the beds are always full. The official casualty statistics now show, a total of 52,431 men, but this statement covers only the first twelve months of the war. Actually the war lasted for twenty-two months, so that we may nearly double these figures and still be within the mark. Even then we are dealing only with the period up to the conclusion of peace with Turkey, and it seems now that sick and wounded men to the tune of 2000 a month have been arriving ever since. Therefore we may suppose that the total casualty list is something like 125,000 men for Italy alone, and all that she has to show for it is a strip of sea coast and a panorama of desert with sudden and hideous death lurking behind every sand-dune. What fools these mortals be.

It is only the exuberant fancy of the Sunday supplement writer that will find much cause for hygienic exultation in the proceedings of the great medical congress now in session in London. It is not from those who know the facts that come these ecstatic anticipations of an age when science shall have banished human sufferings. Take, for example, the problem of lunacy and the gloomy record submitted by Sir James Crichton-Browne, president of the section of psychiatry. The number of lunatics, said Sir James, was increasing out of proportion to the increase of population in nearly all settled countries from which trustworthy information was obtainable. In Great Britain in 1859 the number of notified insane persons was 36,762, while on the first day of 1913 it was 138,377, an increase of 276.4 per cent, as compared with an increase in the population in the same period of only 87.5 per cent. There was also the disquieting fact that the increase had been going on while many of the best recognized etiological factors of insanity had been curtailed in their operation. There seemed to be no good reason why insanity should increase even in proportion to the increase in population in a vigorous and expanding race. The segregation of so large a number of the insane ought to have diminished the propagation of hereditary predisposition to insanity, while the diminished consumption of alcohol and the increased sobriety of the people ought to have been followed by a reduction in the number of those forms of insanity of which alcohol was a principal cause, just as it had been followed by a reduction of cases of delirium tremens.

An interesting incident of the congress was the paper read by Dr. Norman Moore and his references to the supposed epilepsy of Julius Caesar. There are records that Caesar suffered from attacks of epilepsy upon two occasions while transacting public business, but Dr. Moore was inclined to think that the cause of Caesar's illness was exhaustion, due to mental strain. He asked who had ever seen an epileptic with a head like Caesar's.

A Catholic priest in Chicago says that the teaching of sex hygiene in the public schools will have the effect of driving large numbers of children into Catholic institutions, where this particular nastiness is rightly believed to be poison. "Every parent and every teacher," he says, "should wake up and know that the observance of modesty and the retention of the sense of shame are the best safeguards of chastity." The Catholic priest has the rights of it. Parents who wish that their children shall avoid corruption will do well to keep them away from schools that have added the pollution of the young to the official curriculum. Apart from all theological considerations, it is unquestionably true that the nearly invariable product of the Catholic school is *mens sano in corpore sano*. And it is in pleasing contradistinction to the more "advanced" schools of the day where all those things are taught that ought not to be taught, and all those things that ought to be taught are left untaught. Whether a knowledge of sex hygiene will be a satisfactory substitute for reading, writing, and arithmetic remains to be seen.

Senator Lafayette Young has just returned from Serbia, and he relates some of his experiences to a correspondent of the New York *Herald*. He says: "I saw 50,000 wounded men. They were cut by bayonets, bullets, and shrapnel. I saw the grim faces of the wounded where the surgeons were at work. Operations were performed in the majority of hospitals without anesthetics. I saw wounds being dressed a

week after the battle. I saw men with eyes shot out and cheekbones gone, yet who were alive." Senator Young adds his little quota to the stories of the atrocities committed by Christians. He says: "Bulgarians, with hatred born of the ages, have mutilated the wounded. I saw the proof of this myself—men with their eyes gouged out, or otherwise purposely disfigured."

Richmond, Virginia, is "all tore up" on the question of medical certificates as a preliminary to marriage. Dr. Mason, rector of Grace Church, will have nothing to do with the unclean thing. He does not approve of asking doctors to certify to a fact that they do not know to be a fact, and he says very truly that their methods of testing the physical condition of applicants would vary according to their general belief about the man's character, or their personal relations to him and his family. The worst thing, says Dr. Mason, is that to most men "it will look like a sham, a mere show of righteousness and purity that is not really expected to accomplish the thing which it professes to do. We fear such an appearance is not calculated to elevate moral standards." Its effect upon the church itself, says Dr. Mason, will be most prejudicial. Men who resent an intrusion so intolerable will resort to civil marriage instead of ecclesiastical. "Without this proposed closing of the church's doors to those seeking marriage in the past six months, since January 1, 1913, a civil officer has married more couples . . . than all the Episcopal clergy in Richmond have done."

Speaking of eugenics, Cardinal Gibbons describes it as "a fad that will pass with the rest of the fads." Personally we are not so hopeful. We are living in a fad-ridden age, social and political, when every nostrum is applauded in the ratio of its idiocy.

We are told that public opinion in England is still resentful because Rudyard Kipling was passed over in the choice of a laureate. But public opinion is notoriously difficult to measure. The usual gauge is merely one of noise, while the convictions that are valuable are often silent. Kipling has beaten the big drum of an insolent imperialism for quite a long time now. He has tickled the ears of the Tory groundlings to his heart's content, but unfortunately for his ambitions the present government happens to be a liberal one, to whom imperialistic sentiments are *onothema moranatho*. To ask Mr. Asquith to honor Mr. Kipling would be to demand too much of human nature. If we were able to look into Mr. Asquith's inner consciousness we might find that he regarded Mr. Kipling as one of the evil literary forces of the day. And there are many men of good repute who would agree with Mr. Asquith.

One of the curiosities of Japanese policy is exemplified by her sensitiveness toward American discrimination and her apparent indifference toward the same discrimination when it is displayed by other countries. For instance, the timber licenses issued by the government of British Columbia contain the following clause: "This license is issued and accepted on the understanding that no Chinese or Japanese shall be employed in connection therewith." But suppose California should do such a thing as this, or do it with such shrill directness. The welkin would ring with denunciations and Mr. Bryan might have to postpone a Chautauqua lecture.

Reliable statistics place the cost of the Balkan wars at \$1,360,000,000 and 400,000 lives. The Balkan states will profit to the extent of about 35,000 square miles, so that even the average schoolboy can now calculate for himself the price per square mile in money and blood. The bill for famine and national degeneration will follow.

A German newspaper contains an advertisement for 3000 artificial legs. They are needed, says the announcement, "by the government of a nation at present in war." Evidently it must be one of the smaller Balkan states. It can hardly be Bulgaria, who would need very many more than the number asked for. Wooden legs, thanks to the progress of war, are now miracles of ingenuity, but it is a little unfortunate that nature herself, who is so prodigal in the supply of wooden heads, has never turned her attention to the lower extremities or to the production of some substitute for the real thing. SINEY G. P. CORBYN.

Hat Island, in the Great Salt Lake, Utah, is probably the most unique rookery in the world, as well as one of the most densely populated. The island contains about twelve acres, and on a rocky pinnacle a hundred feet above the brine, with not a drop of fresh water to be found and where there is nothing to excite the cupidity or commercial instinct of man, the birds—gulls, pelicans, herons, and cormorants by the thousand—make their home. The island can be seen at a distance of ten miles, rising like a "cocked hat" out of the sapphire of the inland sea. The birds are utterly fearless. Protected as they are by the laws of the state, they have had little cause to fear man and his death-dealing weapons. It is necessary to use the greatest care to avoid stepping on the nests and eggs of the tens of thousands of sea fowl that have established their rookeries on the islet.

Pumps powerful enough to lift water to the top of the Woolworth Building, rearing a crest of fifty-seven stories and overlooking all the rest of New York, were recently tested and found to register 350 pounds pressure in the basement of the building, the tallest in the world. This is said to be twice the pressure necessary to bore a hole through the strongest brick wall. At the top of the structure a nozzle pressure of twenty-two pounds was obtained.

OLD FAVORITES.

Belisarius.

I am poor and old and blind;
The sun hurls me, and the wind
Blows through the city gate
And covers me with dust
From the wheels of the august
Justinian the Great.

It was for him I chased
The Persians o'er wild and waste,
As General of the East;
Night after night I lay
In their camps of yesterday;
Their forage was my feast.

For him, with sails of red,
And torches at mast-head,
Piloting the great fleet,
I swept the Afric coasts
And scattered the Vandal hosts,
Like dust in a windy street.

For him I won again
The Ausonian realm and reign,
Rome and Parthenope;
And all the land was mine
From the summits of Appennine
To the shores of either sea.

For him, in my feeble age,
I dared the battle's rage,
To save Byzantium's state,
When the tents of Zohagan,
Like snow-drifts overran
The road to the Golden Gate.

And for this, for this, behold!
Infirm and blind and old,
With gray, uncovered head,
Beneath the very arch
Of my triumphal march,
I stand and beg my bread!

Methinks I still can hear,
Sounding distinct and near,
The Vandal monarch's cry,
As, captive and disgraced,
With majestic step he paced,—
"All, all is Vanity!"

Ah! vainest of all things
Is the gratitude of kings;
The plaudits of the crowd
Are but the clatter of feet
At midnight in the street,
Hollow and restless and loud.

But the bitterest disgrace
Is to see forever the face
Of the Monk of Ephesus!
The unconquerable will
This, too, can hear;—I still
Am Belisarius!

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

The Day Is Done.

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul can not resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the hardy sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And tonight I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infect the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

In Austria it behooves one to be careful when rescuing people from death. Not long ago a Viennese tradesman, while taking an evening stroll, found a man hanging from a tree. He promptly cut the rope, and by taking strenuous measures brought the would-be suicide back to consciousness. His act of benevolence was rewarded with a summons for effecting the rescue so carelessly as to raise severe bruises on the body when it fell to the ground. The court decided that the defendant was liable under article 335 of the Austrian code, which enacts that any person injuring another through want of due care must pay a fine and damages

GAYNOR VERSUS WHITMAN.

Flaneur" Describes the Quarrel Between Mayor and District Attorney About the All-Night Restaurants.

Some two years ago I wrote to the *Argonaut* describing the efforts of Mayor Gaynor to diminish those bounds of revelry by night that were distinctly audible upon lower Broadway. The Puritan conscience of New York had stirred in its sleep. There were horrid stories of something perilously close to dissipation and of incidents that, to say the least of it, were incongruous with the great statue of purity erected by the women of the metropolis as a constant reminder of the straight and arrow way. It will be remembered that Mayor Gaynor took action in the matter. He ordered that all restaurants be closed at one a. m. and he advised their erstwhile frequenters to cultivate the bed rather than theyster habit, and to use the hours of darkness for the purposes for which they were invented. Forthwith there was a cry of dismay. The mayor was invited to consider the plight of the genuine night worker. He was reminded that there were newspaper people and many others whose occupation justified a genuine and legitimate hunger after one o'clock in the morning. He was asked if the horny-handed son of toil—so to speak—were to go supperless to bed merely because certain children of Belial were in the habit of roystering and poking upon the wine when it was red, not to mention the lobster. Never yet has the mayor been deaf to the cry of human sorrow, and upon this occasion he was quick to relent. Possibly he had his own opinions of the aforesaid sons of toil creeping wearily from their work and craving the solace of a little nourishment before their rest. He may have ruminated on the fact that the sights and sounds of lower Broadway were hardly consonant with such a theory, that they were not exactly suggestive of the sleepy supper of the night worker on his way homeward to the conjugal but sometimes virtuous couch. But he did relent so far as to announce that certain restaurants of an impeccable and unsullied virtue might be licensed to minister to the needs of those who had a right to be hungry after one o'clock in the morning and whose thirst was of the legitimate kind.

And now the trouble has broken out in a worse form than ever. It seems that some of these licensed restaurants have actually deviated from the path of strict tidily mapped out for them by the mayor. They have abused the confidence reposed in them. The same old bounds of revelry by night have been wafted upon the winds and the theory of the hungry night worker has been harder to sustain than ever. In Mr. Gaynor's own words: "These licenses were used for the purpose of keeping up all-night revelries and debaucheries to the disgrace of the city." There will be a natural inclination to believe that these words are unduly severe. Only a few weeks ago we were told that New York would hesitate to allow its young men to visit the San Francisco Exposition lest they might encounter sights and sounds productive of the blush of shame upon the cheeks of innocence. And now the mayor of New York himself tells us of "night revelries and debaucheries," and then he goes on to speak of "the nasty and the vicious and the all-night gluttons and revelers." Is it possible that such things happen in New York?

Now these vituperatory expressions are to be found in a letter addressed by the mayor to District Attorney Whitman. We all know Mr. Whitman. It was he who cleaned up the police department after the Becker scandal. It was he who unfurled the banner of civic righteousness in response to a general feeling that something must be done. It was Mr. Whitman who was "mentioned" at one time as a possible candidate for the mayoralty if not for the governorship, and we all know where such offices may lead if the gods are favorable. And now here is Mr. Whitman at daggers drawn with the mayor on the very question of social purity, with the mayor intent upon closing the naughty restaurants and the district attorney equally resolved upon keeping them open.

The trouble arose in this way: When the mayor found that frivolous-minded persons were holding high carnival in the licensed restaurants intended for the backbone of the nation he repented of his former complacency and ordered that all these places be closed at one a. m. Of course there was some law that enabled him to do this. There always is some law in cases of this kind. Now among the restaurants thus summarily ordered to close was Healy's, and Healy refused to obey. Healy says that the mayor's power is confined to bar-rooms, and that if he—Healy—chooses to sell some of his curious and exhilarating liquors in his restaurant he has a right to do so, just as an hotel-keeper has the right to assuage the thirst of his guests at any hour of the night so long as the said thirst is confined to the bedroom. And District Attorney Whitman says that Healy is right and the mayor wrong.

Now both the district attorney and the mayor are men of resolution and of action. When Mr. Gaynor said that the recalcitrant Healy must shut his shop at one a. m. he sent a force of police to see that the order was carried out. It is bad business to argue with policemen when there are enough of them to give the deciding vote to their side, and so all Healy's guests were escorted to the sidewalk and invited to go home. But Mr. Whitman was there, too, and inasmuch as there was a considerable riot it is by no means easy to decide precisely what part Mr. Whitman took in the proceedings. But we know what part Mr. Gaynor says

that he took. Heaven be praised, we have a ready letter writer at the city hall. Mr. Gaynor's correspondence, duly card-indexed, cross-referenced, and catalogued, would form a contemporary history of New York. So Mr. Gaynor writes that the "whole business now stands fully revealed." He says that the district attorney instigated the open and forcible resistance to the police in their performance of their duty and that he did so in the most spectacular and theatrical way. He says that Mr. Whitman "went to this liquor place with a retinue of trained and brilliant writers to write him up and of flashlight photographers to take his picture in heroic attitudes, and at one o'clock in the morning joined a mob which had been collected by concert to forcibly resist the police in doing their plain duty prescribed by the liquor tax law." Probably the mayor has the rights of it so far as the facts are concerned. Newspaper reporters and flashlight photographers are a regular part of the reformer's outfit, while as for the "heroic attitudes" they are essential factors of every successful appeal to the People.

And so the matter stands. Healy's has now been raided three times in five days. Other restaurants are about to open in order to test the law, and meanwhile Gaynor and Whitman are sticking resolutely to their guns and breathing defiance of each other as well as announcing those lofty resolutions in support of law and order to which we are so well used.

It may be said in conclusion that the quarrel has already made its way into the courts and Mr. Whitman has drawn first blood. Magistrate Deuel of the West Side court has threatened to arrest on the charge of oppression and assault any policeman who interferes with Healy's restaurant. Healy, says the magistrate, has a restaurant license and the police have no right to interfere with him so long as he closes his bar at the appointed hour. They have no right "to go into his premises and lay violent hands upon any citizen who is there in good faith." Three policemen have already been arraigned and paroled and now five other patrolmen have been arrested on the same charge. The police are not used to kind words nowadays, but certainly the policeman's lot is not a happy one when he is called upon to decide a knotty point of law upon which the mayor and the district attorney are at loggerheads and when he is liable to be arrested no matter which side he takes. New York is assuredly a most distressful city.

NEW YORK, August 20, 1913.

Not far from Biarritz is a community of women who pass their lives in silence. They live and die in the Convent of the Silent Sisters, and are buried in silence in the little cemetery within the walls of the grounds. At four o'clock, winter and summer, they leave their bare cells, and for three unbroken hours tell their beads and say their prayers, until they are summoned to their Spartan breakfast. Two more hours they spend, later in the day, with their rosaries and prayers in a secluded corner of the chapel, the rest of the day being devoted to work of various kinds and to meditation. In the refectory, a dark, uninviting chamber with sanded floor, along which run wooden tables and benches, the tables are spread for the midday meal, with an array of brown water-jugs and wooden spoons and forks displayed on coarse serviettes, which take the place of a tablecloth. During the meals not a sound is heard—a whisper, even, would be a grave offense bringing swift penance; and every Friday the Sisters eat their meals on their knees. The Sisters must first spend two years of probation, at the end of which they are free to depart if they so wish. If they decide to take the vows they can never pass beyond the convent walls again, even in death. The survivors themselves dig the graves, which are unmarked, save for a few shells.

Iceland, for years an exporter of live sheep to Scotland and England, is to become a larger factor in the commercial world, despite its northern latitude. An English concern has closed contracts for the purchase of Dettifalls, the largest waterfall in the island, situated about thirty-five miles from the sea coast, in the River Tokulsa, which flows over northern Iceland for 100 miles and empties into the Arctic Ocean. The company will erect large works and construct a railway from the coast to the falls. Fertilizer will be produced, and the plant will require some 400,000 horsepower. The water power available at the falls purchased is estimated at 410,000 horsepower, and much more can be obtained in the vicinity if needed. The falls were purchased from four Icelandic peasants, each of whom received about \$13,000 for his interest.

Guthrie, King County, Texas, one of the few remaining stands of the cattle kings and real cowboys, has a \$15,000 jail which has not contained a King County prisoner in three years. The sheriff and his family live in the lower part of the jail building. Guthrie has no county attorney and there is not a practicing attorney in the county.

Berlin is now in proud possession of the largest and best arranged street-car depot in the world. It has just opened at Lichterfelde, a district on the eastern outskirts of the city, where it has been in process of building for several years. Five hundred large electric cars can be accommodated upon twenty-six lines which are laid abreast.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Colonel Thomas H. Birch, the new minister to Portugal, was personal aide to President Wilson when governor of New Jersey.

C. B. Nicholson, who will in all probability build Sir Thomas Lipton's new cup challenger, is now building a twin-screw yacht for Pars Singer, which will be the first yacht to use the Diesel engine for motive power.

Emperor Francis Joseph, the oldest ruler in Europe, has just entered on his eighty-third year. His birthday was celebrated at Ischl, an upper Austrian summer resort. A special feature of the observance of the day was the unveiling of a statue of the emperor at the military academy at Moedling, near Vienna.

Lord Courtney, the English authority on political economy, recently celebrated his eighty-first birthday. Nearly sixty years ago he was a Second Wrangler at Cambridge, and all his life has worthily sustained the reputation for mathematical powers which he then obtained. From 1886 to 1892 he was chairman of committees of the House of Commons.

A striking figure of the new Danish cabinet is Hansing-Jorgensen, minister of public works, who began his career as a laborer. As a boy he worked for \$5 a month. From farmhand he progressed, studying at odd times, gradually gaining business experience, until his ability and determination led him to the presidency of a bank, and from that position he stepped into the cabinet.

Miss Elizabeth Goucher, youngest daughter of Dr. John F. Goucher, president emeritus of Goucher College, is to enter the mission field in China under the direction of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society. She will spend at least five years in educational work, with headquarters at Nanking. With this end in view she spent last year in preparatory work at Columbia College.

Mme. Kin Seno, the only woman who has attained the position of bank president in Japan, aided in founding the institution in 1912. The bank is situated in Tokyo, and in lending her aid in its foundation Mme. Seno realized the wishes of her husband, who died a number of years ago. She was born in 1842, converses well in English, and has acquired many European customs, but still clings to her native costume.

Bishop Thomas Bowman, who recently celebrated his ninety-sixth birthday, has dedicated about 1200 Methodist churches, and there is at least one in every state in the Union that was dedicated by him. He organized the Dickinson Seminary at Williamsport, Pennsylvania, in 1848, and was its president for ten years. His home is at Orange, New Jersey, and despite his great age he is in remarkable possession of his faculties and in fairly good health.

Charles Grafly, selected to model the statue to the Pioneer Mother as the central figure of the fine arts department of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, is a native of Philadelphia, and has been awarded numerous exposition medals for his work. He first won honorable mention from the Paris Salon in 1891, and during the St. Louis Exposition was a member of the international jury of awards. He is a member of the National Sculpture Society. Much of his work has been done in bronze.

The Honorable Clifford Sifton, now spoken of as the probable successor to Lord Strathcona—who has signified his intention to resign the position of Canadian high commissioner early in 1914, when he shall have reached his ninety-fourth year—is Canadian minister of the interior. He was born in the province of Ontario, and in 1880 was called to the Manitoba bar. Since then he has held many high positions. He was the agent of the British government before the Alaskan boundary tribunal. He was first elected in 1896 to represent Brandon, Manitoba, in the House of Commons, and two reëlections followed.

Frederic Courtland Penfield, who has been appointed American ambassador to Austria-Hungary, is an author and patron of art, as well as a diplomat. He has traveled extensively and is a man of wealth. The position is not altogether new to him, for he was at one time vice-consul at London. During the Cleveland administration he acted in an advisory capacity with respect to the consular and diplomatic service. In 1893 he was chosen as minister to Argentina, but before he was formally appointed he was given the post of diplomatic agent and consul-general to Egypt with the rank of minister resident. He acquitted himself with signal honor.

John Lind, the special envoy of President Wilson to Mexico, is a native of Sweden, but was brought to this country by his parents when he was fourteen years of age. He became a country schoolmaster before he was twenty, saved some money, and attended the University of Michigan for two years. Being admitted to the bar, he took up the practice of law in Minneapolis in 1877. In 1881 he was appointed receiver of the land office at Tracy, Minnesota, and six years later he was sent to Congress. When war with Spain was declared he went out as first lieutenant and quartermaster of the Twelfth Minnesota Volunteers. Following that he was elected governor of the state, was defeated for reëlection, went back to his law practice, and in 1903 was returned for a term to Congress.

PARSON TOM.

When Nature Intervened in a Hanging.

Saddle-Hoss Pete's record in the mining-camps of the San Juan District was as unsavory as his crouching form was unsightly and his hoarse voice disagreeable.

Nine-tenths of the population had departed before the first storm had come, as was the custom in new camps in the early days before the railroads had broadened the trails and opened the passes through the Rocky Mountains.

Saddle-Hoss Pete did not go out with the majority. In fact, Pete seldom acted with the majority. He usually formed a minority—of one. But he was not disappointed at their leaving him. He thought he would be able to stand it for one season. But Paymaster Bill and Big Frank, who seemed to be looked upon as guardians of the affairs of the camp, plainly told him that he must get out—that the penalty of his return would be sudden death. So Saddle-Hoss Pete departed before the second storm had come—whither, nobody knew.

Parson Tom had come to the camp in the previous spring and had made a good impression on his own kind of people, though the present remaining population knew little of him, and did not care whether he remained or not. None of them were church-going people. But as the parson said he had no idea of preaching, nobody objected to his staying in camp. He gave as a reason for staying that in case of death his services would be needed. Beyond that he would not intrude his offices.

The extreme length of the winter had led Paymaster Bill to inquire into the parson's finances; and, learning that there was a probability of his running short before his parishioners should return, Bill proposed to the men in the camp that a purse be raised.

His suggestion was acted upon, and Paymaster Bill himself presented the hatful of money, accompanying the presentation with an appropriate extempore speech, in which he advised Parson Tom of the appreciation of the donors.

Parson Tom declared he could not accept the money unless he should have an opportunity to earn it.

"But we don't none of us want ter die," objected Bill, "jist ter give ye a chance to earn the money. We'd ruther pay ye ter pray fer our continued good health, jist as we drinks ter your good health w'en we makes up that purse."

Parson Tom laughed, and said he had no desire for the demise of any one, but merely wanted to give them some return for the money.

That night Parson Tom appeared in Big Frank's saloon, where the entire male population was endeavoring to break the bank, having cleaned up the Corner saloon early in the evening.

The appearance of the parson created a flutter, and one or two superstitious players lost every bet they made for the balance of the deal. When the end of the deal had been reached, the parson asked their attention for a few minutes, and, mounting the platform which held the lookout chair, he thanked them kindly for their generous donation, and said if they would come to the little schoolhouse on Sunday evening for a half-hour he would endeavor to entertain them without preaching a sermon. He declared that he could not accept their money without earning it.

The invitation was accepted, and the parson was asked to have a cigar, which he lighted, while the crowd drank "to the health of Parson Tom." He bowed his acknowledgments without further interruption of the game.

Upon entering his cabin Parson Tom stirred the fire, thinking of his visit, and, after sitting by its warmth till he had thawed himself, he went to his trunk, which held his treasure, to look at the little hoard of gold and silver which these rough men of the mountains had so kindly donated.

It was not there! Perhaps in his excitement at his good fortune he had hidden it from himself and forgotten the hiding-place. But no, it was not in the cabin!

The parson was troubled. He could not believe that any of the men who had been so kind to him would be guilty of robbery. And yet the money was gone. The long buckskin bag, in which he kept his money and which bore his name worked in silken thread, he found behind the trunk.

When he met Paymaster Bill on the following morning, he mentioned his loss. Bill was astonished. He did not believe that any man in the camp was mean enough to steal. "At any rate, not a parson's money."

The story of the loss of Parson Tom's money was told about the camp, and while it was a mystery to some, the more irreverent smiled and said they guessed the parson was excited, and that it would turn up all right in time.

On Sunday the sun shone out bright and clear, and old King Solomon was as glorious a sight as one might wish to see. His biblical namesake in all his reputed glory could not have furnished a grander inspiration. But Parson Tom had promised not to preach. Besides he was not quite sure that the incredulity concerning the loss of his money had entirely disappeared. So he must be careful what he should say to them that night.

Every male person was promptly on hand that night at the little schoolhouse, and there was a sprinkle of the other sex—women who had not listened to a preacher's voice since they were little girls.

The half-hour was devoted to reading stories, which were responded to by hearty laughter and a few pathetic exclamations.

When Parson Tom was finished and was about to say good-night, Paymaster Bill arose and reminded his companions that on the night the parson had called on them, it had been proposed that a fund be started toward building a church. Then he added: "I don't reckon none of ye has got a notion o' backin' down on thet ther' propersition. Ef ye has, let's hear it."

There was not a dissenting voice, though the amount of gold and silver dropped in the parson's pretty buckskin bag was not so large as it might have been had the parson not "lost his first winnin'."

The moon had dropped down behind the peak of King Solomon, leaving the camp in darkness, while soft snow fell with that steady monotony which indicates a heavier fall to come.

Parson Tom had just opened the door of his cabin to step in, when a heavy hand was laid upon his throat and a hoarse voice demanded: "Give me that money! Quick!"

The parson was by no means a coward. He struggled with his assailant, and together they fell into the cabin and rolled out into the light cover of fresh snow which had fallen on the frozen crust. Muttered curses and a tighter grip upon his throat met his resistance.

"Damn this snow; if this job could have been done an hour earlier, I'd 'a' bin all right," muttered the voice as the form moved away in the darkness.

That was the last the parson heard. The light snow fell straight from the sky. There was no wind to disturb its course, and the soft, fine flakes were hardly plentiful enough to furnish a bed for footprints.

Parson Tom knew not how long he had lain there, and, despite the warmer temperature, he was numb with cold when he crawled into his cabin. He was so completely overcome by the struggle with his assailant and the cold that he lay upon his bed in a stupor far into the night.

When he aroused the snow was falling in great sheets, like drifts, from the gulch above. He opened the door and looked out. He could see nothing but the blinding storm and the darkness which was scarcely subdued by the ghastly whiteness of the snow. He dared not venture out. No man could live an hour in that terrible storm.

Rebuilding the fire, the parson sat down and tried to think—tried to think where he had heard that voice before it demanded his money. If he could only recall that he would be able to identify the man who had robbed him. Without that recollection his claim that he had been robbed the second time would be only laughed at by the men who had been so generous in their gifts.

But it was impossible to recall it, though he knew he had heard it and remarked its peculiar tone. And there he sat through the long, black night, hoping against hope.

It was broad noonday when he awoke, sitting by the dying embers on the hearth. The sun shone brighter than it had shone for weeks. Its hot rays melted the snow on the roofs of the houses, and the day was like a day in spring. But it brought no joy to the heart of Parson Tom.

The habitués of Big Frank's saloon had hardly settled themselves down to the pleasures or pastimes of the day—their morning hour being the noon-time—when they were startled by the ghost-like appearance of Parson Tom. In a trembling voice he told his story.

"He plays it well," sneered Big Frank; "that's a purty good make-up ye've got on yer face. Ye'd ought ter be a performer. There'll be chance fer ye when the variety show opens up in ther spring."

This speech was greeted with laughter by the crowd, and the poor parson was dumb—but not deaf—with mortification. How could he face these men who disbelieved his very first utterance? He turned to go.

"Hold on ther!" cried Paymaster Bill; "this is twicet yer say yer bin robbed in this camp. Both times it was our money as ye was robbed of—money 'at we give ye. Now ye've got ter prove it; fer we don't 'low no man t' accuse none o' us o' robbin' him the second time 'thout he perduces ther proof."

"Ther proof's w'at we wants!" shouted the crowd.

Parson Tom stood as still as death. He could not speak.

"An' ther's another thing ye've got ter prove," continued Bill, as he saw the parson would not reply; "ye've got ter prove thet ye didn't rob some other parties besides yerself. More'n one cabin was burglarized last night; an' ef ye aint ther burgler, then—prove it!"

But Parson Tom could utter no sound, save a groan of anguish. Could he but recall that voice! But, no! His memory failed.

There he stood as dumb as though he had been born without speech, while Paymaster Bill demanded that he prove his innocence, and the crowd, led on by Big Frank, sneered at and reviled the accused.

During this trying ordeal for the parson three men, selected by Big Frank, had gone to the parson's cabin, and there, upon the floor, had found a nugget of gold belonging to Big Frank.

This they brought and flouted in the face of the trembling victim. Well he knew how it had come there, but it was idle to assert or protest. His words—if he could have spoken—would have been, to these infuriated men, like the screech of a wild bird borne on the wind in a howling storm.

"Ye hev no proof o' yer innocence," said Paymaster

Bill, hotly, "an' we hev this proof o' yer guilt. W'a d'ye say now?"

Parson Tom saw that all hope was lost, but with dying hope his speech returned, and he said with evident effort: "Gentlemen, I see no hope of establishing my innocence; but still maintain it. That nugget of gold must have been dropped by the robber in our struggle in the cabin. If I could recall the voice I should convince you. It was none of you who did the deed, but one who has lived here among you, though I can not tell his name. He can not live far away—perhaps at one of the idle mines or in some deserted tunnel. He went toward the gulch, for had he come this way he would have had to cross my body, as I lay there in the snow. That is all I have to say. Do with me as you must."

It was useless to search the gulch—the heavy snow would not permit. And, then, these angry men had no doubt of the guilt of the parson. Only the production of the man he claimed had robbed him would destroy their belief in his guilt. The crowd grew angrier as the minutes passed.

"The parson has lied," coolly remarked Big Frank, whose faith in the preacher sort had never been strong. "He's an ungrateful robber," Paymaster Bill added. "Hang him!" yelled a man in the crowd.

The excitement increased like the roar of the wind through the gulches in the coming of a storm. A minute more and the infuriated mob who, in the absence of a court, had tried, convicted, and sentenced the accused, was eager to execute the sentence of death.

Like wild men they flew to the upper end of the camp, dragging the parson with them. Convinced of his guilt, and maddened by thoughts of his ingratitude, no hand could stay them.

Quickly the preparations for the execution were made. Two barrels, each of which supported an end of a broad plank, placed under the stout limb of a great tree, formed the scaffold. One end of the rope was fastened to the limb, the other formed into a noose and placed over the head and around the neck of the trembling parson.

"Air ye ready?" cried the leader of the mob to the two men who were stationed at the ends of the plank ready to lift it out from under the feet of the doomed man.

"Give him one more chance ter tell who robbed him," demanded Paymaster Bill.

Standing there upon that plank, with the death-rope around his neck, Parson Tom's memory returned. The ugly face of his assailant, which he could not see the night before in the darkness, was now plainly visible, and the crouched form of the robber appeared as plain as on the day he had sneaked out of camp at the command of these same men.

The crowd waited almost breathlessly.

"Quick!" shouted Big Frank, who was leader.

"Saddle—Horse—Pete!" almost shouted the parson.

The crowd broke out in jeers.

"Oh, no!" they said; "that can't be. He was drove out, an' he's not likely to show his head anywheres 'roun' this camp. That won't do. Guess agin."

"Ye'll hev ter perduce ther body of Saddle-Hoss Pete afore the court'll admit ther evidence," said Bill.

"Once agin. Air ye ready?" shouted Big Frank.

"Yes," came the calm but determined voices of the two men at the ends of the plank.

"Give him time ter pray," begged an unwilling participant.

"Pray, then!" shouted the leader.

Parson Tom stood erect, with bowed head. Slowly and with firmness he lifted his voice. Suddenly he faltered, turning his face toward the mountain.

Hark! Look! The excited group of men stood there riveted to the ground. The hands of those who held the plank were frozen as if in death's clutch. The tongue of him whose word was law was paralyzed. The sound which filled their ears carried more terror to their souls than the awful roar of battle, the rushing of the mighty waters in a storm at sea, and the rumbling of an earthquake, all combined, could have inspired.

On, on it came, tearing from their roots great trees that had withstood the storms of generations; hurling heavy branches, logs, timbers, and rocks a hundred feet above the heads of the frightened witnesses.

Great clouds of snow filled the air and hid from view the surrounding mountains.

Not a man in that group, all huddled together like so many frightened animals, but comprehended the situation in an instant.

These men who were brave enough of heart to have fought with the inspiration of patriotism on the field of battle, or faced with fearless courage the ocean's wrath, or listened without the faintest dread to the earthquake's fearful rumblings, stood trembling like little children in the face of a snow-slide!

Swift as a meteor it came, and, like the bursting of a thunderbolt, had spent its wrath; and its dreadful harvest lay scattered far and wide, like dead and wounded soldiers on a battlefield.

And when the sky had cleared there lay, at the feet of them who held a life within their grasp, a dead and frozen human form. Tight against the breast, the clutched and stiffened fingers of the dead held the buckskin bag of money—the evidence of Parson Tom's innocence!

The crowd fell back aghast! It was Saddle-Hoss Pete!

Lewis H. Eddy.

CONCERNING A SEAL.

The Terrific Consequences of an Invitation to America.

Now the seal of this voracious story is not "a marine carnivorous mammal of the order *Fera*, sub-order *Pinnipedia*" (*vide* the Century Dictionary), nor is it a plant or mineral of the old herbals; no, it is that engraved metal matrix known as the Great Seal of the United Kingdom, without the impress of which summonses to Parliament, or treaties with foreign powers, or other documents of high importance are waste paper. As a Great Seal of this type, the inner meaning of which is that it is a testimony to the personal presence of the king when a particular document was drawn, has been in use since the days of Edward the Confessor, *Argonaut* readers may wonder why it should be dragged into the limelight all these years after. The explanation must be demanded of the American Bar Association. And a further cause is to be found in the latest issue of the *London Gazette*.

This is not a free advertisement of the *London Gazette*. That venerable bi-weekly official organ for the announcements of the government is no rival of the *Argonaut*; its sober pages contain no virile editorials or "Old Favorites" or "Storyettes" or short stories or book sketches or social gossip; its chief pabulum consists of dry records of official business, such as promotions in the army and navy or orders promulgated in council. Sometimes the latter conceal a volume of history or perpetuate a custom as old as the hills. An item in Friday's number is a case in point; it told how the king had been pleased by letters patent to appoint our old friend John Morley and two others as "commissioners for the care and custody of the Great Seal during the absence of the Right Honorable Richard Burdon Viscount Haldane, lord high chancellor."

Now this is all the doing of the American Bar Association. Although a philosopher rather than a lawyer, Lord Haldane's position as lord high chancellor gives him status as the chief of the great law officers of the crown, and it is in that capacity that the legal brethren of America have invited him to deliver the annual address of their association at its forthcoming meeting in Montreal on September 1. The invitation is an honor and, like many honors, an inconvenience. For the lord high chancellor is the sworn custodian of the Great Seal, and if he doesn't guard that emblem of royalty with special care it's hard to see why he should be paid ten thousand pounds a year. Besides, it is the tradition of the keeper of the Great Seal that he must always be in England, ready and on the spot to authenticate any document passed by royal or parliamentary authority.

As a matter of history, too, this will be the first occasion when the guardian of the Great Seal has been officially absent from England since the days of the uxorious Henry VIII. Some of the chancellors may have taken a trip to the continent for reasons of health or pleasure, but such absences have been winked at rather than authorized. The last keeper of the Great Seal who was knowingly absent from his post was one Cardinal Wolsey, and he had the excuse that his royal master had dispatched him on a mission to France. Lord Haldane could not hope to steal out of the country unnoticed; his name will be on the *Lusitania's* sailing list of August 23; if he had gone on board without official leave of absence some wicked Tory would have kicked up a shine in the House of Commons and moved a reduction in his salary. Hence the machinery for evolving "letters patent" had to be set in motion, with the result above narrated. The American Bar Association can congratulate itself not merely on Lord Haldane's prospective visit but upon breaking a four hundred years' old tradition.

As descendants of the Puritans, however, the lawyers of the New World might urge as an extenuation for their attack on the sanctity of the Great Seal that there was a period in the seventeenth century when there were two Richmonds in the field. That is a chapter in the history of the fetish which the constitutionalists would fain consign to that oblivion in which orthodox Roman Catholics have tried to bury the memory of the days when there were two Popes. But as Urban VI and Clement VII are stubborn facts, not to be eliminated from any history of the papacy which takes account of the Great Schism, so those who are read in the journals of the Long Parliament can produce chapter and verse to prove the simultaneous existence of the dual Great Seals.

In fact the records of that episode give the one gleam of humor in the story of the struggle between king and Parliament. When the trouble began the Great Seal was in the custody of Lord Littleton, one of those peers who tried to hold with both sides. But he had sufficient loyalty left to resolve to send the Great Seal to Charles, and no sooner had he started it on its journey than he followed it in person. That was on a late May day of 1642. The day after the absence of the seal and its keeper was reported to the House of Lords, whereupon, such was the consternation, an order was issued for Littleton's immediate arrest. But he and the seal were beyond reach; the Houses of Parliament had to face as best they could the terrific situation of carrying on the business of the country minus the magic instrument which alone could make important documents legal.

For some months the Puritans of the Long Parliament bore up bravely under their affliction. No savage tribe robbed of its most potent Mumbo-Jumbo could have set a better example of resignation. The truth

was that John Pym and Oliver Cromwell and the rest had other things to occupy their attention. But when a calm interval came the tremendous matter of the Great Seal revived in all its terror. It was nothing to the Puritans that they had usurped the functions of government, had created an army, had seized all the available forts of the kingdom, and fought in arms against the king; all these were trivial matters compared with the absence of the Great Seal. At last it occurred to some daring innovator that the problem might be solved by the making of a new Great Seal of their own, but here the difficulty was to persuade the House of Lords. The remnant of that august body, despite its support of the Commons in rebellion, was even more wedded to tradition and convention than the lower house; again and again the peers declined to agree with the commoners in giving orders for a new seal. The Lords reminded their colleagues that they had hitherto regarded the power of their ordinances as sufficient authority for their actions, and in any case the making of a new seal would not prevent the king using the old one. And when the Commons declared that "the kingdom is not able to subsist without a Great Seal" the Lords retorted that they must adhere to their former decision.

All this debating to and fro continued for another four months, at the end of which time the impotency of the Commons prevailed. As soon as the Lords agreed to the vote, an engraver was commissioned to make the new fetish, which, on completion, was handed to the Speaker of the House of Commons until such time as it might be transferred to its duly appointed custodians. Six commissioners were appointed to that office, two being peers and the others members of the lower house, and when everything was in order a day was named for the formal handing over of the precious instrument. The ceremony took place in the House of Lords, whither the Speaker and the members of the lower house proceeded in solemn procession. Explanations ensued, at the end of which the Speaker of the lower house handed the seal to his namesake of the upper chamber, who then administered the oath to the new guardians. No one of them had the power to use it alone; three constituted the smallest quorum; and when not in use the fetish was to be kept in an iron chest with three locks. Whether the commissioners, as their oath required, used the seal "well and truly" is too dangerous a topic for discussion here. The three commissioners who have been created to meet the difficulty of the invitation of the American Bar Association will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that their Great Seal is the real original, unless ere Lord Haldane's return Ulster is in rebellion and has ordered a seal of its own.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, August 12, 1913.

In the Ragged Mountains of Virginia live the lost Hessians, a queer and interesting people. They are the descendants of the Hessian prisoners who were confined at Charlottesville during the Revolutionary War. At the close of the Revolution the Hessians were released in a body. They determined to march back into the Ragged Mountains and establish a new home in those hills. Here they and their descendants have lived ever since. They put up their rude cabins made of logs and mud, and they have had no other kind of dwelling from that time to this. The Ragged Mountains themselves have remained true to them. They are just as much a wilderness as they were when the Hessians settled down on the hillsides and in the deep valleys. These lost Hessians (says the *New York Sun*) are not to be confused with the Blue Ridge mountaineers, who, despite their lawlessness, can be made into good citizens under proper environments—in time. The Hessians are quite different. They have little if any understanding of modern morality. Marriage is a luxury which has seldom lingered at their doors. They are not lawless with firearms. Feuds are almost unknown to them. This is not because of any appreciation of the value of human life. They do not like strife and contention. When neighboring quarrels arise they usually fight it out with sticks and stones and their big, bony fists. It is not difficult to get the Hessians to come to the log meeting-houses. It is the nearest thing to amusement they come in contact with. But it seems to be practically impossible to teach these mountaineers the basic law of thine and mine. They are naturally rather truthful. But when it comes to taking anything of his neighbors which appeals to him the Hessian will not countenance restraint.

In the palace of the Maharajah at Mysore, India, is a magnificent American organ, costing about \$30,000, which was manufactured especially for him in Ohio. Recently his highness made inquiry concerning American sheet music, and being much pleased with samples sent him from New York at once ordered nearly \$1000 worth of such music to be sent to him. His highness, who is a skilled musician himself, seemed delighted with the American tunes, especially the band music. One-third of the area of Mysore is cultivated, one-third is not suitable for cultivation, and the rest is forest, waste, or fallow.

Every large steamship company spends millions of dollars annually to provide the necessities of life to the thousands of passengers who cross and recross the Atlantic. Last year the North German Lloyd was at an outlay of \$4,920,000 for provisions alone. It spent over seven million dollars for coal, and a good share of both sums remained in this country.

A REMEMBRANCE OF GEORGE ELIOT.

Some Recollections of the Novelist in Her Latter Years.

Taking time from a busy life, Mrs. W. K. Clifford writes in the *Nineteenth Century* of George Eliot as she knew her during the latter years of that extraordinary woman's life:

She was living at The Priory, North Bank, St. John's Wood: an unpretentious detached little house of two stories, with a moderate garden, hidden away from the road by a fence with a dark-painted gate. She and George Henry Lewes were together of course; she was regarded as his wife and always addressed as Mrs. Lewes; it was evident directly you became acquainted with them, or even saw them, that they were devoted to each other. They knew my husband, W. K. Clifford, long before I did; they loved him and delighted in his happy nature and the wild flights of his genius. She wrote him a wonderful letter (this was in 1875) when she heard that he was engaged, but she did not ask him to bring me to see her. He went one Sunday soon after our marriage, and was duly congratulated and chafed, but he was hurt, when after two or three more visits she appeared to think he would continue to go alone.

Puzzled that his wife should receive no invitation to call, Mr. Clifford thereafter refrained from these visits until he met Henry Crompton, who explained, "She'll never invite her; you must ask to be allowed to take her, and show that you consider it a great honor." So Mr. Clifford "went again"—and was bidden to bring his wife with him next time." Of this meeting we have the following account, though Lewes himself seems to be the central figure, and an unusual sketch is presented of him:

Luckily there was George Henry Lewes. The grip of his hand, and cordial almost merry greeting carried many a quaking stranger through the first awkward moments. He was a wonderful being in his way. He was considered to be a very ugly man: why, I can not think, for his expression was so pleasant, so kindly, that it disguised his features—if they were bad. I don't think they were; he certainly had a good forehead, and bright alert gray eyes like a dog's. He made one think of a dog in many ways—a rather small, active, very intelligent dog. I think he must have worn slippers with list soles in the house—for one never heard his footsteps; and he pattered about after the manner of a dog; he was so easily pleased, too, and showed it in a way that made one insensibly wonder if a nice fringing tail were not wagging behind him. He was very keen and clear-sighted, and admirable, yet always good-natured, in the way he dropped down on the weakness or saw the strength of an argument. My husband used to say that he did an immense amount of unacknowledged good by the encouragement he gave to the younger men, the thinkers and mental speculators of his day; for no theories were too wild to be told him—he saw the drift of them, smoothed away the impossible, and encouraged more genius than he knew. There was, too, something almost mercurial in him, like a perpetual current of youth circulating among the many years to which the gray hairs and wrinkled face bore witness that he had accumulated. He moved quickly and adroitly in and out of the sacred circle round George Eliot, putting in little, short, cheery sentences, quickly spoken, smilingly, and always to the point. If he talked with you apart, or somewhere else, he usually spoke of George Eliot as She; you felt that the first letter was a big one.

Rank meant nothing, but actual attainment was alone considered at the Lewes fireside:

The majority of The Priory's frequenters were scholars and thinkers, some of them belonged to the immortals. I think I heard (it was before my time) of Wagner going there; certainly Mme. Wagner went. Of the young men who appeared it was said, and truly, that they had already done some good work (and good work was measured with astonishing severity in that household), were doing it, or had the capacity to do it. On George Eliot's right, and more or less in a circle round her, sat the visitors. They seated themselves as noiselessly as possible after a reverential greeting to their hostess. I remember well Herbert Spencer coming in, and Mr. Locker-Lampson, one following the other, a curious contrast. . . . But the ladies were not wanted, and probably were aware of it. Yet she had her close—close rather than intimate—friends and worshippers among women; she was gentle, almost deferential, in manner to them, and very kind. People didn't break up into groups and talk with each other in those days, as I believe they had done once, perhaps before the purely intellectual element had become so pronounced; but each one spoke in turn and was listened to by the rest. It was a terrible ordeal for the average intelligence, if by a freak it strayed there, for inevitably at last, or at some time, eyes gravitated towards you, and you simply had to say something. . . . But Mrs. Lewes probably helped you through, and looked at you with a kindly expression on her wonderful face. Wonderful? Yes, and like a horse's. Her likeness to Savonarola has often been mentioned: you were sensible of it the moment you saw her first; but you were also immediately reminded of a horse, a strange variety of horse that was full of knowledge, and beauty of thought, and mysteries of which the ordinary human being had no conception. It was another form of humanity, of individuality, added to her own. And her fascination, her magnetism, the exquisite thrill that went through you at the sound of her low measured voice, at the sight of her little generally undeveloped smile like a fitful gleam of pale sunshine, was beyond all description, and had the effect of making you feel that there was nothing in the world that you would not do for her.

The last visit to the home of George Eliot had in it an element of sadness, which developed at the parting:

When we four were alone—the Leweses and ourselves—and stood in a group, she took my hand and held it tightly while she talked to my husband; and, when at last we were going, she kissed my cheek and said "God bless you, dear," with something in her voice that made my heart bound and tears come to my eyes. Perhaps she divined, though we did not, that it was the last time we should ever go there—or see them together. A few days afterwards she and George Henry Lewes came to see us, but unhappily we were out; we never quite got over it—and they never came again; it was never possible. George Henry Lewes died in November, 1878.

Following the marriage of George Eliot to Mr. Cross and the return of the happy pair from Italy, the Cliffords arranged to go to her house, setting a day:

But before it came George Eliot was ill—in a fortnight she was sleeping at Highgate. Above her are some words from "The Choir Invisible." The Americans go often to read them, and to stand beside her for a little while: sometimes they take her flowers. Just behind, his feet are towards her, lies George Henry Lewes, and a few yards away in a marble tomb is Herbert Spencer, the friend of many years, who had probably more influence than any other on her later work.

FABRE, POET OF SCIENCE.

Dr. C. V. Legros Tells the Life Story of a Man Eminent in Intellect and in Character.

It is seldom that biographies have the advantage of the personal revision of their subjects. But Jean-Henri Fabre has not only revised the biography written by Dr. C. V. Legros and translated into English by Bernard Miall, but he has also contributed a preface. He says that Dr. Legros has "abstracted from my correspondence, as well as from the long conversations which we have so often enjoyed together, a great number of those memories of varying importance which serve as landmarks in life." It has been a difficult task, and one to be accomplished only by assiduity and devotion, since the life of which this memoir treats "has been passed very largely, in especial during the last thirty years, in the most absolute retirement and the completest silence." But the result, says M. Fabre, is "the most lucid, complete, and vital exposition of these matters that I could possibly have wished."

Certainly the volume should be a welcome one. We have heard much of M. Fabre during the last few years. In a world that is now nearly stripped of genius we have learned to look upon this French scientist not only as a man of extraordinary intellectual attainments and of marvelous industry, but as a poet of lofty and distinguished character. He has irradiated with imagination the department of nature that he has made his own, and he has been abundantly content with those impalpable rewards that are none the less real because they add nothing to material comforts or possessions. We admire Fabre, the scientist, but we revere the man even more.

Recognition came late to Fabre, perhaps because he had so little of self-assertion. Pasteur, we learn with regret, treated him with hauteur and disdain:

It was because he was the only university teacher in Avignon to occupy himself with entomology that Pasteur visited him in 1865. The illustrious chemist had been striving to check the plague that was devastating the silkworm nurseries, and as he knew nothing of the subject which he proposed to study, not even understanding the constitution of the cocoon or the evolution of the silkworm, he sought out Fabre in order to obtain from his store of entomological wisdom the elementary ideas which he would find indispensable. Fabre has told us in a moving page with what a total lack of comprehension of "poverty in a black coat" the great scientist gazed at his poor home. Preoccupied by another problem, that of the amelioration of wines by means of heat, Pasteur asked him point-blank—him, the humble proletarian of the university caste, who drank only the cheapest wine of the country—to show him his cellar. "My cellar! Why not my vaults, my dusty bottles, labeled according to age and vintage! But Pasteur insisted. Then, pointing with my finger, I showed him, in a corner of the kitchen, a chair with all the straw gone, and on this chair a two-gallon demijohn: 'There is my cave, monsieur!'"

If the country professor was embarrassed by the chilliness of the other, he was none the less shocked by his attitude. It would seem, from what Fabre has said, that Pasteur treated him with a hauteur which was slightly disdainful. The ignorant genius questioned his humble colleague, distantly giving him his orders, explaining his plans and his ideas, and informing him in what directions he required assistance.

But the friendship of John Stuart Mill compensated Fabre for much of the neglect that was his lot elsewhere. He met Mill at the Abbey of Saint-Martial and the story of their relations is one of the pleasantest in the volume. When financial misfortunes finally overwhelmed the Frenchman it was to the English philosopher that he turned for aid, and it was given instantly and graciously:

At this moment he was so poor that he had not even the money to meet the expenses of his removal. The times were troublous: the great war had commenced, and Paris being invested he could no longer obtain the small earnings which his textbooks were beginning to yield him, and which had for some time been increasing his modest earnings. On the other hand, having always lived far from all society, he had not at Avignon a single relation who could assist him, and he could neither obtain credit nor find any one to extricate him from his embarrassments and save him from the extremity of need with which he was threatened. He thought of Mill, and in this difficult juncture it was Mill who saved him. The philosopher was then in England; he was for the time being a member of the House of Commons, and he used to vary his life at Avignon by a few weeks' sojourn in London. His reply, however, was not long in coming: almost immediately he sent help; a sum of £120, which fell like manna into the hands of Fabre; and he did not, in exchange, demand the slightest security for this advance.

A series of scientific manuals, wretchedly paid for, served to tide Fabre over his more pressing difficulties, and his first thought was for the repayment to Mill of the sum that had been lent him:

As soon as he was able to realize a few advances, he had nothing so much at heart as the repayment of Mill, and he hastened to call on the philosopher; all the more filled with gratitude for his generosity in that the loan, although of the comparatively large amount of three thousand francs, was made without security, practically from hand to hand, with no other warranty than his probity.

For this reason this episode was always engraven on his memory. Thirty years later he would relate the affair even to the most insignificant details. How many times has he not reminded me of the transaction, insisting that I should make a note of it, so anxious was he that this incident in his career should not be lost in oblivion! How often has he not recalled the infinite delicacy of Mill, and his excessive scrupulousness, which went so far that he wished to give a written acknowledgment of the repayment of the debt, of which there was no record whatever save in the conscience of the debtor!

Dr. Legros does well to devote so much of his book to Fabre's scientific methods. Of his actual discoveries it would be impossible to deal with adequacy in such a book as this, but we are at least allowed to see enough to understand how large a part both imagination and poetry played in the work of research. Here, for instance,

is his explanation of the simulation of death said to be employed by certain insects:

Fabre explains by hypnosis one of those curious facts which have hitherto been so poorly interpreted. When surprised by abnormal conditions, we see insects suddenly fall over, drop to the ground, and lie as though struck by lightning, gathering their limbs under their bodies. A shock, an unexpected odor, a loud noise, plunges them instantly into a sort of lethargy, more or less prolonged. The insect "feigns death," not because it simulates death, but in reality because this magnetic condition resembles that of death. Now the Odynerus, the Anthidium, the Eucera, the Ammophila, and all the hymenoptera which Fabre has observed sleeping at the fall of night, "suspended in space solely by the strength of their mandibles, their bodies tense, their limbs retracted, without exhaustion or collapse"; and the larva of the Empusa, "which for some ten months hangs to a twig by its limbs, head downwards": do not these present a surprising analogy with those hypnotized persons who possess the faculty of remaining fixed in the most painful poses, and of supporting the most unusual attitudes, for an extremely long time; for instance, with one arm extended, or one foot raised from the ground, without appearing to experience the least fatigue, and with a persevering and unflinching energy?

The great observer, says the author, is in reality a poet who imagines and creates. Claude Bernard had something of the poet in his composition and so had Pasteur:

In Fabre also it seems that the passion which he brings to all his patient observations is in itself truly creative: "his heart beats with emotion, the sweat drips from his brow to the soil, making mortar of the dust"; he forgets food and drink, and "thus passes hours of oblivion in the happiness of learning." I have seen him in his laboratory studying the spawning of the bluebottle, when I, at his side, could scarcely support the horrible stench which rose from the putrefying adders and lumps of meat; he, however, was oblivious of the frightful odor, and his face was inundated with smiles of delight.

A single fact, observed by chance at the wayside, and which would not even attract the attention of another, will be instantly luminous to the scientific mind enlarged by poetry and imagination:

Why, for example, does the Philanthus, that slender wasp, which captures the honey-bee upon the blossoms in order to feed her larva; why, before she carries her prey to her offspring, does she "outrage the dying insect," by squeezing its crop in order to empty it of honey, in which she appears to delight, and does indeed actually delight?

"The bandit greedily takes in her mouth the extended and sugared tongue of the dead insect; then once more she presses the neck and the thorax, and once more applies the pressure of her abdomen to the honey-sac of the bee. The honey oozes forth and is instantly licked up. Thus the bee is gradually compelled to disgorge the contents of the crop. This atrocious meal lasts often half an hour and longer, until the last trace of honey has disappeared."

The detailed answer is obtained by experiment, which perfectly explains this "odious feast," the excuse for which is simply maternity. The Philanthus knows, instinctively, without having learned it, that honey, which is her ordinary fare, is, by a very singular "inversion," a mortal poison to her larva.

Fabre's researches into the life of the young wasp disclose facts that almost stagger the imagination. The eggs of the wasp are enclosed in an underground chamber, together with a supply of food for the grub. But if the victims are dead they will putrefy before they are needed, and if they are alive they will be big enough and strong enough to injure the grubs. Such is the mystery of which Fabre discovered the key:

With inconceivable ingenuity, the victim is seized and thrown to the ground, and the wasp plunges her sting, not at random into the body, which would involve the risk of death, but at determined points, exactly into the seat of those invisible nervous ganglia whose mechanism commands the various movements of the creature.

Immediately after these subtle wounds the prey is paralyzed throughout its body; its members appear to be disarticulated, "as though all the springs were broken"; the true corpse is not more motionless.

But the wound is not mortal; not only does the insect continue to live, but it has acquired the strange prerogative of being able to live for a long period without taking any nourishment, thanks precisely to the condition of immobility, in some sort vegetative, which paralysis confers upon it.

When the hour strikes the hungry larva will find its favorite meat served to its liking; and it will attack this defenseless prey with all the circumspection of a refined eater; "with an exquisitely delicate art, nibbling the viscera of its victim little by little, with an infallible method; the less essential parts first of all, and only in the last instance those which are necessary to life. Here then is an incomprehensible spectacle; the spectacle of an animal which, eaten alive, mouthful by mouthful, during nearly a fortnight, is hollowed out, grows less and less, and finally collapses," while retaining to the end its succulence and its freshness.

Well may the author remark on the slow and horrible agony for the paralyzed victim should some glimmer of consciousness still linger in its puny brain. But perhaps nature is not so cruel as she seems. Perhaps the mother wasp paralyzes not only motion, but also sensation:

To paralyze without killing, "to deliver the prey to the larva inert but living": that is the end to be attained; only the method varies according to the species of the hunter and the structure of the prey; thus the Cerceris, which attacks the coleoptera, and the Scolia, which preys upon the larva of the rose-beetle, sting them only once and in a single place, because there is concentrated the mass of motor ganglia.

The Pompilus, which selects a spider for its victim, no less than the redoubtable Tarantula, knows that its quarry "has two nervous centres which animate respectively the movements of the limbs and those of the terrible fangs; hence the two stabs of the sting."

The Spheg plunges her dagger three times into the breast of the cricket, because she knows, by an intuition that we can not comprehend, that the locomotor innervation of the cricket is actuated by three nervous centres, which lie wide apart.

Finally, the Ammophila, "the highest manifestation of the logic of instinct, whose profound knowledge leaves us confounded, stabs the caterpillar in nine places, because the body of the victim with which it feeds its larva is a series of rings, set end to end, each of which possesses its little independent nervous centre."

Perhaps Fabre's greatest work is not in discovery, but in synthesis. The whole system of living creatures

appears to us as an immense organism, a sort of vast physiological apparatus, of which all the parts are mutually interdependent, and as narrowly controlled as all the cells of the human body:

Fabre goes on to present us with other facts, which at a first glance appear highly immoral; I am referring to certain phases of sexual love among the lower animals, and his ghoulish revelations concerning the horrible bridal of the Arachnoids, the Millepoda, and the Locustida.

The Decticus surrenders only to a single exploit of love; a victim of its "strange genies"; utterly exhausted by the first embrace, empty, drained, extenuated, motionless in all its members, utterly worn out, it quickly succumbs, a mere broken simulacrum, like the miserable lover of a monstrous succubus who "loves him enough to devour him."

The female scorpion devours the male; "all is gone but the tail!"

The female Spider delights in the flesh of her lover.

The Cricket also devours a small portion of her "debonair" admirer.

The Ephippigera "excavates the stomach of her companion and eats him."

But the horror of these nuptial tragedies is surpassed by the insatiable lust, the monstrous conjunction, the bestial delights of the Mantis, that "ferocious spectre, never wearied of embraces, munching the brains of its spouse at the very moment of surrendering her flanks to him."

Whence these strange discords, these frightful appetites?

Fabre refers us to the remotest ages, to the depths of the geological night, and does not hesitate to regard these cruelties as "remnants of atavism," the lingering furies of an ancient strain, and he ventures a profound and plausible explanation.

Fabre describes himself as dismayed by these horrible revelations of nature. Why has evil crept in everywhere? Within this fatal circle, in which the devourer and the devoured, the exploiter and the exploited, lead an eternal dance, can we not perceive a ray of light? Perhaps so:

The victims are not merely the predestined victims of their persecutors. They seek neither to struggle nor to escape nor to evade the inevitable; one might say that by a kind of renunciation they offer themselves up whole as a sacrifice!

What irresistible destiny impels the bee to meet half-way the Philanthus, its terrible enemy? The Tarantula, which could so easily withstand the Pompilus, when the latter rashly carries war into its lair, does not disturb itself, and never dreams of using its poisoned fangs. Not less absolute is the submission of the grasshopper before the Mantis, which itself has its tyrant, the Tachytes.

Similarly those which have reason to fear for their offspring, if not for themselves, do nothing to evade the enemy which watches for them; the Megachile, although it could easily destroy it, is indifferent to the presence of a miserable midge, "the bandit who is always there, meditating its crime"; the Termex, confronted with the Tachinarius, can not control its terror, but nevertheless resigns itself, while squeaking with fright.

If each creature is what it is only because it is a necessary part of the plan of the supreme Artisan who has constructed the universe, why have some the right of life and death and others the terrible duty of immolation?

Do not both obey, not the gloomy law of carnage, but a kind of sovereign and exquisite sacrifice, some sort of unconscious idea of submission to a superior and collective interest?

Fabre's methods of work are described with a delightful simplicity. He would move like a circus horse around the great table of his laboratory until the ideas slowly formulated in his mind, until the transcription was no longer an illusion, but a finished interpretation:

Then only would he sit before the little walnut-wood table "spotted with ink and scarred with knife-cuts, just big enough to hold the inkstand, a halfpenny bottle, and his open notebook"; that same little table at which, in other days, by force of meditation, he achieved his first dreams.

Then he would begin to write, "his pen dipped not in ink only" but in his heart's blood; first of all in ordinary ruled notebooks bound in black cloth, in which he noted, day by day, hour by hour, the observations of every moment, the results of his experiments, together with his thoughts and reflections. Little by little those documents would come together which elucidated and completed one another, and at last the book was written. These notebooks, these copious records, are remarkable for the regularity of the writing and the often impeccable finish of the first draught. Although here and there the same data are transcribed several times in succession, and each time struck through with a vigorous stroke of the pen, there are whole pages, and many pages together, without a single erasure. The handwriting, excessively small—one might think it had been traced by the feet of a fly—becomes in later years so minute that one almost needs a magnifying glass to decipher it.

These notebooks are not the final manuscript. The entomologist would write a new and more perfect copy on loose sheets of paper, making one draught after another, patiently fashioning his style and polishing his work, although many passages were included without revision as they were written in the first instance.

Fabre is very old and nearly blind. He can work no longer in the fields, but he still sits in his study answering the innumerable questions that are brought to him. Women, we are told, confide in him their little private griefs or their intimate sorrows, a naïve form of homage, and "in the midst of all the sympathy extended to him he is sensible, not of the twilight, but of a sunrise."

FABRE, POET OF SCIENCE. By Dr. C. V. Legros. With a preface by J. H. Fabre. Translated by Bernard Miall. New York: The Century Company.

To the sanctity of the ancient and holy river of Cauvery, flowing through the province of Mysore, India, has been added practical utility, for the Mysore government has installed one of the finest electrical plants in the world below the famous falls. It is under contemplation to make this sacred stream of still further commercial use by creating what will be the largest artificial lake in India, some miles above Seringapatam. It will give increased electric power to the Kolar gold fields, and also irrigate a large acreage.

Perth, where golf is now a municipal institution, is the city where the first act was passed, in 1424, by James I. forbidding the playing of "golfe, flutball, or other sik unprofitable sports."

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Long Engagement.

Stories of shabby life in London need something more than fidelity to recommend them to the American audience. This particular story is doubtless a faithful and a typical picture. Moreover, it is written in a lively way, but we may still doubt if it carries with it a sufficient illumination of its own atmosphere to recommend it to readers who have no experience of London life. It tells the story of a family of two daughters and a son who are left ill provided for at the death of their father, a clergyman. The son, Dominick, becomes engaged, but keeps it secret until the financial winds shall be more favorable. As a result he nearly loses his bride to Sir Arthur Beveridge, and so we are asked to consider if long engagements are desirable. It is hardly a question to be settled by discussion, since affairs of the heart are notoriously beyond the control of the head. The author gives us a stage full of figures and he keeps them moving, which in itself is no small feat.

THE LONG ENGAGEMENT. By E. S. Stevens. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

Lives of the Players.

If all other sources of information should become unavailable it would be almost possible to reconstruct the story of the modern stage from the writings of Mr. William Winter. In a broad and comprehensive knowledge of the theatre he is *facile princeps* among the American authorities of today.

Mr. Winter's book on Tyrone Power is the first of a series of Lives of the Players which he has undertaken to write. His design is to record and commemorate the achievements of important actors now living, and he gives the place of honor to Tyrone Power. Speaking of Mr. Power, the author says that "there is no contemporary actor who, by integrity of artistic purpose, steadfast devotion to a noble ideal, self-sacrifice for the sake of being right and doing right in the pursuit of his vocation, and furthermore by splendid acting, has shown himself better entitled to sympathetic recognition and practical public acclaim." These are words of high praise and Mr. Winter seems to justify them by a particularly spirited account of the actor's career and an account that is eminently readable even by those who have made no special study of the stage or of the drama.

TYRONE POWER. By William Winter. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1.25 net.

The Lady and the Pirate.

Mr. Emerson Hough is so fine a writer that we wonder if he intended his hero to be an insufferable idiot. His malady is the more offensive, since the story is told in the first person. But if we can mentally suppress the hero we shall find lots of amusement in this story of two hoy pirates who travel down the Mississippi, and also in the love story that continues somewhat pitilessly from start to finish. Mr. Hough is incapable of work that is actually poor and we can only wonder if this slight descent is due to a desire to be sportive and so to come a little nearer to the level of popular inanities.

THE LADY AND THE PIRATE. By Emerson Hough. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25 net.

Laughter.

Professor Boris Sidis has won a sufficient reputation in the domain of original research to guarantee a respectful hearing for whatever theories he may have to advance, although we may wonder why three hundred pages should be a sort of standard measure for discussions of this kind. Laughter, says the author in effect, proceeds from a realization of the incongruous. Deep within our natures we have certain standards, and a deviation from those standards is apt to appeal to us as ludicrous. Chesterton somewhere says pretty much the same thing. We laugh when we hear a Frenchman talking because of the reflection that here is a being who looks like a man and dresses like a man and yet can not talk like a man.

But humor may be considered seriously. As a sort of last resort it is the soul itself that furnishes our standards, and in real comedy we are asked to compare realism and idealism.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF LAUGHTER. By Boris Sidis, M. A., Ph. D., M. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2 net.

Yankee Fantasies.

The name of Mr. Percy Mackaye upon the title page of this volume of five one-act plays is a recommendation to which the reviewer can add nothing. Nor can we read many pages without a recognition that the author has been in each of something more than that vague quality that we call the dramatic. Under the dress of Yankee life, he tells us, there burns a kind of smothered rebellion against its own chill constraint, and sometimes that rebellion breaks into a flame, and it is this, or some examples of it, that Mr. Mackaye has sought to express in his dramas.

But it is the scene that strikes us with a force equal to the plays themselves. Mr. Mackaye, in order to give approval Mr. P. P. Diego and

Howe, who says that the "need of the theatre is freedom to experiment." And how can there be better material for experimentation than the one-act play, or a better instrument than what may be called the Studio Theatre that would be for the dramatist what his studio is for the painter, or his laboratory for the physicist?

YANKEE FANTASIES. Five one-act plays. By Percy Mackaye. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.25 net.

William Lloyd Garrison.

In spite of a certain over-evident enthusiasm Mr. John Jay Chapman gives us a singularly pleasing valuation of Garrison's work for emancipation. He describes the man himself with all the success and vigor of a good portrait, and he helps us measurably to understand the forces that were arrayed against him. So far as the North was concerned those forces were not so much of the definitely hostile kind. It was apathy against which he had to fight, a disinclination to disturb existing conditions, an unwillingness to do anything that might portend momentous changes. Mr. Chapman's ardor is shown by such passages as this: "It is incredible that the earth should have produced such a race of cowards as the dominant classes in our Northern states seem to have been." Probably the dominant classes are always cowardly, just as a certain impetuosity is the mark of the other end of the social scale. But Mr. Chapman has written a little volume of great value. It is not alone a record of events, but an interpretation of them in the light of a keen philosophic vision.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON. By John Jay Chapman. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$1.25 net.

The Franco-Prussian War.

The death of Emile Ollivier, premier to Napoleon III, gives special interest to his story of the causes of the Franco-Prussian war. Certainly there was no man who knew the whole truth better than he did, and it may be said with equal certainty that there is no reason to doubt his veracity. Indeed the world has already come to his conclusion that the conflict was deliberately provoked by Bismarck, who saw in it the coping-stone to his edifice of German unity. And yet there would have been no war but for the infatuated certainty of the French emperor that his army would be invincible. It was this conviction that prompted the French to insist that Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern should never again be a candidate for the throne of Spain, although Germany had neither instigated nor controlled his pretensions. Ollivier himself disapproved of such a demand. England protested against it as a provocative of war, but when Ollivier seemed in the way to enforce his plans of moderation we are told that he was affronted by the war minister and in danger of being disgraced at court. The conduct of the Empress Eugénie was peculiarly reprehensible, and for the first time we have a clear view of her malefic influence. Ollivier says:

The news of our pacific decision had reached the salon where the empress and her suite were awaiting us for luncheon. They vied with one another in turning their backs or frowning upon us. At table the emperor had the prince imperial on his right and the empress on his left. I sat at the empress's left. She ostentatiously refrained from speaking to me, and when I invited her to talk she barely replied with brief phrases . . . and ended by turning her back on me. She was barely polite when we took our leave.

The emperor himself was equally resolved upon war. He said, "We have many other grievances against Prussia than this Hohenzollern business," and so it was that the two nations drifted into hostilities. It is now an old story, but the wounds are still bleeding, and it is well that we should have so detailed and authoritative a story as this.

THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR AND ITS HIDDEN CAUSES. By Emile Ollivier. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2.50 net.

Oscar Wilde.

The time has come when we can look upon Oscar Wilde not only with the pitiful sympathy that is due to the man, but with the admiration that is due to the artist. Unquestionably he left a deep mark upon the thought and sentiment of his day, and perhaps if we had the vision to cast up a debit and credit account we should find not only that Wilde had paid his debt to society, but that a substantial balance is due to his memory.

Some of that debt Mr. Arthur Ransome has now paid. Seldom have we seen so just and balanced an estimate of human character and ability as is contained in this volume. Harsh judgments are never found in those with a knowledge of human nature. Comprehension and compassion are almost synonymous terms, and Mr. Ransome has both comprehension and compassion. Those who wish to know Oscar Wilde as he really was will find all the material that they need for a verdict in this eminently readable little book.

OSCAR WILDE. By Arthur Ransome. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

Briefer Reviews.

"Eugénie, Empress of the French," translated from the German of Erich Holm by George P. Upton, has been added to the Life

Stories for Young People, now in course of publication by A. C. McClurg & Co. (50 cents net per volume). There are now twenty-eight volumes in this series.

Sherman, French & Co. have published "The Garden of Life and Other Poems," by Anne Richardson Talbot (75 cents net). There are only twenty-six selections in the volume, all of them are short, and some few have poetic merit.

The Macmillan Company has published Shakespeare's "The Merry Wives of Windsor" in the Tudor Shakespeare, under the general editorship of William Allan Neilson and Ashley Horace Thorndike. This latest volume is edited by Fred P. Emery, A. M. Price, 35 cents net.

"Little Grey Girl," by Mary Openshaw (G. W. Dillingham Company; \$1.25 net), is a semi-historical story of a little Quaker girl who goes to school in England and eventually finds herself in Paris during the siege and involved in the love affairs of her father, who has become involved with the Comtesse de Castelle. And, as may be supposed, the little Quaker maid finds her own admirer in due course of time.

"Art in Short Story Narration," by Henry Albert Phillips (Stanhope-Dodge Publishing Company, Larchmont, New York), is described as "a searching analysis of the qualifications of fiction in general, and of the short story in particular, with copious examples." It is one of the few books that demand art as an essential to fiction-writing, and as a requisite that can not be learned as we learn cabinet-making.

The federation of the British Empire is one of the questions looming large on the political horizon, so large indeed as to justify the judicial consideration given to it by Mr. Richard Jebb in "The Britannic Question," just published by Longmans, Green & Co. (35 cents). Mr. Jebb calls his work "a survey of alternatives," and he is certainly to be congratulated on his skill in arraying the pros and cons in so understandable a way.

The Wisdom of the East series, under the editorship of L. Cranmer-Byng and Dr. S. A. Kapadia, has been enriched by the addition of "Ancient Jewish Proverbs," compiled and classified by the Rev. A. Cohen (E. P. Dutton & Co.; 60 cents net). It would be hard to speak too highly of this series as a whole or of its latest volume. No books could be better designed as "ambassadors of good-will and understanding between East and West."

The Cosmopolitan Press has published a volume of well-intentioned verse by Modeste Hannis Jordan, already known for some clever, human stories. The volume is entitled "Vagant Verses," and the author explains that they are "a small part of the many written to gratify a passing mood or fancy during the busy days of a hasty journalist." Let it be said that these verses are not morbid, that they are not of the autovivisectionist variety, and that they are wholesome, spontaneous, and sincere. The price is \$1 net.

A hook of unusual merit is "The Story of Parzival the Templar," retold from Wolfram von Eschenbach by Mary Blackwell Sterling, with illustrations by William Ernest Chapman (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50). The story is not only exquisitely told, but the author is among the very few with the perception to identify the story of the Grail with that ancient tradition of initiation which has been given to the world under a hundred guises and which forms the basis of all spiritual philosophy.

Although our customary welcome for books on popular hygiene is not a very warm one there can be nothing but commendation for so sane and practical a treatise as "The Heart and Blood Vessels," by I. H. Hirschfeld, M. D. (Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$1.25 net). The author covers well-nigh the whole field of individual care of the health. He indulges in no ecstasies on operations or germs. He says

nothing that can encourage hypochondria or an adverse auto-suggestion. He tells us that nature intends us to be healthy and happy and that we need do no more than obey her laws to be both. Merely to read his book contributes largely to a desirable end.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Unrest of Women.

Mr. Martin's contribution to the suffrage question is an amusing one, but with little finality about it. He is a reconciler and a moderator, advising us all round not to get excited and reminding us that good things will endure and that bad things will perish. The women's vote is not nearly so good as the women think it to be, nor nearly so bad as some men believe. Moreover, the question is not *sui generis*, but an integral part of a world movement of expansion, of a universal desire to get elbow room. All this, of course, has a soothing syrup wisdom about it. The world is very old and will be very much older, and if we accustomed ourselves to think in ages instead of in decades we should find that there was very little either in feminism or in any other movement to get bot about it. Mr. Martin has written a good deal of sound common sense. He has also laughed a good deal, and he almost persuades us that nothing matters very much.

THE UNREST OF WOMEN. By Edward Sandford Martin. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Geraldine Bonner's latest novel, "The Book of Evelyn," is announced by the Bohhs-Merrill Company.

Harper & Brothers announce the publication this week of a new Rex Beach novel, "The Iron Trail." Advance orders have been so great that it has already been necessary to go to press for two large editions and an increase.

For the past twenty years Thomas L. Masson, author of "The Best Stories in the World," has been editing humor for *Life*. He is now managing editor of that journal, and for a decade has been collecting a library of fun. At the present time he probably has in his Jersey home the largest individual joke reservoir in the world. He has picked out from some sixty-six thousand odd humorous stories about four hundred, and placed them in this book, which is coming from the press of Doubleday, Page & Co.

As the direct result of an increasing demand for copies after the first edition had been exhausted the second edition of T. W. Arnold's "The Preaching of Islam," is now being issued. The first edition was printed several years ago, and made its reputation when it got into the hands of the best judges. The author is professor of Arabic at University College, the University of London.

After the publication some years ago of her collected poems the late Julia C. R. Dorr published at intervals two small treasures of her subsequently written verse in the slender volumes, "Afterglow" and "Beyond the Sunset," and up to the time of her recent death she continued to contribute to the magazines—the *May Scribner* indeed containing the latest of all. These poems have now been collected by Charles Scribner's Sons, added to "Afterglow" and "Beyond the Sunset," supplemented by others left by the author, but hitherto unpublished, and the whole is comprised in an attractive volume entitled "Last Poems," which they are issuing this season.

The immediate publication of Strindberg's novel, "By the Open Sea," is announced by B. W. Huebsch. The translation is an authorized one made by Ellie Schleussner, who has already translated several books of the Swedish author.

As a man who has lived the life, Donald Fraser, who spent years in the African bush in the old days before the British annexation, writes of his experiences in "Winning a Primitive People," which comes from the press of E. P. Dutton & Co. The simple narration deals largely with Nyassaland. Incidentally the book is a history of the early mission work in which the author took part.

George L. Rives, formerly Assistant Secretary of State, is well equipped for the work which he has undertaken in the volume, "The United States and Mexico, 1821-1848." It is a history of the relations between the two countries from the independence of Mexico to the close of the war with the United States, and is based upon broad and deep scholarship, reinforced by years of special study and investigation. The book opens with the Florida Treaty and closes with the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. It is among the fall publications by Charles Scribner's Sons.

New Books Received.

THE WOMAN THOU GAVEST ME: BEING THE STORY OF MARY O'NEILL. By Hall Caine. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

THE GARDEN WITHOUT WALLS. By Coningsby Dawson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

THE DOUBLE LIFE OF MR. ALFRED BURTON. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A story described by the author as "unlike my other work."

POETI FUTURISTI. Di Libero, Altomare, Mario Nodda, Paolo Buzzi, Enrico Cavacchioli, Auro

d'Alha, Luciano Folgore, Corrado Govoni, G. Manzella-Frontini, F. T. Marinetti, Aldo Palazzeschi. Milano, Corso Venezia 61: Edizioni Futuriste di "Poesia"; 2 lire.

Con un proclama di F. T. Marinetti e uno studio sul verso di Paolo Buzzi.

THE POEMS OF PAUL MARIETTI. New York: Mitchell Kennerly; \$1 net.

A volume of verse.

CHRISTIAN FAITH FOR MEN OF TODAY. By Ezra Albert Cook, Ph. D. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press; \$1.25 net.

Issued in Constructive Bible Studies. Edited by Ernest D. Burton.

SAND DUNES AND SALT MARSHES. By Dr. Charles Wendell Townsend. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.; \$2 net.

A study of seashore formations and of natural history.

THE JUDICIARY AND THE PEOPLE. By Frederick Newton Judson. New York: Yale University Press; \$1.35 net.

An inquiry into a loss of popular confidence in the law courts.

THE LOST MAMELUKE. By David M. Beddoe. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A tale of Egypt.

ORGANIZED DEMOCRACY. By Frederick A. Cleveland, Ph. D., LL. D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; \$2.50 net.

Issued in the American Citizen series. An introduction to the study of American politics.

LE FUTURISME. Par F. T. Marinetti. Paris, 9 Rue de l'Épéron: E. Sansot & Cie; 3 fr. 50.

Deux conférences, dont l'une fut tenue à l'Association Générale des Etudiants de Paris, l'autre au Lyceum Club à Londres.

LE MONOPLAN DU PAPE. Par F. T. Marinetti. Paris, 9 Rue de l'Épéron: E. Sansot & Cie; 3 fr. 50.

Roman politique en vers libres.

LA BATAILLE DE TRIPOLI. Vécue et Chantée par F. T. Marinetti. Milano: Edizioni Futuriste di "Poesia."

A protest against pacifism and a defense of the Italian army.

LONGHEAD: THE STORY OF THE FIRST FIRE. By C. H. Robinson. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; \$1 net.

"A human document of prehistoric times."

THE BLOSSOM SHOP. By Isla May Mullins (Mrs. E. Y. Mullins). Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; \$1 net.

A story of the South.

THE CAREER OF DR. WEAVER. By Mrs. Henry Backus. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

THE SILVER-BURET ARITHMETICS, BOOK THREE. By George Morris Phillips, LL. D., and Robert F. Anderson, Sc. D. New York: Silver, Burdett & Co.

Intended for pupils of grades seven and eight and those of more advanced grades who wish to review arithmetic.

THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE OF TODAY AND YESTERDAY. By Nevin O. Winter. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; \$3 net.

The country and its peoples, together with a brief review of its history, past and present, and a survey of its social, political, and economic conditions.

Henri Rochefort drew at one time a larger income from newspaper work than any of his contemporaries. When *La Lanterne* was started it was arranged that he was to have a royalty on the sales. He wrote the whole of the paper, amounting to about three columns. About 60,000 copies were sold of the first number, and by the time the fourth number was issued that circulation was doubled. The result was that Rochefort was soon making \$2400 a week out of it, while it brought each of the directors \$62,000 a year for doing nothing but keeping him up to the work. There has been no other instance of a journalist getting so much money from his work.

George Hitchcock, who died recently at Marken Island, a short distance north of Amsterdam, was born at Providence, Rhode Island, in 1850, and studied art in Paris. He was awarded the gold medal at the Paris Exposition in 1889. Among his best-known works are "Toilers of the Sea," which is in the imperial collection at Vienna; "The Lark," in the art gallery in St. Louis; "Calypso," in the Herron Art Institute in Indianapolis; "Tulips and Hyacinths," in the municipal gallery at Alkmaar, Holland; "Tulip Seller," in the Art Institute, Chicago, and "Spring Moon," in the Telfair Academy, Savannah, Georgia. He resided in Paris.

The Kelvin window in Westminster Abbey—the work of the piety of the engineers throughout the empire and in America, is now in position. The window is in the north aisle close to the choir, above the place where Kelvin and Newton lie side by side. The window is a pattern of faint blue and gold, and contains large figures of Henry V, and the abbot of his time, William Colchester. There is a delicate beauty in it, but one can not help thinking that the relation of Henry V and the fifteenth-century abbot to the achievement of Kelvin is rather remote.

New words in the English language are increasing so rapidly, at the rate of 5000 a year, that competent men are credited with adding new words. But it is said that Sir Ernest Ingham, the polar explorer, leads in syring the vocabulary.

CURRENT VERSE.

On a Pot of Tulips.

Buds—all pink and white from a country garden,
Prim in shewls of green as New England
spinsters—
How they shook! how, tense as for flight on
tiptoe,
Blushed to be looked at!

Flowers—as Pope says women—at heart are wan-
tons!
Now these painted daughters of pagan Flora
Loll like green-zoned goddesses posed by Rubens,
Clothed—in their blushes.
—Jefferson B. Fletcher, in *Atlantic Monthly*.

An Idyl.

O, as I came dancing through a grove,
In Arcady, in Arcady,
I fashioned to me a lady love, in Arcady today,
Her cheeks were made of the wild blush rose,
And her eyes of the cornflower blue,
Her hair of golden sunset glows—
And somehow she looked like you!

I gave her a voice of the sighing breeze,
And a laugh of the brooklet's purl;
Her breath was the scent of cowslip leas,
And her smile was a starlight swirl.
I gave her a thousand other charms,
And then—my dream came true—
I clasped her close in my waiting arms,
And somehow she was you!
—Carolyn Wells, in *Lippincott's Magazine*.

The Romany Heart.

To be done with it all, the soul-scarring worry
and fret,
The feverish hopes, the impotent, heart-weary
schemes,
And flinging old hurdens aside, at last to forget,
And wander once more in the far-heekoned
country of dreams;

To feel at my side the stir of the spring-dappled
fawn;
To stretch young hopes to the light, unbroken
by prisoning bars;
To walk with the wind, in its cloud-heaconed
faring at dawn;
Clasp hands with the hills; draw breath with
the crest-crowning stars;

To feel the blood leap, with the wind-wakened
pulse of the sea;
To wander the cliff-caverned trails, white-
thundered with foam;
To laugh with the huffeting gulls, sun-swept and
as free;
To take the dim heart of the green, growing
earth for my home;

To couch with the woodfolk that stealthily pass
in the shade;
To talk with the hees, a-wing o'er the herb-
scented sod;
To meet the 'blue gaze of the all-seeing sky, un-
afraid,

At peace, far afeld, with the heart of the open
air God.
—Martha Haskell Clark, in *Ainslee's Magazine*.

Incantations.

I.

Hear thou, and come, Oh Sleep, capricious one!
Come as the waves, upreeping steadily
From out the quiet hosom of the sea.
With cool caress to spread themselves upon
The dry sun weary margin of the land
Of consciousness. Then let thine outflow sweep
All markings from the sand,
Leaving a fair smooth record of thy stay,
Fit for the unknown footprints of the coming day.

II.

Hear thou, and come, Oh Sleep, thou wayward
one!
Come as the snowfall, softly fluttering down
To cover all that harren plain and brown,
My mind, with magic of oblivion.
The rustling of my tired thoughts shall cease
As wind-tossed leaves held fast and quieted
Beneath thy still white peace.
So shall thy gentle sway refreshment bring,
And my awaking know the gladness of the spring.
—Cornelia W. Bull, in *New York Sun*.

A Corporation and a County

Up in Placer County the people see a new era dawning. It means that splendid hillsides will be cleared and devoted to the production of choice fruit for the great Eastern markets. Already Placer County is famed for its mountain fruit, but now that abundance of water is being brought into that section the industry will take on a larger aspect than ever, while many farms of a diversified nature will add to the wealth, peace, and happiness of the residents.

It is very pleasing to know that a large corporation has given its assistance in the upbuilding of the Auburn country, and also to know that the foothill people have such a kindly regard for the corporation, which they have found to be a good friend, always playing fair and always ready to help the community along. The corporation in question is the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, which recently got out a booklet featuring its new construction work in that part of the state, and at the same time advertising the advantages to prospective settlers that are accruing from the enlargement of the irrigating system throughout the deciduous fruit district.

In this respect the following letter from the Auburn Chamber of Commerce may be printed with pardonable pride:

Pacific Gas and Electric Company, San Francisco, California—Gentlemen: The directors of the Auburn Chamber of Commerce have by resolution instructed me to convey to you their thanks and appreciation for the splendid Placer County booklet compiled by officers of your company in connection with a committee from the Auburn Chamber of Commerce, and printed on your Perfect System Press. District Manager H. M. Cooper, author of the major part of the booklet, submitted several copies at our last meeting, and informed us that some 7000 copies were subject to our disposal. We consider this a very valuable acquisition to our county literature, and have no doubt but that they will assist very materially in the upholding of our county.

Yours very truly,

By JOHN A. LIVINGSTON, Sec.

Since the Pacific Gas and Electric Company began its gigantic hydro-electric operations at Lake Spaulding it has been enlarging the canal which carries water along the foothills from near Colfax down to Auburn, realizing that if plenty of water could be delivered along the way more settlers would come in, more land would be cleared, more orchards and vineyards would be set out, more hay and grain would be raised, and the general prosperity of the county given an impetus. The company might have been content to let well enough alone in the matter of water. But it wasn't. With all the activity of its aggressive nature it saw a great opportunity to make a country bloom and as it had never bloomed before. Naturally this was a business proposition, but it was not undertaken in a sordid business sense, for the company realized that it would be a long time before its huge outlay of capital would yield returns. The benefit which might accrue to both sides was considered, and now the thirsty land is to have abundance of water at a most reasonable cost.

In this way "Pacific Service" is spreading all over the northern end of the state, making friends wherever it goes because of the desire of its officials to cooperate with the people. For instance, if you have a water or electrical problem troubling you, "Pacific Service" engineers, maintained for this purpose, will gladly and freely take it up and give you their expert advice without a cent's cost.

Small wonder, then, that "Pacific Service" now serves two-thirds of the people of California.

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"THE MISSION PLAY."

What in the world is the matter with our summer dramatic season? Where is the long list of high-class dramatic attractions that usually come to us during the heated season in the East?

It is true that the moving-picture shows at both our first-class theatres were most successful, and attracted considerable patronage. They were magnificent of their kind. There were thrills enough in the latter half of the "Quo Vadis" programme to fit out three or four plays. The spectacle of the Roman amphitheatre, with Caesar's box filled with his titled favorites, and the adjoining tiers crammed with hundreds of people serving as a background for the terrible scene of the slaughter of the Christians by the wild beasts, is by all odds the most impressive film picture we have had placed before us here in San Francisco.

After a prolonged moving-picture season, however, seems to be the appropriate time for something very choice in the line of actual drama. And however proud we may be of our romantic and picturesque past, however desirous that its traditions should be handed down to our children, we can scarcely call "The Mission Play" first-class drama. In fact it is not actual drama at all. It is the story of the missions told in a series of living—and talking—pictures. Except for the reverend figure of Father Junipero Serra, and the rehearsal of his persistent and unquenchable purpose of proselytizing and elevating the condition of the Indians, there is no one dramatic theme carried through the piece. If it were a real play Mr. McGroarty would have run some dramatic story that carried on down to later descendants alongside with his narrative of the beginnings, the rise, and the fall of the missions.

I should say that in its present form the piece would be a fair educative spectacle for school children. They would greedily absorb the chunks of geographical and historical information in the extremely heavy and loquacious dialogue that our more sophisticated palates reject. For instance: "Yes, my son, there is indeed a port of Monterey. Cabrillo found it nearly two hundred years ago."

The author's unfamiliarity with stage craft shows all through in his lengthy, cumbersome, and needlessly explanatory dialogue. Thus: "Send to me Vincenzo, my best-beloved convert, whom we brought from Mexico when," etc. Or, in the way of light chit-chat: "It is now one hundred and sixty-six years since somebody-or-other sailed these waters and discovered such-and-such a harbor." If it is not educational, it is minutely and needlessly informative, as: "Fifteen years have passed since we landed at San Diego. That was in the year 1769. It is now 1784."

That, indubitably, sounds more like a history lesson than the drama. And the Columbia patrons certainly prefer drama.

One can but respect the earnest purpose of the author, and his sincere piety; for the play was written largely for the glorification of holy church, as typified in the figures of these devoted and self-sacrificing men, the Spanish fathers. But the place for "The Mission Play" is up town, in some theatre where for twenty-five cents a head innocent and simple-hearted citizens could take shoals of children to see a play and spectacle which would stamp itself upon their young minds, and leave forevermore a picture of the beginnings of our romantic and beautiful state. More particularly do I pen this feeling protest against the locale of the play, because, suitably and cheaply housed, it would have a more widely spread educational value. And still more feelingly because it is played largely by amateurs, George Oshourne being the only player of standing in the cast. They have played it so much and for so long a season during its run at San Gabriel that they are letter-perfect in the lines, accurate in their groupings, and are full of innocent self-confidence and satisfaction, and from the point of view of a spectacle-play by amateurs they do pretty well. There are a great many good-looking people in the cast, and the costumes, groupings, and tableaux deserve praise.

I doubt not that the unsophisticated theatre-goers, of whom many, from sentiment, will go to see "The Mission Play," will agreeably experience a few romantic thrills, more or less. In the scene, for instance, in which Father Junipero Serra prayed for a miracle to happen, in order to prevent the abandonment of San Diego and at the crucial moment a

ship in full sail glided into the San Diego port, and its mission was saved.

It is true that the grown-ups are often shakier than the children about historical data; true that certain impressions are stamped more deeply on the adult mind, after seeing "The Mission Play," than was already the case. We recognize the indomitable spirit of Junipero Serra and his passion for gathering in the otherwise unconsidered souls of the lowly Indians; but Indians are intrinsically uninteresting anyway—at least in the drama—and I rather suspect out of it, except as gory figures in horrible tales of ambush and slaughter. It was the spirit of the fathers and the Latin love of festival and display in the Spanish conquerors that gave "the splendid, idle 'forties" their romantic prestige.

The Indians in "The Mission Play" do not break the records for individual interest, and Mr. McGroarty's Spaniards are merely lay figures.

The character of Junipero Serra is the only successful one in the play, and I am sure that a man who accomplished what Father Serra did was not given to so many flowing periods as his stage descendant. I am afraid even the children, in spite of being propitiated with stage display, would rebel at the length of the admonitions, exhortations, and prayers that flowed from Father Serra's lips. And after the pious old padre was safely dead and long gathered to his fathers, along comes handsome Señora Josefa Yorha, of the Blood of Castile, and helies her stately and silent ancestry by pouring forth unlimited volumes of rhetoric.

Of the three acts the middle is the most spectacular, and, presumably, most typical of the times, as it represents the mission at the climax of its glory. Here the author, as in "Bunt Pulls the Strings," shows the congregation of Indians, Mexicans, and Spanish assemblage and passing into the Mission of San Juan Capistrano for early mass. The author has written his piece in too earnest and devout a spirit to seize this propitious moment for a little comedy, but nevertheless the audience managed to cultivate a slight spirit of levity, which was encouraged by the good cheer of the programme of the festa, when the fathers permitted their flock to celebrate the birthday of the mission. There were dancing and singing, and some real Indians gave a primitive dance, with interjections of encouragement and guidance from their chief, which sounded like hiccups in Indianese.

In this act the only really dramatic scene takes place. Captain Rivera, the commandante of all California, tries to obtain illicit possession of the person of a beautiful Indian girl, and is defied and defeated in his purpose by the indomitable Father Serra. The scene went off not badly, and gave rise to the thought that Mr. McGroarty ought to have made this girl's destiny have some link with that of personages in the preceding and succeeding acts, in order to give more cohesion and simple human interest of a concrete kind to his play.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"Ready Money" at the Cort Theatre.

"Ready Money," the brilliant comedy from the pen of James Montgomery, will be presented by William A. Brady, Ltd., at the Cort Theatre tomorrow night. A special matinee will be given on Monday, Labor Day, in addition to the regular matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

"Ready Money" is full of bright and witty dialogue, and there is not a suggestive line or situation in the entire play. It is a clean, snappy comedy that refreshes and invigorates its auditors and sends them away happy and contented. The play contains four separate and distinct love stories, each delightfully worked out and lending the spirit of romance to the comedy. It tells a story of a young man who makes a success just at the time when things look darkest for him, and affords a lesson in encouragement that can not fail to make an impression on its beholders.

Manager Brady has provided a company of unusual excellence to interpret the comedy, and a scenic environment of artistic beauty. The cast includes Robert Ober, Frank Mills, and Nena Blake, who have the three leading rôles. Important characters are played by Adelaide Hastings, Mary Carlisle, Estelle Wynne, T. E. B. Henry, John C. Brownell, Maurice Barrett, Clyde North, Walter Fredricks, John C. Fenton, Clarke Silvernail, Albert Mattison, Graydon Fox, Clarence Rockefeller, and others.

Tivoli Continues "The Bohemian Girl."

So great has been the success of "The Bohemian Girl" at the Tivoli Opera House, and so many have been the requests for its continuance that it has been decided to repeat Balfé's masterpiece for a second and last week, commencing Monday evening.

"The Bohemian Girl," which has ranked as wonderfully popular since its initial production in 1843, has always been a prime favorite with patrons of the Tivoli, and never before has it been accorded so thoroughly as satisfactory a presentation at the San Francisco "home of opera." Nothing has been left undone to make the production noteworthy,

both from a vocal and scenic standpoint, and the large audiences in evidence at every performance always leave the theatre with many cheerful words of commendation.

Rena Vivienne makes an ideal Arline, her rendition of "I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls" being one of the gems of the performance, while John R. Phillips scores heavily as Thaddeus, singing "Then You'll Remember Me" and "The Fair Land of Poland" in splendid style. The big haritone of Henry Santrey is afforded an excellent opportunity in the numbers of Count Arnheim, and his "Heart Bowed Down" invariably receives repeated recalls. The rich contralto of Sarah Edwards shows to good advantage in the music of the Gipsy Queen, a part which she acts with distinction, and Charles E. Gallagher could not be improved upon as Devils-hoof. Robert G. Pitkin makes much of the small part of Florestin, and the big chorus sings well and looks most picturesque in Gipsy garb.

The Basy troupe of Russian acrobats, dancers, and instrumentalists gives a pleasing interlude in the fair scene.

The only matinees at the Tivoli Opera House are given Saturdays and Sundays.

"The Beggar Student" will follow "The Bohemian Girl."

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

Blanche Walsh, who comes next week with her newest success, "The Countess Nadine," needs no introduction to San Francisco audiences. She ranks foremost among the emotional actresses of the American stage, and is recognized as the best exponent of the Sardou dramas since the days of Fanny Davenport. This season she has, in "The Countess Nadine," written especially for her by Joseph Gordon, an intensely dramatic play, which affords her in the name-part a splendid opportunity for the display of her great histrionic gifts. Her support includes Harry West, Theodore Bahcock, and William H. Travers.

Ed Flanagan and Neely Edwards will appear in their new act, "Off and On," which is a sequel to their former skit, "On and Off," and shows the routine of a song-and-dance team and the amusing incidents which befall them.

Redford and Winchester, two very clever and eccentric jugglers, who have returned to this country after a tour of the world, will exhibit their skill in an act which they appropriately style "The Last Word in Juggling."

A pretty girl with a violin and a voice is Charlotte Ravenscroft, who will present a musical offering much out of the ordinary and well worthy of approval.

G. S. Winslow and Gladys Duffy, the Matinée Girl and the Professor, will be seen in "A Skating Flirtation," which is about the best roller-skating act in vaudeville.

Next week will be the last of W. L. Abingdon and his company, Kenney, Nobody, and Platt, and Stella Mayhew and Billie Taylor.

Second Week of "The Mission Play."

There is no questioning the immediate and pleasing success of "The Mission Play" at the Columbia Theatre, for every seat in the immense playhouse is being sold for the performances of John Steven McGroarty's pageant drama of California.

Many out-of-town orders have been received for the second week of the engagement, and as the Southern Pacific has arranged for special rates there will be some large parties come in from the surrounding cities, especially as the play is not to be seen anywhere but in San Francisco, arrangements having been made to return to San Gabriel at the close of the San Francisco engagement.

Matinees are given Sunday, Wednesday, and Saturday. The Wednesday matinees are given at special prices ranging from 25 cents to \$1.

Vaudeville at the Pantages Theatre.

Topping one of the best balanced vaudeville programmes which the Pantages has offered in many months are the six diving nymphs, with Lottie Mayer and Vivian Marshall as the leaders of the mermaid plungers. The girls dive from the rafters of the stage into a huge glass tank filled with water, and the shapely figures of the divers in their graceful plunges makes the act most inviting.

MLE. Tojetti, who appears with Wallace Bennett in an artistic dancing number entitled "The Dream Dance," is a local girl who has achieved fame in the East.

Clayton and Lennie have a harvest of hilarity called "The Happy Chap and His Johnnie," which leaves the audience collapsed with laughter. Binberg, Marion, and Day have a new line of work which appeals strongly to devotees of the entertaining variety. "The King of Cannonballs" is what Alfredo Marshall calls his tossing of enormous weights. The Vice-President of Minstrelsy is Billy Mann, who has a new line of slashing humor and patter parodies. Harold Browne and company will present for the first time here a dramalet of the old mission days entitled, "The Cross and the Dagger."

Margaret Anglin will arrive in San Francisco this Saturday morning and begin active

rehearsals at the Greek Theatre on Monday for the presentation of "Electra," announced for next Saturday night. Preparatory rehearsals have been held en route from New York, the company using a special baggage car fitted up for the purpose. Miss Anglin, after her "Electra" performance at the Greek Theatre will commence rehearsals for the opening of her regular tour, during which she will appear in "As You Like It," "Twelfth Night," and "The Taming of the Shrew."

Joseph E. Howard, the musical composer, with dainty Mahel McCane, is presenting one of the smartest singing offerings that the Pantages has shown in months. Howard sings his own ballads with charming expression. This is his first vaudeville tour to the Coast.

Ferris Hartman, the comedian, is seriously ill at his home in Oakland, as a result of a capital operation.

Elsa Ruegger, the world's greatest 'cellist, assisted by the celebrated conductor Edmund Lichenstein, comes to the Orpheum September 7.

Formal dedication of the Bronx Opera Opera House, Cohan & Harris's and A. H. Wood's new theatre in upper Manhattan takes place August 30. It was erected at a cost of more than \$300,000, and is not surpassed by any other theatre in this country. The opening attraction is H. H. Frazee's production of Eugene Walter's play, "Fine Feathers," presented by Robert Edeson, Wilton Lackaye, Rose Coghlan, Max Figma, and others of the all-star cast seen in the piece at the Astor Theatre last season.

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Week beginning August 31

LOTTIE MAYERS and Her Six Diving Nymphs; MLE. TOJETTI and WALLACE BENNETT in "The Dream Dance"; CLAYTON and LENNIE, "The English Chapple and his Johnnie"; ALFREDO MARSHALL, the Cannonball King; HAROLD BROWNE & CO. in "The Cross and the Dagger"; BIMBERG, MARION and DAY, Three Men and a Piano; BILLY MANN, the Vice-President of Minstrelsy.

Mat. daily at 2:30. Nights at 7:15 and 9:15. Sunday and Holiday mats. at 1:30 and 3:30. Nights, continuous from 8:30. Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c.

VANITY FAIR.

Once more we have to complain of a certain confusion between cause and effect that is so often to be found in the arguments of our social scientists. Not for the first time are we afforded the unedifying spectacle of a cart dragging the horse and the tail wagging the dog.

We refer to the statistics that have been compiled by the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. They relate to the respective longevity of single and of married men, and they seem to contain nearly all the fallacies of which figures are capable. Now let it be granted that married men live longer than single men. This seems to be proved clearly enough by the figures, and although a spirit of wanton frivolity might tempt us to say that the married man's life is not actually longer, but that it only seems so, we should scorn to introduce an element of triviality into a discussion so serious. But the statistician is not satisfied to present us with the facts and to allow us to form our own deductions. He goes out of his way to rear a structure of inference, and he does it with a certain curious perversity that seems blind to the probabilities. He tells us that the married man lives longer because he is married, whereas it is obvious that he is married because he has the courage and the vitality that in any case would conduce to longevity.

The statistician, once started on his wild career, is naturally forced to all sorts of absurd expedients to fortify his position. He tells us that the married man has inventives to the care of his health and to self-restraint that are unknown to his bachelor comrades who are still in a state of nature. Now it may be granted unanimously and vociferously that the married man must learn the value of self-restraint. But why should he have any incentive to the care of his health? Why should he place any value upon his life? Like Patrick Henry he may well exclaim, "Give me liberty or give me death," and he will eventually get them both together, not separately. It is the married man who acquires a sort of calm indifference to the strokes of fortune. So far from trying to prolong his life, he is willing to see it curtailed. For why should he continue to live.

Now if the statistician were able to look upon his ridiculous figures with a calm and unbiased judgment he would say that the marriage rate is an indication of the courage and the vitality of the nation. He would argue that so long as men are willing to get married there will be no waning of the pioneer spirit of bardhood that has made this nation what it is. And he would measure human vitality by its capacity to survive matrimony, and human optimism by the tenacity with which it clings to life even when the joys of life seem to have withered and passed away. One day we shall reform these statisticians and teach them how to think.

It is evident that feminine influence upon politics needs no voting power to be effective. The tariff bill as it passed the House contained a clause prohibiting the importation of the plumage of wild birds. It was a humanitarian measure and intended to prevent the utter and cruel extinction of the loveliest creatures that exist. But the women's interests would have none of it. Horse, foot, and artillery they moved upon Washington to protest against any restriction on woman's right to decorate herself. As a result the bill has been changed by the Senate Finance Committee. Every kind of plumage may now be admitted except aigrettes.

As was remarked once before in this column, it is fortunate that the scalps of babies can not be used in the millinery trade. Otherwise we should find Congress passing an act withdrawing babies from the protection of the law against murder.

A lady correspondent is resentful of sundry remarks made in this column deprecatory of the new dances and of the young females who indulge in them. Our correspondent has nothing to say in defense of the dances themselves, but she asks why the whole of the blame must be placed upon the women. Are not the men equally at fault, and indeed more so, seeing that they are quick to penalize any girl who refuses to dance immodestly by the simple expedient of leaving her to her own devices? No girl likes to be a wallflower, but a wallflower she must be unless she will surrender to the shameful fashions of the modern hall-room.

Now the plea is a good one. It might easily prevail over any intellect less penetrating than our own, a sense of justice less acute, or a logic less invincible. We hate to say these things of ourselves, but we are compelled to do so, or to leave them unsaid.

Are we then to understand that the standard of feminine proprieties is henceforth to be set by men, that in future women will do whatever they are wished to do by the haser sort of men, that it is men who are to draw the boundaries of feminine laxity? In that case there will be no standards at all of feminine proprieties, and no boundaries of feminine laxity. Because there are no limits

whatever to what men will ask of women except the willingness of women to grant those demands.

The kind of man who is gratified by the coarser forms of ragging, hunny-hugging, and turkey-trotting is equally gratified by the indecencies of modern dress. The girl may say just as plausibly that she dresses immodestly in order to avoid the pains of unpopularity. Has she defended herself by saying that she dresses in this way because men wish her to? The same men are equally wishful that she do other things of a far more reprehensible kind, and where shall she draw the line? Men made no such demand upon women half a century ago. They would not have dared. The men were just as bad as they are now. They demanded everything that they had the least expectation to get. But the women were far better. Their proprieties were not regulated by the wishes of men. It was they that set the standard, and the men conformed to it.

Therefore we can hardly feel that the defense of our correspondent is a good one. Men are not equally to blame, since men have not lowered their standards. They could not possibly do so. Their motto has always been to take whatever they could get. It is women who have lowered their standards and so made it possible for men to force all women down to the same level and to punish them for resistance.

The women of Geneva, Illinois, have had a bad scare in connection with their first exercise of the franchise. They had set their hearts upon a free kindergarten and were apparently assured of enough votes to carry the day. Then came the horrid rumor that the wealthier women of the town had determined to celebrate their first vote by a dress display that should prove how worthily the franchise had been conferred. Immediately there was a panic among their humbler sister, who were ill prepared for a rivalry of this kind, and for a time it was feared that a general resolve to stay at home would prove fatal to the great projects for the salvation of the nation that had seemed to be on the very verge of accomplishment.

The *London Standard* is printing a number of letters on the existence of the sporting instinct in women. Writing editorially, the *Standard* says that women do not blame their instruments or their luck, as some men do, but that their weak point is a lack of generosity to their opponents.

The writer finds a text in the recent international tennis contests. The majority of spectators were, of course, English, and naturally they wished the English team to win. A fine stroke by one of the English contestants was always received with general applause by men and women alike, but an equally good stroke by one of the American players, or a better one, was cheered by the men alone. The women ignored it. For them the play was no more than a process for determining the winner. Their interest was in the result, and not in the game itself. The *Standard* remarks that this inability in sports-women to recognize the capability of an opponent is due to the way in which women regard games. Hockey, golf, tennis, and lacrosse are almost businesses to them.

One of the correspondents in question is an "American Teacher," who remarks that the question of competitive games for girls has been much under discussion on this side of the Atlantic and that "the solution about to be reached . . . is to allot competitive sports (certainly the more strenuous ones) to men, and to revive folk dancing, æsthetic dancing, and the more picturesque games and drills for girls." He thinks that it is coming to be a common belief in America that in the women the sporting instinct is subservient to the instinct for being graceful and doing graceful things. In one large Western college the trainer of the men's track team spends certain days of the winter teaching girl students to run correctly. And the girls run races, but the prize goes not to her who runs fastest, but to her who runs best.

Mr. Charles G. Gates, conversing with a Paris representative of the *New York Herald*, coyly admits that he gives away \$1,000,000 a year in tips. He was unaware of his total annual expenditure, but then, says Mr. Gates, "What's money for if it isn't to spend or give away? I can't take it away with me when I die, so I am going to burn it myself while I live." It would certainly be burned if Mr. Gates were to take it with him.

The sudden marriage of Miss Inez Milholland to Mr. Eugene Boissevain must be a severe shock to the advocates of an advanced feminism. For Miss Milholland was something more than a suffragette. She was understood wholly to disapprove of the male sex and to advocate its complete extermination. She might have been willing to make some exceptions in favor of the kind of men who consent to carry banners in suffragette processions, but even they would be allowed to exist only on sufferance. And now she has actually married one of these noxious creatures who does not even belong to the great and only movement.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A young woman, when asked if she "ragged," replied: "I tried it once, but I felt that I had been more danced against than dancing."

She was an excellent tennis player and could paddle a canoe most gracefully, but this was her first attendance at a horse show. "Are you a good judge of horseflesh?" inquired one of her friends. "Oh, I should say not. I never tasted any," she said.

The fervent temperance spellbinder stopped in the midst of his campaign speech. "My friends," he said impressively, "if all the saloons were at the bottom of the sea what would be the inevitable result?" And from the rear came the loud and emphatic answer: "Lots of people would get drowned."

Mrs. McCarthy's husband went out in a boat alone. The boat overturned and he was drowned. A friend met her some weeks later. "I bear," said he, "that Pat left you very well off—that he left you \$25,000." "True," said Mrs. McCarthy, "he did." "How was that?" asked her friend. "Pat couldn't read nor write, could he?" "No," said Mrs. McCarthy, "nor swim."

A second-grade boy in one of the Philadelphia schools came in late recently. "Why are you late, Thomas?" asked the teacher. "Couldn't come no sooner." "You should get up earlier. All the first-grade children were here on time." "I was up in time, but I couldn't come no sooner." "Why couldn't you come any sooner, if you were up in time?" "I—I—I couldn't find my pants."

An organist had drawn up the order of a Sunday service, and it was in type ready for printing when the death of an important personage made a change necessary. The organist telephoned to the printer and instructed him to change the postlude to "Funeral March by Chopin." This is what he found at the end of the list when he arrived at the church: "A few remarks by Chopin."

Two boys who managed to be rather unruly in school so exasperated their teacher that she requested them to remain after hours and write their names 500 times. They plunged into the task. Some fifteen minutes later one of them grew uneasy and began watching his companion in disgrace. Suddenly the first one burst out with despair and between his sobs said to the teacher: "Taint fair, mum! His name's Bush and mine's Schluttermeyer."

Patsy and Tom were working near where there was a beehive and a bed of onions, when a bee stung Tom on the wrist. Patsy exclaimed: "I always told yez whin ye'd get a sting av a bee to suck it and thin rub in onion juice." After a short time a bee lodged on Patsy's neck, when he shouted: "Oh, Tom, there's wan on me neck. Oh, 'tis gone down between me shoulders. Begorra, I'm stung!" "Suck it, Patsy," ordered Tom; "suck, and I'll rub in the onion juice."

A new flagman, whose hours of duty were supposed to terminate at seven o'clock, had been stationed at a crossing which the limited was timed to pass at 6:58. On this particular night the train was late. At about twelve minutes past the hour the gateman heard it in the distance, and planted himself, red lantern in hand, in the middle of the track of the limited. The engineer was trying to make up lost time, and the train was speeding, but he brought it to a standstill at the first wave of the red light. He jumped off his engine and ran ahead to find out why he had been signaled. "What made you signal?" he demanded angrily, seeing no evidence of danger. "What kept ye?" was the angry retort.

Louis E. Van Norman, associate editor of the *Review of Reviews*, recently returned from his vacation in the Glacier National Park in Montana. Out there he discovered an old timer who was particularly bitter toward the Piegan Indians. "I like the Sioux, and the Apaches, and the Crows," said this old fellow, beating violently on the table. "Them Indians are gentlemen. When they went on the warpath they always took their blankets off, and all you had to do was to run and hide. But the Piegians! Mister, there aint nothing as mean as a Piegan." Next day Mr. Van Norman asked "Bill" Burns, a veteran Glacier Park guide, why the old man hates Piegians so. "Well," said Mr. Burns, reflectively, "the old cuss married a Piegan squaw. Mebbe it's race prejudice."

A young lady at Bath Beach had occasion to complain about one of the bathhouse attendants, an old fellow who, in the hurry of cleaning up, would sometimes burst in upon her in her bathhouse without knocking. One morning, after this had happened for the

sixth or seventh time, she took the old fellow to task. "See here, Peters," she said, "there's no lock on my bathhouse, as you know, and I must insist on your knocking before you enter. It hasn't happened yet, but it might very well happen, that you'd come in on me when I was all undressed." Peters, with a chuckle, hastened to reassure the young lady on this point. "No fear of that, miss," he said. "No fear of that. There's a knobole in the door what I always look through before I venture in."

A group of men were discussing their probable chances of entering the heavenly gate. Some were extolling their virtues and religious zeal, and felt sure they could not be ignored. Several were willing to take chances when the situation presented itself. One said he had his plan mapped out and, when pressed for details, said: "Well, I intend to walk up the golden stairs and take hold of the door and keep opening and closing it, making as much noise as possible, till I get St. Peter good and peeved, and then he will say: 'See here, either you come in or stay out.'"

He was running for Congress and found that there was a certain Irishman in his district who steadfastly refused to accord him any support. So it was with much surprise that the colonel was advised by the Celt just before election day that he had concluded to give him his vote. "Glad to hear that, Pat," said the colonel. "I rather thought you were against me." "Well, sir," said Pat, "to tell the truth, I was; and when ye stud by me pippen and talked that day for two hours or more, ye didn't budge me a hair's breadth. But, sir, after ye was gone away I got to thinkin' how ye reached yer hand over the fince and scratched the pig on the back till he laid down wid the pleasure av it; it was thin I made up me mind that whin a rare colonel was as sociable as that I wasn't the man to vote ag'in bim."

THE MERRY MUSE.

How Simple Then the Life.
When Eve held forth in Paradise
She found much pleasure in it;
For when she did her Monday wash
It only took a minute.

And when the washing blew away
Eve didn't fret or whine;
She merely sauntered forth and picked
New garments from the vine.
—Livingstone Lance.


Origin of Scandal.
Said Mrs. A.
To Mrs. J.,
In quite a confidential way,
"It seems to me
That Mrs. B.
Takes too much—something—in her tea."
And Mrs. J.
To Mrs. K.
That night was overheard to say—
She grieved to touch
Upon it much,
But "Mrs. B. took—such and such!"
Then Mrs. K.
Went straight away
And told a friend, the selfsame day,
"Tis sad to think—
Here came a wink—
"That Mrs. B. was fond of drink."
The friend's disgust
Was such, she must
Inform a lady, "which she nussed,"
That Mrs. B.
At half-past three
Was "that far gone, she couldn't see!"

This lady we
Have mentioned, she
Gave needlework to Mrs. B.,
And at such news
Could scarcely choose
But further needlework refuse.
Then Mrs. B.,
As you'll agree,
Quite properly—she said, said she,
That she would track
The scandal hack
To those who made her look so black.
Through Mrs. K.
And Mrs. J.
She got at last to Mrs. A.,
And asked why,
With cruel lie,
She painted her so deep a dye.
Said Mrs. A.,
In sore dismay,
"I no such thing could ever say;
I said that you
Had stouter grew
On too much sugar—which you do!"
—Catholic Times.

A Laggard in Love.
"I give you a key to my heart," said she,
"So come when you will and unlock it;
Your key is just this" (and she offered a kiss):
"Don't let it wear holes in your pocket!"

Two days flitted by ere I ventured to try
My luck in that storehouse of kisses;
I tried that new key she had given to me,
But, lo! she rejected all kisses.

"You're really so slow," she yawned, "don't you know—
Or were you away on vacation?
I knew your key 'd rust, and—you don't mind, I trust?"
I've altered the combination!" —Puck.



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Assets.....\$5,644,983.27
Capital actually paid up in Cash.. 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.. 1,757,148.57
Employees' Pension Fund..... 158,261.32
Number of Depositors.....62,134

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Travis Greaves have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Flora Greaves, to Mr. Charles K. Moore. Mr. Moore is the son of the late Mr. Birney J. Moore of Evanston, Illinois.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Sargent of Los Angeles have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Ethelyn Carson Sargent, to Lieutenant Herbert A. Jones, U. S. N., who is attached to the U. S. S. Hull.

The wedding of Miss Gertrude Upshur and Lieutenant Willard Sperry, U. S. A., will take place Thursday, September 25, at St. Paul's Church in Seattle. Miss Upshur is the daughter of Mrs. John Upshur of Astoria and a granddaughter of Admiral John Upshur, U. S. N. (retired), of Virginia. Lieutenant Sperry is the son of Mrs. James Sperry of Sausalito and a brother of Mrs. Clarence Carrigan of Lyons, France, and Mr. James Sperry. He is a nephew of Mrs. William H. Crocker, Princess Poniatowski, and Mr. George W. Sperry.

The wedding of Mrs. Ruth Goodman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey P. Goodman, and Mr. Robert Van Sant will take place Saturday, September 6, in Berkeley.

From Honolulu has come word of the marriage there, in St. Andrew's Cathedral, on the evening of August 12, of Miss A. Gwendolyn Blair to Mr. Edward Dekum. Miss Louise Lucas was maid of honor. Miss Virginia Watson and Miss Kate Gill were the bridesmaids. Mr. J. R. Myers of Kauai was the best man. Mr. Clinton G. Ballentyne gave away the bride. Mr. Dekum has lived in Honolulu for the last few years. Mr. Dekum is a son of the late Mr. Frank Dekum of Portland, Oregon. He has lived in Honolulu for the past fifteen years.

Mr. Felton Elkins was host last week at an informal dance in Burlingame in honor of his sister, Mrs. Christian de Guigne, Jr.

Miss Marion Zeile was hostess Tuesday at a luncheon at the Francisca Club in honor of Miss Carol Spence-Prentice of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward De Witt Taylor gave a dinner complimentary to Dr. Percival Dolman.

Mr. and Mrs. Fritz von Schrader entertained their friends at a dance at the home of Mrs. Edward Everett.

Miss Sara Redington was hostess at a luncheon Saturday at her home in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Philip E. Bowles will entertain her friends today at a garden party at her home, The Pines, in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott gave a dinner Friday evening in Burlingame in honor of Lady Balfour of London, who was again the complimented guest Sunday, when Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker gave a luncheon in her honor.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson was hostess Friday at a luncheon in honor of her daughter, Mrs. George L. Cadwallader.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian de Guigne entertained a number of friends Sunday afternoon to celebrate the first birthday anniversary of their little son, Christian de Guigne, Jr.

Mrs. George H. Howard entertained a number of young people Saturday at a picnic in San Mateo. The guests were the friends of her son, Mr. George H. Howard, Jr.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze was hostess a few days ago at a luncheon at the Burlingame Country Club in honor of Mrs. Yohel Strong and Miss Nina Jones of Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hastings gave an informal dance Wednesday evening at the San Mateo Polo Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Queen entertained a large number of friends at a moonlight launch picnic at Lake Tahoe complimentary to their guest, Miss Lottie Woods.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Oliver Tobin gave a dance Saturday evening at the San Mateo Polo Club. Preceding the dance dinners were given by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Christian de Guigne, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sahla, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hastings.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch gave a moonlight picnic Sunday evening in the woods near the Crystal Springs lakes.

Mrs. Carter Pitkin Pomeroy was hostess at a luncheon in honor of Mrs. Arthur Holland and Mrs. Henry Sloane Coffin of New York.

Major Sidney Cloman, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cloman gave a dinner last week at the Burlingame Country Club in honor of Miss Margaret McClure of Salt Lake City.

Friday evening Major and Mrs. Cloman entertained twenty-five guests at a dinner, which was followed by an evening of bridge.

Major William Joseph Knowlton, U. S. A., and Mrs. Knowlton entertained a number of friends at a week-end party at their home at Fort Barry.

Captain Alexander Halsted, U. S. N., was host at a dinner on board the U. S. S. California complimentary to Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, who was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Mrs. Albert Rees at Yerba Buena and at a dinner given by Lieutenant Wallace Berthoff, who entertained on board the U. S. S. California.

Ensign Hamilton Bryan, U. S. N., was host at several affairs on board the U. S. S. California before her departure for Mexico. He entertained his friends at a dinner, a thé dantant, and several luncheons.

Mrs. J. B. Milton was hostess at a luncheon and bridge party in honor of her daughter, Mrs. George Neal, wife of Lieutenant Neal, U. S. N.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movement to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. A. H. Small, Master Harriot Small, and Miss Marion Frances Small have returned to Berkeley from Napa Soda Springs, where they have been spending the summer.

Miss Doris Wilshire has returned from Fort

Bragg, where she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Otis Johnson.

Mr. Frederick Lawrence Murphy has returned from a trip to the South Sea Islands and has joined his wife and children at Palo Alto.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn have rented the Dolbeer house on Pacific Avenue near Buchanan Street. With their daughter, Miss Marjorie Josselyn, they will spend the winter in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy M. Pike spent the week-end in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron.

Lady Balfour, wife of Sir Robert Balfour, is a visitor in Burlingame, where she is spending the summer with her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Balfour. Lady Balfour spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott.

Mr. Charles Keeney has returned from a month's visit in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Fay have returned from Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. William Breeze and Mrs. W. E. Norwood will return September 1 from Palo Alto, where they have been since early in the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralston White and Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Wright are enjoying camp life in Butte County.

Mr. Orville C. Pratt has recently been spending a few days at his ranch near Chico.

Mrs. Joseph L. Moody has returned to her home on Clay Street after having spent the summer in San Rafael, where she occupied the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Dibblee.

Mrs. Harrison-Smith and her daughters, the Misses Henrietta and Alice Harrison-Smith, will return to town September 1 from Santa Barbara, where they have been occupying the Leadbetter cottage during the summer.

Mrs. William Lynham Shiels has returned to Los Gatos after having spent the summer with her cousin, Mrs. Thomas H. Williams, at her home on the McCool River.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Irving Scott have returned from an outing at Weher Lake. They spent last week at Idlewild, the country home of Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl, who also had Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone as their guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Austin and their little daughter have come from New York to visit Mrs. Austin's mother, Mrs. Bessie Paxton.

Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee and their family have returned from Castle Crags and are at Hotel del Monte. They have as their guest Master Harold Chase.

Miss Ruth Zeile has recently been the guest of Miss Beatrice Miller in Santa Barbara.

Miss Flora Miller is recovering from her recent illness, which prevented her giving a dance last Wednesday evening in Ross.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding spent the week-end in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Cranston Chamberlin are again in San Mateo after a two weeks' visit in Santa Barbara, where they were the guests of Miss Marguerite Doe.

Miss Augusta Foute is the guest of friends in Monterey, where she will remain during the festivities.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Brawner of New York, who have decided to reside in this city, have leased the Sweitzer home on Clay and Locust Streets. Mrs. Brawner is the daughter of Mrs. W. P. Fuller.

Mrs. M. P. Jones is enjoying a visit in Monterey.

Mr. Dudley Green spent the week-end in San Mateo as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sahla.

Miss Margaret Nichols has returned from a visit with the Misses Ethel and Helen Crocker at their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Horace Beach has been spending the past ten days in St. Helena with Mrs. William B. Bourn.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Chase have recently been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard in Woodside.

Mr. Loyall Sewall has returned to his home in Bath, Maine, after a month's visit with his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Norman McLaren. The Messrs. Gordon and Lansing Tevis motored from Lake Tahoe last week and are established in their home in San Mateo.

Mrs. Victor N. Metcalf of Oakland is the guest of Mrs. William G. Henshaw at her home in Santa Barbara.

Miss Eliza McMullin has returned from Europe, where she has been spending four months with her brother, Mr. John McMullin.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Barron and Mrs. Downey Harvey have recently left Carlsbad and are motoring through Germany.

The Misses Helen Garritt and Gertrude Hopkins have been spending the past week with Miss Beatrice Nickel at the Miller ranch at Los Banos. Mr. Harrison Fisher has returned to his home in New York after a brief visit in California. Mr. Fisher came west to attend the Bohemian jinks.

Mrs. Raymond D. Spilaval left Monday for Ben Lomond, where it is hoped she will rapidly recover from her recent illness at the Adler Sanatorium.

Dr. Herbert C. Moffitt, Mrs. Moffitt, and their children will sail September 21 from Europe, where they have been traveling during the past four months.

Miss Amy Bassett has returned from a visit in Pasadena.

Mr. and Mrs. Milo M. Potter and Miss Nina Jones have returned to Santa Barbara after a two weeks' visit at the Hotel Vendome. They spent a few days in this city en route to their southern home.

Mr. and Mrs. George L. Cadwallader will remain in Burlingame until October 1, when they will return to town after having spent the summer with Mrs. Cadwallader's mother, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson. They have leased a home on Jackson Street near Walnut.

Mrs. Robert A. Hewitt left Tuesday for Los Angeles to visit relatives, en route to her home in New Jersey. During Mrs. Hewitt's brief stay in this city she was the guest of Mrs. Sidney Van Wyck.

Mrs. Eugene Bresse and her daughter, Miss Metha McMahon, returned Monday from an extended visit in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Alan Macdonald and her little son have

returned from Pleasanton, where she has been spending the summer with her parents, Colonel J. C. Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Kirkpatrick.

Mrs. W. F. Dohrmann was called home from Coronado, where she has been for several months, by the illness of her father, Mr. John Siche.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bahcock of San Rafael spent the week-end in Burlingame as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott.

Mr. S. M. Shortridge is a guest at Hotel del Coronado.

Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco is established in an apartment on Sacramento Street. Since her arrival from New York two weeks ago Mrs. Pacheco has been visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis.

Miss Ruth Zeile has returned from Santa Barbara, where she has been visiting Miss Beatrice Miller.

Among those who spent the week-end at Hotel del Coronado from San Francisco were Mr. Garton Donald Keystone, Mr. G. F. Garritt, and Mr. George F. Shaner.

Mrs. George Appel, wife of Captain Appel, U. S. A., has arrived from Denver, Colorado, after a two months' visit with her mother, and has since been the guest of Major J. C. Johnson, U. S. A., and Mrs. Johnson at their home at Fort Miley. Mrs. Appel sailed Tuesday on the Ventura for Honolulu, where she will join her husband at Schofield Barracks.

Major William H. Brooks, U. S. A. (retired), and Mrs. Brooks are established for the winter in a home on Union Street.

Brigadier-General W. W. Williams, U. S. A. (retired), is a recent visitor in this city.

Lieutenant-Colonel Robert H. Nohle, U. S. A., has returned from a month's leave of absence.

Colonel James M. Arrasmith, U. S. A., and Mrs. Arrasmith have returned to the Presidio after a visit in the East.

Major Francis M. C. Usher, Medical Corps, formerly division surgeon at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, has been ordered to Texas City, where he will relieve Major John A. Murtagh, Medical Corps, who will be stationed at Fort McIntosh, Texas.

Lieutenant-Colonel David C. Shanks, U. S. A., inspector-general, has been relieved from duty in the Western Department and will proceed to Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Walter Cowles, wife of Admiral Cowles, U. S. N., left last week for New York to meet her son, who has returned from Europe, where he has been with the midshipmen's practice squadron. Mrs. Cowles was accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Leo Sahn, wife of Lieutenant Sahn, U. S. N.

Lieutenant Arthur Crist, U. S. M. C., and Mrs. Crist have been spending the past few weeks at Orkney Springs, Virginia. Mrs. Crist is a sister of Mr. Charles Conyngham Kutz, whose engagement to Mrs. Mildred Eloise Boyce has recently been announced.

Lieutenant Earl Shipp, U. S. N., has returned from the hospital in Mare Island, where he has been ill, and has joined Mrs. Shipp in this city.

Captain John Ellicott, U. S. N. (retired), Mrs. Ellicott, and Miss Priscilla Ellicott will leave shortly for an extended visit in the East. They will go by way of Panama and will spend some time at Fortress Monroe with Lieutenant Ross Kingsbury, U. S. A., and Mrs. Kingsbury.

Lieutenant-Commander David F. Sellers, U. S. N., and Mrs. Sellers have been spending the past week at Lake Tahoe.

Lieutenant Henry Kent Hewitt, U. S. N., and Mrs. Hewitt (formerly Miss Floride Hunt) returned yesterday from their wedding trip and will visit Mrs. Randall Hunt until Tuesday, when they will leave for New York, where Lieutenant Hewitt is attached to the U. S. S. Florida. Lieutenant Hewitt is a nephew of Mr. Cooper Hewitt and Mr. Abraham Hewitt, former Mayor of New York.

Miss Devendorf's Concert.

Miss Lillian Devendorf's farewell concert prior to her departure for two or three years' European study will be held under the auspices of the Piedmont Musical Club, at Mowbray Hall, Piedmont, on Monday evening, September 1. Miss Devendorf will study under Carl Flesch of Berlin, proceeding later to Brussels, where she will take lessons from Ysaye. In San Francisco Miss Devendorf has been a pupil of Mr. Hother Wismer, and there is every reason to anticipate for her a success in her new efforts.

The home in Paris of Mr. and Mrs. Austin Moore has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Moore was formerly Miss Katrina Page-Brown, daughter of Mrs. A. Page-Brown of New York. Mr. Moore is the son of Mrs. Willis Polk, who is at present in Paris.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. David Ambrose Willis has been brightened by the advent of a son.

Among the "neglected masterpieces" of its kind is placed "Blix," the little volume of an older San Francisco, by the late Frank Norris (writes Floyd Dell in the Chicago Evening Post). Of Condé and Blix Mr. Dell sums up: "One envies them their happiness, their frank, free comradeship, their blithe sharing of a wonderful world, the gay communion of their untroubled spirits. It is a picture at which one may smile a little, but which one is glad to remember."

At the Abbey Theatre, the Dublin bome of the Irish Players, "The Postoffice," by Rabindranath Tagore, an allegorical tragedy with its scenes in India, was recently produced and created a profound impression. The Irish Players also revived Lady Gregory's adaptation of Molière's "The Miser," written in the Kiltarian dialect, during their London season.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

J. J. McCarthy, blasting superintendent, has filed damage suits in the superior court aggregating \$180,000. The North Bay Rock Company, City Supply Company, and City Street Improvement Company are defendants in one suit for \$90,000. The E. I. Dupont DeNemours Powder Company is defendant in the other \$90,000 suit. McCarthy was hurt in an explosion for which he holds the defendant companies responsible.

Jesse W. Lilienthal succeeded Patrick Calhoun as president of the United Railroads on Thursday of this week. Mr. Calhoun's many interests in other parts of the country called for long absences from San Francisco, and he desired to be relieved of his duties here. Mr. Lilienthal is one of San Francisco's best-known men. He is a lawyer, a large property-owner, and is interested in many corporations here.

On Saturday Mayor Rolph celebrated his forty-fourth birthday. In the evening friends and relatives of the mayor took dinner with him, his wife, and children at the Rolph home.

A \$58,000 suit has been decided in Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs's favor by Judge Cerf. It was a suit brought by the First National Bank against Mrs. Oelrichs, her sister, Mrs. Vanderbilt, and Charles M. Oelrichs to determine ownership of money still in the bank's possession. The money was part of the funds supplied for the construction of the Fairmont Hotel.

Out of respect for the memory of the late Dr. John Swett, the veteran educator, whose funeral was held on Monday afternoon, there were no afternoon sessions at the public schools.

Michael Joseph Conboy, former captain of police in San Francisco, who is serving a term in San Quentin Prison for the killing of Bernard Lagan, was denied release last Saturday by the state board of parole.

James H. Barry has been sworn in as naval officer of this port by Collector of Customs J. O. Davis. Barry succeeds General George Stone. The salary is \$5000 a year.

The railroad commission has granted the application of the Southern Pacific Company to issue the remaining \$5,120,000 par value of its equipment trust certificates heretofore authorized by the commission at a discount of six per cent instead of four per cent, the discount at which the railroad has disposed of similar securities in the past few years.

Alexis C. Craven, president of the Standard Mortgage and Guaranty Company, with offices in the First National Bank Building, arrested at his home in Berkeley Friday night of last week on a warrant charging embezzlement, has been released on \$10,000 bonds. W. J. Newlove, vice-president of the company, made the charge against Craven.

The Wells Fargo Company has applied to the state railroad commission for a rehearing in the case in which the commission ordered a wholesale reduction in its interstate rates. The company, in its application, states that the commission ordered into effect rates that would be unprofitable.

The Neal Publishing Company on Wednesday petitioned the superior court for a writ of mandate to compel Mayor Rolph to sign a contract awarding the concern the printing of city stationery for the fiscal year 1913-14, alleging the company was the lowest bidder for the work and the contract was awarded it by the board of supervisors, but Mayor Rolph refuses to sign the contract.

John D. Spreckels is not going out of the publishing business. The *Evening Call* will make its appearance in San Francisco on Monday, September 1, according to the announcement made on Wednesday. The new evening paper will be published by F. W. Kellogg and John D. Spreckels in the building now and for many years occupied by the morning *Call*.

C. L. Snyder, district secretary of the United States Civil Service, with headquarters in San Francisco, has been appointed secretary and chief examiner by the state civil service commission. The salary of the office is \$3600.

It is said that Della Fox did not leave an estate as large as was at first thought, when the amount was placed at \$10,000. Upon looking more closely into her affairs her relatives discovered that she had little beyond some personal jewelry.

Mollie McIntyre, who was the Bunty in the special Western organization of "Bunty Pulls the Strings," has returned to America after a vacation at her home in England. She expects to appear in a musical production this season.

The Symphony Concert Season.

Preparations for the season of the Symphony Orchestra have been practically completed, and the musicians who will be heard are constantly practicing for the work laid out by Conductor Hadley. With his return to San Francisco to start rehearsals some interesting announcements regarding the works to be given will be made.

The concerts, as heretofore, will be given at the Cort Theatre and the guarantors and subscribers of the orchestra have the privilege of purchasing the same seats as they had last season. The season will consist of ten symphony concerts, all on Friday afternoons, the dates being October 24, November 7, November 21, December 5, January 9, January 23, February 6, February 20, March 13.

The soloists already engaged include Mme. Schumann-Heink, Clarence Whitehill, Fritz Kreisler, Jean Gerardy, and Josef Hoffman. Mme. Schumann-Heink, who will appear on November 7, has the honor of being chosen as the first soloist of the season. Clarence Whitehill will be the second soloist of the season.

Edmund Burke, the baritone, who will support Mme. Melba and Jan Kubelik on their forthcoming American tour, began his career as a lawyer, but his musical nature asserted itself and he gave up the law to become a singer. He is a native of Toronto, Canada, but spent his youth in Montreal, graduating from McGill University. Both in concert and in opera he has won distinction abroad, having sung leading rôles at Covent Garden and in the leading opera houses on the Continent and in Australia.

A short time before the death of James Russell Lowell, Charles Felton Pidgin obtained permission from him to use for dramatic purposes the title of his famous poem, "The Courtin'." Mr. Pidgin's novel, "Quincy Adams Sawyer," is said to have been based on the poem. The novel was made into a play by Justin Adams, and now that the play is to be transformed into a light opera it is to be named after the original poem. "The Courtin'" will be produced at the Boston Theatre September 15.

Hamburg, which so failed to appreciate Heine during the time when he lived in the city, and which at one time was anathema to him, is the first to give him a public memorial in Germany. The statue by Herr Hugo Lederer is nearly completed, and will be erected in a new park of Winterhude, a charming suburb of Hamburg.

William Faversham will appear under his own management in Shubert theatres. He will open his tour with his successful production of "Julius Caesar," and about Christmas time will add to his repertory "Othello" and "Romeo and Juliet."

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Mother—Ethel, are you saving anything for a rainy day? Ethel—Yes, mother. I never wear my silk stockings around the house.—*Life*.

His Wife—The palmist told me she could see an automobile for us. Mr. Meekton—I wonder if she could see the gasoline to run it?—*Life*.

Ella—This might be the Garden of Eden, from the paucity of costumes. Bella—More like a page from the Book of Revelations.—*The Club Fellow*.

Country Innkeeper—Did you hear the aw-ful fight out in front about one o'clock this morning. New Yorker (wearily)—Yes. It put me to sleep!—*Puck*.

She (to husband who feels seasickness coming on)—Can I get you anything, dear? He—No; just tell me how to keep what I've got.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Doctor, why don't you take a vacation?" "I can't now; my patients need me. They are beginning to come back from their vacations."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"My wife will know I drank too much at the banquet." "Why, you are walking straight enough." "But look at the hum umbrella I picked out."—*Pittsburgh Post*.

Mrs. Robinson—And were you up the Rhine? Mrs. de Jones—I should think so; right to the very top. What a splendid view there is from the summit!—*Tit-Bits*.

Doctor (feeling Sandy's pulse in bed)—What do you drink? Sandy (with brightening face)—Oh, I'm nae particular, doctor! Ony-thing you've got with ye.—*Toronto Globe*.

"How perfectly sweet your costume is, you dear thing." "It's dear of you to say so." "Still it's a bit scanty though, don't you think? You might at least powder your nose!"—*Club Fellow*.

First College Graduate—So you advertised for a job as cashier in a bank—get any re-plies? Second College Graduate—Not one—and I put in, "salary no object," too.—*The Messenger*.

Bjinks—Where are you going with all those musical instruments? Sjinks—Going to give them to the Bjones kids. Bjinks—But I thought you didn't like the Bjones? Sjinks—That's the reason!—*Puck*.

"Waiter," said the Gloom who had waited fifteen minutes for his soup, "have you ever been to the Zoo?" "No, sir." "Well, you ought to go. You'd enjoy watching the tor-toises whiz past."—*The Weekly Scotsman*.

"Why, Tommy," exclaimed the Sunday-school teacher, "don't you say your prayers every night before you go to bed?" "Not any more," replied Tommy; "I uster when I slept in a folding bed, though."—*Boston Globe*.

"Sir, could you give me a little assistance?" said the weary wayfarer. "I don't know where my next meal is coming from." "Nei-ther do I," replied the prosperous looking in-dividual. "My cook left this morning, too."—*New York Globe*.

Persevering Percy (who has just paid a begging visit to neighboring house)—Strike me pink, 'Enery, if that aint the most poverty-stricken 'ouse I ever struck. Why, hlow me if there aint two ladies playin' on the same pianner.—*The Tatler*.

"Was that man ever a lobyhyst?" "He may have been," replied Senator Sorghum. "He had a way of saying 'Good-morning, senator,' in a confidential tone that was calculated to give the casual observer an idea that we were quietly discussing matters of great importance."—*Washington Star*.

"What's the matter, Willie?" asked the mother as the lad entered the house weeping. "The boy across the way hit me," he replied. "Oh, well, I wouldn't cry for that," she re-turned. "Show that you can be a little man." "I aint crying for that," he retorted. "Then what are you crying for?" "He ran into the house before I could get at him."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Mr. Lane's Charter of Liberty.

It would not be easy to trump up a conception of the purposes and functions of government more radically at odds with traditional American ideas than that declared by Secretary Lane at his home-coming on Sunday last. "We are," said Mr. Lane, "in favor of doing anything for the people that is wise, no matter by what name you call it, paternalism or anything else. What this government wants to do is to help the people."

Of course this was said in the spirit of beneficence—with the best intentions in the world. But all the same it marks a distinct recurrence to a principle in government which at every stage of the world's history has worked out in tyranny. It was this very spirit—the spirit of authority acting upon its own motives for the common good—which had to be overthrown by the father of the republic to make way for the establishment of a government which in the place of giving the law to the people "for their good" should be sustained by the people as an agency for certain common and

limited purposes. It is this spirit which still holds rule in countries where men are least free.

The traditional American idea is not that government should "do something for the people," but that the people should do everything for the government. In other words, government is not designed and sustained as a mastering force, seeking in the doubtful wisdom of a transient group of office-holders to do good to the people, but as an agency for maintaining conditions of equality under law, that the people may—each in his own way—find means of doing good for themselves.

Paternalism in government is only another name for tyranny in government. Its fundamental condition is authority to do things out of the natural and regular order. And such authority can exist only where government has the power to enforce submission, or where the people governed have lost the spirit of free men—the spirit which resents and resists invasions of private and individual rights.

Of all the devices calculated to rob men of their best qualities there is nothing equal to your scheme of paternal government. It corrupts the classes whom it favors by bribes; it subjugates the exploited classes through their fears. It first cheapens and degrades and ultimately it reduces all to a species of slavery.

It is only when there exists in a country the strength to resist the blandishments of paternalism—to repel its bribes and to defy its terrors—that there can be sustained government of the people, by the people, for the people. And whatever their ideas or their maxims, whatever their traditions or their history, a people is in grave danger when considerable numbers may be seduced by the cajoleries—which include the well-meant misconceptions of hare-brained beneficence—with which tyranny oils the way preparatory to its onslaughts.

If we are to sustain the heritage of freedom bequeathed us by the fathers of the republic we must individually and as a people have the discretion and the virtue to rebuke all tenders of "help" for the people at the hands of government and its agents. We must cherish the idea that government is not an agency for the boosting of the people, but for maintaining conditions under which the people may take care of themselves. Once let it be accepted that government may help the people in any other way than to maintain social order and equality of privilege and there will be swift descent from government by the people to government at the hands of demagoguery run into tyranny.

But it is an amazing thing truly that we should hear a high official of the government—and above all a government assuming to represent the Democratic party—gravely assert a principle which in all ages has stood as the champion of privilege and oppression, and this as if it were a new charter of human liberty.

The New Deal in Street Transportation.

Circumstances which do not need to be reviewed have tended now for several years to create and sustain antagonisms between the street-car service of San Francisco and a very considerable part of the public. The condition has been bad for both. To the United Railroads it has worked serious financial hardship, illustrated in weakened values of its securities, in wide public approval of schemes of competition, and in abnormal operating costs. To the public it has been productive of an intense irritation, of discomfort in petty forms, of retarded service and—as the end will surely prove—of ill-considered and unwise investments of public money. This or something like it surely follows wherever ill-will and contention manifest themselves in connection with any public service. We have seen it in connection with our water service, our police service, and in various other forms in connection with other public utilities.

Now there has come a new deal in the administrative organization of the United Railroads. We do not know if there have been changes in the ownership, nor do

we think that it matters. Pretty much all our greater utilities are capitalized remotely and in a sense impersonally. The thing that matters is not who owns the securities, but who manages the properties—under what purposes and to what ends. The new administration of the United Railroads is practically local and it has been organized avowedly to promote good-will and advantage all round. Messrs. Lilienthal (president), Payson, Buck, Sherman, Dodge, Scott, McKinstry, Foster, and Black (directors), are all citizens of San Francisco and men of established public respect. They can have no purposes unfriendly to the public welfare, with which in the long run the welfare of the United Railroads is involved. We can not conceive that these gentlemen, each a man busy in his own affairs, can have associated himself with the United Railroads for any other purpose than that of establishing harmony where there has been discord, and of making the street railway service a support to municipal progress rather than a hindrance to it.

Nor should their task be a difficult one. The system has been discreetly planned. It extends to every part of the city. For the most part its construction is the best and its equipment, barring minor points of exception, is excellent. All that needs to be done is to so operate the property as to serve the public comfortably, expeditiously, pleasantly. This involves a change of attitude all round. First, the managers and employees of the United Railroads must assume a friendly attitude towards the public; second, the public in its turn must be considerate and likewise friendly. In any business where coöperation is an essential factor there must exist the element of mutual good-will or all interests will suffer. Small grievances and petty antagonisms must perhaps always exist in connection with every large public service; but where there is serious disposition long sustained to work in the spirit of good feeling, there must ultimately be developed a spirit of mutual good-will.

Formal statements of purpose are usually perfunctory. But in the statement made by President Lilienthal upon the assumption of his new responsibilities on Monday last there was one remark of large significance. Said Mr. Lilienthal: "There will be no interference in political controversies, and if any attempt ever be made to influence public opinion it will be done openly and in the name of the company." If Mr. Lilienthal means just this and will stick to it he can hardly fail of a high service to San Francisco on the one hand and to the United Railroads on the other. If ever there was a time when it was expedient, either in respect of its own interest or any other, for a public service corporation in San Francisco to reach out by underhand and irregular means to control municipal politics that time has passed. Certainly in the existing state of the public mind a straightforward business policy is the best of all policies. Any other must arouse resentments and sustain antagonisms. Both as respect its expediency and its morality the course outlined by Mr. Lilienthal is to be commended; and we profoundly trust that no stress of circumstances may seduce him to vary from it.

As to the future policy of San Francisco in the matter of street transportation, time only will tell the tale. The immediate tendency—perhaps we would better say the immediate impulse—is towards municipal ownership. In the judgment of the *Argonaut* this policy is one of infinite hazard. It obviously creates a new department in our municipal system and must in its development employ many thousands of men. Under autocratic systems of municipal government this sort of thing may be done with impunity. But under our system, where every man—not to mention his wife—is a voter and where close combinations of voters may impose almost anything upon the municipality, the prospect is one of infinite danger. For what is to hinder the hard-and-fast organization of two, four, six, or a thousand municipal employees to the end of im-

upon the municipality whatever demands may arise under their sense of self-interest or class-interest?

So seriously do we regard this menace that it seems more important than the prospect of the extravagance and waste which appear inseparable from any scheme of public administration. Yet this last is indeed a serious matter. Governments that are permanent—as in various parts of Europe—do contrive to combine efficiency and honesty with a considerable measure of prudence in administration. But where as with us administrations change from one year to another extravagance, waste, and corruption, in degrees small or great, seem inevitable. In every instance so far as we have knowledge the cost of public administration is vastly greater than that of private administration.

We shall now with the completion of the municipally owned system already provided for have opportunity to contrast at all points the workings of private and public systems of street transportation. Those who with the *Argonaut* see the multiplied incidental hazards under the principle of municipal ownership will hope to see the United Railroads so sustain its responsibilities—so serve the public convenience and welfare—as to weaken or nullify public clamor for new and large extensions of the municipal system. In this view there rests upon the new management of the United Railroads a responsibility quite as important in its moral phases as in its purely business aspects. To put it bluntly, it is up to the new management of the United Railroads to demonstrate that it is to the advantage of San Francisco to leave its municipal railway system in private hands. If it shall fail to do this, then we shall surely have a general extension of the municipal railway system with all the evils which must come through a new and great department of public service handling vast sums of money and able through political combination of a ruinous mastership in municipal affairs.

Huerta and Mexico.

It is easy to believe that the popularity of General Huerta has largely increased as a result of the veiled pressure put upon him from Washington. We read of a renewed loyalty throughout the army, of spontaneous offers of men and money, and of a general rally around the man who, for good or evil, constitutes in himself whatever government Mexico can be said to have. The people, in other words, are acting precisely as we ourselves should act under similar circumstances and as might have been foreseen from even an elementary knowledge of human nature. Factions, discontents, and plottings may flourish apace until the first hint of foreign interference is heard. Then they are all hurried behind the curtain in defense of a national pride that may not be of so high a type as our own, but that is all the more likely to be unreflecting and passionate. There is much virtue in the process known as putting one's self in the other fellow's place. We can easily understand the sentiment in Mexico if we can imagine ourselves as subjected to the same paternal—one might say avuncular—interferences that have been applied to Mexico from Washington.

The keynote to President Wilson's Mexican policy may be described as an aversion to General Huerta. There was no secret about it. No doubt Mr. Lind has delicately coated the pill with sugar, but its cathartic intentions were plain enough. Mexico must purge herself of Huerta, who must pledge himself to hold a regular presidential election and to eliminate himself from the running. Once more we may ask ourselves how we should feel if some foreign power, through dubiously accredited agents and envoys, should map out a domestic political programme for our guidance, at the same time warning us that some particular presidential candidate would not be tolerated. That is precisely what we have done in Mexico, and with the inevitable result that Huerta is in a fair way to become a popular idol.

The President's objections to Huerta may be described as of the maiden aunt or the Chautauqua variety. His political piety is not of the kind approved by the apostles of the new Democracy. He does not measure up to civil service rules and he shows a lamentable lack of zeal for the ballot-box. Moreover, he is supposed to be a murderer. Now so far as Huerta's reluctance to use constitutional methods is concerned—if indeed there is any such reluctance—we may recall with advantage the opinion of Porfirio Diaz, admittedly the greatest ruler Mexico ever had. A free and open presidential election, said Diaz, would mean the nearly unanimous choice of a popular bull-fighter, and he took salutary care, and by "unconstitutional" means, that no

such calamity should befall the country. Certainly the political capacities of Mexico have not been enlarged by the events of the last two years, and no one can know this better than Huerta. How then can we describe a presidential policy that not only insults Mexico by a wanton interference with her domestic affairs and by a policy of humiliating dictation, but that is also capable of so pathetic a reliance upon an electoral procedure that works well in the hands of intelligence and self-restraint, but that is patently impossible in the hands of ignorance and passion. There is no virtue in a ballot-box. The virtue is brought to the ballot-box by those that use it. Nor is there virtue in democratic institutions if those to whom they are given are slaves or pirates, or both.

The contention that General Huerta is a murderer is equally futile. Murder is one of the recognized forms of government in Mexico and the form best understood by the people. The word has an ugly sound throughout civilization, but in Mexico it means no more than summary and autocratic jurisdiction or the procedures of the court-martial applied to a people who have no respect for anything on earth except armed individual authority. Porfirio Diaz applied it persistently, and if Madero had done the same thing, if he had "murdered" the younger Diaz, who was taken openly with arms in his hands, he might today be at the head of a peaceful people. What Mexico needs is not constitutional methods, but the individual authority that can compel instant obedience even though "murder" be the only available weapon to enforce it. There is no proof that Huerta ever murdered any one, but if he wishes to preserve the popularity that seems now to be coming his way he would do well to show that he intends to exact discipline in the quickest way open to him. Mexico's greatest need just at the moment seems to be for an active and energetic "murderer," quick on his feet and certain in his aim.

Aftermath of the "Call" Deal.

We have now in complete development the deal under which the morning *Call* gave up the ghost. The *Chronicle* has taken over what it could make its own out of the subscription lists; and the old name has been passed on to a new afternoon paper assuming to be published by Mr. F. W. Kellogg and Mr. J. D. Spreckels, but bearing familiar earmarks which suggest that William Randolph Hearst is somewhere in the background. The statement that the *Chronicle* had bought the *Call* is now confessed to be a bit of "bunc"—just part of the bargain by which Mr. de Young was to get a share in the loot in exchange for an evening Associated Press franchise, the right to which he has long held in abeyance.

As a net result we have the *Call* transferred from the morning to the evening field and reestablished under conditions which promise energy in conjunction with resources both at the point of money and of facilities for collecting and printing the news. The staff of the old morning *Call* goes to the new evening *Call*, but the management, both upstairs and down, is new and the form of the paper as it appeared in its first issue on Monday is suggestive of the *Examiner* spirit.

This puts three papers into the afternoon field—at least one too many. There is not possibly room for more than two, and of the two one must be reduced to a secondary status. The outlook is favorable to the new *Call*. It has, if we may judge by its first number, the propensity to sensationalism which seems essential in afternoon journalism here and pretty much everywhere else. Under its new ownership it is free from certain resentments which are profoundly cherished against both its rivals. Energy and common sense if they shall be applied in the administration of the new evening *Call* will easily give it first place; and it will only be a little time until one or the other of its rivals shall drop out. It is a reasonable hope that the *Call* will prove worthy of this opportunity and so eliminate the condition which has enabled the *Bulletin*, despite its infamies of character and its policies of gross indecency, to hold first place in the afternoon field. This consummation would be a great improvement upon anything we have had in recent times in the afternoon newspaper situation in San Francisco.

The demise of the morning *Call*—publication ceased definitely with Sunday last—leaves the morning field clearly drawn between the *Chronicle* and the *Examiner*, and the effect ought to be to the public advantage. It eliminates a weak rival to both the *Examiner* and the *Chronicle*, leaving each free to pursue tendencies which

have long been manifest. The *Examiner* is and will continue to be the "racket-shop" of San Francisco journalism. It is not in a large and genuine sense a public journal, but rather an active dealer in sensations. It has never in all the days of Mr. Hearst's proprietorship undertaken the serious business of supplying the current news in all its departments and features. Its policy rather has been to set forth, oftentimes brilliantly and always flamboyantly, whatever is calculated by its timeliness, its novelty, or its nastiness to excite transient public attention. If the element of public respect be left out of consideration, it has been a good policy for the publisher, but it has not been of service to the community. Many, perhaps most, of the conditions which have troubled San Francisco this last twenty years would have been avoided if there had been no *Examiner* to cajole and debauch considerable elements of the voting public.

The *Chronicle* is not without the handicap of history and it now and again falls into vices which seem inevitable under a régime which subordinates editorial policy to what may be styled publisher's considerations. Nevertheless it is to be said of the *Chronicle* that its editorial plan includes the essential obligations of a general newspaper and that, barring lapses now and again, it fairly well sustains this function. It is, indeed, the only newspaper in San Francisco which pretends to deal completely with current events, and it does its work most of the time with tolerable thoroughness. Of late the *Chronicle* has exhibited a marked strength in its editorial tone. If it does not at all times speak out boldly it does sometimes exhibit an admirable courage. If it can not yet be called a journal of uniform high character it is still to be said of it that its character is so far ahead of any other daily newspaper hereabout that it shines with a fine distinction.

Now there has come a situation which must emphasize the characteristic qualities of the two papers which in the morning field stand pitted each against the other. The *Examiner* is bound by all the conditions surrounding it to hold to its place as the journal of flamboyant sensations and demagogic policies. Its spirit must be that of exploitation and its aim must be to make the most of every day. The *Chronicle*, on the other hand, should find its line of surest success in sustaining and developing the conservative phase of its character.

There is now a condition which we think will put the temper of the people of San Francisco—particularly that element which styles itself conservative—to the test. All the light-minded and vulgar-minded, all the lovers of sensations, will support the *Examiner* upon impulse and instinct. It remains to be seen if those who assume to be controlled by soberer motives will give their support to the *Chronicle*. If this support, which is now clearly due to the *Chronicle* upon its recent record, its obvious disposition to decency, and with which it will assuredly come to a more stable moral development, shall be bestowed liberally, then we shall work towards better conditions in journalism. It is up to the respectable people of San Francisco by their policy and liberality in relation to the *Chronicle* to stiffen its moral backbone and give it a character which hitherto it has not at all times sustained. Plainly the personal forces within the paper tend towards conservatism and to higher standards of journalistic conduct. They ought to be encouraged. For although the very highest standards may not be looked for, the better is always to be preferred to the worse. And if in the present situation the *Chronicle* shall not find a support tending to sustain its tendency to stand for better as distinct from worse things it will be a far cry until the spirit of conservatism shall find another champion in the sphere of our daily journalism.

The Death of Bebel.

The death of August Bebel can hardly fail of its adverse effect upon the progress of German Socialism. He was the one large figure in German public life to whom Socialism represented something more than a mere gospel of discontent, a label to be affixed indiscriminately to every form of unrest. Socialism, for Bebel, meant the economic system of Marx and Engel, and to that extent it was definitely constructive. He had no welcome for the mixed mob of malcontents whose one and only creed was to be "agin the government." Socialism meant a definite something to Bebel, something that must be taken or left, and which precluded all compromises, working agreements, or concessions.

Bebel owed his position to his ability rather than

to the popularity of his creed. He was the only leader in sight, the only man who could impress himself upon the governing powers. But it would be a mistake to suppose that his four million followers were Socialists as he himself was a Socialist. He was quite unable to impose his own clear-cut Marxism upon the men who found it profitable to follow him. Socialism in Germany is very little more than a name for what we should call radicalism. In spite of all Bebel's efforts to exact a precise economic creed from his party it nevertheless proved an irresistible attraction to masses of men who wished to vote against imperial autocracy and privilege and who found that the Socialist ticket was the only one available for that purpose. There has never been much stability about the German Socialist vote. A sudden wave of military patriotism would play havoc with it, and it would increase in dull times when there was not much electricity about. Every trace of insistence upon Marxism will disappear now that Bebel is gone. Socialism will become even more than it is now a mere creed of protest, a sort of unstimulating radicalism from which the elements of construction have disappeared. It is likely to accentuate the "slump" from which Socialism everywhere is suffering.

The Cloakmakers' Strike.

The Cloak and Suit Manufacturers' Association of California is to be congratulated upon its action in publicly advertising the grounds of dispute between itself and the Cloakmakers' Union of San Francisco. Indeed there is now no other way to reach the public upon such a matter as this except by paid advertisements, since our burlesque newspapers see to it that no word likely to annoy a union is allowed access to their news columns. The presence upon the street-corners of the picketing thugs is evidence of the progress of an important strike. The advertisement in question gives us the reasons, displayed in parallel columns.

The agreement offered by the manufacturers' association and rejected by the union contains ten clauses. Over against these are set the counter demands of the men, and a glance at these two opposing documents is sufficiently illustrative of the temper of modern unionism. The quarrel over wages is, of course, the basis of the strike, but of a far greater actual importance is the question whether the employers are to own their own plants and their own souls or whether they are to abdicate all control in favor of the walking delegate.

For example, clause 5 of the union demands is to the effect that "all employees, whether experienced or not, shall have equal work." It will be remembered that it was precisely this same demand that produced the recent great railroad disaster in the East and that presumably is still being enforced upon other railroad systems to the grave danger of the public. The endowment of incompetence and the discouragement of efficiency are cardinal principles of labor unionism.

Another cardinal principle is displayed in the union demand that the "Cloakmakers' Union reserves the right to review the reason for the discharge of any member and to insist on his reinstatement." To insist, be it noted. It is the employer who pays the wages. It is the employer who must bear the loss caused by inferior workmanship and the consequent loss of trade. None the less he is forbidden to show any sort of preference for experience and efficiency or to decide for himself whom he will employ or discharge. If such exactions were not so real and so monstrous they would be almost laughable in their impudence. But there is nothing laughable in strikes, boycotts, bludgeons, and murder.

Another of these amazing but typical demands may well be noticed. It reads: "No apprentice to be taken to work." That clause, also, is typical of modern unionism. The doors of honest work are to be hermetically closed to the rising generation. The boy in search of a career is to be relegated to the ranks of unskilled labor or to hoboism. That we can continue to prate about democracy and popular rights and without one word of rebuke for such a hellish tyranny as this is certainly a tribute to our hypocrisy if to nothing else. That we are able to wag our heads over the increase of crime and sanctimoniously to wonder as to its cause, and with the cause staring us in the face from every set of labor-union rules, is no less than a miracle of dissimulation and cowardice.

The remedy is, of course, to be found in publicity. The railroads seem to have partially discovered this for themselves. Employers in general will do well to follow suit.

Editorial Notes.

The Diggs conviction has been received with satisfaction the country over on broad moral grounds. Yet it is felt that the application of the so-called white slave law under which this conviction was brought about is one involving a very considerable hazard. It is clearly seen that there is both a difference and a distinction between immorality and white slavery and that punishments adjusted to one ought not in propriety or safety to be imposed upon the other. Says the Washington Post: "The conviction of Diggs satisfies a vigorous sentiment of indignation aroused by the circumstances of this particular affair. Nevertheless the question of whether the federal government shall apply the Mann act to individual cases of voluntary misconduct is rather a large one. Continuing, the Post says:

The language of the act is so broad as to make a criminal offense not only of traffic in women and girls, but of misconduct of an interstate character wherein there has been neither coercion nor consideration. Mr. George W. Wickersham, as Attorney-General, declined to authorize prosecutions of offenses not coming fairly within the accepted meaning of the "white slave" traffic. The states were responsible, he held, for exercise of the police power in all other cases. It is difficult to overestimate the value of the Mann act in breaking up the "white slave" traffic and in driving out of the country or sweeping into jail the unmentionable creatures who derive profit from the commerce in shame. At the same time any law so sweeping must be wielded with great care lest it become in the hands of the unscrupulous an instrument of blackmail.

The appointment in many parts of the country of policewomen and the prominence that is now being given to the work of juvenile authorities suggests the uncomfortable reflection that the vaunted independence of the American girl has been carried a little too far. The girl who is free to decide for herself at what hour of the night she will go home, with whom she will consort and upon what terms, the precise style of her dress or of her undress, and the extent to which she may indulge in animal dances, may not be quite such an ornament to our civilization as we have supposed. The prominence now being given to the policewoman and the juvenile authority may be an indication that the pendulum is about to swing the other way, and of course it will swing too far. The new officialism is likely to regard itself as a sort of earthly providence empowered to impose the discipline of a ladies' seminary upon the juvenile population at large. Unfortunately it is our habit to select all ways of doing things except the right way, and so we may awake too late to the fact that policewomen and juvenile authorities are mighty bad substitutes for home discipline and home training.

Questions as to what should be the practical results of college education are again at the fore in the more-or-less literary and more-or-less religious journals. The latest critic of the present condition of things is none other than our lady-like friend Edward Bok of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. With an astuteness born of a fine business instinct Mr. Bok uses, not his own columns for the expression of his views, but rather those of Brother Abbott's sacred *Outlook*. The badness of the spelling of the average college graduate is the first charge made by Mr. Bok; and saved no doubt by the proofreader from stultification under this head, he goes on with exhilaration to a second charge of bad grammar. And here he is undone, for under analysis Mr. Bok's own expressions are found not to measure up to precise standards. His chance remark that "A recognition of even the most minor practical rules," etc., has led an irreverent critic into a brief exercise of analysis. "The adjective 'minor' is in the comparative degree," declares this critic, "and it is as scandalously incorrect to write 'most minor' as it would be to write 'most bigger' or 'most deeper.' Mr. Bok is a busy man, and his offense is perhaps pardonable on that ground, but who shall stand when Malek Adhel falls? There is a text about removing one's personal beams before picking at the motes in other people's eyes."

None the less, for all Mr. Bok's personal slips, there is abundant ground for his charge that college education, while it may have its uses, does not educate in the more elementary essentials. The *Argonaut* has tried in vain again and again to make some use of presumably bright young graduates of both sexes, but it has never yet succeeded. They can neither read nor write nor spell nor be prompt nor accept the legitimate discipline of workaday life. So far as our experience goes, nobody is so much in need of education as the

young man or woman who comes with a college diploma in hand.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Clothes and Character.

MOUNTAIN VIEW, CAL.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: I find in your "Vanity Fair" of August 16th a comment upon recent tendencies in feminine dress which seems to me to be both severe and unjust. Clothes are in a sense expressive of character. But the rule must not be taken very seriously excepting in the cases where clothes are a direct and voluntary expression of individual taste. Fashions even of universal acceptance oftentimes bear no relation at all to character, if we except those who originate them. And they may be—in fact oftener than otherwise—accepted under protest and even with disapproval. It is for this reason that your strictures appear to me too severe and too sweeping.

I find in the London *Times* of July 25th a leading article on "Clothes and Character," which in my judgment deals with this subject in a spirit far more generous and more true as applied to the multitude of American and English women than your article above referred to. And if it does not burden your columns I should be glad if you would find space for the article enclosed. Yours, A. W.

[From the London *Times* of July 25th.]

When ever woman's dress takes a particularly extravagant turn an effort is always made to explain it by some peculiar circumstance or vice of the moment. Women just at present, at least those who wish to be in the height of the fashion, wear less than usual; and our correspondents are giving all kinds of ingenious reasons why they should do so. But in another year or two they will very likely be wearing more than usual, and there will be no sudden change in circumstances or morals to account for the change in fashion. We in England associate the crinoline with Victorian propriety; we think of crinolined ladies reading Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy." But the crinoline, like all other fashions, came from Paris—the Paris of the Second Empire, where Tupper was not a favorite author and where there was no excess of morals or even of prudery. No doubt if in 1870 the ladies of France had dressed as they dress now we should have heard a great deal about the connection between their clothes and Sedan. Unluckily at that moment clothes were more proper than many of those who wore them. Now they happen to be less so, and we are not, therefore, inclined to believe that morals are any worse than they were ten years ago. For fashions are too irrational to be a proof of anything except their own unreason. With all their changes they do not set us a series of problems, but only this one problem—why they should change so often and with so little relation either to beauty or utility. And this problem is not a new one; for they have been swinging from one extreme to another any time for the last thousand years, and if their instability were any proof of a peculiar instability of character our civilization would have fallen into anarchy long ago.

There are times when they seem to express some ideal very violently and times when they express a contrary ideal with equal violence. Between these extremes there are times when they express no ideal in particular and when no one draws any moral from them. Just at present they are expressing a kind of Bacchante ideal; but that does not in the least mean that the women who follow them, especially the English women, would like to be Bacchantes. Indeed in these periods of violence one sees in London women whose clothes mis-express them quite ludicrously, who seem to have had a practical joke played on them by their dressmakers. In France there is more relevance between the woman herself and her clothes; and there is a difference between the fashions of the reputable and the disreputable. But very often it is only the fashions of the disreputable that cross the Channel, and are violently imposed upon women whose respectability no one would question. And the reason is that fashions are created in France and only followed in England. Just as the minor poet will express devastating passions which he has never felt because some great poet has expressed them, so the woman who dresses only to be in the fashion will wear clothes that were originally devised to express a way of life painfully different from her own. She does this because she is not accustomed to express herself in her clothes or to see any connection between them and character. Since they come from Paris she accepts them without ever asking why they would mean in Paris.

But perhaps these incongruities have, after all, some meaning and even some useful purpose. There is, even in the most orderly lives of both sexes, an instinct of rebellion which must find some harmless vent if it is not to rattle in the mind. As the most respectable of men will sometimes talk as if they were Don Juans, so, it may be, the most respectable of women like to dress sometimes as if they were Sirens. Very likely they are not conscious of this instinct in themselves; but when some extravagance of fashion allows them to gratify it they do so. And the best of it is, they can persuade themselves that they are only following the fashion when they put on these Siren airs. The little rebellion is quite harmless and shocks nobody. Indeed it does not seem to be a rebellion but rather an act of obedience to some mysterious command that has come from Paris. The individual loses herself in the crowd so completely that she is not even aware that she is expressing any tendency of her own mind. And soon, of course, she and all who are like her grow tired of expressing this particular tendency, partly because they see it over-expressed and parodied everywhere, and then a reaction sets in. The season of rebellion is passed, the Siren is out-moded; and perhaps the ingénue takes her place. But when this happens women do not all turn ingénues any more than they were all Sirens before. They express another ideal in their clothes, but it has no connection whatever with their conduct.

Smelter slag is utilized for brickmaking purposes in Germany. At the government iron smelter near Amberg the slag is crushed to a sand, mixed with water, and pressed into dark-gray bricks, which are allowed to dry in the open air. They are sold at the factory for \$4.76 per thousand, but their quantity is limited and their use largely local. It is noteworthy, however, that only since the discovery of this process have these government smelters earned any profits for the state.

The famous old yacht *America*, which won the Queen's Cup in the races between the American and English yachts over half a century ago, is now owned by Butler Ames of Massachusetts. Occasionally the yacht is taken out for a short cruise.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Recent suffragette proceedings in England serve as an additional reminder of the bias and even the dishonesty that so often lurks under the medical certificate. We hardly need such a reminder with the perfume of the Thaw case once more upon the air, but this last illustration from London may as well be noted. When Mrs. Pankhurst was temporarily released from prison on July 25 the public was solemnly assured "by several eminent doctors, all of whom took a serious view of her condition," that Mrs. Pankhurst was in a most critical state. Three days later Mrs. Pankhurst was addressing a public meeting with all her characteristic energy. It is true that the proceedings were stopped for a minute while a dose of medicine was solemnly administered to the lady, but with the exception of this bit of huffoonery there was nothing to indicate that the notorious suffragette was expecting translation to another and—let us trust—a better world. A physician, writing to the *London Standard*, remarks charitably that Mrs. Pankhurst's medical advisers must have been "misled." In spite of the popular sanctity that attaches to the medical certificate it is becoming increasingly evident that nothing on earth is quite so easy to obtain and to any conceivable effect. Would it not be well for medical authorities, in defense of their profession, to take this scandal in hand?

Another and a more amusing scientific battle is being waged around the now famous Piltdown skull, recently found in England and supposed to be of an almost incalculable antiquity. The skull consists of a few fragments of bones, and therefore it devolved upon the scientists to reconstruct it. This was done by Professor Smith Woodward of the South Kensington Museum and also by Professor Keith of the Royal College of Surgeons, and it need hardly be said that the results bore no resemblance to each other. Professor Woodward seems to have done his work on the fixed theory that any human being who lived so long ago must have been a sort of chimpanzee, and therefore his reconstruction was upon that basis. But Professor Keith confined himself to the actual facts before him, and so produced a head of unusual brain capacity and with well-developed intellectual and logical possibilities. These two experts met in single combat before the recent medical congress, and Professor Keith had no difficulty in showing that a human being with a head like the one reconstructed by his opponent would have been unable either to breathe or to eat. But what are such trivialities as breathing and eating in comparison with the sanctities of a scientific theory? A man who lived over a million years ago must necessarily have been a sort of glorified ape. If the actual bones of his head are inconsistent with such a theory, then so much the worse for the bones. It is easier to suppose that our dear, dead, prehistoric brother was incapable of breathing or eating than to depart from a pet theory that pictures a gradual ascent of man from the lowest possible form to his present stature of intellectual and moral grandeur. After all, what right have facts to interfere with theories?

The Jewish question is coming rapidly to the front, now that the Christian powers of the Balkans are feeling their feet. The Jews have usually been well treated by the Moslems and persecuted by the Christians, and now Roumania is bent upon showing that she is still impenitent. Jews are excluded from full citizenship in Roumania, but in order to secure men for her army she offered civic rights to Jews who would join the colors. Now that the war is over she has notified several thousand Jewish volunteers that their enlistment was irregular and that they must not expect the reward offered to them. These Balkan peoples seem to be singularly unaware of public opinion, or singularly contemptuous of it.

Emma J. Boun, superintendent of the Salvation Army Women's Rescue Home in New York, says that she has been engaged in her present work for thirty years and, "So far as I can recall I have never had an experience where I could trace the downfall of a girl directly to insufficient wages or poverty." But why slay the slain? The progressive hysterics have already realized the tactical mistake of identifying poverty with immorality and of associating immorality with a particular caste. Moreover, they have a congenital incapacity for thinking of the same thing for many days together. They are worrying about something else now.

A correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* asks if the Justice Deuel who construes the liquor law against Mayor Gaynor is the same Deuel who was shown in a recent *cause celebre* to be the so intimate friend of William D. Mann and a contributor to and part owner of *Town Topics*. Yes, he is the very same man. And is he still dispensing justice in New York City? Yes, he is still in the game. The correspondent continues: "With Sulzer in the governor's chair, Murphy impeaching Sulzer, *Town Topics* interpreting the liquor law, and Harry K. Thaw escaping from the Matteawan State Lunatic Asylum, there is serious danger that all the other states may move to expel New York from the Union. And who could blame them? Can nothing be done?" No, nothing at all. The people will it so.

That hoary old villain, the *Congressional Record*, still preserves its reputation. When Representative Floyd of Arkansas was appealed to he yielded the floor for "one minute" to Representative A. J. Sabath of Chicago, who had something on his chest about the Workmen's Compensation bill. Mr. Sabath's few remarks as they appear in the *Record* amount to 100,000 words, or about sixty columns of the average newspaper. One would hardly suppose that any man could speak so far or that any stenographer could keep pace with him. It was certainly "going some," as the old farmer remarked when told that the Lord was with him during a perilous run. Another curious feature of the *Record* has been intro-

duced by a representative from Oklahoma. He found a magazine article by a friend of his on the merits of going to church. He explained to the House that "it deserves to be read and referred to in every church and Sunday-school in the United States." Therefore it ought to be in the *Congressional Record*, it being well known that that delirious publication is the chief literary staple of rural America. So in it went, by permission. And yet we have a suggestion from the *Boston Transcript* that a "crying need in Congress is for a special brand of speeches that can be whispered to the stenographers, circulated only in the statesman's own district, and edited out of the *Record*, thus permitting a man to make a hit at home without suffering the verdict of the country at large."

The army tropical disease board has a salutary and corrective word to say to those enthusiasts who are disposed to describe Panama as a health resort merely because certain plagues have been exterminated. Panama, we are reminded, has still a tropical climate, and a tropical climate will still work havoc with the white man, however successful he may be in avoiding disease. The report says: "A man can remain in the tropics indefinitely without being actually sick if infectious diseases are avoided. This is fast leading to the fallacy that he can remain many years in these latitudes." Summer lassitude is inevitable in a tropical climate, and this means impairment of health if not actual collapse unless counteracted by extraordinary care and change. The enemy of the white man is climate rather than disease, and the climate of Panama remains what it has always been.

The mystifying rapidity with which native races obtain news of distant events has for long been a matter of discussion. For example, the British defeat by the Zulus at Isandula was well known to the Kaffirs of Capetown hours before the receipt of the official telegraphic dispatch, and there are very many instances of a like kind. Now we have another reminder of the same fact in the refusal of the British secretary for the colonies to inform Parliament as to the whereabouts of the Camel Corps, which is engaged in operations against the Mad Mullah in the wilds of Somaliland. Any information that might be divulged, said the secretary, would be known by the Mullah almost instantly. But by what means does the black man transmit his information more quickly than the white man can send it by telegraph? It is no longer superstitious to suggest telepathy, but is it possible that savages know more of this than we do? Is it possible that any one knows more about anything than we do?

The rules for dieting in which the Medical Congress has been so prolific reminds a writer in the *London Daily Chronicle* of Ruskin's method of arranging his food supplies during his illness. He procured from his doctor a list of all the things that he must not eat, took them all, and recovered. He made it his rule to eat whatever his fancy suggested, and he lived to be over eighty. The moral is obvious. Never surrender to the stomach. Bully it. Defy it. In an emergency ask yourself, "What would be the worst thing for me to eat?" Then eat it and live forever.

While speaking of the Medical Congress we may note with approval the words of Professor Bateson, the celebrated biologist, who entered his protest against the "wildcat eugenism" of America. He said: "We can not hear without disquietude of the violent measures adopted in America. It is one thing to check the production of hopeless defectives and another to organize wholesale tampering with the structure of the population, such as will follow if any marriage not officially regarded as eugenic is liable to prohibition, as is proposed in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Nothing yet ascertained by genetic science justifies such a course." Nothing is more remarkable than the indifference of the average legislating eugenicist to the fact that his own existence would be rendered impossible by the application of his own theories.

Dr. Sun Yat Sen is evidently entertaining the most gloomy apprehensions for the future of China. Writing to his staunch friend, Dr. Cantlie of London, he says: "The aspect of things here (Shanghai) is very grave, and it seems that the lives of those who struggled for the republican cause have been sacrificed in vain. Yuan has secured the money, which is as much as to say that he has unlimited power, and he takes advantage of that very power to further his despicable motives. He deliberately dismissed those Tutahs and officials who protested against his unconstitutional doings and who stood for justice and fair play. But in spite of the present critical period through which China is passing we hope that things may turn out satisfactorily." It is to be feared that Sun Yat Sen is suffering from an inflamed ego, a malady common enough among reformers. China will still be above the water for ages after he is dead and forgotten, and her destinies, whatever they may be, will go forward to their accomplishment under the direction of forces with which neither he nor Yuan Shi Kai have so much to do as they suppose.

Marie Corelli, writing to a London newspaper, voices her discontent with things as they are. The British nation, she says, "is growing old, not gracefully, but with nervous irritation and restlessness. It shows the fidgety spirit of the age without dignity, sweetness, composure, tenderness, or love. It girds at its former ideals, its fine faith, its poetic dreams, and all the romance and beauty that it could have once died to defend and preserve." And there is no hope, because, as Miss Corelli says, "we are pleased to imagine we are still going forward and live in a mist of delusion created by ourselves. The end of it all is that we are near the end of our tether and must furnish the soil merely for the growth of a new race." It all seems very sad, but since there is no known remedy for old age, why write to the newspapers about it? SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

OLD FAVORITES.

Founding of the Mission of Monterey.

Good Junipero, the Padre,
When 't was dying of the day,
Sat beneath the dark tall pine-trees
By the Cross of Monterey,
Listening as the simple red men
Of their joys and sorrows told,
And their stories of the missions,
And their legends quaint and old.

And they told him when Portala
Rested by the crescent bay,
Little dreaming he was gazing
On the wished-for Monterey,
That this cross on shore he planted
And the ground about it blessed,
And then he and his companions
Journeyed northward on their quest.

And the Indians told the Padre
That Portala's cross at night,
Gleaming with a wondrous splendour,
Than the noon-sun was more bright,
And its mighty arms extended
East and westward, O so far!
And its topmost point seemed resting
Northward on the polar star.

And they told, when fear had vanished,
How they gathered all around,
And their spears and arrows buried
In the consecrated ground;
And they brought most fragrant blossoms,
And rare ocean-shells in strings,
And they hung upon the cross-arms
All their choicest offerings.

And the Padre told the Indians:
"Ah, if rightly understood,
What you tell me of the cross here
Has a meaning deep and good,
For that light is emblematic
That the time is near at hand
When the faith of Christ the Saviour
Will illumine all the land."

"To the cross cling, O my children!
In the storm and in the night,
When you wander, lost and weary,
It will be a guiding light;
Cling to it, and cares and sorrows
Very soon will all have passed,
And the palm and crown of glory
Will be given you at last."

Good Junipero, the Padre,
Thus unto the red men told
Of the emblem of salvation
And its story sweet and old,
Sitting by the crescent bay-side,
When 't was dying of the day,
At the foot of dark tall pine-trees
By the Cross of Monterey.
—Richard Edward White.

California.

(September 9, 1850.)

Land of gold!—thy sisters greet thee,
O'er the mountain and the main;
See,—they stretch the hands to meet thee,
Youngest of our household train.

Many a form their love hath fostered
Lingers 'neath thy sunny sky,
And their spirit-tokens brighten
Every link of sympathy.

We 'mid storms of war were cradled,
'Mid the shock of angry foes;
Thou, with sudden, dreamlike splendor,
Pallas-born,—in vigor rose.

Children of one common country,
Strong in friendship let us stand,
With united ardor earning
Glory for our Mother Land.

They of old and they of iron,
They who reap the bearded wheat,
They who rear the snowy cotton,
Pour their treasures at her feet;

While with smiling exultation,
She, who marks their filial part,
Like the mother of the Gracchi,
Folds her jewels to her heart.
—Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

The Old Santa Fe Trail.

It wound through strange scarred hills, down cañons lone
Where wild things screamed, with winds for company;
Its mile-stones were the bones of pioneers,
Bronzed, haggard men, often with thirst a-moan,
Lashed on their beasts of burden toward the sea:
An epic quest it was of elder years,
For faded gardens or for good, red gold,
The trail men strove in iron days of old.

Today the steam-god thunders through the vast,
While dominant Saxons from the bustling trains
Smile at the aliens, Mexic, Indian,
Who offer wares, keen-colored, like their past;
Dread dramas of immigrant plains
Rehuke the softness of the modern man;
No menace, now, the desert's mood of sand;
Still westward lies a green and golden land.

For, at the magic touch of water, blooms
The wilderness, and where of yore the yoke
Tortured the toilers into dateless toms,
Lo! brightsome fruits to feed a mighty folk.
—Richard Burton.

In Central America, Honduras, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica in particular, the feeling among the common people is that Bible work is only a start to lead up to political occupation. Sometimes even squads of men are formed to chase Bible agents out of the country.

The lowest human habitation is said to be that of the coal miners in Bohemia, some of whom make their dwellings at a point over 2000 feet below the level of the sea.

SHAKESPEARE AT HOME.

With Job as One of the Many Guests.

To alter Wordsworth for the nonce, one might fittingly exclaim, "Garrick! thou shouldst be living at this hour." Yet whether "Little Davy" would be quite at home in Shakespeare's town in these late summer days is a problem. He might be jealous. For did he not take Shakespeare under his patronage, re-write his plays, and authorize the "Birthplace" in Henley Street? "It was the reign of Shakespeare and Garrick," wrote a contemporary of the actor in characterizing the period, the scribe in question being a press agent born out of due time. But there is no denying the service Garrick rendered to Stratford-on-Avon. Here the actor superintended that spectacular "Jubilee" of 1769, the chief outcome of which was to stamp the Henley Street cottage with a kind of hallmark of authenticity. For if there is one day in the history of that cottage which should be marked with a red letter it is the day when it was muffled in the gorgeous transparency of the Garrick "Jubilee." That distinction established a precedent which with every passing year tended to the obliteration of the tradition which located the poet's birthplace in a Brook House near the Avon. If there is an explanation of how Henley Street usurped Brook House, it must be sought in the festivities organized by "Little Davy."

But others have entered into his labors; his name is nearly forgotten by the sophisticated natives of Stratford; and had he joined the celebrants of this summer season by the Avon he would have had the mortification of seeing another master of the ceremonies. For, as for many years past, this is "the reign of Shakespeare and Benson." Forty years save one have fled since there was founded the Shakespeare Memorial Association and nearly as many since it got to work in the dramatist's native town. At first there was ridicule and contempt; superior persons cast in the mold of George III pretended to be bored with the Shakespeare cycle; the promoters were derided for claiming national importance for local ambition. But that mood has long passed; it is more than a decade now since the summer festival at Stratford has been taken seriously by playgoers and devotees of the poet, a result largely due to the generous transatlantic patronage of F. R. Benson and his industrious company. During the past few weeks the distinguished visitors have included Ambassador Page and W. D. Howells, but the number of undistinguished Americans who have kept them company has been, as usual, beyond count. And Mr. Benson and his fellow-players are to reap their reward at last: next month they start on a tour through Canada and the United States with a repertory of fourteen of Shakespeare's plays, and it needs no gift of prophecy to foretell the success of their venture. Mr. Benson has been faithful to Shakespeare all through his career; unlike Garrick, he has not tampered with the text; and the fact that the best actors of the English stage have been recruited from his company for many years past is the finest guaranty that the plays he presents will be worthily acted.

He and his company will have earned the rest of the Atlantic voyage. When the festival ends—it began more than two weeks ago—the Bensonians will have given thirty performances of Shakespeare ranging over eleven plays, besides appearing in "Richelieu," "The Devil's Disciple," and "The Tragedy of Pompey the Great." What that means in the shape of incessant rehearsal needs no emphasizing. Besides, one of the plays, "King John," is not on the regular list, while to give the second part of "Henry IV" is also something of a novelty for this versatile company. Between whiles Mr. Benson has been holding discussions on the plays as a whole, thus alternating the rôle of actor with that of university professor.

Of all the semi-novelties the second part of "Henry IV" proved the most enjoyable. Described by some critics as a dull play, and handicapped by its lack of the usual dramatic elements, to present this little-acted play to an audience composed mostly of summer vacationists seemed like courting disaster, but in Mr. Benson's capable hands it became as much a triumph as his version of "The Taming of the Shrew" or "The Merchant of Venice" or "Hamlet." A good deal of that success was due to the simple dignity of the scenery, and the impressive beauty of the double proscenium, but all these details would have counted for little unsupported by that high average of all-round excellence in the acting which is so characteristic of the Bensonians. Although there were nearly thirty characters in the cast it could not be said that one was poorly played; those who had the fewest lines to speak uttered them with as much spirit or restraint as though they were upholding the star part. Prince Hal was as manly a boy, Bardolph as rollicking a blade, the King as urbane and kingly, and Doll Tearsheet as full of feminine fury as the most critical could wish.

But, with that catholicity which is a growing feature of this summer festival, the stage of the Memorial Theatre by the Avon has not been monopolized by Stratford's great son. Such hospitality as Shakespeare would have extended to all genial and congenial spirits in his old home at New Place has been accorded to not a few of his fellow-playwrights. Hence the performances of "Richelieu" and the other plays named above, but in addition Mr. Benson and his players have made way for several companies of amateurs. The Dunmow actors are to appear next week in Synges' "The Tinker's

Wedding," the Bedford players are to show what they can do with W. T. Savard's "Glastonbury," while on Friday the Norwich players varied the Shakespeare programme with two impressive performances of Sibyl Amherst's biblical drama of "Job."

Now a drama based upon the Scriptures is a novelty in John Bull's isle. It is true one is to be staged in London this next season, but for many generations the censor of plays has ruthlessly banned anything of a biblical nature. Perhaps that censor has seen Miss Amherst's "Job"; he must at least have read it in manuscript; in any case, it needs but to be seen or read for the most reverent to realize what a wealth of rich dramatic material lies unused within the covers of the Old Testament. For Miss Amherst has compiled rather than written this striking drama; that is to say, there is no single word of her own in the entire dialogue, every sentence having been taken direct from the old Hebrew story. The new biblical criticism has taught us that the book of Job is a poem framed in prose, with snatches of pure prose interjected; all that remained for Miss Amherst to do was to separate prologue and epilogue, sort out the dialogues, reject the unessential, and cast the whole into a form suitable for stage use. An easy task, now it is done, but a difficult one to tackle by a pioneer. This is Miss Amherst's praise, that in the space of an hour's traffic of the stage she has constructed a complete and consistent picture of Job's life in its mental aspect. That is to say, the picture is subjective; it is the soul of a man that is laid bare, the soul of a man who is suffering from the elemental burdens of humanity.

Some of the impressiveness of the drama was due to the simple and dignified setting. The stage was transformed into a series of wide, shallow steps, which led the eye inward to the background of dark curtains. From the central opening of those sombre curtains there emerged from time to time one or other of the players, players who were more voices than human or angelic beings. This disembodied effect was accentuated by the fact that none of the players' names was given on the programme; who were the Comforters, or the Voice from Heaven, or the Accuser, or Job, or Job's Wife, none knew save those in the secret of the stage management. Each player, in fact, was content to sink his or her individuality lest praise for the impersonator should detract from the development of the drama. And a further heightening of effect was secured by the use of music based upon ancient Hebrew chants, now varied with solos or quartets at times unaccompanied or sung to the strains of a single harp. The result was to suggest the austerity of the old Greek drama plus an appeal to those universal realities of human patience and human frailty which give the story of Job its unique place in the literature of all time.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON, August 19, 1913.

Probably no other place in North America has a post-office of the unique proportions of Beebe Plain, Vermont. There a simple wooden building shelters the offices of two countries. The structure is cut diagonally by the Canada line, being almost equally divided by the imaginary boundary. The northern half contains the postoffice of Beebe Plain, Canada, and the southern half the office of Beebe Plain, Vermont. They are separated only by a ten-foot corridor, using this passageway and the same door in common. George H. House, postmaster, looks after the mail of the two offices. As a result of red tape in the postal regulations regarding the transfer of mails a letter mailed at the Vermont office for the Canadian office across the hall travels 200 miles before delivery. A letter posted at Beebe Plain, Vermont, for Beebe Plain, Canada, will go south on the Boston and Maine Railroad from Beebe Junction, Vermont, to White River Junction, 111 miles on the same route, and thus continues its way to Sherbrooke, Canada, thirty-four miles further. There it is again transferred and returns to Beebe Plain, Canada. That is, after having a ride of twenty-four hours and going 290 miles it arrives at its destination, ten feet from where it started.

A certain number of cars on the Great Northern, Piccadilly and Brompton tube (says the *Electrician*) have been fitted with a centre door opening inward. These doors are completely under the control of the conductor from his platform, and can be either bolted or unbolted by merely pressing a small lever. Each doorway is connected with electric lights on the conductor's platform and in the driver's cab, which light or go out, according as the doors are bolted or unbolted. No train is, therefore, started until the light by the driver's side assures him that all the doors are closed.

In the tower of the St. Lazare Railway terminus, Paris, the first monster public clock keeping time in accordance with the new French computation has just been unveiled. The peculiarity of this timepiece is that it has two separate dials, which change places automatically on the strokes of midnight and midday. The first is numbered from zero to twelve, and the second from thirteen to twenty-four. Five minutes before midnight will be "five minutes to twenty-four," and five minutes after midnight, "five minutes past zero."

Doctors' coachmen in Berlin wear white hats. This enables the public to promptly recognize a physician's vehicle, in case his services are suddenly required.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dr. Wu Lieu-teh, who has arrived in this country for a short stay, is chief of the Chinese medical service, and is recognized as the most eminent medical authority in the new republic.

Mrs. Anna M. Bruen, of Belvidere, New Jersey, has taught a Bible class for seventy-eight years. Despite her age—ninety-one years—she recently attended lectures and Bible institutes at Chautauqua, New York. She is believed to have taught in Sunday-school longer than any other woman living.

Joseph O. Thompson, known as "the king farmer of Alabama," owns 25,000 acres in the famous fertile black belt, near Birmingham. To properly care for the farm 1200 hands are employed, who with their families make a population larger than the average Alabama city. Two hundred and thirty plows are always in use.

Sir William Crooks, discoverer of thallium, recently celebrated his eighty-first birthday. Notwithstanding his age he is among the young men of the time. He is still actively engaged in important experimental work. His scientific research and important discoveries long since made him one of the world's most famous men.

James Mac Naughton, vice-president and manager of the Calumet and Hecla Mining Company, Calumet, Michigan, whose employees recently went on a strike which was attended by so much violence that troops were sent to the scene, began his career as assistant mining engineer with the company in 1886. He is a man of strong character, and his ability is of such an unusual nature that he is said to earn \$120,000 a year.

Walter Barrows, succeeding the late A. S. Hanson as general passenger agent of the Boston and Albany Railroad, has been in the employ of the same company since he began his railroad career. He began in 1892 as clerk in the office of the ticket auditor at Boston. On April 1, 1913, he became assistant general freight agent at Boston. He was educated at Phillips Exeter Academy and was graduated from Yale in the class of 1891.

Daniel Thomas Tudor, chief justice of the Bahamas, who has been in England during the vacation season, is a native of Wales, having been born in 1866. Between 1903 and 1911 he was attorney-general of the colonies of Grenada and St. Vincent, British West Indies, during which he served on several occasions as chief justice and also as colonial secretary of Grenada. Among his published works is the volume, "The Revised Laws of Grenada."

Sir David de Villiers Graaf, "minister without portfolio," though comparatively unknown in England, is a man of powerful influence in South Africa. Recently he went to Pretoria to confer with General Botha about affairs on the Rand. He is not a statesman, but is a great business man. Sir David Graaf began his career as a butcher's boy. In time he became head of the Imperial Cold Storage Company, one of the greatest concerns in South Africa.

General Savoff, who is reported to have been relieved of his command by King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, will nevertheless go down in history as one of the foremost fighters of the Balkan war. He led King Ferdinand's army to a series of victories unparalleled in the history of all the Balkan states, driving the Turk almost from his last lair in Europe. He commanded the Bulgars during their triumphant march through the Ottoman domains, and to him went the credit of almost all their successes.

M. Augustin Jeourel, who has just received the military medal for gallantry at Gravelotte during the Franco-Prussian War, has been forty-three years in convincing the authorities that he is alive. He was badly wounded in a bayonet charge, and was registered as killed on the roll of the regiment. When he regained consciousness he found himself in a German hospital. When he applied to the minister of war for the military medal he was informed that he was dead, killed at Gravelotte by a Prussian bullet.

Professor Bailey Willis, who is returning to South America to complete his work, was loaned to the Argentine government two and a half years ago by the United States Geological and Geodetic Bureau to conduct a survey of the Andes and Patagonia. He is recognized as one of the most authoritative men in his profession in the world, and has been the geologist of the United States Geodetic Survey since 1884. He went to China on a scientific expedition under the auspices of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, making some interesting discoveries. Professor Willis has also written a number of scientific works.

M. Jean Homolle, the new librarian-in-chief of the Bibliothèque Nationale, in Paris, was general manager of the national museums of France, and consequently of the Louvre, when "La Gioconda," the celebrated masterpiece of Da Vinci, disappeared. Although M. Homolle was absent at the time, nevertheless public opinion demanded a sacrifice for the departed "Mona Lisa," and he was relieved of office. He is a native of Paris, sixty-five years old, and is a member of the Legion of Honor and of the Institute. The world-famous library over which he presides has 4,000,000 books, 2,500,000 engravings, and hundreds of thousands of medals, maps, and manuscripts.

ENDERBY'S COURTSHIP.

Following a Wreck in the South Seas.

The two ghastly creatures sat facing each other in their wordless misery as the wind died away and the tattered remnants of the sail hung motionless after a last faint flutter. The Thing that sat aft—for surely so grotesquely horrible a vision could not be a Man—pointed with hands like the talons of a bird of prey to the purple outline of the island in the west, and his black, blood-baked lips moved, opened, and essayed to speak. The other being that, with bare and skinny arms clasped around its bony knees, sat crouched in the bottom of the boat, leaned forward to listen.

"Ducie Island, Enderby," said the first in a hoarse, rattling whisper; "no one on it; but water is there . . . and plenty of birds and turtle, and a few coconuts."

At the word "water" the listener gave a curious, gibbering chuckle, unclasped his hands from his knees, and crept further toward the speaker.

"And the current is setting us down to it, wind or no wind. I believe we'll see this pleasure-trip through, after all"—and the black lips parted in a hideous grimace.

The man whom he called Enderby sank his head again upon his knees, and his dulled and bloodshot eyes rested on something that lay at the captain's feet—the figure of a woman enveloped from her shoulders down in a ragged, native mat.

The black-whiskered man who steered looked down for a second upon the face beneath him with the unconcern for others born of the agony of thirst and despair, and again his gaunt face turned to the land. Yet she was his wife, and not six weeks back he had experienced a cold sort of satisfaction in the possession of so much beauty.

He remembered that day now. Enderby, the passenger from Sydney, and he were walking the poop; his wife was asleep in a deck-chair on the other side. An open book lay in her lap. As the two men passed and re-passed her the one noted that the other would glance in undisguised and honest admiration at the figure in the chair. And Enderby, who was as open as the day, had said to him, Langton, that the sleeping Mrs. Langton made a beautiful picture.

The sail stirred, filled out, and then drooped again, and the two spectres, with the sleeping woman between, still sat with their hungry eyes gazing over toward the land. As the sun sank the outlines of the verdure-clad summits and beetling cliffs became enshrouded in tenebrous night.

Another hour, and a faint sigh came from the ragged mat. Enderby, forever on the watch, had first seen a white hand silhouetted against the blackness of the covering, and knew that she was still alive. And as he was about to call Langton, who lay in the stern-sheets muttering in hideous dreams, he heard the woman's voice calling him.

"Thank God you are alive, Mrs. Langton. Shall I wake Captain Langton? We must be nearing the land."

"No, don't. Let him sleep. But I called you, Mr. Enderby, to lift me up. I want to see where the rain is coming from."

Enderby groaned in anguish of spirit. "Rain? God has forgotten us, I—" and then he stopped in shame at betraying his weakness before a woman. With hot tears of mingled weakness and pity coursing down his cheeks, he raised her up.

"Why, there it is, Mr. Enderby—and the land as well! And it's a heavy squall, too," and she pointed to a moving, inky mass that half concealed the black shadow of the island. "Quick, take my mat; one end of it will hold water."

Enderby pressed the woman's hand to his lips and kissed it again and again. Then with eager hands he took the mat from her, and, staggering forward to the bows, stretched the sound end across and belied it down. And then the moving mass that was once black, and was now white, swept down upon them and brought them life and joy.

Langton, with an empty beef-tin in his hand, stumbled over his wife's figure, plunged the vessel into the water, and drank again and again.

"Curse you, you brute!" shouted Enderby through the wild noise of the hissing rain. "Where is your wife? Are you going to let her lie there without a drink?"

Langton answered not, but drank once more. Then Enderby, with an oath, tore the tin from his hand, filled it and took it to her, holding her up while she drank. And as her eyes looked gratefully into his while he placed her tenderly back in the stern-sheets, the madness of a moment overpowered him, and he kissed her on the lips.

Concerned only with the nectar in the mat, Langton took no regard of Enderby as he opened the little locker, pulled out a coarse dungaree jumper, and wrapped it around the thinly-clad and drenched figure of the woman.

She was weeping now, partly from the joy of knowing that she was not to die of the agonies of thirst in an open boat in mid-Pacific and partly because the water had given her strength to remember that Langton had cursed her when he had stumbled over her to get at the water in the mat.

She had married him because of his handsome face and dashing manner. Her ideal of a happy life was to

have her husband leave the sea and buy an estate either in Tahiti or Chile. She knew both countries well; the first was her birthplace, and between there and Valparaiso and Sydney her money-grubbing old father had traded for years.

Mrs. Langton cared for her husband in a prosaic sort of way; but she knew no more of his inner nature and latent utter selfishness a year after her marriage than she had known a year before. Yet because of the strain of dark blood in her veins—her mother was a Tahitian half-caste—she felt the mastery of his savage resolution in the face of danger in the thirteen days of horror that had elapsed since the brigantine crashed on an uncharted reef between Pitcairn and Ducie Islands, and the other boat had parted company with them, taking most of the provisions and water.

But that savage curse still sounded in her ears, and unconsciously made her think of Enderby, who had always, ever since the eighth day in the boat, given her half his share of water. Little did she know the agony it cost him the day before, when the water had given out, to bring her the whole of his allowance. And as she drank, the man's heart had beaten with a dull sense of pity, the while his baser nature called out: "Fool! it is his place, not yours, to suffer for her."

At daylight the boat was close to the land, and Langton, in his cool, cynical fashion, told his wife and Enderby to finish up the last of the meat and biscuit—"for if they capsize getting through into the lagoon," he said, "they would never want any more." He had eaten all he wanted unknown to the others, and looked with an unmoved face at Enderby, soaking some biscuit in the tin for his wife. Then, with the ragged sail fluttering to the wind, Langton headed the boat through the passage into the glassy waters of the lagoon, and the two tottering men, leading the woman between them, sought the shelter of a thicker scrub, impenetrable to the rays of the sun, and slept.

And then for a week Enderby went and scoured the reefs for food for her.

One day at noon Enderby awoke. The woman still slept heavily, the first sight of returning strength showing as a faint tinge in the pallor of her cheek. Langton was gone. A sudden chill passed over him—had Langton taken the boat and left them to die on lonely Ducie? With hasty steps Enderby hurried to the beach. The boat was there, safe. And at the farther end of the beach he saw Langton, sitting on the sand, eating.

"Selfish brute!" muttered Enderby. "I wonder what he's got?" Just then he saw, close overhead, a huge, ripe pandanus, and picking up a heavy, flat piece of coral, he tried to ascend the triplicated bole of the tree and hammer off some of the fruit. Langton looked up at him and showed his white teeth in a mocking smile at the futile effort. Enderby walked over to him, stone in hand. He was not a vindictive man, but he had grown to hate Langton fiercely during the past week for his selfish neglect of his wife. And here was the fellow gorging himself on turtle-eggs, and his delicate wife living on shell-fish and pandanus.

"Langton," he said, speaking thickly and pretending not to notice the remainder of the eggs, "the tide is out, and we may get a turtle in one of the pools if you come with me. Mrs. Langton needs something better than that infernal pandanus fruit. Her lips are quite sore and bleeding from eating it."

The inner nature came out. "Are they? My wife's lips seem to give you a very great deal of concern. She has not said anything to me. And I have an idea—" The look in Enderby's face shamed into silence the slander he was about to utter. Then he added, coolly: "But as for going with you after a turtle, thanks, I won't. I've found a nest here, and have had a good, square feed. If the man-o-war hawks and boobies hadn't been here before me, I'd have got the whole lot." Then he tore the skin off another egg with his teeth.

With a curious, guttural voice, Enderby asked: "How many eggs were left?"

"Thirty or so—perhaps forty."

"And you have eaten all but those?"—pointing with savage contempt to five of the round, white balls; "give me those for your wife."

"My dear man, Louise has too much island blood in her not to be able to do better than I—or you—in a case like ours. And as you have kindly constituted yourself her provider, you had better go and look for a nest yourself."

"You dog!"—and the sharp-edged coral stone crashed into his brain.

When Enderby returned, he found Mrs. Langton sitting up on the creeper-covered mound that overlooked the beach where he had left Langton.

"Come away from here," he said, "into the shade. I have found a few turtle eggs."

They walked back a little and sat down. But for the wild riot in his brain, Enderby would have noted that every vestige of color had left her face.

"You must be hungry," he thought he was saying to her, and he placed the white objects in her lap.

She turned them slowly over and over in her hands and then dropped them with a shudder. Some were flecked with red.

"For God's sake," the man cried, "tell me what you know!"

"I saw it all," she answered.

"I swear to you, Mrs. Lan—" (the name stuck in his throat), "I never meant it. As God is my witness, I swear it. If we ever escape from here I will give myself up to justice as a murderer."

The woman, with hands spread over her face, shook her head from side to side, and sobbed. Then she spoke. "I loved him once. . . . Yet it was for me . . . and you saved my life over and over again in the boat. All sinners are forgiven, we are told. . . . Why should not you be. . . . and it was for me you did it. And I won't let you give yourself up to justice or any one. I'll say he died in the boat"—and then the laughter of hysterics.

When, some months later, the *Josephine*, whaler, of New London, picked them up on her way to Japan, via the Carolines and Pelews, the captain satisfactorily answered the query made by Enderby if he could marry them. He "rayther thought he could. A man who was used ter ketchin' and killin' whales, the powerfulest creature of Almighty Gawd's creation, was ekal to marryin' a pair of unfortunit human bein's in sich a precarious situation as theirs."

And, by the irony of fate, the Enderbys (that isn't their name) are now living in a group of islands where there's quite a trade done in turtle, and whenever a ship's captain comes to dine with them, they never have the local dish—turtle eggs—for dinner. "We see them so often," Enderby explains, "and my wife is quite tired of them."

LOUIS BECKE.

Moving pictures taken at the bottom of the sea are among the probabilities of the near future, for already a young Virginian, J. Ernest Williamson, has taken snap-shots at a depth of thirty-five feet, and will soon take a moving-picture outfit to Bermuda to procure desired submarine scenes. For this trip a special boat will be used. Williamson, a newspaper photographer and cartoonist, was formerly on the staff of the *Philadelphia Record*. His father, Captain J. H. Williamson, invented the flexible submarine tube from which photographs under the water have been taken. Recently in Hampton Roads Williamson, Jr., went down in the tube, which was fixed into a well at the bottom of a barge thirty feet long. The well was six feet square. The tube, made of iron sections with a waterproof cover of rubber and canvas, could be lowered to any depth. At the bottom of the tube was the work chamber, as Williamson calls it, which may be of any size. In this Williamson sat with an ordinary camera and looked out through a funnel extension six feet long with a glass cover. This funnel extension gave an air space between the lens of the camera and the area of the focus. Air was pumped into the funnel from the chamber to equalize the pressure with that from the outside to take the strain off the glass. Electric lights, tungstens making 1000 candle-power, with reflectors, were lowered from the outside to flash light through the water and enable Williamson to snap photos of the fish as they swam past. From a launch with a motor a wire conducted the power to the barge. He took pictures of fish, of magazines lowered in front of the funnel, and of his brother diving past the lens. The colors were wonderful.

Kansas is said to lose between two and three million bushels of wheat each year because of the straw stacks. The straw is of comparatively little feed value, although stock will live on straw alone all winter. Some farmers have a hundred times more straw than all their stock could eat. The straw has no value as a fertilizer until well rotted, and it takes four to six years to rot. Not less than 100,000 acres of land, it is estimated, are covered with straw stacks and made useless for farm purposes every year. Burning these straw stacks does great damage to the ground on which it stands, as the terrific heat takes all the life out of the ground for a hundred feet or more around the stack.

In France a new system of road designation for the convenience of tourists has been adopted. Every road in the country will be given a name and a number and these designations will be painted upon direction posts at the road crossings and the 100-meter posts along the roads. The highways of France are classified as national roads, departmental roads, and so on. The roads in each case will be numbered. The direction post will state the class of highway and the number of the road. The tourist starting on a journey will need only a strip of figures, and he will be able to find his way anywhere.

Women guides and interpreters in Budapest wear a different colored ribbon for each language which they speak. They are to be seen walking about the city, waiting at railway stations, and driving in carriages. Some have two or three ribbons, and others have four, five, or six. Bright red represents English, a heliotrope or lavender is German, a brilliant yellow means French, a pale blue is Italian, a brown means Danish, Dutch is a Nile green, and so on throughout all the colors and most nations of the earth.

Behind the Black Cordilleras, so called because they are barren and have been without rain since 1868, lies a plateau with an elevation ranging from 12,000 to 16,000 feet, inhabited by the most peculiar tribe of Indians in Peru. A returned traveler says their chests are distended, because of the altitude, and claims that they can not live in the lower altitudes. They are stolid, but good workers, harmless, but given to drink. They do not speak Spanish, having preserved their ancient tribal language.

SULZER AND HIS FRIENDS.

"Flaneur" Writes on Public Opinion in New York Pending the Impeachment Proceedings.

Governor Sulzer is still the topic of the day in New York, and likely to remain so until after the impeachment proceedings that are now drawing so close. The latest news item is to the effect that the case against the governor will be presented by no less a man than Alton B. Parker, and the story is probably a true one, since it originates from Aaron J. Levy, majority leader of the assembly, who says that Judge Parker has agreed to the arrangement. He will, of course, work in conjunction with a staff of eminent assistants, but their identity has not yet been divulged. Probably it has not yet been determined.

The cynical philosopher who is on the watch for aberrations of the public mind will find no lack of material in the present situation. Most thinking people are, of course, in agreement as to Sulzer's guilt, but there is a large minority on the other side that makes up in noise what it lacks in intelligence. And the noise is certainly a loud one. There is one evening newspaper that has adopted the Sulzer cause for reasons best known to itself, and that throws its columns open to all the busy scribes who like to see their opinions in print. Now one who is not acquainted with the eccentricities of the popular thinking apparatus would naturally suppose that the only question for determination was Sulzer's guilt or innocence of the definite charges brought against him. Did he or did he not understate his election expenses? Did he or did he not apply the election funds to his own private purposes? The character of his assailants would seem to be entirely irrelevant, but the defenders of the governor take a different view of the situation. A copy of the evening newspaper that I have mentioned is now before me. It contains ten letters in defense of Sulzer, and most of them are fervid letters, letters that are so full of a certain rabid intensity as almost to compensate for an utter inability to think. For not one of these ten letters makes any reference whatever to Sulzer's guilt or innocence or the validity of the evidence brought against him. They soar far in the air above any consideration of fact or testimony. Their writers seem to labor under the conviction that a denunciation of Tammany is equivalent to the acquittal of the governor, and that it is only necessary to show that the Tammany men are not entitled to wear the white flower of a blameless life to secure the triumphant vindication of their hero. With the evidence they have nothing whatever to do. They do not even mention it. The Tammany men are bad men; therefore Sulzer is a good man. The Tammany contractors have grafted on the public in the matter of road-making, and therefore Sulzer is a model of all the civic virtues. Tammany has placed the public funds in the hands of barbers and saloon-keepers who have acted according to their wont; therefore Sulzer is a great and good man and a far larger factor in honest government than any other now on the stage. One of these sapient correspondents remarks that the lesson of the whole incident is that Tammany must be destroyed. By all means let Tammany be destroyed, but what has that to do with Sulzer's guilt? Another ready letter-writer remarks that "Billy" Sulzer has proved himself to be a true friend of the people. That of course settles the matter. Any man who has earned the right to be called Billy must necessarily be beyond the reach of scandal. Another correspondent remarks that Tammany is a pack of bloodhounds, and as that appears to be all that he has to say we may wonder why he took the trouble to write at all. Still another asks a palpitating public to consider the nature of the various measures for which the governor "stands," and then to say whether such a man is to be thrown to the wolves of Tammany. And so it goes. The unlucky Sulzer seems to have quite a number of friends, but among them all there is hardly one who will come out with a straight plea that he did not do the specific things that he is charged with doing. It does not seem even to occur to them that it matters whether he did or not. But the spectacle of such amazing incapacity to face a clear issue is not an encouraging one for those who have hoped much from the new democracy.

But Sulzer himself has issued a sort of statement that certainly makes melancholy reading. If this is the best that he can say for himself then he is indeed in a sorry plight. For example, he says: "I never had an account with Fuller & Gray or Boyer & Griswold. I never heard of these firms." Now no one has said that he did. But the practically undisputed facts do show that a certain F. L. Colwell purchased through Boyer & Griswold 200 shares of stock for \$12,025 and that these shares were paid for by checks and cash. One of the checks was drawn by William Sulzer and others were checks contributed to his campaign fund and endorsed by him. Even Sulzer, silly as he is, would never be so magnificently silly as to carry out such transactions in his own name. Now if he has any answer at all it should surely include some explanation of the presence of these checks and of how they found their way into Wall Street. It should surely contain some reference to F. L. Colwell, who was obviously in possession of the Sulzer check, and of the campaign checks endorsed by Sulzer. And if it makes no reference to such vital matters as these why was it ever issued at all?

But Sulzer is a dead duck, and none the less dead because it was Tammany who killed him. No amount of hard words against Tammany can bring Sulzer to life again. We have one more exemplification of the ancient proverb that when rogues fall out honest men are apt to come by their own. It is a good thing that Tammany should kill Sulzer. It would be a far better thing if Sulzer should kill Tammany. Like the Killenny cats, let them devour each other to the tips of their tails. But whether Tammany has received even a serious wound remains to be seen. We shall know all about this on November 4, when the people will have their choice between Tammany and decency. Will they once more display their old-time partiality for being plundered, or will they set their faces toward honesty and independence? We shall see.

NEW YORK, August 27, 1913.

FLANEUR.

Were it not for Senator John D. Prince of Passaic County, who is also a professor of Semitic languages at Columbia University, little would have been known at the present time of the odd colony of New Jersey Dutch. For several years he has studied their characteristics and their dialect, and he has prepared a dictionary of their language, copies of which he has presented to all the important libraries of the country. In ten years, Professor Prince says, the Jersey Dutch colony will be only a memory, owing to the age of the persons who now compose it. During the last three decades the colony has been driven from its former territory by the advent of the public schools, and now survives only in the memories of some 200 old persons, nearly all of whom are more than seventy years old. The younger generations have preserved, however, the curious jerky intonation, unclear diction, and the marked singsong tone of voice which were the characteristics of the parents' speech. The Jersey Dutch was originally the South Holland or Flemish language, which in the course of centuries became mixed with and partially influenced by English, having borrowed also from the Minsi (Lenape-Delaware) Indian language a few animal and plant names. This Dutch has suffered little or nothing from modern Holland or Flemish immigration. Professor Prince says there is a small colony of old negroes living on the mountain back of Suffern, New York, who still use their own dialect of Jersey Dutch, but they are difficult of access, owing to their shyness of strangers.

Though the mechanical violin has finally been accomplished, the inventors were compelled to abandon the idea of playing a single violin with four strings. Instead they have adopted three violins, each provided with but a single string. The individual a, d, and e strings of these instruments perform all the musical functions of the usual four strings of a single violin. These three violins are played upon by a circular bow composed of 3000 horsehairs. The bow completely surrounds the violins and is in continuous movement. In order to produce a tone the particular violin required is bodily pressed against the bow with more or less force, thus reversing the method of hand playing. The actual notes are formed by fingers on the neck of the violin, which fingers are operated by pneumatic mechanism controlled by the usual paper roll. The only effect which can not be obtained on the instrument is that of the glissando; in other words, that rapid sliding of a finger along a string which produces the characteristic moaning of a violin in *legatissimo* playing.

Leicester, England, where the manufacture of plain and fancy hosiery was introduced in 1680, and is now equaled only by Nottingham, is of great antiquity, though the greater part of the town is modern. Under the name of Ratiscon it was an important Roman station. It was also one of the five old Danish burghs, and until 874 was an ecclesiastical see. Its charter of incorporation was obtained from King John, and Parliaments were held in the town by Henry V in 1414 and Henry VI in 1426. In the neighborhood of the town are the remains of the abbey of Black Canons, which was founded in 1143.

Robert Schumann, the great composer, the centenary of whose birth was recently celebrated, tried to become a lawyer to please his mother, and failed after two years of wearisome study. At Heidelberg University he made the acquaintance of Willibald Alexis, who had already trodden the path Schumann was destined to follow—that through the law to music. And the eminent jurist whose classes he attended, A. F. J. Thibaut, was an amateur musician of high attainments and the author of a work on precisely that aspect of music to which Schumann was peculiarly sensitive, namely, purity in musical art.

Notwithstanding an ever-increasing production, there has been a progressively higher average price obtained for rough diamonds, with the exception of fluctuations during certain periods of depression, and during the last twenty years diamonds have increased in value by 150 per cent. America is at present the largest buyer of South African diamonds and also, for boring and industrial purposes, buys from Brazil.

Coal is being replaced as fuel in the great nitrate works of Chile by petroleum, and the importance of the change is manifest when it is stated that the cost of fuel has been reduced thirty per cent.

THE ROBBER WHO ROBBED HIMSELF.

When the Bishop of Cashel Went to Dublin.

The Bishop of Cashel, having occasion to visit Dublin accompanied by his wife and daughter, determined to perform the journey by easy stages, in his own carriage.

At the foot of a hill, however, he decided to make the ascent afoot, and so his family and servants were far in advance when he decided to hasten. At a wild point of the road a fellow leaped from behind some stones, flourished a club and demanded "Money!"

The bishop gave the robber all the silver he had loose in his pocket, hoping that it would satisfy him; but he was mistaken.

"And is it with the likes of this I'm after letting you off?—a few paltry tinpennies! Arrah, don't stand shivering and shaking there, but pull out your purse immediately, or I'll bate you as blue as a whetstone."

His lordship most reluctantly yielded his well-filled purse, saying in tremulous accents: "My good fellow, there it is; don't ill-use me; I've forgiven you all, pray let me depart."

"Fair and softly, if you please; as sure as I'm not a good fellow, I haven't done with you yet. I must sarch for your note-case, for I'll engage you have a few bits of paper payable at the bank; so hand it over, or you'll sup sorrow tonight."

It was given up. The bishop made an instinctive movement as though anxious to escape from further pillage.

"Wait a while, or may be I shall get angry with you; hand over your watch and seals, and then you may trudge."

"Surely you have taken enough; leave me my watch, and I'll forgive all you have done."

"Who ax'd your forgiveness, you old varmint? Don't force me to do anything I'll be sorry for—but without any more bother just give me the watch, or—"

And he jerked the bludgeon from his right hand to his left, spat in the horny palm of the former, and re-grasped the formidable weapon; this action was not unheeded by his victim—he drew forth the golden time-piece, and with a heavy sigh handed it to the spoiler, who, rolling the chain and seals round it, found some wider aperture in his apparel into which he crammed it; and giving himself a shake to ascertain that it had found, by its own gravity, a place of safety, he said: "And now be off with you, and thank the saints that you lave me without a scratch on your skin or the value of your little finger hurt."

It needed no persuasion to induce the bishop to turn his back upon the despoiler of his worldly goods, and, having no weight to carry, he set off at what equestrians term "a hard canter." Scarcely, however, had he reached the middle of the precipitous road when he perceived his persecutor running after him.

"Stop, you nimble-footed thief of the world!" roared the robber—"stop, I tell you! I've a parting word with you yet."

The exhausted and defenseless clergyman, finding it impossible to continue his flight, suddenly came to a standstill. The fellow approached, and his face, instead of its former ferocity, was lit up with a whimsical roguishness of expression, as he said: "And is it likely I'd let you off with a better coat on your back than my own? and will I be after losing the chance of that elegant hat and wig? Off with them this moment, and then you'll be quit of me."

The footpad quickly divested the bishop of his single-breasted coat, laid violent hands upon the clerical hat and full-bottomed wig, put them on his own person, and then insisted on seeing his late apparel used in their stead, and with a loud laugh ran off.

Thankful at having escaped with unbroken bones, his lordship was not long in overtaking his carriage.

"My dear William!" exclaimed his affectionate wife, after listening to the account of the perils to which her husband had been exposed, "for heaven's sake, take off that filthy jacket and throw it out of the window. You can put my warm cloak over your shoulders till we reach the next stage, and then you will be able to purchase some habit better suited to your habit and calling."

"That is more easily said than done, my love," he replied; "I have lost all the money I possessed; not a single guinea is left to pay our expenses tonight. My watch, too, that I so dearly prized! Miserable man that I am!"

"Never mind your watch or anything else just now; only pull off that mass of filth, I implore you; who knows what horrid contagion we may all catch if you persist in wearing it?"

"Take it off, dear papa," observed the daughter; "but don't throw it away; it may lead to the detection of the wretch who robbed you."

The obnoxious garment was removed. The young lady was about to place it under the seat when she heard a jingling noise that attracted her attention, and on examination found secreted in various parts of the coat not only the watch, pocketbook, purse, and silver of which her father had been deprived, but a yellow canvas bag, such as is used by farmers, containing about thirty guineas.

The surprise and joy of all parties may be imagined. They reached the inn where they proposed stopping for the night, and as the portmanteaus had escaped the dangers of the road the bishop was speedily able to attire himself canonically. Before the party retired for rest, intelligence arrived that the highwayman had been taken after a desperate resistance.

A NEW PROBLEM NOVEL.

Hall Caine Attacks the Religious Doctrine of the Indissolubility of the Marriage Contract.

A novel that makes a nearly simultaneous appearance in fourteen languages, can hardly be considered as a negligible influence on the thought of the day. That the thought of the day should be so sensitive to the specialized and artificial plea of fiction with its autocratic creative powers alike over the stage and of its characters is, of course, a misfortune. The picture presented, however untrue to the realities, is readily accepted as a portrait of social conditions, and the plea is received as a valid one, not because it conforms with the facts, but because it seems logically to follow the conditions invented by the author. The sociologist bases his conclusions upon his facts. The novelist bases his facts upon his conclusions. And the public is swayed more by fiction than by science.

Mr. Hall Caine's object is to attack the theory of the indissolubility of the marriage contract and to show the resultant suffering upon innocent persons. The suffering is not questioned by any one, but nowhere does it now exist in sufficient volume to constitute a problem. The whole tendency of civilization is to facilitate divorce, however great may be the differences of opinion and of practice as to the measure of justification. The law of the entire world is now more or less upon the side of the outraged wife, and if she is restrained from invoking its aid by religious scruples it is a matter for the determination of her own conscience and of her innate sense of human rights.

The heroine of Mr. Caine's novel is Mary O'Neill, who is hated by her father because she is not a boy and who is therefore sent away to a convent school in Rome. The father who hates his daughter for such a cause is a familiar figure in fiction, but not in life, and this particular father fails to convince us. In the immortal words of Betsy Prig, "there aint no sich a person."

Mary's happiness at the convent is interrupted by the arrival of her father with a Catholic bishop, and once more we have a wholly impossible character, an "exhibit" manufactured for purposes of evidence. Daniel O'Neill has decided that his daughter shall marry Lord Raa, a Protestant and also a dissolute rascal, and he has brought the bishop with him to smooth away the religious difficulties. The Reverend Mother protests against such a travesty:

"Monsignor," said the Reverend Mother, sitting up with dignity, "is that fair?"

"Is it fair that after ten years in which her father has done nothing for her, he should determine what her life is to be, without regard to her wish and will?"

"Reverend Mother, you surprise me," he said. "Since when has a father ceased to be the natural guardian of his child? Has he not been so since the beginning of the world? Doesn't the church itself build its laws on that foundation?"

"Does it?" said the Reverend Mother shortly. And then (I could feel her hand trembling as she spoke): "Some of its servants do, I know. But when did the church say that anybody—no matter who—a father or anybody else—should take the soul of another, and control it and govern it, and put it in prison?"

"My good lady," said the bishop, "would you call it putting the girl in prison to marry her into an illustrious family, to give her an historic name, to surround her with the dignity and distinction . . ."

Of course the negotiations are carried through successfully with the aid of a "made to order" cardinal:

"It will be difficult, extremely difficult," the cardinal would say. "Such marriages are not encouraged by the church, which holds that they are usually attended by the worst consequences to both wife and husband. Still—under the exceptional circumstances—that the bridegroom's family was Catholic before it was Protestant—it is possible, just possible . . ."

Then there would be earnest assurances that in the end all would be right, only Rome moved slowly, and it would be necessary to have patience and wait.

Mary invokes the aid of her aunt when she hears that her lover has had scandalous relations with another woman, but she gets cold comfort in her trouble:

"How do I know if it's true? And what do I care whether it is or isn't? Young men will be young men, I suppose."

She went on with her ironing as she added:

"Did you expect you were marrying a virgin? If every woman asked for that there would be a nice lot of old maids in the world, wouldn't there?"

I felt myself flushing up to the forehead, yet I managed to say:

"But if he is practically married to the other woman. . . ."

"Not he married. Whoever thinks about marriage in company like that? You might as well talk about marriage in the hen coop."

"But all the same if he cares for her, auntie. . . ."

"Who says he cares for her? And if he does he'll settle her off and get rid of her before he marries you."

"But will that be right?" I said, whereupon my aunt rested her iron and looked at me as if I had said something shameful.

"Mary O'Neill, what do you mean? Of course it will be right. He shouldn't have two women, should he? Do you think the man's a barn-door rooster?"

This sort of colloquy is not nice reading. In fact it is nasty, and needlessly so. And there is a good deal more of the same kind. Here is the interview between Lord Raa and Mary after the wedding:

"So you and I are man and wife, my dear!"

I made no answer, and, still looking fixedly at me, he said:

"Well, worse things might have happened after all—what do you think?"

Still I did not answer him, feeling a certain shame, not to say disgust. Then he began to pay me some compliments on my appearance.

"Do you know you're charming, my dear, really charming!"

That stung me, and made me shudder. I don't know why, less it was because the words gave me the sense of having

been used before to other women. I turned my eyes away again.

"Don't turn away, dear. Let me see those big black eyes of yours. I adore black eyes. They always pierce me like a gimlet."

He reached forward as he spoke and drew me to him. I felt frightened and pushed him off.

"What's this?" he said, as if surprised.

But after another moment he laughed, and in the tone of a man who had had much to do with women and thought he knew how to deal with them, he said:

"Wants to be coaxed, does she? They all do, bless them!"

Saying this he pulled me closer to him, putting his arm about my waist, but once more I drew and forcibly pushed him from me.

His face darkened for an instant, and then cleared again.

"Oh, I see," he said. "Offended, is she? Paying me out for having paid so little court to her? Well, she's right there too, bless her! But never mind! You're a decidedly good-looking little woman, my dear, and if I have neglected you thus far, I intend to make up for it during the honeymoon. So come, little gal, let's be friends."

Taking hold of me again, he tried to kiss me, putting at the same time his hand on the bosom of my dress, but I twisted my face aside and prevented him.

"Oh! Oh! Hurt her modesty, have I?" he said, laughing like a man who was quite sure both of himself and me.

"But my little nun will get over that by and by. Wait awhile! Wait awhile!"

But Mr. Caine goes from bad to worse. He spares us nothing. Scenes so delicate as to call at least for the eloquent asterisks and at most for those few reticent lines in which the artist expresses the inexpressible are here set forth with the fidelity of a phonograph. Mary's innocence is the necessary text, or rather let us say her unawareness, and we find it impossible to believe in it:

I had not even thought of it. My whole soul had been so much occupied with one great spiritual issue—that I did not love my husband (as I understood love), that my husband did not love me—that I had never once plainly confronted, even in my own mind, the physical fact that is the first condition of matrimony, and nobody had mentioned it to me or even hinted at it.

I could not plead that I did not know of this condition. I was young, but I was not a child. I had been brought up in a convent, but a convent is not a nursery. Then why had I not thought of it?

While sitting before the fire, gathering together these dark thoughts, but I was in such fear that I was always conscious of my husband's movements in the adjoining room. At one moment there was the jingling of his glass against the decanter, at another moment the smell of his cigarette smoke. From time to time he came to the door and called to me in a sort of husky whisper, asking if I was in bed.

"Don't keep me long, little girl."

I shuddered, but made no reply.

At last he knocked softly and said he was coming in. I was still crouching over the fire as he came up behind me.

"Not in bed yet?" he said. "Then I must put you to bed."

Before I could prevent him he had lifted me in his arms, dragged me on to his knee and was pulling down my hair, laughing as he did so, calling me by coarse endearing names and telling me not to fight and struggle.

Such scenes as these are worse than immoral. They are inartistic. They detract immeasurably from the force of the narrative. They reduce it to the level of legal evidence. And the author reverts to them again and again:

Once more he took hold of me, as if to draw me back, kissing my hands as he did so, but his gross misinterpretation of my resistance and the immoral position he was putting me into were stifling me, and I cried:

"No, I will not. Don't you see that I hate and loathe you?"

There could be no mistaking me this time. The truth had fallen on my husband with a shock. I think it was the last thing his pride had expected. His face became shockingly distorted. But after a moment, recovering himself with a cruel laugh that made my hot blood run cold, he said:

"Nevertheless, you shall do as I wish. You are my wife, and as such you belong to me. The law allows me to compel you and I will."

The words went shrieking through and through me. He was coming towards me with outstretched arms, his teeth set, and his pupils fixed. In the drunkenness of his rage he was laughing brutally.

But all my fear had left me. I felt an almost murderous impulse. I wanted to strike him on the face.

"If you attempt to touch me I will throw myself out of the window," I said.

"No fear of that," he said, catching me quickly in his arms.

"If you do not take your hands off me I'll shriek the house down," I cried.

That was enough. He let me go and dropped back from me. At the next moment I was breathing with a sense of freedom. Without resistance on my husband's part I entered the little bedroom to the left and locked the door behind me.

And so this amazing couple continue their mismatched and separated existences, a veritable little domestic hell in which the wife seems to be as inhuman as the husband.

But the author's most serious fall from grace comes with the introduction of the lover. Mary's supernatural pieties are proof against the husband, but they melt into thin air before the superior charms of Martin Conrad, her girlhood's friend:

Looking back I can not but think it strange that even down to that moment I did not really know what was happening to me, being only conscious of a great flood of joy. I can not but think it strange that, though nature had been whispering to me for months, I did not know what it had been saying. I can not but think it strange that, though I had been looking for love so long without finding it, I did not recognize it immediately when it had come to me of itself.

But when I awoke early in the morning, very early, while the sunrise was filling my bedroom with a rosy flush, and the thought of Martin was the first that was springing from the mists of sleep to my conscious mind, and I was asking myself how it happened that I was feeling so glad, while I had so many causes for grief, then suddenly—suddenly as the sun streams through the cloud-seud over the sea—I knew that what had long been predestined had happened, that the wondrous new birth, the great revelation, the joyous mystery which comes to every happy woman in the world, had come at last to me.

I was in love.

I was in love with Martin Conrad.

Martin is a fine fellow, although quite as free from

common sense as the rest of Mr. Caine's characters. Knowing precisely what he wants, he asks for it, and for the moment he is rebuffed:

"Then what can I do?" I asked.

I thought his face quivered at that question. He got up again, and stood before me for a moment without speaking. Then he said, with an obvious effort—

"If your church will not allow you to divorce your husband, and if you and I can not marry without that, then . . ."

"Yes?"

"I didn't mean to propose it . . . God knows I didn't, but when a woman . . . when a woman has been forced into a loveless marriage, and it is crushing the very soul out of her, and the iron law of her church will not permit her to escape from it, what crime does she commit if she . . ."

"Well?" I asked, though I saw what he was going to say.

"Marry," he said, breathing hard and fast, "you must come to me."

I made a sudden cry, though I tried not to.

"Oh, I know," he said. "It's not what we could wish. But we'll be open about it. We'll face it out. Why shouldn't we? I shall anyway. And if your father and the bishop say anything to me I'll tell them what I think of the abominable marriage they forced you into. As for you, dear, I know you'll have to hear something. All the conventional canting hypocrites! Every man who has bought his wife, and every woman who has sold herself into concubinage—there are thousands and thousands of them all the world over, and they'll try . . . perhaps they'll try . . . but let them try. If they want to trample the life out of you they'll have to walk over me first—yes, by God they will!"

"But Martin . . ."

"Well?"

"Do you mean that I . . . I am . . . to . . . to live with you without marriage?"

"It's the only thing possible, isn't it?" he said. And then he tried to show me that love was everything, and if people loved each other nothing else mattered—religious ceremonies were nothing, the morality of society was nothing, the world and its back-biting was nothing.

The great moment had come for me at last, and though I felt torn between love and pity I had to face it.

"Martin, I . . . I can't do it," I said.

But Mary thinks better of it. It can hardly be said that she surrenders to Martin's importunities, seeing that she throws herself into his arms, and here, as usual, we are allowed to imagine nothing. Martin is an Arctic explorer, and this is what happens when Mary reads a notification that his ship is about to sail:

That was the end of everything. It came upon me like a torrent and swept all my scruples away.

Such was the purity of the church—threatening me with its censures for wishing to follow the purest dictates of my heart, yet taking money from a woman like Alma, who was bribing it to be blind to her misconduct and to cover her with its good-will!

My husband too—his infidelities were flagrant and notorious, yet the church, through its minister, was flattering his vanity and condoning his offenses!

He was coming back to me, too—this adulterous husband, and when he came the church would require that I should keep "true faith" with him, whatever his conduct, and deny myself the pure love that was now awake within me.

But no, no, no! Never again! It would be a living death. Accursed he the power that could doom a woman to a living death!

Perhaps I was no longer sane—morally sane—and if so God and the church will forgive me. But seeing that neither the church nor the law could liberate me from this bond which I did not make, that both were shielding the evil man and tolerating the bad woman, my whole soul rose in revolt.

I told myself now that to leave my husband and go to Martin would be to escape from shame to honor.

I saw Martin's despairing face again as I had seen it at the moment of our parting, and my brain rang with his passionate words. "You are my wife. I am your real husband. We love each other. We shall continue to love each other. No matter where you are, or what they do with you, you are mine and always will be."

Something was crying out within me: "Love him! Tell him you love him. Now, now! He is going away. Tomorrow will be too late. Go to him. This will be your true marriage. The other was only legalized and sanctified prostitution."

I leapt up, and tearing the door open, I walked with strong steps across the corridor towards Martin's room.

My hair was down, my arms were bare in the ample sleeves of my dressing-gown, and my breast was as open as it had been on the balcony, but I thought nothing of all that.

I did not knock at Martin's door. I took hold of the handle as one who had a right. It turned of itself and the door opened.

My mind was in a whirl, black rings were circling round my eyes, but I heard my trembling, quivering, throbbing voice, as if it had been the voice of somebody else, saying:

"Martin, I am coming in."

Then my heart which had been beating violently seemed to stop. My limbs gave way. I was about to fall.

At the next moment strong arms were around me. I had no fear. But there was a roaring in my brain such as the ice makes when it is breaking up.

Those who want more of this sort of thing will find it in the remainder of Mr. Caine's six hundred pages.

This concluding extract brings us about half way through, but as we are not all so innocent as Mary and Martin there may be no impropriety in saying that a baby is born—a possibility that seems never to have occurred to Martin himself—and thereafter we have the usual melodrama of mean streets, destitution, and shame until Martin himself reappears upon the scene.

It would be ungracious to question Mr. Caine's sincerity. Perhaps his fault lies in this very sincerity that has led him into a sort of unthinking zeal that is the paralysis of art. He has created a set of conditions that are almost non-existent in human society, he has filled his stage with impossible characters, and overloaded his story with sentiments and details that are often wearisome and distasteful.

THE WOMAN THOU GAVEST ME. By Hall Caine.

Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.35 net.

Having collected pitchers from every part of the world, Mrs. James A. Hensley of Knoxville, Tennessee, has what is considered the largest private assortment in the world. She has nearly 2000 at her home. Some of them are centuries old, and among the materials represented in their composition are gold, silver, ivory, glass, china, wood, and pottery.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Right of the Strongest.

This is a story of unusual value and interest, not only for its artistic telling, but as throwing light on one of those communal tragedies that necessarily mark the path of a country's development. The hero is John Marshall, who has conceived a plan for commercial expansion in Alabama. He finds himself in conflict with the land squatters, whom he tries to dispossess by having military bounty land warrants located on their holdings, a proceeding that he persuades himself will be greatly to their ultimate advantage. The heroine is Mary Elizabeth Dale, a pretty young schoolteacher, who first falls in love with Marshall and is then torn between her devotion to him and her duty to her neighbors, who are still unaware of the steps that Marshall is taking to dispossess them. The story is extraordinarily rich in its clever depiction of local sentiment and prejudice, and moreover is told with an energy and an attention to detail and dialect that hold the reader's attention to the end.

THE RIGHT OF THE STRONGEST. By Frances Nimmo Greene. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.35.

Famous Americans in Paris.

There is no need to remind the intelligent reader that the American in America and the American in Paris are separate and distinct beings. There is a popular and perhaps well-founded belief that Providence is peculiarly lenient toward the doings that are sheltered by the French capital and that the Recording Angel shows a waning of his customary zeal when occupying himself with the laxities of Paris. Mrs. John Lane, in her delightful and racy preface to Mr. Conway's "Footprints of Famous Americans in Paris" reminds us that there have been blameless Presbyterians who have visited the Paris theatres on Sunday, although at home they would have gone to "meetin'," while godly ladies from New England country towns have been known to forsake ice-water for claret, "excusing this awful blacksliding by the mercifully impure condition of the water."

If Mr. Conway's book can be said to have a demerit it is to be found in its brevity. Some three hundred pages is a meagre allowance for so many great men, although it would ill become the wise historian to be too detailed or too veracious when describing the doings of Americans in Paris. Naturally we have a chapter on Benjamin Franklin and another on Thomas Jefferson. These are followed by Gouverneur Morris, James Monroe, Tom Paine, Robert Fulton, Lafayette (but was Lafayette an American?), Paul Jones, Longfellow, Whistler, and many others, as well as five chapters that deal *en bloc* as it were with Americans in Paris. The author not only knows his subject, but he has a keen eye for a story, and the result is a thoroughly delightful book that makes us homesick for Paris, thus justifying the words of President Carnot when he said, "Chaque homme a deux pays, le sien et la France." Thirty-two illustrations help to decorate a handsome book.

FOOTPRINTS OF FAMOUS AMERICANS IN PARIS. By John Joseph Conway, M. A. New York: John Lane Company; \$3.50 net.

A Superman in Being.

The author seems to belong to that numerous class who suppose that every modern idea, if it be only nasty enough, marks an era in human thought and is to be adored accordingly. The superman in this case is Professor Snaggs, whose blindness has not deterred him from seducing his stenographer, whom he calls his eyes. His superhumanity, apart from his revolting egotism, apparently consists in his skill in persuading the girl's lover to marry her after he is fully aware of her *faux pas*. The story is surprisingly full of rather verbose theories that presumably would be called philosophy and that may prove interesting to those who consider that modernity is a virtue instead of a disease. Moreover, it has a certain smart cleverness about it, but we can not overcome our surprise that any one should choose such material for a novel.

A SUPERMAN IN BEING. By Litchfield Woods. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.35 net.

The Influence of Monarchs.

A single quotation from this new volume by Dr. Woods may serve to indicate the scope of his work. He says: "Only very rarely has a nation progressed in its political and economic aspects save under the leadership of a strong sovereign," and it is to sustain this conclusion that he gives us summarized histories of fourteen European peoples. He finds that in considerably more than half of these instances there was a distinct correspondence between the intellectual capacities of the sovereigns and the progress of their people, and that in other cases there was a corresponding inertia between the rulers and the ruled. But this rule fails in the case of England, where the people have shown themselves independent of royal influence as a result of the growing powers of democracy. The study is an interesting one, although its foundations are necessarily of a somewhat

frail kind. It is no easy matter to determine the intellectual capacity of a king—nor indeed of any one else—with the precision that can be called scientific. The method followed by Dr. Woods is to take a consensus of the estimates of historians, and he assures us that historians usually agree upon such essentials as this. Probably no better method could be devised. None the less it leaves us with a sense of uncertainty.

Nor are we sure that the mental capacities of a ruler are necessarily the cause of progressive activities in the people. A *post hoc* is not always a *propter hoc*. A popular impulse toward progress may sometimes have a stimulating effect upon a ruler, forcing him into a position of apparent but not of actual leadership. In the same way a popular inertia might react upon the character of the king.

But Dr. Woods has done the best that could be done with such nebulous material. His historical summaries are gems of condensation and are invaluable even apart from their immediate object. We have a most laudable attempt to present history from a new point of view, and we are entitled to hope for yet further studies along similar lines.

THE INFLUENCE OF MONARCHS. By Frederick A. Woods, M. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.

The Ghost Girl.

This is a story on no account to be missed by those who like marvels that seem to be inexplicable but that finally yield to careful unraveling aided by coincidence and chance. Jaffray is an American artist living in Paris. He is also something of a detective, but he is completely nonplussed by certain happenings in his studio that seem clearly to point to the presence of a ghost. Obviously it is of no use to try to capture a ghost, so Jaffray returns to New York, where he is engaged to paint the portrait of a dead girl, who seems to be connected with Jaffray's Paris experiences. Then the body of a girl is discovered, and as she appears to be the original of the portrait we feel that we are getting into the thick of things, especially as some other characters are now on the scene and acting in a questionable and highly suspicious way. Eventually we find that the ghost is not a ghost at all, which is disappointing to the occultly inclined, but instead of a ghost we have a clever criminal plot which is nearly as good. The story is admirably told, with no missing links and no extravagances. Certainly no reader will leave it unfinished.

THE GHOST GIRL. By Henry Kitchell Webster. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Pickett and His Men.

Among the books that will be associated with the anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg this volume by Mrs. La Salle Corbell Pickett should take a high place. The story of the battle has been often told, and probably the author herself would disclaim any intention to add substantially to our knowledge of events. She tells us that her account is based upon official reports and the statements of witnesses, and that she has "excluded every disparaging statement which the facts of history and justice to all participants would possibly permit." That is as it should be in a volume intended primarily as a tribute to the memory of a husband and secondarily as a historical narrative. None the less the work has its distinct biographical value as a succinct account of the life of a great soldier and of a man whose graces of head and heart would have distinguished him in any rank of life and under any conditions of fortune or opportunity.

PICKETT AND HIS MEN. By La Salle Corbell Pickett (Mrs. G. E. Pickett). Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2.50 net.

Malayan Monochromes.

We are indebted to Sir Hugh Clifford for twelve stories or sketches that tell us more of the Malay peninsula and of its people than could be done by many guide-books. Long experience enables the author to write with authority and exceptional skill in the telling of a story enables him to write dramatically. Indeed some of these stories would be worthy of Kipling in their power of character revelation and in the comprehensiveness of the pictures that they present. While the softer side of Malayan life is not wholly unrepresented, most of these sketches have about them a sort of grim realism that might result in bad dreams.

MALAYAN MONOCHROMES. By Sir Hugh Clifford. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Rue and Roses.

This unusual story will hardly satisfy those in quest of sensation, but lovers of an artistic literary skill that is worthily employed will find it a delight from the first word to the last. It is the story of Anna, a German girl, and is almost worthy to rank with the self-revelations of Marie Bashkirtseff. But Anna is never morbid. She never carries her introspection to the unwholesome stage. She simply tell us, and tells us simply, all that happens to her, of the poems that she writes and destroys or submits for the criticism of a single friend, of her vicissitudes as a servant girl and later as a governess, and at last of

the one great love affair of her life and of her placid acceptance of the rôle of self-sacrifice. Perhaps the girl of today will hardly recognize Anna as of her race, but we should like to think that Anna as a type of the pure womanly is not yet extinct. We feel that the author has succeeded in giving us a glimpse of a holy of holies.

RUE AND ROSES. By Angela Langer. With introduction by W. L. Courtney. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.20 net.

Men Around the Kaiser.

It says much for the dominant personality of the German emperor that we know so little of the men who immediately surround him. Some of these men are of the front rank, and that Mr. Wile should be able to select thirty-one and to justify their claims to eminence is no slight testimony to the virility of the German stock as well as to the wisdom of the emperor in giving honor where honor is due.

Probably Mr. Wile had no intention to indicate any precedence of merit by the order in which he places the men of whom he speaks. Admiral von Tirpitz comes first, and the author believes that he may become chancellor. Bebel, who is described as the Red Napoleon, since dead, receives nine pages. Other chapters are devoted to Alfred Ballin, Count Zeppelin, Richard Strauss, Krupp von Bohlen, Maximilian Harden, Von der Goltz, Hauptmann, and Paul Ehrlich. Statecraft, commerce, art, science, literature, militarism, and reform are all represented here, and while a necessarily short space is allotted to each the author writes with such vigor and knowledge that he paints a portrait with each chapter. After reading the book we feel that we know more about Germany than we did before. The work is excellently illustrated with portraits.

MEN AROUND THE KAISER: THE MAKERS OF MODERN GERMANY. By Frederic William Wile. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Briefer Reviews.

The American Book Company has published a "French Newspaper Reader," by Felix Weill, containing a collection of material from the best modern French newspapers on the chief events of the day. Price, 50 cents.

Sir Frederick Wedmore contributes a satisfactory study of "Painters and Painting" to the Home University Library of Modern Knowledge, now in course of issue by Henry Holt & Co. Price, 50 cents net per volume.

"A Midsummer Wooing," by Mary E. Stone Bassett (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.25 net), is a romance of country life told with much skill and sincerity of sentiment. It should be welcomed by those who are somewhat tired of the stories that "make us think."

Among the handsome and richly illustrated biographies recently issued by Small, Maynard & Co. some special mention is deserved by "The Story of Lady Hamilton," by E. Hallam Moorhouse. The narrative is all that it should be, while the twenty-five portraits are finely reproduced and constitute a gallery of peculiar interest.

Brentano's have produced an attractive, gilt-edged, leather-bound volume entitled "The Wisdom of Bernard Shaw." Charlotte F. Shaw, who is responsible for the selections, has done her work admirably. She has not only chosen the right passages, but she has so classified them that we can find what we want with a minimum of search.

We have had many boy scout stories, but few among them have been told with the energy and literary skill displayed by Mr. Jonn Fleming Wilson in his "Tad Sheldon, Boy Scout," just published by the Sturgis & Walton Company (\$1 net). The volume contains nine separate stories, including the one that first proved the author's exceptional ability in this direction.

"Christian Faith for Men of Today," by Ezra Albert Cook, Ph. D. (University of Chicago Press; \$1.25 net), is a presentation of Christianity in simple but dignified language and well calculated to remove some of the misconceptions that have arisen from a crude dogmatism. The author is well qualified both by knowledge and breadth of view for his task, but he would have been well advised to avoid invidious comparisons with other religions. In some cases these are strikingly unfair.

Under the title of "The Judiciary and the People," by Frederick N. Judson (\$1.35 net), the Yale University Press has published a series of addresses delivered in the William L. Storrs Lecture series, 1913, on the causes of the decline of public confidence in the courts. The author covers the ground in a thoroughly satisfactory way and without either heat or radicalism. Speaking of the recall, he says: "It certainly is to be hoped that the discussion of the recall will take into consideration the evils of the existing recall in our system of electing judges for short terms by popular election."

Under the title of "The American Public Library," Dr. E. Bostwick, Ph. D., has produced a substantial volume that should cer-

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Helena Brett's Career.

Desmond Coke tells an amusing story and one that, in its main features, might easily be duplicated in real life. Its hero, Hubert Brett, is a second-rate novelist who has persuaded himself that he is first-rate and who moves in an atmosphere of irritable self-conceit. Unable to agree with his sister, who keeps house for him, he determines to marry and so proposes to an innocent young country girl whom he met on a vacation and who ingratiated herself by her frank admiration of the miracle of literary creation. Brett treats his wife kindly, but with a neglectful condescension, and in order to while away the lonely hours she writes a sort of diary in the form of a story and with herself and her experiences for a theme. Like many of such unstudied compositions it proves to be of extraordinary interest, and when she shows it to a friend he recognizes its value and begs leave to secure its publication under a pseudonym. The book appears and creates widespread curiosity as to the identity of the literary man's wife who has so mercilessly exposed her husband's conceit, whims, and selfishness. When Brett learns that it is he himself who has been thus innocently gibbeted there is naturally trouble in the home, but how the stormy waters are finally pacified the reader must learn for himself. Mr. Coke has added one more success to an already respectable list.

HELENA BRETT'S CAREER. By Desmond Coke. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

Uncle's Advice.

Mr. William Hewlett sub-titles his story "a novel in letters," which may not be a recommendation to some readers who like to have their fiction "straight" rather than in the artificial form of correspondence. "Uncle's Advice" is the story of a modern young man of the painfully usual kind who falls in love with chorus girls and barmaids, who bets and borrows money, and does most of the other things that are unsanctioned by the proprieties. The hero is eventually redeemed through the letters of his uncle and his mother, although we may admit from the personal point of view these missives would have left us unregenerate. The book is so finely written that we may hope for some other work from Mr. Hewlett's pen, and on a theme more worthy of his skill.

UNCLE'S ADVICE. By William Hewlett. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Paul Mariett.

Mr. Mitchell Kennerley is to be applauded for the little volume in which are contained the poems of Paul Mariett, who seemingly was loved by the gods, since he died so young. These poems are very few, but they are very good and eloquently suggestive of a well-filled storehouse of good things if the fates had only willed that they give forth. Those that we have are sometimes exuberant, sometimes passionate, sometimes tender, but they are always of their own kind, distinctive, and stamped with individuality. The poem on "The Grateful Dead" is already known, but it will hear repetition:

The grateful dead, they say, lie snug and close
Under the smooth, soft sloping of the grass.
Grateful indeed because above them pass
No other steps than those of wind or bird—
No other sound is heard.

For without eyes we see, and earless, hear;
Sweeter is this than nights of restless mood,
Sweeter than nights of blank infinitude,
Sweeter than ghostly pageants of a dream,
Half-caught, of things that seem.

Another life have we than those who live,
Another death have we than those who die.
Mortal and ghost and angel pass us by—
Mortal and ghost and angel have one breath—
Die, would ye learn of death.

Mr. Walter Lippmann and Mr. George W. Cronyn contribute appreciative chapters to the volume.

THE POEMS OF PAUL MARIETT. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Daniel R. Williams, who writes "The Odyssey of the Philippine," obtained his material at first hand. He traveled over the islands with the Taft commission, and has since been engaged in various aspects of legal work in Manila. In his book, which is among the fall publications by A. C. McClurg & Co., he describes the journeys of the commission, among other topics.

The publication of Meredith Nicholson's new novel, "Otherwise Phyllis," which was announced for August 30, has been postponed to September 6. It is issued by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

Dr. Milton J. Rosenau of the Harvard Medical School has been awarded the gold medal of American medicine for 1913 by the trustees of the American Medicine Gold Medal Award for the most notable service rendered to humanity in the domain of medicine during the last year. Dr. Rosenau was one of the founders of the Milk and Baby Hygiene Association and is the author of "The Milk Question," a work which is gen-

erally conceded to be at once the most practical, authoritative, and comprehensive book ever written on this important subject.

Frederick Watson, author of "Shallows," a new novel, is the son of "Ian Maclaren," who wrote "The Bonnie Briar Bush." Mr. Watson has unearthed an unhackneyed incident in the latter days of Prince Charlie, around which his book is woven. E. P. Dutton & Co. are publishing the novel.

New reprintings of Bertha Runkle's tale of romance and adventure, "The Scarlet Rider," of Edmund C. Bentley's mystery tale, "The Woman in Black," which is proving very popular also in England, and the thirty-second large edition of Kipling's unfailingly popular "Jungle Book" are being published by the Century Company.

Knowledge of Oriental life gained through many travels has been put into the pages of "Aladdin from Broadway," by Frederic S. Isham, published by the Bohbs-Merrill Company.

One of the few big travel books of the autumn publishing season will be A. Henry Savage-Landor's two-volume work, "Across Unknown South America," in which this veteran explorer tells of his perilous 13,750-mile journey through a vast unexplored region of Brazil and unfrequented parts of Peru, Bolivia, Chili, and Argentine. The two-volume work, comprising about 200,000 words, illustrated from photographs taken by the intrepid explorer, will be published by Little, Brown & Co. in October.

Nathaniel C. Fowler, Jr., the author of "Practical Salesmanship," "Starting in Life," and a dozen other practical books, has been placed at the head of a new laboratory of business demonstration at Burdett College, Boston.

Harper & Brothers announce that they have put the following novels to press for reprintings: "The Right of Way," by Sir Gilbert Parker; "The Involuntary Chaperon," by Margaret Cameron; "Nostramo," by Joseph Conrad; "Shandon Bells" and "Wild Eelin," by William Black.

For several years Coningshy Dawson, author of "The Garden Without Walls," which will be published this month by Henry Holt & Co., reviewed the output of fiction as literary editor of one of the popular magazines. Recently he returned from a trip abroad, during which he visited Algiers.

Robert Haven Schauler's "Romantic America" will be published in book form in the fall with many illustrations by such notable artists as Maxfield Parrish, Joseph Pennell, Winslow Homer, and Albert Herter. Mr. Schauler's sympathetic descriptions cover Mt. Desert and the Maine Coast, Provincetown, the California Missions, New Orleans, Mammoth Cave, the Grand Cañon, the Yosemite, Yellowstone Park, and Pittsburgh. The Century Company is producing the book.

Miss Elsie de Wolfe, probably the most successful woman decorator in the country, has put into a book the chronicle of her experiences. The book will be entitled "The House in Good Taste," and will show reproductions of forty-eight interiors decorated by Miss de Wolfe.

E. A. Brown is a well-to-do citizen of Denver who some years ago conceived the idea of municipally conducted emergency homes for the homeless, penniless working man. In order to satisfy himself as to what was being done for the honest man or woman temporarily out of work, he donned the cap and overalls of a working man, and without resources other than his own wits visited every large city of the country, traveling from town to town exactly as a penniless man must do. His experiences are narrated in the volume, "Broke: The Man Without a Dime." The book is published by the Browne & Howell Company.

In "The Making of the Australian Commonwealth" Bernhard Ringrose Wise writes as an eye-witness of the making of the commonwealth during the critical period from 1889 to 1900, which aims to give to a later generation a more vivid picture of that time. Longmans, Green & Co. announce the publication of the work.

New Books Received.

THE SAILOR WHOM ENGLAND FEARED. By M. Mac Dermot Crawford. New York: Duffield & Co. Being the story of Paul Jones.

THE IRON TRAIL. By Rex Beach. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.35 net. A novel.

DRAMATIC WORKS OF GERHART HAUPTMANN. Volume II. Edited by Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: B. W. Huebsch; \$1.50 net.

Containing "Drayman Henschel," "Rose Bernd," "The Rats," and an introduction by the editor.

NERVOUS BREAKDOWNS AND HOW TO AVOID THEM. By Charles D. Musgrave, M. D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$1 net.

A book of practical advice.

Choirmaster Wecker of St. Hedwig's Church, Berlin, who recently celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday, has held his position for fifty-three years. St. Hedwig's is the principal Roman Catholic Church of the city.

CURRENT VERSE.

From Oversea.

When I look on quiet hills,
Silvered by the moon,
Voices that no distance stills
Sing a haunting tune.

Hills that rim the ribboned West,
Sunset clouds that flame,
Breeze that nestles to my breast
Whispering your name.

These are of the land we knew,
And my heart is fain
For the olden days of you,
Though the hope be vain.

Each dead bough has its ghost,
And they walk at night;
Each dead memory its boast,
Loathly to my sight.

But the twilight that was yours
Has its spell for me,
And the thought of you still lures
Hearts across the sea.—The Olympian.

The Girl I Used to Know.

Moth and mice and the years have scarred
Over the picture. Face all marred—
Face that once was a dream to see,
Fairest in all the world to me,
Out of the past, where the shadow grays,
Whose is the face in the picture? Oh—
Only a girl that I used to know!

Perfume faint round the picture clings;
Oh, what legion of thoughts it brings;
Odors of spring in the May night air;
Breath of the rose in her clinging hair;
Great round moon from the whispering trees
Wafted up by the soft night breeze—
Moon that haloed the sweet hawthorn,
Silvered the dew on the rustling corn.

Put it away!

The day is strange;
My path has strayed
From the old life's range;
The eyes that laugh and the cheeks that glow
Belong to the world of the Long Ago!

Put it away!

I would forget
Whether the past
Is living yet!
Whether the bloom and the myrtle grow
Over the girl that I used to know!

—Denver News.

Storm Light.

The thick battalions of the rain
Tramp on the misty hillside dimly;
I see along the sullen plain
Phantoms of nightfall gather grimly.

But from the gateway of the west
There comes a flood of gold outflowing
That lights the passing sea bird's breast
And gilds the hilltops with its glowing.

On rock and tree and grassy glade
Flashes the swift, transfiguring brightness,
While lingering rainbow fragments fade
On leaden skies that clear to whiteness.

Then comes the closing of the gate—
The flame of glory falls to ashes;
The far and near are desolate
With clouds that wrap and rain that lashes.

—London Standard.

The Gipsy Stars Are Camped.

The gipsy stars are camped around the moon,—
That nomad's fire upon the road of Night,—
And resting there before they take their flight,
What lullabies the older stars must croon:
Songs of the byways where with silent shoon
Age-long they wander; where at early light
Their caravan slips quietly from sight . . .
And hides its trail along the sky at noon.

The long, long trail! To think where it began
Or how it ends? . . . when myriad moon-fires
glow

In camps at even where God's highroads be?
When tribes of stars, unguessed, undream'd by
man,

Too far for these the earth-seen stars to go,
Find trail on trail,—to deeper mystery?
—Ruth Guthrie Harding, in Neale's Monthly.

The Power of the Snowflake

The power of the melting snowflake put California into third place among the cement-producing states. Not a pound of cement was produced in California before 1900. This year two plants near San Francisco turn out twenty thousand barrels a day, consuming one electrical horsepower for every barrel.

In 1900 the interurban electric car was unknown in the state's vast central valley. There are 400 miles of trolley lines—to be doubled shortly—in the Sacramento Valley alone today, and around Los Angeles thousand miles of radiating trolley wires.

Ever see a gold ship? They are to be found along the course of all the Sierra's golden rivers, scooping up many tons of the auriferous gravel every minute, extracting 15 cents' worth of yellow metal per cubic yard. Without the inexpensive flexible power generated higher up on these rivers the minute particles of gold could not be extracted at a profit.

Two of the three largest hydro-electric installations in the country are under construction in California. Two of the country's three insulator factories are kept busy exclusively on California orders.

Cheap hydro-electric power does California's work; live wires do the drudgery of the Golden State to an extent undreamt of in the East beyond Niagara's radius. That's why the demand for electric power in the populous parts of the commonwealth is growing faster than the supply (writes Walter V. Woelke), even though this supply has been doubled every five years.

The largest power company in California, the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, for instance, supplying an area larger than the State of Indiana, has been gaining 16,000 to 18,000 new consumers of electric current per year.

The Pacific Gas and Electric Company, serving the central portion, supplemented the output of its eleven hydro-electric plants in the mountains by five immense steam stations; with water and steam it generated a maximum of 188,000 horsepower, and still had to buy 35,000 horsepower in the market. That is the reason why the Spaulding dam must be, will be, finished this fall, why the company is spending fifteen millions for the development, transmission, and distribution of 160,000 horse-power from the subjugated Bear and Yuha rivers.

The transmission line from the Drum power-house to the station perched high on the hillside above classic Berkeley will set a new record. It will transmit the current for the largest part of the way at a tension of 115,000 volts, carry its dangerous load high above the ground on massive steel towers resting on concrete foundations, carry it in a straight line over the heaving sea of the mountains and foothills, over the wide floor of the valley, across the orchards and vineyards of the Coast Range, send its silent load over the waters of Carquinez Strait to the copper arteries that pulse through the cities of San Francisco Bay, there to be transformed into the mild harmless current that pulls cars, plugs jumping teeth, pops the cork out of the glowing bottle on the moving sign, that makes ice in the basement and sends floods of mellow light upon the gleaming shoulders of milady as she quaffs the cold sparkling joy-water on the floor above.

—here

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"READY MONEY."

"Ready Money" is evidently written by youth, for youth, and gayly and willingly youth responds.

Whosoever does not belong to the bright band will be apt to feel critical, and not particularly hopeful, during the first act. Not that it is dull, but, like the players, it is mediocre. It is really a preparation for the far more interesting events that transpire in later acts, and which give opportunity for much better playing than is witnessed in the expository scenes of the first act. There is in it a group of young players in evidence who are very unindividual. They are conscience incarnate, but they are too inexperienced, as yet, to emancipate themselves from the trail of the stage director. You can hear his accents in their inflections, detect his guidance in their attitudes and gestures. This unknown god in the machine has evidently worked like a hero with his unplastic material, and has achieved results.

The players have the virtues bestowed by careful training. They are marvels of distinctness, they have a certain galvanic vivacity, and they make the act go briskly, but except for Robert Ober, and a good character actor, Walter Fredericks by name, who impersonates a fox with a mastiff exterior, they do not succeed in putting themselves on the dramatic map. Then Frank Mills comes on the scene, and things look decidedly more promising.

It is not until the second act and the secret service men begin to make things hum that we realize how extremely well suited Frank Mills is with the rôle of Jackson Ives, the counterfeiter, and how excellently he plays it. And then the appearance of T. E. B. Henry, as Captain West of the U. S. Secret Service, suddenly brought a tense atmosphere of reality to the scene and things brightened up amazingly. Frank Mills and Mr. Henry, or perhaps I should say the counterfeiter and the secret service agent, are, dramatically, exceedingly becoming to each other.

At any rate, the scene went with a whiz, and the whiz kept up through the rest of the play. I had wrongly suspected Robert Ober, with his mellow voice, his agreeable air of buoyant youth, and his important rôle, of being the leading man, forgetting for the time being that Frank Mills was due. Mr. Ober is very promising, but he has not yet arrived at that peaceful histrionic bourne where everything goes. His comedy is sometimes tentative instead of sure, but he has the personality that is conspicuously lacking in the triplet of unravishing girls and the other triplet of undistinguishable youths.

Frank Mills has that air about him when he makes his first entrance that causes the audience to immediately regard the rather imposing Jackson Ives, billed as "an international character," with well-founded suspicion, and it is not that the suspicion-awakening quality is too obvious, either. It is just that Frank Mills balanced to a hair that something which, on the stage, means perhaps only a slight departure from the perfect probity of the characters in the ranks of unchallenged respectability. So we regarded him with suspicion, and as the advent of irregularity generally makes for interest in fiction or the drama, from that moment the two uninteresting triplets receded to their due perspective and we recognized their insignificance as compared with the dramatic events engineered by bigger people.

The author, James Montgomery, has not the gift of bright dialogue, but he knows how to capture the ready laugh. His play has decided cleverness from the detective story standards, and he gets in some ingenious bits of plot-strategy that, while they are somewhat reminiscent of Sardou's inventiveness in "A Scrap of Paper," are yet sufficiently original to stamp the author as a man of parts in what we will be obliged to coin a term and style "detective-drama."

It was a curious sensation, in the second act, to feel the play suddenly leap, during the scene of the arrest, from negligible to keenly appreciated drama. That was partly because the playwright had deftly gathered his loosened threads into a tense cord of suspense which greatly stimulated the interest, and partly because the new group of players now controlling the dramatic situation was able to carry the scene through with that happy facility in doing the right thing which first-class players seem to do by instinct.

A steady theatre-goer can always be gain-

ing new impressions from talented players. The other night, in "Bought and Paid For," I really believed during the opening scene that Marie Nordstrom had naturally that look of commonness on her features that sometimes stamps people of somewhat inferior clay who have not had mental or social advantages. And suddenly, during a scene when out of the action, she temporarily forgot her character-assumption, the mask that she had so cleverly improvised slipped off, and there we who were observing saw herself, a refined, intelligent girl, much prettier than the bright young actress had allowed Fanny Blaine, the saleswoman and competitor in the sharp struggle for a precarious living, to be. It often pays, while witnessing a theatrical performance, to look away, if only for a moment, from the centre of action. One gets side-views of things that are almost as interesting as those revealed in the full, broad outlook.

Mr. T. E. B. Henry (who ought, by the way, to give himself a quotable Christian name) gave me another one of these side-lights when the company was lined up during a curtain call insisted on by the audience. As Captain West he was rather a dangerous looking individual. There was a gimlet quality to his gaze, a narrowing of his eye, a contraction of his brow, and a setness to a rather pugnacious-looking jaw that boded ill for the quarry he was running down.

And then came a curtain call; and lo! these physiognomical manifestations all turned out to be the component parts of a dramatic mask. For there stood a pleasant, blonde young man with a smooth open brow, bowing, smiling, pleased, and happy to have pleased, the most harmless, the mildest of men.

After the stern, business-like, ruthless front he had put up, with that particularly ugly looking customer Hammond (very realistically played by John Fenton) to back him up, it was really startling to see these two and the other secret service men giving themselves over placatingly to the amenities of curtain calls.

The press agent, by the way, seems to lay great stress on the sentimental aspects of "Ready Money." Rather a mistake, it seems to me. Nobody cares a scrap whether the triplets marry or not. Nobody is even particularly interested in Stephen Baird's rather tame love affairs. It is the detective-drama that catches us. I rather suspect, too, that it was that that captured the English royalties, when they condescended to view the play a second time during its London run.

For, cruel though the world has been through the ages to imprisoned criminals, in the drama the public always ardently throws its favor to the quarry, when sleuths are in pursuit. The play-writer and the fictionist recognize this, and often throw in a sop to the Cerberus of morals, as the author does in this case, when Jackson Ives resolves to give up the precarious life of a counterfeiter.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Opening its doors for the new season August 30, the Hippodrome presented an entirely new institution and a new production to New York theatre-goers. Over 500 new faces were seen. Unlike the productions of former years, which were divided into three parts like Gaul, this year's entertainment comes under one head and one title, and it will be known as "America." The production is in eighteen scenes, all laid in America, exclusive of the great finish tableau called "The Court of Honor." The Messrs. Schubert announce that they have expended the sum of \$200,000 in a determined endeavor to eclipse all previous triumphs in the world's amusements. Over 200 head of animal stock were used, and in one scene alone there were shown sixty-five thoroughbred horses from the best stables of America.

William H. Crane may appear in "The New Henrietta," a play now being written by Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes. It is, of course, based upon Bronson Howard's celebrated play, "The Henrietta" of a generation ago, in which Crane and Stuart Robson appeared, but as the times have changed very much since the 'eighties, "The Henrietta" of this season will be to all intents and purposes a new play. Mr. Crane will return from abroad early in September. It so happens that the exact date of the fiftieth anniversary of his first appearance on the stage, with the Holman company in Utica, New York, on July 13, 1863, fell while the comedian was in Munich this summer.

Henry Miller will begin his tour in St. Paul this month in "The Rainbow," and extend to the Pacific Coast. Robert Hilliard, too, in "The Argyle Case," which played practically all of last season at the Criterion Theatre in New York, will show the big cities East and West and South what a modern, up-to-date detective play is like. "The Count of Luxembourg," with its fascinating staircase waltz, will begin its travels in Toronto, and will be in San Francisco by the time the New York season is well under way. A Coast trip is also in store for "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," with Charlotte Walker. Otis Skinner, too, will make a Western tour with "Kismet."

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

Next week will positively be the last of Blanche Walsh in her great success, "The Countess Nadine." In conjunction with Miss Walsh a splendid new vaudeville bill will be presented.

Elsa Ruegger, greatest woman 'cellist, with the celebrated conductor, Edmund Lichenstein, will be heard in a splendid programme. She has played in this country and in Europe with the leading symphony societies, and has also distinguished herself on various concert tours.

Jack Kennedy and his company will appear in a little comedy entitled "A Business Proposal," written by Daniel D. Carter, author of "The Master Mind." It is one of the most diverting playlets now before the public.

Ethel Kirk and Billy Fogarty will offer a bright mélange of patter and song. Miss Kirk was prima donna with the musical comedy, "The Heartbreakers," last season.

An attractive feature will be the Twelve Olympia Girls from London, who will be seen in novel, artistic, and original numbers, including "The Mirror Dance" and "The Inquisitive Moon."

Manning, Moore, and Armstrong, a trio of young Americans who sing exceptionally well, will be heard in a number of solos, duets, and trios.

Buckley's Animals, introducing the roller-skating bear and a number of the smallest skating monkeys in existence, should make a strong appeal to both adults and children.

Next week will be the last of Flanagan and Edwards, who are making a tremendous comedy hit with their new skit, "Off and On."

The Cort Continues "Ready Money."

"Ready Money" will continue to incite laughter at the Cort Theatre for but one more week. The fortnight's engagement will prove all too short for this merry-maker, which has scored emphatically and has attracted capacity audiences Cortwards since the opening night. A special matinee will be given Admission Day in addition to the regular Wednesday and Saturday matinees.

"Ready Money" will play a finale Sunday night, September 14. On September 15 comes the famous motion pictures of Captain Scott's polar expedition for six days only. A graphic lecture will be delivered in connection by Charles B. Hanford.

"The Beggar Student" at the Tivoli.

The last performances of Balfe's masterpiece, "The Bohemian Girl," will be given at the Tivoli Opera House this Sunday afternoon and evening, and on Monday night "The Beggar Student" will begin an engagement limited to one week.

This delightful and melodious comic opera by Carl Millocker was the first of this famous composer's greatest successes, and when it was originally given in Vienna in the early 'eighties it ran for one solid year. "The Beggar Student" has always been a great favorite in this city and whenever it was given the Tivoli was always crowded to the doors. The cast will be very strong, including John R. Phillips in the title-rôle, Henry Santrey as Janitzky, Charles E. Gallagher as Ollendorf, Robert G. Pitkin as Enterich, a jailer, Rena Vivienne as Laura, Myrtle Dingwall as Bronislava, her sister, Sarah Edwards as the Countess Palmatica, and a dozen others. The big chorus will have much to do, and Stage Director Charles H. Jones has prepared a march with twenty-four girls that will create a sensation. The production will be up to the Tivoli standard in every particular, and the only matinees will be given Saturday and Sunday.

Third Week of "The Mission Play."

On Sunday afternoon, September 7, John Steven McGroarty's pageant-drama, "The Mission Play," will enter upon the third week of its engagement at the Columbia Theatre. All that was predicted in advance for this production has come to pass, and theatre-goers have been filling the Columbia Theatre at every performance during the past two weeks. This drama of romance and history of the days of the padres has not only captured the fancy of theatre-goers in San Francisco, but its success has been sufficiently strong to bring in large parties from the surrounding cities. So great has been the demand for seats for the third week that matinees will be given on Tuesday, Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday. The Admission Day matinee on Tuesday, as well as the Wednesday matinee, will be given at popular prices, ranging from 25 cents to \$1.

Appearance of Mrs. A. W. Scott.

A theatrical event of unusual interest will be the appearance of Mrs. A. W. Scott, well known in San Francisco, and a carefully selected company of professionals at the Tivoli Opera House for six nights only, commencing Monday, September 15.

Mrs. Scott, who has often loaned her talents to charity and society entertainments, has been for some time past perfecting elaborate productions of Suderman's wonderful play, "Magda," and Maeterlinck's masterpiece, "Mary Magdalene," under the direction of

McKee Rankin, and her net proceeds of the presentations will be given to the Happy Day Home, a worthy institution on North Beach. Manager W. H. Leahy of the Tivoli Opera House has entered heartily into the scheme, and to aid the charity by allowing his theatre to be used has consented to send his opera company for a brief road tour during the time of Mrs. Scott's engagement.

"Mary Magdalene" will be played Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday evenings, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday. Prices will range from \$2 to 50 cents, except at the Wednesday matinee, when a reduction will be made, and seats will be ready Monday morning at the Tivoli box-office.

More than 15,000 people were turned away from the performances of "Aida" given in the Roman amphitheatre at Verona in honor of the Verdi centenary. This amphitheatre holds 30,000. There are more than 800 performers in the orchestra. The scenery for the amphitheatre cost nearly \$100,000. The artists' dressing-rooms are subterranean chambers which the gladiators used in ancient times.

William Faversham will come to San Francisco this season in his spectacular production of "Julius Cæsar." His tour opens September 15.

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GREAT NEW BILL
ELSA RUEGGER, World's Greatest Woman 'Cellist, assisted by the Celebrated Conductor, Edmund Lichenstein; **JACK KENNEDY** and Co. in "A Business Proposal"; **ETHEL KIRK** and **BILLY FOGARTY**, Patter and Song; **THE TWELVE OLYMPIA GIRLS** in Novel and Original Dances; **MANNING, MOORE & ARMSTRONG**, a Trio of Singing Lads; **BUCKLEY'S ANIMALS**, introducing Teddy, the Roller Skating Bear, and Tiny Skating Monkeys; **ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES** Showing Current Events. Last Week, Immense Hit, **FLANAGAN & EDWARDS**, in their New Act, "Off and On."

Evening prices 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats \$1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and Holidays) 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone Douglas 70.

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COMMENCING SUNDAY NIGHT, Sept. 7
THIRD ENORMOUS WEEK
Special Holiday Matinee Tuesday, Sept. 9
Matinees also on Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Popular Prices for Tuesday and Wednesday Matinees—25c to \$1.

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Commencing Monday, Sept. 15—THE UNDYING STORY OF CAPT. SCOTT in Motion Pictures.

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Last Times of **THE BOHEMIAN GIRL**
Commencing **MONDAY, Sept. 7**—One Week Only
Elaborate Revival of
THE BEGGAR STUDENT
Millocker's Famous Comic Opera
Splendid Cast—Unrivaled Chorus—Spectacular
Marches—Tivoli Orchestra.

Matinees Saturday and Sunday.
Popular Prices—25c, 50c, 75c; Box Seats, \$1.
Starting Monday, Sept. 15—Six Nights Only
Mrs. A. W. Scott, Jr., in "Magda" and "Mary Magdalene."

VANITY FAIR.

A valued correspondent asks us to account for the enthusiasm in favor of Harry Thaw that has been displayed by the women of Canada. The matter is quite simple. A dozen other instances of the kind have occurred within the last few years, and therefore we have an abundance of material upon which to form a judgment. Harry Thaw is an object of feminine adoration, first because he is a libertine, secondly because it was his habit to inflict brutal outrages upon defenseless women, and thirdly because he is a murderer. Doubtless the worship accorded to him is somewhat mitigated by the fact that he killed a man instead of a woman and that the death of his victim was instantaneous. But then we can not expect everything in this imperfect world.

It seems that the Sheik-ul-Islam is anxious about the status of the women of Christendom. As the religious head of the Mohammedan world he feels that things are not quite as they should be in the realms beyond his jurisdiction and that if Christianity can not properly protect the weaker sex it is the duty of Islam at least to proffer its counsel and warning. Doubtless the women of America and Europe will duly appreciate this championship, and also the zeal of the New York *American* correspondent at Constantinople in invoking it upon their behalf.

The Moslem, says the Sheik, is a monogamist; the Christian, a polygamist. By way of elucidation he explains that the Moslem is allowed to marry more than one wife, but under rules and regulations so strict as to make the game hardly worth the candle. As a result the Moslem has only one wife. There are, of course, some instances where the Moslem has more than one wife, but these instances are few and far between. The Sheik does not say so, being a man of discretion, but it seems hardly likely that a man who already has one wife would want another contemporaneously. So far the court is with the Sheik.

The Christian, on the other hand, says his reverence, is forbidden to marry more than one woman, but as we are dealing with conditions and not theories we have to face the fact that our divorce laws permit him to marry a good many women, and permit the women to marry a good many men. "The result," says his holiness, "is widespread polygamy and immorality." And there you have it. The monogamous Moslem sits in judgment on the polygamous Christian, imploring him to be good and to imitate the domestic virtues of the Turk.

But what about divorce? Once more we seem to detect a slight lowering of the Sheik's left eyelid as his worship replies that divorce is permitted to the Moslem and forbidden to the Christian and that therefore divorce is very rare in Moslem countries and nearly universal in Christian. What a world of paradoxes we do live in, to be sure. The Moslem, explains the Sheik, must enter into a contract to pay his wife a very considerable sum of money in the event of divorce. It is very seldom that he possesses a considerable sum of money. Therefore it is very seldom that he seeks to escape from that state of bliss that we well know to be inseparable from the matrimonial state. In Christendom, says the Sheik, the man who wants to be divorced must pay money to lawyers and to courts. Under the green flag he must pay it to his wife. In Christendom, where divorce is religiously forbidden, it may be purchased at a very small cost. In Moslem countries, where it is not forbidden, it costs a great deal. And thus do we live and learn.

The amusing Bok, writing in *Collier's Weekly*, is good enough to tell us the "remedy for the present wave of indecent dressing." The article is accompanied with some illustrations of the diaphanous gown obtained by means of the indelicate camera, and because these gowns are so very diaphanous we have to take the word of the caption that they are there at all. Is it possible that Bok can look at these illustrations without blushing? We thought better of Bok.

But let us get at Bok's remedy. To remedy something is Bok's long suit. If Bok only had his way—and he can never quite understand why he does not get it—all our women would be dressed with that charming simplicity that would faithfully reflect the charming simplicity of their minds. But they have been beguiled by Paris. They have fallen victims to the French dressmakers, one of the greatest of whom said recently that he would see how far he could go "in making damn fools of the American women." Let us hope that this particular dressmaker has now satisfied his unholty curiosity. Frankly we don't see that he can go very much further than he has. There is some satisfaction in the reflection that too much energy in the present direction would spoil his own trade, since women without any clothing at all would be a most unprofitable venture for the dress-making business.

Now if our women could only be persuaded to ignore Paris all might yet be well with

them, says Bok. The Parisian fashions, he says, are worn only in America, since no true Parisienne would touch them with a manure fork. Therefore it only remains for fashionable America to patronize home industries, to encourage the American dressmaker to produce a distinctive national costume that shall at least conceal something of the feminine anatomy, and in this way we shall be saved from "the present wave of indecent dressing." It all sounds very nice, but the whole of it can easily be condensed into a single sentence. Thus we may say that the remedy for indecent dressing is not to dress indecently.

Now there is a good deal too much cant about this business, a good deal too much assumption that the woman who dresses indecently does so because her naturally pure nature has been misled by example, and that it is only necessary to tell the woman with the diaphanous dress that her dress is diaphanous to cause her to discard it at once. Nothing could be further from the fact. The diaphanous dress, the suggestive dress, is worn only by shameless women who are naturally wantons and who take advantage of the spirit of the day to throw off all the restraints against which they have secretly fretted for so long. Indeed, feminine modesty has been vastly overrated all along the line. It has very few of the features of a real sentiment. It is to be classed with the protective coloration of some animals. It is a matter of expediency, a pose, a bait. The average man has far more physical modesty than the average woman. There are some things that no man will talk about, however degraded he may be, but there are no such reticences among women. And women know this to be true. Therefore to treat the indecently dressed woman as though she needed no more than a little kindly advice and a few paternal admonitions is a piece of unmitigated humbug. What she needs is to be spanked, and it may be said that she has dressed herself for the occasion.

There was once a wife who said that her husband had learned to swear from the parrot. We are imitating that wife when we say that women have learned their immodesty from Paris. They did nothing of the kind. They learned it from the devil, who is willing and eager to teach all of us. No one pretends that the indecent dances were imported from Paris. On the contrary, they were exported to Paris. Every one knows that. And indecent dressing and indecent dancing are twin sisters. They come of a wanton contempt for modesty that takes advantage of a general letting down of hars to come to the surface.

When we consider some of the legislation that is now finding its way to the statute books we can hardly wonder that men should feel increasingly afraid to marry. And, by the way, it is a little remarkable that at a time when we are all asked to join in a cry for the equality of the sexes there should be hundreds of laws intended to regulate the relations of men to women and hardly a single law prescribing the relations of women to men. For example, the aboriginal minds of the State of Washington have recently enacted what they call a "lazy husband law." We do not know the precise provisions of this law, but any one can guess who is familiar with the workings of the primitive intelligence. But why is there no "lazy wife law"? Are not women just as prone to laziness as men, and with even more disastrous results? And now these legislative tree-folk are trying to arrange for extradition for their precious law. And yet we complain that the marriage rate is falling while on every hand we find laws that are passed on the assumption that the man who wants to marry is presumptively a criminal. That he is presumptively a lunatic goes without saying.

It is the custom now in some Eastern states to ask the man point-blank whether he is an idiot. They ask him other things, too, things that would bring a blush to the damask cheek of a horse-dragon. It is all very well to ask women questions of this kind. They don't mind. But men do mind. And fancy asking a man who is about to be married whether he is an idiot. Would he be there at all if he were not an idiot? Probably he does not know it. Idiots never do. But all his married friends have told him so.

Now how long will men put up with this sort of thing? It has always taken a good deal of courage to be married and to face the rigors naturally incidental to that holy but melancholy state. But if henceforth we can get married only by purchased permission of the quack doctor, through the disgusting formulas of the quack clergyman, and with the haton of the policeman flourished before our eyes we may well look a little extra long before we leap and endure the ills we have rather than fly to others that we know not of. After all it is well to remember that the devil is quick to suggest alternatives, and probably there is nothing that gives the devil quite such intense satisfaction as "lazy husband" laws, eugenic laws, sex hygiene laws, and all the other filthy nostrums of our modern social reformer. And there is nothing that the devil hates quite so much as the easy path to the youthful marriage.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A young man, an only son, married against the wishes of his parents. A short time afterwards, in telling a friend how to break the news to them, he said: "Tell them first I am dead; and then gently work up to the climax."

During the course of a stump speech delivered some years ago by John Sharp Williams in Mississippi he was interrupted by a sudden yell from a man in the audience. "I have been robbed by pickpockets!" "I did not know that there were any Republicans present," promptly suggested Mr. Williams, in order to get a laugh. "There aint!" roared the unhappy man. "I'm the only one!"

Jock McTavish had the misfortune to get arrested and sentenced. He was given a bucket of water, a brush, and a cake of strong soap, and told to wash his cell. Some time later the jailor came through and saw McTavish giving himself a thorough scouring. "Here," he cried, "what are you doing? Didn't I tell you to wash your cell?" "Aye, 'un' am I no washin' mase!" asked the surprised McTavish.

Tommy had broken one of the school rules, and the teacher told him to tell his mother about it, and also about the punishment he had received. She thought his mother might thrash him again. The next morning she asked: "Well, Tommy, did you tell your mother about your bad behavior yesterday and how I punished you?" "Yes, ma'am," replied Tommy quickly. "Well, what did your mother say?" "Said she'd like to wring your neck," replied Tommy, calmly.

Whatever qualifications the newly elected judge possessed, biblical knowledge was not his most conspicuous. An attorney went to his court to plead for a girl who was to be sent to the juvenile court for a misdeed. "This is the little girl's first offense," pleaded the attorney, "and I don't think she ought to be punished. Even Mary Magdalen was pardoned." "Mary Magdalen," said the judge, "I don't remember that case. Clerk, bring me the files in the Magdalen case."

Mr. Justice Darling has defined a sheriff as something which is half-way between an oyster and a lord mayor. But Thackeray anticipated the judge in attributing human intelligence to oysters. "I was walking with him one evening from the club," writes Edmund Yates, "and, passing a fish-shop in New Street, he noticed two different tubs of oysters, one marked 'Is, a dozen,' the other 'Is, 3d. a dozen.' 'How they must hate each other!' said Thackeray, pointing them out."

Called upon for a "few remarks," an after-dinner speaker was still in the midst of his oratory half an hour later. Finally one of the weary banqueters wrote something on a bit of paper and passed it across the table. The recipient read it, smiled, and passed it down the line. It came close to where the orator stood. Thinking it might be for him he picked it up and glanced at it. Then he ended—forgetting his peroration. The note read: "This is what Sherman said war was."

The large-hearted son of Erin was digging postholes one day when the boss rambled along to size up the job. "How are you making out, Pat?" asked the boss. "Foine as silk," answered Pat, keeping right on with his work, "as yez will notice yezself." "The work looks all right, Pat," jokingly responded the boss, "but do you think you will ever be able to get all that dirt back in the hole again?" "No, sor, not as it is now, sor, but it's me intintion to dig the hole a little deeper."

Miss Emery had given little Tim a simple problem in addition that he failed to work out. "Numbers are dry," she reasoned with herself, and determined to make the lesson more interesting. "Suppose," she began, encouragingly, "your mamma sent you to the store to buy three pounds of lamb, two pounds of potatoes, half a pound each of carrots and turnips, and one pound of tomatoes—what would you have then?" Tim shook his head, but Marybell, only a year older, raised an eager hand. "Well, Marybell?" said the teacher, with a sorrowful glance at little Tim. "Stew!" said Marybell, sweetly.

A lady living in Atlanta had a young colored maid who wanted to go to a wedding. She was given permission to go, and the next morning her mistress asked her how the wedding had gone off. The eyes of the young colored girl shone with the happy memories of the evening before, and she told with great gusto of the splendid appearance of the bride, of her dress, her veil, her train, and her ornaments. When she was through, her mistress asked: "And how did the bridegroom look, Chloe? Did he look as well as the bride?" The glowing look at once departed from the

face of the young woman and she said in a tone of infinite disgust: "De bridegroom? Huh! De bridegroom! If yo'll believe me, missus, dat mizzable, triflin' niggah—he nebba come a-nigh!"

Mr. F. R. Benson, the well-known English Shakespearean actor, has always been passionately addicted to outdoor sports. In his 'varsity days he achieved fame as a runner, and when touring with his companions he makes a practice of organizing athletic contests. The actor's known fondness for athletics once led to a misunderstanding. Mr. Benson desired to ascertain if a certain young actor could take a part in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" at Rugby, so he wired, "Can you play Rugby? If so, come at once." Back came the reply: "Arrive at four p. m. Played half-back for Stratford."

She was breakfasting with the daughters of a friend noted for her interest in foreign missions. It happened that the cook had failed to come home the night before, and had offered no satisfactory explanation when she appeared the next morning. Mother, moreover, had failed to deliver the sermon which the serious elder daughter thought the situation demanded. "She gives all this money to save the heathen, and attends all these meetings, and yet here, right under her nose, the cook is going to the dogs." "Ah, yes," said the younger girl, "but there are so many Chinamen and so few good cooks."

The poet and his friend dropped into a little side street place to continue their argument. The bartender was the only other occupant. Now and then he was called to their table to serve them. Between times he peeled potatoes and onions and carrots for the next day's free lunch. The poet and his prose friend argued vehemently, beat upon the tables, quoted yards of the best sellers and insulted each other in the most friendly and impassioned fashion in the world. At two o'clock in the morning the pair paid their bill and started for the door. Half way the poet stopped. "I hope," said he patronizingly, "that we have not disturbed you by our talk of literature?" "You never bothered me none," said the bartender, reassuringly. "I was busy peelin' pertaters."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Circumstances.
I had a gold watch once, you know,
But now a silver one doth go,
For I proceeded through the paces,
And circumstances altered cases.
—Town Topics.

The Difference.
Not so very long ago
Women cut a dash—
Fashions change, as well we know—
Now they cut a slash.
—Canadian Courier.

In the Morning.
Through the gates of dawn is driven
Mighty Phoebus in his car,
And the gloom of night is riven
By his lances hurled afar,
Now the winds of dawn awaken,
With a hughle note they call,
And my resolution's shaken,
But I shan't get up at all!

Now the little birds are singing
Their sweet matins in the trees,
And the cock's shrill cry goes ringing
In defiance down the breeze,
Now the world begins to shuffle
And repose from all has fled,
And they rise and don their duffe,
But I shall not leave the bed!

I can hear the dishes clatter,
I can hear the housemaid yawn;
Now I hear the children chatter
As they put their garments on.
Now I hear the missus calling,
"Do you mean to sleep all day?"
And—the thought of it is galling—
I shall get up, right away!
—New York Globe.

A Hint.
When her pa throws down the night's paper
And comes in to wind the old clock;
When her ma covers up the canary
And begins all the doors to lock;
When her brother comes in from the poolroom
And throws down his shoes on the floor—
Then it's time to make tracks for your hat, kid,
And vanish posthaste through the door.

You've held her small hand all the evening
While you huddled your castles in Spain,
Remember tomorrow is coming,
If you're good you may see her again.
You may think this stunt's put on to scare you
And to keep you from wooing your lass
But you'll find the sole purpose of all this
Is to keep you from wasting the gas.
—Milwaukee News.

What's in a Name?
Dey call him "Bash" to rhyme mit gash, and
"Balk" to rhyme mit chalk;
Dey call him "Bosh" to rhyme mit—gosh, I neffer
heard such talk!
I thought I'd find some pupils in America, but
ach,
Mein Gott! How can a fellow play who can't pro-
nounce it "Bach."—Chicago Record-Herald.



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Judge Wheaton Gray and Mrs. Gray of Los Angeles have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Evangeline Gray, to Mr. Chester W. Judson of this city. Mr. Judson is a brother of Mrs. Frank Somers.

The wedding of Miss Louise Kellogg and Mr. George Harding Whipple took place Saturday evening at Grace Pro-Cathedral in the presence of a few relatives and friends. Mrs. Whipple is the daughter of Mrs. Marmaduke B. Kellogg of this city. Mr. and Mrs. Whipple will reside at the El Drisco after October 6.

The wedding of Miss Jessie Knight and Mr. Knight Starr Jordan took place Monday in Provo, Utah. Mr. Jordan is the son of Mr. and Mrs. David Starr Jordan of Stanford University, who are at present in Europe. Mr. Jordan and his bride will reside in Terra Bella, Tulare County.

The wedding of Miss Dorothy Emahita Page and Mr. Charles Buckingham will take place today at the home in Belvedere of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Page. Miss Page's two cousins, the Misses Leslie Page and Marjorie Page, will be her maids of honor, and her bridesmaids will be the Misses Kate Peterson, Marian Leigh Mailliard, Marian Crocker, Ruth Winslow, Margaret Nichols, Mildred Bright, Dora Winn, and Marian Dickinson. Miss Page is a sister of Mr. Ralston Page and a niece of the Messrs. William C. Ralston, George, William, and the late Charles Page.

Miss Page was the complimented guest at a luncheon Friday given by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, and the same evening Mr. and Mrs. James Edwards entertained in her honor. Both affairs took place in Belvedere.

Mrs. J. G. Kittle was hostess last week at a luncheon at her home in Ross preceding the bridge-tee at the Lagunitas Country Club.

Mrs. E. L. Griffith was another luncheon hostess the same day.

Miss Ethel McAllister entertained a number of friends at a tea in honor of Mrs. Temple Bridgman and Miss Cora Otis.

Mrs. Clyde Payne was hostess at a luncheon and bridge party at her home in Belvedere.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian de Guigne, Jr., entertained a large number of guests at a dinner-dance Friday evening at Pebble Beach Lodge.

Mr. Clinton La Montaigne was host Saturday evening at a dinner at Pebble Beach Lodge in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hastings.

Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell gave a dance Monday evening at the Menlo Country Club complimentary to Miss Lois Cunningham of New York.

Mrs. Frederick Lane was hostess at a reception at her home in Claremont in honor of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Franklin K. Lane, wife of the Secretary of the Interior.

Miss Dorothy Dickens gave an informal dance Friday evening at her home on Sacramento Street.

Miss Marie Louise Winslow entertained a number of friends recently at a luncheon in Burlingame.

Miss Mary Armshy was hostess Friday evening at a dinner preceding the dance given in San Rafael by Mr. and Mrs. William Horn.

The members of the Lagunitas Country Club gave a barbecue Friday evening.

The Assembly dances will take place at Scottish Rite Hall Saturday evening, November 1, November 22, December 27, January 10, January 31, and February 14.

Dances will be given by the Berkeley assembly at the Twentieth Century Club on the following dates: October 29, December 3, January 14, and February 18.

Mrs. J. C. Johnson was hostess at an artillery bridge party at her home at Fort Miley complimentary to Mrs. Charles S. Phillips, wife of Colonel Phillips, U. S. A., Mrs. George Appel, and Mrs. Lewis Turtle.

The officers at Fort Winfield Scott were hosts at a dance in honor of Colonel Charles S. Phillips, U. S. A., Mrs. Phillips, and their daughter, Miss Callie Phillips.

Paymaster Charles M. Ray and Mrs. Ray entertained a number of friends at a dinner at Mare Island in honor of Captain John M. Elliott, U. S. N. (retired), and Mrs. Elliott.

Captain Frank M. Bennett, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bennett gave a dinner last week at their home in the navy yard.

Naval Constructor Henry M. Gleason, U. S. N., and Mrs. Gleason gave a dinner complimentary to Captain William M. Crose, U. S. N., and Mrs. Crose.

Mrs. Crose was hostess at a bridge-tee during the week and her daughter, Miss Janet Crose, entertained a number of friends at an informal dance.

Mrs. George Neal was the honored guest at a luncheon given Wednesday by Mrs. J. J. Sullivan.

The officers of the U. S. S. *Glacier* were hosts at a dinner on board ship in honor of Ensign G. Hollis Connor, who will be married today in Santa Rosa to Miss Helen McMeas.

A ball was given Thursday evening at Yerba Buena for the benefit of the Navy Relief Society.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Horace Wilson and Miss Mildred Sallé, who are traveling in Europe were at last accounts in Vichy.

Miss Sara Coffin has recently been the guest of Mrs. Hannah Neal Hobart at her home in Burlingame.

Rev. Clifton Macon and Mrs. Macon have gone to Macon, Georgia, to visit relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Hooker and their little John, Robert, and Lent Hooker, have returned to San Mateo after a two weeks' visit in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Theodore Tomlinson has come from New York to visit her mother, Mrs. Charles McIntosh

Keeney, and her sister, Mrs. Willard Cranston Chamberlain.

Mrs. M. P. Jones has returned from a visit in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. George Tallant, Miss Genevieve Tallant, and Mr. George Tallant, Jr., are established in their new home in Santa Barbara, where they will reside indefinitely.

Miss Jennie Hooker has returned from Burlingame, where she has been visiting Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett.

Mrs. Claus August Spreckels will return from Europe next month and will join Mr. Spreckels in New York, where they will spend the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali have returned from a two weeks' visit in Menlo Park, where they were the guests of Miss Lydia Hopkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins are again in Menlo after a visit in Monterey.

Mrs. Colin M. Boyd and Miss Margaret Hopper of Honolulu left last week for New York, where they will remain until September 11, when they will sail on the *Adriatic* with a party of friends for Europe. They will spend the winter on the Riviera.

Mrs. John McNear has returned from Europe, where she has been spending the summer.

Dr. Mary Sperry of Denver is visiting her mother, Mrs. Austin Sperry, at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Captain and Mrs. William Matson and their daughter, Miss Lurline Matson, have returned from a visit in the East.

Mrs. W. H. Smith has returned from Coronado and is established for the winter at the Hotel Victoria.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels (formerly Miss Ellis Moon) are en route to Europe, where they will join Mrs. John D. Spreckels, who is taking the cure at Carlsbad.

Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McBean and Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent have been spending the past two weeks motoring through Humboldt and Siskiyou counties.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Holland have returned to their home in Concord, Massachusetts, after a visit of several weeks in California. Mr. and Mrs. Holland formerly resided in this city.

Mr. Everett N. Bee has been spending the past week in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Waterhouse are enjoying a camping trip in the Tahoe country.

Dr. and Mrs. Philip King Brown and their four children are again established in their home at Seal Cliff, after having spent the summer in their hungalow at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. John Rodgers Clark and her children have returned from Europe, where they have been visiting Mrs. Clarke's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Mullins.

Mrs. E. T. Niehling and her daughter, Miss Rhoda Niehling, have returned from a visit at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin have returned from a week's visit at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Brinegar have returned from Europe, where they have been spending the summer. They are residing at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Driscoll and their two little sons have gone to Monterey to remain several weeks. They have recently returned from a visit in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. George Rodman Shreve and their daughters, the Misses Elizabeth and Agnes Shreve, are again occupying their home in San Mateo after having spent the summer in Santa Barbara. Miss Rebecca Shreve, who is traveling in Europe with Miss Lansdale, is expected home before the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy arrived last week in their automobile from Los Angeles and are occupying one of their flats on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, and the Misses Polly Mills and Sophie Beylard have returned to Burlingame after a week's visit at Lake Tahoe. They made the trip in Mrs. Wilson's touring car.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell and their children are again established in their home in Ross after having spent the summer in their cottage at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Peirce have moved from town to their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone have returned from Lake Tahoe, where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart L. Rawlings will return this month from Europe, where they have been spending the summer. Mrs. Rawlings will visit her parents, Dr. Alexander Warner and Mrs. Warner during Mr. Rawlings' annual visit in Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker will sail September 11 from Europe and will be met by Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin, who will leave Wednesday for New York, where the family party will spend two months before returning home.

Mr. and Mrs. William Kaufman are among the San Franciscans who are planning to spend the winter in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. John G. Sutton and their two sons will leave in February for Europe with the intention of remaining two years, during which time their boys will attend school in Vervey, Switzerland.

Dr. George Hayes Willcutt left Monday for New York and will sail next Tuesday for Europe, where he will remain two years, during which time he will study in Vienna, Berlin, and Munich.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin S. Foss left Tuesday for their home in Boston after having spent the summer with Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred B. Chapman.

Mrs. Edward J. McCutchen has closed her bungalow at Lake Tahoe and has returned to town for the season.

Mr. James Otis and his daughter, Miss Cora Otis, have returned from Europe and will be joined in a few weeks by Mrs. Otis and Miss Fredericka Otis, who decided to remain abroad longer.

Mrs. William B. Storey (formerly Mrs. Laura Roe) is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Louis Findlay Montangle.

Rev. Edward Morgan has returned from Europe, where he has been spending the summer.

Mrs. I. W. Hellman, Jr., and her children left Monday for New York en route to Europe. Mr.

Hellman will leave next Tuesday to join his family in the East. They will sail September 20 on the *Imperator*.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Mejia and their daughters, the Misses Elvira, Leonore, and Cornelia Mejia, are established in a home on Vallejo Street. They have recently come over from Piedmont, where they have been residing.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard and their sons, the Messrs. George and Henry Howard, have been spending the past ten days in Monterey. They will return to San Mateo next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith are again at the Fairmont Hotel after having spent the summer in San Mateo, where they rented the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Redington.

Mrs. Harrison-Smith and her daughters, the Misses Henrietta and Alice Harrison-Smith, have returned from Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Boyd and their daughter, Miss Louise Boyd, will come to town this winter and will occupy the home on Laguna Street of Dr. Adolf Barkan. Miss Boyd has recently returned from Lake Tahoe, where she was the guest of Miss Kate Brigham.

Mrs. William Reding has gone to New York to visit her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Stillman.

Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee and their children have returned from Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk are en route home from Europe, where they have been spending the summer.

Mr. Leonard Ahlert is rapidly recovering from his recent operation for appendicitis.

Mr. Chapman Grant has been appointed curator of the Children's Museum at the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Science in New York. Mr. Grant is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Root Grant, and a brother of Mrs. William Pigott Cronan of Newport. His maternal grandfather, the late William Chapman, was one of the founders of the Academy of Sciences in this city.

Mrs. George Boardman and Miss Dora Winn have returned from Monterey.

Miss Helen Elizabeth Cowles will leave tomorrow for the East to spend the winter with her father, Mr. Paul Cowles.

Mrs. Joseph D. Redding and her daughter, Miss Josephine Redding, have arrived from Paris and have joined Mr. Redding at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Arthur Murray, Miss Sadie Murray, and Mr. and Mrs. Ord Preston have returned from an extended visit in the Yosemite Valley.

Mme. Elsa Ruegger is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Morris Meyerfeld at their home on California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Hurst are spending some time at Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. William H. Crocker, Miss Ethel Crocker, Miss Vera de Sahla, and Mr. George H. Howard spent a few days at Casa del Rey.

Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Mack and Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Rowe are at present registered at Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Higgins, Miss Higgins, and Miss Carmen Ghirardelli spent the week-end at Casa del Rey.

Mrs. W. R. Barron and Miss D. S. Barron of Ross are among the recent arrivals at Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. E. M. Greenway was at Casa del Rey over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas S. Watson and family have arrived at Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Knell are guests at Hotel del Coronado.

Major-General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., has returned from a tour of inspection of the army posts at Fort George Wright, Washington, Fort Douglas, Utah, and in Yellowstone Park. He was accompanied by his aide-de-camp, Captain Herbert Brees, U. S. A.

Brigadier-General John P. Wisner, U. S. A., Lieutenant-Colonel David J. Shanks, U. S. A., inspector-general, and Major J. C. Gilmore, Jr., U. S. A., returned Friday from their ninety-mile test ride. Colonel Shanks has since gone to Washington, D. C., to assume his duties in the office of the inspector-general.

Colonel John H. Beacom, U. S. A., has gone to Galveston to assume command of his regiment.

Colonel Thomas Rees, U. S. A., and Mrs. Rees have returned from a motor trip to Monterey.

Mrs. William Ashburner and her niece, Miss Amelia Christy, have recently been visiting Admiral Field, U. S. N., and Mrs. Field at their home near Bennington, Vermont.

Colonel William H. Bowen, U. S. A., commanding officer at the Presidio, Monterey, has been spending a few days at the Victoria Hotel.

Colonel W. May, U. S. A., spent a few days in this city en route to the Philippines.

Colonel Frederick von Shrader, U. S. A., and Mrs. von Shrader will spend the next two months in Washington, D. C., with their daughter, Mrs. Prentiss Bassett, wife of Lieutenant Bassett, U. S. N.

Lieutenant J. W. Wiley, U. S. N., has been transferred from the U. S. S. *Illinois* to the U. S. S. *Minnesota*.

Captain A. S. Halsted, U. S. N., has been ordered to the board of inspection and survey.

Lieutenant-Commander Clarence Kempff, U. S. N., Mrs. Kempff, and their children are visiting Mrs. Kempff's mother, Mrs. Charles B. Brigham, at Lake Tahoe.

Paymaster Robert B. Lupton, U. S. N., who has been temporarily attached to the receiving ship at the Mare Island yard, has been assigned to the *Glacier*, relieving Paymaster Emmet H. Tebeau, U. S. N.

Lieutenant Riley F. McConnell, U. S. N., and Mrs. McConnell are established in their new quarters at Mare Island, where they will reside for the next two years.

The home in Berkeley of Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Jeffress has been brightened by the advent of a son.

Frederick Delius—whose new work for orchestra, with a choral finale called "The Song of the High Hills," is to be given its first performance in London shortly—spent a number of years in this country, living the life of a farmer. He was born in England of German parentage.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

The National Association of Mail Carriers has been in session here for the past week. Eleven hundred members were present. William E. Kelly of Brooklyn, New York, was reelected president.

Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, was the guest of honor at a banquet given in the Palace Hotel on Wednesday evening. Californians from all parts of the state were present. Alexander Vogelsang was chairman of the committee of arrangements and made a short address, being followed by Mayor Rolph.

An inventory of the estate of the late Kate Sutro Nussbaum, daughter of Adolph Sutro, deceased, was filed with Judge Graham on Wednesday by State Inheritance Tax Appraiser W. A. Sullivan. The estate is appraised at \$421,164.24, and the heirs will have to pay the state inheritance tax, amounting to \$7293.20. Mrs. Nussbaum died in Bonn, Germany, several months ago.

Superior Judge Dunne has denied a writ of prohibition to Attorney A. S. Newberg, representing the Phoenix Club, preventing Police Judge Crist from issuing search warrants to be served on gambling clubs. The decision of the court will affect all similar warrants granted against the so-called social clubs.

The case of A. F. Martel, former president of the defunct Market Street Bank, which closed its doors in 1908, has been dismissed by Superior Judge Trabucco, sitting for Judge Dunne, on the motion of Assistant District Attorney Maxwell McNutt. Martel was tried and convicted in 1908 for swearing to a false statement of the bank's financial standing made out to the state bank commissioner on August 13, 1907. The case was appealed to the state appellate court, which reversed the decision of the lower court.

Five carloads of structural steel to be used in the construction of the new City Hall have arrived. Excavation and grading on the site have been completed. The foundation work for the building is more than a third completed.

The Supreme Court has given a decision to the effect that the district attorney may incur any expense which he deems necessary in excess of his annual appropriation. The ruling grew out of a mandamus suit having to do with the extra expense incurred by District Attorney Fickert for his investigation of the bunco cases in the police department. Certain expenses on that account submitted by Fickert were refused approval by the finance committee of the board of supervisors.

The supervisors on Tuesday denied the application of the J. Charles Green Company for thirty-six billboards, twenty feet high, in various parts of the city; also one application presented by Schroder & Herzog. The combined length of the boards for which the permits were asked would be 5447½ feet. Most of the boards asked for were enlargements of others already standing.

Registration for the September primary election closed with 143,000 voters listed, in round numbers. Of this total 49,000 names, the registrar announces, are those of women.

Following confessions made by three government employees, and the discovery and seizure of fifty-nine tins of opium on the Manchuria last Saturday, the federal grand jury has indicted the following fourteen men: Elias Ellison, former customs guard; E. E. Vargas, customs guard; Manuel Joseph, customs guard; James J. Brolan, customs guard; G. B. Balk, customs guard; Elmer J. Gallagher, customs guard; Max Muller, former customs guard; Peter W. Craigie, customs guard; John McKenna, customs guard; A. J. Taylor, former Pacific Mail quartermaster; John McGeough, customs guard; C. G. Reay, customs guard; Young Tai, Chinese merchant; Soo Hoo Fong, Chinese merchant. The ring is supposed to have smuggled into this country over \$2,000,000 worth of opium since its organization.

Judge Seawell on Tuesday overruled a demurrer interposed by J. Cal Ewing and Frank M. Ish, the baseball magnates, to a suit brought against them by Ferdinand E. Hestel for \$174,058, which he alleges is due on property at Army and Valencia Streets they contracted to buy. The lot was to have cost \$175,000. Hester alleges that they refused to carry out the terms of their contract.

Theodore Spiering, the American violinist, has been appointed musical director of "The People's Free Stage," Berlin, which is organized to provide free concerts and dramatic performances for the public. There are 50,000 members of the society, which will give twenty-five symphony concerts during next season.

Geraldine Farrar Coming in Concert.

Geraldine Farrar, leading soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York, will appear at the Cort Theatre on Sunday afternoon, October 5. Although since 1906 she has spent her winters in this country, it has so happened that it has been impossible for her to get west of Chicago. Owing to her engagement with the Metropolitan Opera Company, she has four weeks at her disposal for concert work. Consequently the number of her appearances must be limited. She will have associated with her in this tour Alwin Schroeder, the great 'cellist. Mr. Schroeder was for many years solo 'cellist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, 'cellist of the Kneisel Quartet, and has done much concert work as a virtuoso. The accompanist will be Mr. Arthur Rosenstein.

The William Gwin, Jr., Concert.

William Gwin, Jr., the tenor, will give one of the first concerts of the season at the St. Francis Hotel on Wednesday afternoon, October 1. Mr. Gwin is a California boy, and was for some years a student in Paris at the National Conservatory, where he acquired that finesse of sentiment and diction that make the charm of the French school. He has already won distinction as a concert singer in France, and now comes to his native city for new laurels.

Reference to the long-time public aversion to hearing our great tenors in concert halls recalls an even greater aversion to contraltos (writes Robert Grau in *Musical America*). It is a fact that while all the sopranos of the opera prospered enormously in concert, no contralto previous to the advent of Ernestine Schumann-Heink possessed the compelling qualities to attract a large audience in concert, and no impresario from 1870 to 1895 was ever willing to undertake a prolonged tour, no matter how great the vogue of a contralto in opera. Even Anna Louise Cary, the most popular contralto of the last half of the nineteenth century, could not draw audiences large enough in concert to justify a spring tour at the conclusion of the opera season. The tremendous popularity of Schumann-Heink has in no way changed conditions as far as the contraltos are concerned. The German contralto stands absolutely alone and her career has had no parallel in musical history. Moreover, no one has been more amazed at the financial results attending her tours than madame herself. When my brother engaged Schumann-Heink for the opera house he offered her \$250 a week, which was so much more than she had ever had before that she accepted with alacrity, and when her triumph here was so pronounced Maurice Grau did not wait for the singer to approach him for an increased compensation, but he first doubled and then trebled the amount she found in her pay envelope each settlement day. For more than eight years the income of Schumann-Heink has exceeded \$5000 a week and each year finds the total increasing.

All over Germany, wherever there is a court or a municipal opera, the love of Wagner has steadily and rapidly grown and everywhere the production of one of his music dramas is always synonymous with a sold out house. Wagner is the best drawing card on the stage today (writes Arthur M. Abell in the *Musical Courier*), and now that he has been dead thirty years and the copyright is about to expire, scores of small provincial operatic institutions that could not afford to pay the royalties hitherto are looking forward to a rich financial harvest as well as great artistic satisfaction in the production of Wagner's works. In fact, it is going to be a difficult matter to find enough efficient Wagnerian singers to supply the demand during the next few years. Everywhere the public is clamoring for Wagner. At the recent production of the "Ring" at the Berlin Royal Opera House in commemoration of the composer's 100th birthday, all of the performances were sold out, although three times the ordinary box-office prices prevailed.

During the fourteen weeks of opera recently ended in London "Tosca" proved to be the most popular of the twenty-seven operas sung. It alone reached an eighth performance. Only two were given seven times, and of one of these also Puccini is the composer—"La Bohème"; the other was "Aida." "Madama Butterfly" takes third place in the list, with six performances, while "The Jewels of the Madonna" had five and "Samson et Dalila," "Louise," and "I Pagliacci" four each. The two novelties of the season, Von Waltershausen's "Oberst Chabert" and Camussi's "Du Barry," satisfied all existing curiosity with two performances each.

Few but those who have studied musical history know that the name John Bull was borne by one of the most famous musicians of the sixteenth century. He was as famous a harpsichord player in his day as Liszt was a pianist, but as a composer he lacked the creative power of Liszt, the result being that Bull is practically unknown to the general public today, even in England.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Did the doctor tell you what you had?"
"No. He took what I had without telling me."—Life.

"Did you ever help put a puzzle together?"
"No; my wife always assembles herself alone."—Judge.

Visitor—Do your children go to school?
Mother—Not yet; they're studying eugenics and bacteriology.—Town Topics.

"Kate says she intends to marry Mr. Plunks to reform him." "What is his vice?" "He's a good deal of a miser."—Sketch.

Mistress—What made you leave your last place?
Maid—Sure, an' nothin' made me leave! I jist left!—Kansas City Star.

Suffragette—Are you in favor of clubs for women?
Henry Peck—Certainly: clubs, sandbags, or any old thing.—The Club Fellow.

Bill Wayback (after studying the bill of fare with interest)—Ere, bring me all wot's on 'ere, an' a piece o' bread!—Sydney Bulletin.

"Mars must be a poor market for silk hose."
"Why do you think so?" "Professor Lowell says it never rains on Mars."—Milwaukee News.

"Papa, what does being disappointed in love mean?" "Why, either marrying or being jilted by the girl you are in love with."—Houston Post.

Miss Summit—I must answer his letter, and I want to write something that doesn't mean anything.
Miss Palisade—Why don't you tell him you love him?—Puck.

"He just borrowed a dollar from me, and I feel like singing 'Kathleen Mavourneen.'" "Why?" "It may be for years, and it may be forever."—Cornell Widow.

Johnson—Look here, you've been in there half an hour and never said a word. The Man in the Telephone Booth—I am speaking with my wife, sir.—The Sphere.

Fay—The Widow Dashaway's husband didn't leave her much when he died, did he?
Ray—No; but he left her pretty often when he was alive.—The Club Fellow.

Miss Gush—And were you ever out after big game, colonel?
Colonel Highflier—Yes, indeed. I have been "out" after every big game I was ever in.—Town Topics.

"Rastus, what's an alibi?" "Dat's provin' dat yob was at a prayer-meetin' whar yob wasn't, in order to show dat yob wasn't at de crap game whar yob was."—Life.

"Officer," said the householder, "there's a burglar in my home." "I aint got nothing to do with burglars," responded the policeman. "I'm on the traffic squad."—Washington Herald.

Penley—I've written a new novel. Come up to my apartment and I'll show you the proofs. Friend—Proofs! Why, old chap, I don't doubt your word in the least.—Boston Transcript.

"These magazines are so helpful." "What's the latest?" "Here in the bome hints they tell you how to make a lovely suffragette bomb out of an old tomato can."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"What is the charge?" asked the sergeant. "Carrying concealed weapons," replied Officeress Mayme Hogan. "We found this cage of mice hidden under his coat."—New York Post.

Colored Person (in department store)—Ah want to look at a pair ob silk stockings fo' a lady. Saleswoman (nonchalantly)—What size and color?
Colored Person—Lordy, gal! Is you blind?—Life.

"That's our general superintendent—son of the president—he began at the bottom and worked up—started in as an oiler, right after he left college!" "When was that?" "Oh, he graduated last June!"—Puck.

Soper (sadly)—Something I said to my wife some days ago so offended her she hasn't spoken to me since. Henpeck (with painful eagerness)—Old chap, would you mind telling me what it was you said?—Tit-Bits.

"The time has past," said the orator haughtily, "when any man can hide himself behind a woman's petticoats." "You bet," commented the cynic in the back seat. "Those X-ray skirts have stopped that."—Buffalo Express.

Prospective Tenant—Number t'irteen? It might nod be lucky to live in a house vot was number t'irteen. Agent—You don't believe in such nonsense as that? Prospective Tenant—Vell, vot reduction vill you make in der rent if I take der chances?—Puck.

The Departing Guest—Out of this sum give each of the waiters ten sous and Henri five francs. The Head Porter—But Henri has just now entered our employment. He has not yet served you. The Guest—And, therefore, he is the only one who hasn't annoyed me.—Heitere Welt.

He Warned His Wife, But She Only Laughed.

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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.
ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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A Hint to Oakland.

Our sister city across the bay, in so many ways devoted to aggressive exploitation of its own identity, somehow never fails to catch whatever distemper of social or economic error which may happen to prevail on the peninsula. Probably it is due to the westerly winds that the microbe of municipal ownership which has taken such fierce hold here is also having a run in Oakland. Now there is a proposal which may come to a popular vote to municipalize the entire transbay system of street railways. This leads to certain easy reflections.

The East Bay region has grown prodigiously on many accounts, but perhaps the most potent influence has been the energy and enterprise of the local transportation companies. They have not only served well the established community, but it has been a special point of their policy to reach out into new and remote regions. East Oakland, Fruitvale, Piedmont, Claremont, Cragmont, Thousand Oaks, and God knows what other districts have in turn been provided with street railway facilities in advance of their actual upbuilding. Transportation established and assured has created these outlying districts one after another, for, let it be whis-

pered low, it is not so much the charms of Oakland proper as the opportunity of getting out of Oakland and into the freer air of the adjacent hillsides that has sustained so large a movement across the bay. Now all this has come about through the enterprise of the street-car companies—through their reaching out for new fields and new business.

What, let us ask, would happen under municipal ownership? Municipal roads are built, not upon considerations of business and upon calculations under the principle of foresight, but under the motives of politics. We have seen how it is in San Francisco in the recent bond election. Examine the several schemes approved a few days ago and you will find that they were planned not so much with reference to building up San Francisco as to getting votes for a particular project. There was no disposition to build roads for the purpose of developing population in new and unsettled districts—districts where there are no votes. San Francisco seems now pretty thoroughly committed to the municipal railway policy and under it the service is bound to be restricted to established and settled territory, since there can be no political motive for projects in the new territory which can only count against the system at the point of profits for years to come and where there is no possible political advantage.

If Oakland is really clever she will take advantage of this condition and sustain the system under which her car lines run everywhere into new territory. She will leave her car service in private hands subject to motives tending to exploitation of new territory, which may now be done with special advantage in view of the narrowed policy of San Francisco under municipal ownership. The very fooliest thing that Oakland could do now would be to imitate San Francisco by municipalizing her local transportation system and so destroy its efficiency as an agency for promoting the development of new and outlying districts.

The Tariff Bill.

The tariff bill which passed the Senate on Tuesday is a purely political measure. It has been made up by politicians under motives of politics. It is therefore merely a device of party policy, based upon no principle, conforming to no plan. That a measure so created should lack consistency at a hundred points is a matter of course. Whatever interest has been strong politically has succeeded to a greater or lesser extent in getting itself looked after. Whatever has been weak has been cut to the bone. California being practically without influence at Washington, due to the whimsicalities and inconsistencies of our politics during the last few years, has suffered many cuts and some impositions—to what precise extent we shall only know when the bill is completed and printed in conjunction with comparative tables. But this is certain, that however much she may suffer under the bill, California gets nothing more than she deserves. A state which by the eccentricity and instability of its political action nullifies its voice in the national counsels has no right to expect to be other than ignored in the making of national policies.

A grievous fault of the measure as it stands is that by its insufficiency it leaves the question of tariff revision still open. It has nothing of the finality which attaches to a thing representative of and adjusted to a fixed principle. Being a mere affair of politics, it is still subject to political considerations. And this being so, pressure both ways will continue to be exerted; while on the part of the public there will be a sustained sense of uncertainty under the assurance that fresh changes are likely to be made at any session of Congress.

If we may judge by experience of former tariff measures made up as this has been without consideration of any principle, without systematic study of economic conditions, more regardful of politics than of any-

thing else, subject to changes under political pressure, it will disappoint both the country and the politicians. It will surely have a bad effect upon business and in the end it is pretty certain to confound the calculations of those who have made it. It has been the fate of every party which has undertaken to revise the tariff in recent times to get itself smashed for its labors. There seems never the intelligence combined with the powers of restraint to do the thing upon right principles and by right methods. Either the vice of falling short, or the vice of going too far, seems an inevitable accompaniment of every scheme of revision.

The income-tax scheme, with which this tariff revision is involved as an offset to losses by reductions of the schedules, will probably be popular, since the greater number have only to look on while the fewer pay. Any project which can present itself in this form is pretty certain of approval by the non-paying majority. None the less there is this serious objection to it. It looks with a prying eye into private and personal affairs and puts a premium on perjury. Quite as serious, regarded from the standpoint of democratic principles, it is a tax imposed upon one class as against another. It takes from the few and exempts the many. It will be widely regarded, no doubt, as a supreme merit that it mulets the rich.

The means by which this bill has been forced through Congress are not creditable to the administration, to Congress itself, or to the country. It has been a case of whip-and-spur with the President in the saddle. Every resource of executive power, legitimate and other, has been brought to bear upon representatives and senators who have not approved of this measure. In plain terms, Congress has been browbeaten, hulled, and coerced by the executive. To be sure, this is not a new practice; times past and all parties have made us only too familiar with it. But it is outside the purpose and scheme of the constitution, a violation of representative rights, a violation of propriety. Curiously enough, it has remained for a Democratic President and for a man sustaining the pretensions of a purist to go, in the matter of congressional coercion under executive pressure, to lengths hitherto avoided by any President excepting Roosevelt.

It is characteristic of Mr. Wilson, as we are coming to know him, that with hands all but blistered by use of the executive shillalah he hails the passage of the bill as a triumph of "the people." This is ever the way of those who assume the possession of special virtues and special exemptions for improper courses. It is possible that Mr. Wilson really believes this to be a "triumph of the people," since he seems to have a tremendous capacity for ignoring plain facts and for fooling himself.

Diggs and Caminetti—Aftermath.

Moral and social sentiment, righteously resentful, having been propitiated by the conviction of Maury Diggs and Drew Caminetti, there now remains the opportunity and duty of sober second thought. Very obviously the punishment meted out to these unspeakable creatures is deserved; quite as obviously the means and conditions by which this result has been achieved are questionable. Diggs and Caminetti have been convicted and will be punished as white slavers, whereas, grievous as was their wrongdoing, they are not white slavers. White slavery, as the term has come to be applied, is the commercialization of a peculiarly odious phase of vice. It is a very different thing from the misconduct of which these men were guilty and related to it only in a remote way. Therefore while Diggs and Caminetti are getting nothing more or worse than they deserve they are getting it upon wrong grounds.

When it is possible to punish a man guilty of one crime by convicting him of another and different crime there is plainly a loose joint in the law, and one certain to work out bad consequences. Tyranny in its grossest form knows no worse device than this.

the machinery which may be employed to convict a Diggs or a Caminetti of a crime he did not commit may be turned upon anybody. When innocence of a crime charged is no protection the most virtuous man in the community may be made the victim of malice or of authority. It follows in a society like our own that a law so loosely drawn must speedily work its own nullification, since the common sense of men will not consent to enforcements of a law which may be applied indifferently here and there, to one offense or to another. Either this law must be so redrawn as to be specific or it must fall into desuetude. Drag-net schemes of indictment, prosecution, and punishment do not long survive, because they can not be made to sustain the public confidence and the general respect which are the vital quantity in all effective social regulations.

The liability of persons guilty as Diggs and Caminetti were guilty ought not to depend upon accidental and technical circumstances. What they did would have been just as reprehensible if they had left the train at Truckee instead of crossing the state line to Reno. It should have been punished in the one instance as in the other. The morality or criminality of specific acts ought not to be affected by casual and accidental circumstances.

It has been said, and with specious justification, that the Mann white slave law was itself on trial in the Diggs and Caminetti cases and that it was fully sustained both technically and popularly. There is just truth enough in this statement to sugar-coat the fallacy contained in it. It was not so much the Mann law that was sustained as the spirit and purpose which lie back of it. Society has no kind of consideration for the misconduct of which Diggs and Caminetti were guilty. The disposition is to protect society by making infractions of the social code severely punishable. There can be no doubt that public opinion is very much alive with respect to this matter and that it will insist upon enactments that will put its resentments against the seducer and the libertine in severe forms. But the fact that the Mann law has been made, in this instance, to serve a purpose does not justify it in its broader applications as a permanent feature of the law of the land. This law, with or without changes narrowing its application, ought to be left to the purposes for which it was created, namely, to operate against the commercialization of vice. This is a proper function of the general government under its authority over interstate commerce. But it is no proper function of the general government to look after the individual conduct of the citizens of any state; and it is no proper business of the United States courts to sit in judgment upon cases of social and individual dereliction. The state, in whose hands all such matters have properly been left by the spirit if not by the letter of our system, ought to be able to attend to all such matters. If existing state laws are not sufficiently rigid—and apparently they are not—then it should be a positive object of state legislation to provide such laws. And since the matter has been so emphasized by the immediate cases there is small doubt that this will be done here and elsewhere.

One good result is bound to come out of this case. If it does not put an end to "lobby" activity with respect to matters before United States courts it will at least greatly minimize that insidious practice. Not soon again, we fancy, will a President, acting upon the suggestion of his wife, whose sympathies have been enlisted by the mother of a person criminally charged, give orders to postpone or nullify a particular prosecution. Nor will a cabinet officer in the spirit of accommodation call upon another cabinet officer to halt legal proceedings. Nor, again, will the head of a department, for the sake of accommodating somebody, give orders in nullification of his own previous instructions. There will be a little more care all round, partly because it has been found that these practices are dangerous, but more largely for the reason that the iniquity and infamy of this kind of thing has been exposed and emphasized. The tendency in every governmental machine is to yield to the pressure of personal considerations, and every now and again it seems necessary that things should be hauled up with a short turn to the end that abuses may not so establish themselves as to supersede regular and legitimate practice. There seems no way to correct an inveterate tendency to mischief but some such sudden and violent explosion as that in connection with this incident.

We observe a disposition to regard this whole inci-

dent as in some way a triumphant vindication of the new status of women. One woman writer, assuming to be thoughtful, accepts it as illustrating a certain enlargement of the moral and legal recognition of womanhood. This we think a mightily strained view of the case. Yet the claim may be taken as suggestive. Hitherto the almost universal idea has been that of regarding the woman in any case of moral delinquency wherein men and women are involved together as a victim. But this chivalric theory can not be applied if men and women are to be held in all ways as of equal responsibility. Any law or practice which makes flesh of one and fowl of another is manifestly without logical justification if as a general condition we insist upon the abolition of sex distinctions. In the immediate instance the women were logically as guilty as the men. The escapade in which the four took part was mutual and voluntary and had been preceded by circumstances involving the women practically in equal degree with the men. Whoever insists that men and women shall stand equal before the law ought in consistency to demand that Marsha Warrington and Lola Norris be brought to bar and given the same treatment as Maury Diggs and Drew Caminetti.

Far from illustrating a new status for womanhood, this incident in fact and logic sustains the old theories as against the new. It shows very clearly that there can be no such thing as absolute equality of the sexes. Taken in all its relations and bearings it shows that by the edict of nature men and women stand under different conditions, subject to different motives, and responsible in different ways even for similar delinquencies. So long as society regards in one light the crimes of Diggs and Caminetti and in another light the crimes of Marsha Warrington and Lola Norris there can be no fair insistence upon theories of equality between men and women in all things. The principle is false in logic because it is founded upon an assumption which will not bear analysis.

We suspect that when even the most earnest, not to say rabid, advocates of sex equality call for abolition of sex distinctions under the law they don't really mean—or even understand—what they say. Certainly they do not follow their own proposals to their logical conclusion. In cases like the one under review, would they apply precisely the same rules and obligations of legal responsibility against the women as against the men? Yet logic calls for precisely this. For the misconduct was both mutual and voluntary, and under the cold rule of equality the women were as guilty as the men. To pursue the matter a little further, would these same enthusiasts for equality eliminate from the laws every clause and phrase which yields advantage to womanhood? Would they abolish dower? Would they make obligations of jury, police, and military service universal? Or is there back of their demands, insistent though they be, a reserved sense that women should in reality have all the privileges of the masculine sex with certain immunities due to femininity? In other words, when they demand equality for women do they really mean to ask for womanhood a status of special privilege? This is conceded now, but would it be if the full scheme of the aggressive "new woman" were accepted and embodied in the laws of the land?

The Nurses and the Law.

The Hospital Association has announced its intention to disregard the eight-hour law so far as it applies to student nurses and so to compel arrests that will bring the matter into the courts. The treasurer of the association, who presumably knows something of the business of nursing, says that the new law is a danger to the lives of patients, and this is obviously true. It is often necessary that an individual nurse should give her continuous attention to some particular case that she specially understands or about which she has been specially instructed. This is now forbidden by law. No matter how critical the case may be nor how much may depend on the preceding observations of the attendant she must quit her post as the clock strikes with the same unconcern that a bricklayer surrenders his trowel.

Now while we may have every sympathy for patients whose lives are endangered by the law there is no reason why we should commiserate with particular industries which find themselves inconvenienced. The last California legislature was popularly elected. Probably its majority members received quite as much support from hospital interests as from any other class of the

community. Practically the only credential demanded from the candidates was an exceptional silliness and a certain facility in the use of "warcries" and "watch-words." Now we are beginning to see the results, or at least some of them. There are other and worse ones that we do not see because they are hidden by evasions and perjuries. The hardships inflicted upon the hospital interests are duplicated upon other interests all through the state, but these other interests, having no humanitarian plea to advance, are waiting quietly until election day. Perhaps they have a shrewd recognition that the state is getting precisely what it voted for and that it must make the best of a bad job until it shall have the chance to try again.

Mr. Bryan, Editor.

Mr. Bryan's pathetic efforts to turn an honest penny and to supplement on the lecture platform the inadequacies of his official salary as Secretary of State have already provoked a sense of humiliation at home and of amusement abroad. Public life in America, even the highest, has never laid itself open to the charge of over-conventionalism. A wide toleration, a willingness to allow a free rein to individual expression, even to individual eccentricity, have always marked the general attitude toward American officials. But now for the first time in history we have a Secretary of State who not only allows himself to be "featured" on the programmes of what may be called an intellectual vaudeville, but who frankly avows that in so doing he is actuated by the size of the fees and by nothing else. Reproached for the neglect of his high office at a time of peculiar foreign stress, Mr. Bryan's airy defense is that he needs the money.

But Mr. Bryan's Chautauqua excursions have now been outdone by an announcement that appears over his own name in a recent issue of the *Commoner*. Now if Mr. Bryan had a finer sense of the fitness of things he would have taken care ostensibly to sever his connection with a newspaper when he was appointed to the highest office under the control of the President. He would have seen the incongruity, indeed the absolute impropriety, of combining the functions of those who make the news with those who sell it. But no such scruples troubled our Secretary of State. Quite the contrary. It was just that very combination that appealed to the shrewd business instincts of Mr. Bryan. Participating in the councils of the Cabinet, and with easy access to all official information, he announces himself as peculiarly qualified to impart that information through the columns of the *Commoner* for the small sum of \$1 a year, with reduced rates for clubs, and to exalt his own personal newspaper to the status of a government journal. But to paraphrase or to summarize Mr. Bryan's editorial statement would be to spoil it. Here it is as it appears in the columns of the *Commoner*:

As an incident to the Democratic victory I have been invited to become a member of the President's official family, and, as his representative in one of the departments of the government, am brought into contact with international problems.

As a member of the Cabinet, too, I enjoy the opportunity of participating in the discussion of such problems as the President sees fit to bring before that body.

As an exponent of the plans and purposes of the administration the *Commoner* can accomplish even more as a monthly than it could as a weekly. Administrative and legislative plans develop gradually, and there is no need of haste in meeting the criticisms that may be directed against the programme of the party now in authority. The *Commoner* will be able to present to its individual readers, and through its multitude of exchanges to a still larger audience, the government's side of the questions under discussion.

W. J. BRYAN.

That there may be no doubt of the exceptional opportunities now within reach of the political student the Secretary of State announces the cut rates and special bargain prices at which he is prepared to impart to the public such information as he may glean through his official "contact with international problems" and through his membership of the Cabinet, which gives him "the opportunity of participating in the discussion of such problems as the President sees fit to bring before that body." The financial statement of the Secretary of State is as follows:

One year, \$1; six months, 50 cents; in clubs of five or more, per year, 75 cents; three months, 25 cents; single copy, 10 cents; samples copies, free; foreign post, 25 cents extra.

Subscriptions can be sent direct to the *Commoner*. All remittances should be sent by postoffice money order, express order, or by bank draft on New York or Chicago. Do not send individual checks, stamps, or currency.

In view of these unusual inducements to trade we

may reasonably hope that Mr. Bryan's financial stringency will soon be a thing of the past. The Chattanooga "stunt" is likely to be a profitable one for some time to come, since there is no sign of cut rates in this particular field nor likely to be so long as a singular silly public is willing to pay good money to hear Mr. Bryan's opinions on miracles and the other great questions of the day that are just now tearing men's minds. And the *Commoner*, as the official government organ with the Secretary of State for its chief reporter, may be expected to bring in a steady revenue even when the lecturing season is over. Moreover, a live Secretary of State can always pick up odd jobs that will help to keep the wolf from the door.

Pensions and Doles.

An article in the current number of the *Edinburgh Review* on "National Insurance and National Character" may well be recommended for perusal by those who would remedy our social inequalities by an elaborate system of doles, pittances, and pensions. Great Britain has already passed many laws of this kind and will probably pass more of them. Nearly all American states have done the same thing or are preparing to do it. But Germany was the pioneer. The first insurance law for the benefit of workingmen was passed in Germany, and it has now been in operation for so long a time as to justify an examination of its results.

Its results, says the author of the article in question, are evil, and in this verdict he is sustained by the almost uncontradicted opinion of German sociologists. One of the greatest of them, Professor Bernhard, reminds us that "the tragedy of all great reform movements lies in this—that the unintended results are more powerful than the intended results." It is these unintended and unforeseen results from which Germany is suffering, that are beginning to make themselves felt in England, and that will certainly be disclosed in America after due time. They include a deterioration of the national character, the induction of a childish reliance upon authority, and a distinct stimulus to all those maladies that are either created or sustained by the mind and the imagination. But the most serious symptom of all is the direct premium that is placed upon dishonesty and perjury.

It must be so inevitably. There are very few men, rich or poor, who will be uninjured by the artificial removal of those penalties imposed by nature upon carelessness and self-neglect. There must always be large numbers of persons unable to resist the temptation to raid the public funds upon the strength of sicknesses or accidents that they would otherwise consider to be trivial. Instances of this kind in Germany are simply countless. There are innumerable cases of claims made for accidents to infant children on the ground that they were engaged in remunerative work. Mishaps of the smaller kind are deliberately invoked for the sake of the long periods of well-paid idleness that ensue. And there is now a large and recognized class of insurance officials and doctors who find it profitable to connive at these misdeeds and whose aid is always available upon a division of profits basis. Illness and accident have been made profitable by the insurance act, and for every case of fraudulent malingering there are necessarily a dozen others where recovery is retarded by insurance payments that are as large as, or even larger than, the normal wages. Every tyro in the science of the mind knows that this must be so even where there is no actual fraud. Probably most of us would be sick abed a good part of our time but for the spur of necessity.

The article in the *Edinburgh Review* is rich in illustrations, but a single one will suffice to show how concrete and how real the evil has become. A broken collar-bone ordinarily requires from fifteen to forty days to heal, according to the age of the patient. The average time required for this purpose by the German working man is now eight months. And herein there is no reflection upon the working man as such. We should all of us find that the processes of recovery were unconscionably slow if their retardation were made profitable or pleasurable. As a rule we get well only when we want to get well. Remove the inducements to health and most of us would be hypochondriacs. And it is to be feared that a good many of us would look upon an open door to the public funds as a distinctly "good thing" if those funds could be obtained by a trivial and easily arranged accident, or even by a little perjury before a public official who had been previously "fixed."

The trouble is that experience counts for nothing

with this kind of legislation. It is advocated by its intended beneficiaries, sustained by a benevolence that is densely ignorant of facts and proud of its ignorance, and passed by law-makers whose only idea of statecraft is a cautious comparison of conflicting pressures.

Compulsory Voting.

It seems legitimate to speculate on the peculiar mental processes that impelled Mr. Franklin K. Lane to advise the women of the Civic League to agitate for a compulsory voting law. Certainly those processes were not of the kind usually known as thought. The idea of this great reform may have occurred to Mr. Lane as a kind of inspiration, or convulsion, while he was on his way to the league meeting. He may have been trying to descend to what he supposed to be the mental level of his audience. Or, as a third hypothesis, he may have been amusing himself at the expense of the feminine political intelligence. The first alternative is probably the correct one. The projects of the modern progressive usually originate by what may be called the happy thought process. It is rapid. It is economical of intellectual effort—an important consideration—and it has that air of bubbling enthusiasm that delights the political minnows. Moreover, it can be applied to all problems, even to those that have been baffling the sagacities of the world for a thousand years. Five minutes of convulsive cerebration and the modern reformer will have his remedy ready for the platform and for the cheers of the gallery. And he will pass it in another five minutes if the legislature happens to be in session.

But Mr. Lane should have devoted a few brief moments to the elaboration of his scheme. By what mechanism would he carry it into effect? A comparison of the actual with the potential voters of the state even if it were technically possible—which it is not—would be hopeless from its very magnitude. How would he compel an unwilling citizen to mark his ballot paper after he had been haled to the polls by the police, so to speak? Does Mr. Lane seriously contend that a poor woman with a sick child should be fined because she fails to express her opinion on municipal ownership? Are we actually to understand that a shopgirl is to be punished for her failure to vote on the direct election of senators, or that the male and female denizens of the tenderloin shall be forced to state their electoral views on a Sunday observance law? If not, then what does he mean? Where will he draw the line and how will he classify his exemptions? And by what vast army of officials permeating every city and hamlet in the state would he enforce his ridiculous law? But no doubt Governor Johnson would be pleased to attend to the necessary appointments.

It might further be asked of Mr. Lane if his conception of statecraft is actually in accord with a project that would swamp and destroy the intelligent vote that needs no compulsion by the unintelligent vote that must be extracted by fines and penalties? Does he actually recommend that the politically incompetent, the politically apathetic, the lame, the halt, and the blind shall be herded to the polls in order that their foolish or vicious votes shall neutralize the ballots cast by public spirit and intelligent study? Heaven forbid that Mr. Lane's mentality should be racked by any arduous or unusual exercise of his reflecting powers, but since he has publicly recommended a compulsory voting law he may well be invited to descend into the realm of particulars and to tell us exactly what he means, or whether his plan was merely a happy thought, a sort of spasm. In either event the community is likely to feel some surprise that a public man of large responsibilities should be capable of the open enunciation of such drivel as this.

Mr. Page and the Recall.

When Mr. Page received his appointment as ambassador to Great Britain there was an immediate clamor of protest from the labor unions. It seemed that at some time or other in his career Mr. Page had shown a lamentable lack of reverence for the closed shop, the boycott, or dynamite, and was therefore obviously unsuited for a diplomatic office. The demand for his recall died away after a time, possibly because the legislative exemption of labor unions from the operation of the Sherman act was considered a sufficient achievement for the moment. But now the same demand is renewed from another quarter and for another reason.

Senator Bacon, usually a man of good sense, is asking for the recall of Mr. Page because he once wrote

a novel containing certain strictures upon the South. Any man who criticizes the South, says Mr. Bacon in effect, ought to be debarred from public life. Any man who criticizes labor unions ought to be similarly punished. Any man who criticizes anything with enough influence to make itself felt should be brought within reach of the lash.

It need not be said that Senator Bacon ought to be ashamed of himself for this puerile outburst. And yet it would be almost pardonable in a man of lesser intelligence. If judges and governors are to be recalled whenever their behavior happens to displease a sufficient number of voters, why should ambassadors be exempt from the same discipline? Why should any one be exempt? Why should not all candidates for public office be required to submit to a sort of interrogation like talesmen at a criminal trial and to show that they have never said anything of which any one could possibly disapprove, that they have no opinions on any question under the sun, and that they are in total ignorance of all current events? Only when we have confined public office to those who can prove satisfactorily that they are congenital idiots can we feel assured that the people do actually rule.

Editorial Notes.

Another train disaster has been added within the week to the long list of grievous incidents which have marked the recent career of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad. This time the default was that of an engineer. The real trouble with the New York, New Haven & Hartford road is not that it is under any kind of "hoodoo"—for there is no such thing as a "hoodoo" independent of some radical and persistent fault in policy or administration—but that the management of the road has lost control of its men. The train and other services of the road have ceased to be loyal and therefore ceased to be efficient. The men are not subject to discipline, and of course they run wild. The fault lies in the acceptance of one aggressive demand after another made by the labor unions. For the sake of avoiding trouble and incidentally of sustaining the rate of dividends and the value of securities the New York, New Haven & Hartford administration has given way at one point after another until the real mastership has rested, not with itself—not with the men morally, legally, and financially responsible—but with a set of irresponsible labor leaders. These have established the rules of service, have claimed so much of individual loyalty as the system has left alive, and established such a condition of enmity between the men and the nominal administration of the property as has corrupted discipline and destroyed the moral quality of the service. There has recently been some kind of compromise between the road and the unions, but it has not gone far enough. It still leaves the management of the property under the thumb of unionism; it sustains the labor leaders and agitators in their status as the vital and supreme authority. And there will be no real reform in the system, no safety for the public, until the whole scheme of union domination is eliminated root and branch. A railroad service is like a military service in the sense that it must be autocratic and positive. There must be no authority with the right to review and revise rules established and orders made under them. Whenever the authoritative principle in railway management has been corrupted or permitted to fall into desuetude there has followed just such a carnival of blunders and tragedies as the country has witnessed in the case of the New York, New Haven & Hartford.

English View of the "Argonaut."

[From the *Liverpool Post and Mercury* of August 20th.]

The San Francisco *Argonaut*, one of the few American papers written for and circulated among the educated classes.

New York's underground population is sufficient to make a city of considerable proportions, for according to the best obtainable statistics about 20,000 persons in New York City spend their entire working hours beneath the surface of the earth. These figures include employees on systems of subways now in operation, and the large crew driving that wonderful aqueduct throughout the Island of Manhattan and over into Long Island to carry the waters that are being brought down by siphon from the Catskill Mountains. Thousands are also employed at other work.

Although soldiers are posted at different city gates of the Chinese city of Chungking for the purpose of removing the queues of all persons who pass through the country people for the most part still retain the

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

The differences between the ideals of East and West have never been better sketched than by Mr. Geoffrey Cookson, who writes in the *Nineteenth Century* on "Why Is There Disloyalty in India." The white man is not only firmly persuaded that his own ideals are the best, but he is equally certain that only apathy and perversity prevent their acceptance by Orientals. He is unable to recognize that there is actually another point of view and that he is transgressing, not against prejudice and stupidity, but against conviction. The Hindu does not like sanitation. He prefers a short and easy and a fearless and dignified death. He believes that the white man's progress is a thoroughly bad exchange for art, beauty, and tranquillity, and he holds that the white man's activity is due to devils. Why should he lead the strenuous life when he believes that he has millions of incarnations ahead of him? He feels that the white man is continually trying to feed him under the unshakable conviction that he is hungry, whereas he is not at all hungry and only wishes to be let alone. And as for the religion of the white man, it seems to the Hindu to be ridiculous, a "crude and childish jumble." His happiness is not a matter of food, or drink, or clothing. It lies in other-worldliness, and it is largely because this conflict of ideals is now coming out into the open that there is disloyalty in India.

Mr. J. Leighton Stuart, writing in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, gives us a remarkable summary of the present situation in China. Mr. Stuart is not indisposed to be cheerful, but he says that the most discouraging phase of the whole business is the character of the National Assembly, the first real attempt at a political democracy that China has ever known. He says that these men seem to lack all ordinary moral standards. "They are said to frequent, or rather to live in, houses of ill-repute, to be willing to sell their votes to the highest bidder, to be rapacious for spoils more defiantly than the old officials dared to dream of. . . . After several months about the only piece of constructive legislation passed is a bill to give themselves enormous salaries. They are continually changing parties for financial reasons, and they defeat measures they oppose by the naively simple device of withdrawing from the House, so that for days there may be no quorum. If the republic breaks down it will be at this point." This is certainly discouraging news for those simple souls who looked upon the Chinese revolution as a new outpouring of civic righteousness. It would seem that an imitation of some Western methods can be carried too far.

The current number of the *Japon Magazine* contains an article by Dr. J. Ingram Bryan on "How Japan Will Win." There seems to be something of the *petitio principii* about the title, but the cream of the article is to be found in the author's plea for emigration, not because Japan wishes to conquest, but because "land acquired by Japanese in foreign countries is Japanese land and a friendly extension of the empire." The many countries now threatened by the Japanese invasion will doubtless find some solace in the assurance that this "extension of the empire" is a friendly one.

Mr. Poindexter, as the only Progressive in the United States Senate, is said to feel aggrieved by the publication of the fact that eleven of his relatives are on the national payroll. He is understood to resent the odious and increasing habit of comparing principles with practice.

Mr. Lloyd George is evidently not to be classed among the optimists who have elevated a sturdy disregard of facts into a science. Speaking before the House of Commons on the subject of armaments, he said: "There is not the slightest prospect of reduction. . . . I feel confident it will end in a great disaster. I do not say our own nation, but some nation may be goaded into revolutionary protest." But surely the British chancellor must be aware that our own Mr. Carnegie has lately abolished war by building a magnificent Temple of Peace at The Hague to the accompanying grins of all those whose financial interest in war is almost equaled by their power to produce war.

A staff writer in the London *Daily Express* indulges in "a mournful reflection on the Medical Congress." He is struck with awe at the long list of grim diseases which the medical profession is "on the verge of defeating." But a miss is as good as a mile. Moreover, his personal satisfaction is somewhat tempered by the fact that he has no grim diseases, and therefore feels himself to be excluded from the benefits of these prospective triumphs. And yet he has troubles of his own, troubles that are very real to him and yet that seem so small to the doctors that they will not even take the trouble to listen to him. For example, he gets a cold sometimes and science can do nothing for him. He desires passionately a remedy for toothache, and the doctors are cold and unsympathetic. He is a martyr to seasickness, and no medical hand is stretched forth to aid him. He has corns and he must suffer in silence. The Medical Congress did not even mention these afflictions. It passed them over in contemptuous silence. Why, then, should he forget his colds, his corns, his toothache, and his seasickness in order to exult over the fact that the microbe of the sleeping sickness has been detected in the very act, although not yet in custody, or that Julius Caesar and Napoleon were not actually epileptics. Why, he asks, is there this anathy on the subject of colds, since "the accursed thing ravages the earth"?

Lord Gladstone has been taken seriously to task for his unflinching use of troops in suppressing the recent strike in South Africa. Now at last we have his explanation. He disclaims all desire to take sides in the quarrel, but he makes it clear that infinitely wider issues were involved than a mere labor dispute. He points out that 250,000 natives were in the

compounds and that the slightest toleration of violence or crime would have brought this appalling mass of black savagery upon the heads of the whites. "Reduced to idleness, massed," says Lord Gladstone, "and brought to starvation by railway stoppage, only too probable with electric light cables cut, they would have broken loose and the horror of the situation can hardly be exaggerated. Then every kraal in South Africa would have heard of the white man's impotence." It has to be remembered that South Africa is peopled by millions of warlike and intelligent natives who are held in place by the white man's prestige rather than by his numbers. Destroy that prestige and the whole country would be an inferno of slaughter. In the meantime both labor and capital would do well to devise some better way to settle their disputes than by strikes that might easily tempt the natives to make mincemeat of them both.

A few days before his death August Bebel wrote an important letter in reply to a correspondent who asked if the German army increase portended a war with France. He replied that it did not and that war was about the last thing in the world desired by the German authorities. The Turkish army had been armed and disciplined according to German methods. The Balkan armies had been similarly modeled upon the French type. And the Turkish army had been destroyed. Bebel went on to say: "The German emperor saw that French arms had much greater importance in the Balkan war than had German ones. It is an open secret that Germany was to blame for the defeat of the Turks."

If Mr. Bryan's political skill is to be measured by the value of his Chautauqua ruminations upon religion and science perhaps it is just as well that he should prefer the lecture hall to the office of the Secretary of State. A recent report of one of these Chautauqua addresses represents Mr. Bryan as expounding the nature of miracles to an audience that was certainly getting short weight for its money. Lifting a book from the table, he said: "In lifting this book I suspend the law of gravitation." Now who would have thought it? Presumably the table itself must have been suspending the same law, since it had supported the weight of the book. Seeing that the book still possessed weight, whether it was in the orator's hand or upon the table, one might suppose that the law of gravitation was thereby illustrated rather than suspended. But does Mr. Bryan talk in this way to ambassadors? It is to be feared he does. Is this the way he thinks habitually? It would seem so. It might be asked further what manner of people are they who pay out their good money at Chautauqua to listen to this sort of thing?

A new story of Carlyle is to be found in "John Forster and His Friendships," just published in London. The author found Carlyle early one morning gazing out over the waters of the Thames at Chelsea. He says: "I should as soon have thought of assaulting as of addressing him. Happily, I was spared anything of the kind, for the old man, reserved as he was to the point of moroseness—surliness, his enemies called it—hoarsely flung a query at me. The tide was out, I may mention, the river being at its lowest. 'Where goes it? Where goes it?' The very manner of his saying it sharpened my wits, and I gathered, of course, that he referred to the stream, or what there was of it. Smilingly I replied that it returned to the sea. 'Right, sir, right,' he snapped out. Then relapsing into his meditative mood, he said softly but impressively, 'The great, great sea of God Almighty's goodness, and we are all returning that way. Don't forget that, sir! returning to the sea—the great illimitable sea!' With that he abruptly turned away, and moved across the roadway toward ~~Chancery~~ Row, with that curious slow shuffle habitual with him, and I saw him no more."

A good story is being told in connection with Anatole France's new book of essays, one of which first appeared as a preface to France's work on Molière. France had repeatedly broken his promise to his publisher, who finally threatened him with legal proceedings unless a certain number of pages were delivered within a specified time. France hurried off to his lawyer, who was none other than Raymond Poincaré, now premier. M. Poincaré heard his story and said that he had better comply with the publisher's demand. "It's impossible," said France. "But you're a genius," was the reply. "Genius is infinite patience. I can't possibly do it in the time," said the harassed author. "Nevertheless begin," replied the advocate, "and we'll see." So Poincaré dictated the first sentence, "Molière is a Parisian," and added, "Go on from there." France was complacent, perhaps inspired by the suggestion of the words, and the brilliant piece of criticism was easily done in time. Decidedly a good way to do good work is to begin.

The military firing party that attended the funeral of the late president of Hayti seem to have shown some excess of zeal. They fired their ceremonial volley into, instead of over, the coffin of their lamented and beloved ruler and so gave to the sad proceedings a finality that they might otherwise have lacked.

An astonishing discovery has been made by some Greek sponge-fishers at Madhia on the Tunisian coast. Observing a mass of sunken wreckage, they examined it and noticed some statues lying among rotting timbers. The French authorities were quickly interested and sent a tug and two torpedo boats to the spot. The sunken vessel proved to be one of about four hundred tons and loaded with an enormous cargo of ancient household goods and statuary, including a Hermes bearing the name of Boethos. The whole of it has now been recovered and is being examined and classified. Evidently it was a part of the Roman plunder from the sack of Athens, and probably the very ship described by Lucian as having been lost with its precious freight, including, says Lucian, a picture by Neuxis.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

OLD FAVORITES.

On the Sea.

The pathway of the sinking moon
Fades from the silent bay;
The mountain isles loom large and faint,
Folded in shadows gray,
And the lights of land are setting stars
That soon will pass away.

O hostman, cease thy mellow song,
O minstrel, drop thy lyre;
Let us hear the voice of the midnight sea,
Let us speak as the waves inspire,
While the plashy dip of the languid oar
Is a furrow of silver fire.

Day can not make thee half so fair,
Nor the stars of eve so dear;
The arms that clasp, and the breast that keeps
They tell me thou art near,
And the perfect beauty of thy face
In thy murmured words I hear.

The lights of land have dropped below
The vast and glimmering sea;
The world we have is a tale that is told,—
A fable that can not be.
There is no life in the spherish dark
But the love in thee and me,—*Bayard Taylor.*

Evening.

Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad.
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakened nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleased. Now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest; till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.
—*From Milton's "Paradise Lost."*

Solitude.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal.
—*Byron.*

The Deserted Village.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed.
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,—
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the husy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade
For talking age, and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its aid to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree!
While many a pastime circled in the shade!
The young, contending, as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.

Sweet, smiling village, loveliest of the lawn;
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amid thy bowers, the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath can make;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power,
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amid thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs,—and God has given my share,—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amid these humble bowers to lay me down;
To busband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return,—and die at home at last.
O blest retirement! friend to life's decline,
Retreat from care, that never must be mine.
How blessed is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease:
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
So on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

—*Oliver Goldsmith.*

It has been left to the military authorities of England to erect the first signboard warning people against aeroplanes. This is erected on Salisbury Plain, near the Central Flying School, where the naval and military flying men are trained. On busy days aeroplanes pass and repass over the plain with such frequency that an unsuspecting civilian might easily receive damage from one of the defensive "wasps" of Great Britain.

“CONGRESS IS LAZY.”

How Politics and Sheer Indolence Combine to Kill Time at Washington.

Psychologists who would dispute that all men are born lazy are respectfully referred to the concrete case of Congress. In the House of Representatives there are 435 members, the picked political brains of the country, and yet it requires almost superhuman efforts to get them to settle down to work. The House has been in session since last April, and yet has taken no decisive action except in the passage of the tariff bill. The board of directors of any great corporation with the same facilities at hand would have disposed of such business in two weeks. In fact it did not take much longer for the experts employed by the House Ways and Means Committee to prepare the tariff bill on a fairly equitable basis, but the two weeks' fundamental work of the experts was drawn into six months' superficial work by the bickerings of the 435 picked politicians.

It is possible to view Congress from many standpoints, but the most common arguments that the members are not honest intellectually or think solely of politics are dwarfed into insignificance by the overwhelming fact that Congress is lazy.

With such reforms as a larger army and navy, the passage of the volunteer bill, which would permit the easy assembling of volunteer troops in case of war, and a host of other fundamental questions crying for attention, the members of the House go into session for but fifteen or twenty minutes a day simply because the currency bill has been delayed. President Wilson is entitled to credit for drawing the issue sharply with regard to the tariff, putting the whole question of a tariff for revenue only to the test before the country, but with the issue so sharply drawn it must be inexplicable to the country that the Democratic members of Congress could have delayed action for so long a time. The trouble is that the members will not work union hours. They are even unwilling to put in the same hours which are inflicted upon the average pupil in the public schools. They prefer to meet even on busy days at twelve o'clock and adjourn at four-thirty. If Congress actually settled down to work, installed an electrical device for counting the votes automatically, and eliminated useless discussion, the legislative business of the country could be transacted in one-fifth the time now used up and at one-third the cost.

Unfortunately, however, Congress is not a business body. The members from California know that they must get protection for citrus fruits and wines; the members from Pennsylvania know that they must get protection for hosiery and underwear. Each state looks after its own industries, and the devil take the hindmost. There is not even a pretext of business administration so far as the average members are concerned. Over in the Senate, for instance, John Sharp Williams of Mississippi as a member of the Finance Committee stood firmly for a maximum of 4 per cent on incomes over \$100,000. He felt that this proposition was just, and argued for it. His colleague, Senator Vardaman, who likes to play to the galleries in Mississippi, realized that in that state there were very few incomes over \$25,000 a year. It is doubtful whether there is one income of more than \$100,000 a year. Therefore he felt that it would be good politics to fight John Sharp Williams's position. He therefore proposed to grade the tax heavily on incomes over \$100,000 until something like 8 or 10 per cent could be taken from incomes of \$1,000,000 a year. This naturally was a blow at the multi-millionaires, and was good politics for Mississippi. Senator Williams in opposing it was risking his popularity in his own state, and in these days there are few senators who take such risks. Such instances as these are witnessed every day in the Senate and House. The members like to tinker even with legislation that seems to have been perfected, and the desire to get some of the glory from a popular movement, whether meritorious or not, is one of the over-weening characteristics of many of the members.

Take, for instance, the recent agreement among all the employees of the big Eastern railroads and the presidents of those roads for an extension of the scope of the Erdman act. Seth Low, former mayor of New York, had worked night and day to bring the railroad men into an agreement for a strong arbitration act. After months of conferences there was evolved a bill which represented a compromise between the employees and the employers. Lawyers regarded the act as sound; the railroad men were satisfied; their employers gave their approval, and the public interest was concerned in having this act passed. When the big strike on the Eastern railroads was threatened Senator Newlands of Nevada introduced a bill in the Senate, and concurrently the same measure was introduced in the House. Although everybody was in agreement upon the bill, the House Judiciary Committee felt that hearings had better be held and started to pick flaws in the measure. Several members introduced amendments and there was prospect of a long drawn out discussion which would have led nowhere.

A strike seemed certain. Both employers and employees regarded it as inevitable. They agreed that the one thing that could prevent it was the passage of the Newlands bill. Nevertheless, with this disaster hanging over the country, the members of Congress wanted to debate the matter leisurely, so that the stable door

might be locked after the horse had been stolen, according to the usual custom of Congress.

President Wilson came to Washington from his summer home and brought the leaders of the Senate and House, Republican and Democratic, to the White House for a conference with the railroad presidents and the representatives of the employees. There was a fifteen-minute discussion which was sharp and to the point. At the end of that time it had been agreed that the Newlands bill should be passed intact and the whole thing was consummated, the bill passed both houses and being signed by the President and the arbitrators appointed, all within the space of twenty-four hours.

This is an example of what might be done. The examples of what is being done in an unbusinesslike way are legion, however. Few of the members of Congress, for instance, know anything about the currency, but Representative Robert L. Henry had a notion that it might be a good thing to issue a special kind of currency for cotton, wheat, and corn in warehouses, so that the farmers could hold their products for the highest prices and defeat the natural laws of supply and demand.

Representative Carter Glass of Virginia, a newspaperman who is the chairman of the House Banking and Currency Committee, had been lumbering along easily in the caucus, working as much as two or three hours a day in charge of the bill, and displaying no great knowledge of executive or constructive statesmanship until one afternoon he suddenly struck his stride and walked all over the prostrate form of Mr. Henry. He pointed out that Mr. Henry's purpose was demagogic, impracticable, and was a blow at the interests of something like 80,000,000 people in the United States; that it was in direct defiance of the Democratic party's announced intention to reduce the high cost of living. It became evident in Mr. Glass's fiery speech that his long conversations with bankers and experts had really given him an excellent working knowledge of banking and currency, and when he actually started in to work he showed what could be done.

Probably another month will elapse from the time this is written before the tariff bill is signed by the President. The bill is close to the Democratic ideal. There are many prize-fighters who claim after they have been beaten that they were drugged or not in condition, but while the Democratic party has made this excuse in the past it will not be able to make it in the future. The bill is as close to the Democratic policy of a tariff for revenue only as the honest purpose of President Wilson can make it. If the bill results in a reduction of wages without any offsetting reduction in the cost of living, the Democrats will have no excuse to offer. They have done what they said they would do; have slashed the tariff from stem to stern, and except where a few politicians have exerted exceptional influence, have carried out pledges of the Baltimore platform. Free sugar, free wool, which were not pledged by the Baltimore platform, have been written into the bill. If the people reject the Democratic party at the next election it will be a long time before it gets back into power.

What will happen to the currency bill is more doubtful. The Democrats started out by rejecting expert advice. Most of the bankers who wanted to be heard seemed too close to Wall Street for credence. There was a disposition to let the people rule, even to the extent of writing a currency bill, a subject about which the people as a whole know less than the average member of Congress, extravagant as this statement may seem. The Democrats, however, found that there was little chance of getting through a bill without scientific assistance. President Wilson himself took the lead in consulting the bankers, and at the present time the bill is in such condition that it is acceptable to all except the over-conservative bankers, who would like to have all the money in the United States centred in New York.

IRA E. BENNETT.
WASHINGTON, D. C., September 6, 1913.

Chance has saved the world some of its most precious books and manuscripts. The chief treasure of a museum at St. Petersburg is the oldest known Greek manuscript of the New Testament, which was about to be burned by the monks of a Syrian monastery, when, by a lucky chance, one of the priests, struck with the antiquity of the manuscript, interfered in time to save what had been thought to be valueless. The Magna Charta, which is carefully guarded in a glass case in the British Museum, was saved from destruction by Sir Robert Cotton, who, so the story goes, one day had entered his tailor's shop precisely at the moment when the knight of the scissors was about to cut up for patterns the ancient-looking document with its many imposing seals attached. Although Sir Robert did not at first recognize the value of the document, he judged it was something of historic interest, and purchased it from the tailor for a few shillings. After passing through the hands of various generations of his family it at last found a resting-place in the British Museum.

Among the privileges enjoyed by the lady mayoress of London during her husband's year of office is that of entrée at court. Instead of being compelled to take her place among the ordinary guests, titled and untitled, at court functions, she enters the palace by a separate entrance, and is received by royalty before any of the other guests.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Charles J. Vopicka, the new minister to Bulgaria, is a prominent brewer of Chicago, and is a man of independent fortune. Though the anti-liquor organizations protested against his appointment, they admitted his integrity and high qualifications for the position.

Dr. H. Percy Silver, the new chaplain at West Point, was formerly chaplain at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. He has also been secretary of the seventh missionary district, with headquarters at Topeka. Last fall the Kansas diocese elected him bishop-coadjutor, see of Topeka.

M. Bacque Bey, the Turkish minister to Austria, who will visit this country, is a member of the Anglican church and largely of French blood, though a subject of the Sultan. He married an American woman, Miss Josephine Kalman of St. Paul, Minnesota, and their married life has been very happy.

L. M. Brown, just appointed assistant general passenger agent of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, a position which has been vacant for several years, has worked his way up from the bottom. Twenty years ago he was an office boy in the employ of the Fort Worth and Denver City Railroad in Fort Worth.

Dr. Maxwell Goldman, who has successfully passed the required examination in Boston, was a newsboy a few years ago. He decided while selling newspapers that he would become a physician, and in 1909 entered the Boston University School of Medicine. He was president of the Kappa Tau fraternity of the medical school and president of his class the past year. He is a violinist and speaks French and German.

Martin H. Glynn, laying claim to the office of governor of New York, is in many respects the opposite of Sulzer. He is a small man, wiry, and gifted with a good sense of humor. Born in the State of New York forty-two years ago, he has been a bookkeeper in a cotton mill, newspaper staff writer, lawyer, congressman, state controller, and was elected lieutenant-governor along with Sulzer. He is still a newspaper man, publishing the *Times-Union* of Albany.

The Right Honorable H. Louis Samuel, who recently arrived in Canada for a tour of that country, is the British postmaster-general, an office which he has held since 1910. He is a native of Liverpool and was educated at Oxford, where he won first class honors in 1893. He was parliamentary under-secretary, home department, 1905-9. As a writer he has published many pamphlets and articles, but his best known work is the volume, "Liberalism: Its Principles and Proposals."

Professor Lillian J. Martin, on whom the honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy has just been conferred by the University of Bonn, Germany, and said to be the first American woman to have received this distinction, is a member of the faculty of Stanford University, California. The degree has been awarded for Professor Martin's valuable original work in experimental psychology and aesthetics. She is an A. B. of Vassar and has been at Stanford for a number of years. Prior to her advent at Stanford she studied psychology at the University of Gottingen, Germany, for four years.

Alva E. Kraenzlein, who has been selected by the German Imperial Olympic Games Commission to train the German teams which will compete in the next Olympic games, in 1916, won four contests in the Olympic games in Paris in 1900. He is recognized as one of the greatest trainers in the world, and soon after the visiting committee reached this country it was reported that he would likely be chosen. Although born in Germany, he has lived in this country since he was nine years old. His appointment has been approved in Berlin.

Kaid Sir Harry Aubrey MacLean, whose approaching wedding is announced, has had a remarkable career as a soldier of fortune and adventurer of the best type. Years ago Harry Aubrey de Vere MacLean resigned his commission as an officer in Her Majesty's Sixty-Ninth Regiment of Foot and went to Morocco, where he was finally appointed by Moulay Hassan commander and military instructor for the imperial military guard. Modern weapons were introduced and a number of uprisings were speedily put down by the troops led by the adventurous Scot. Some years later he was taken prisoner through the treachery of the famous bandit Raisuli, who, finding that nobody would pay the ransom he demanded, turned him loose after seven months' captivity. Not long afterward he returned to England.

General John W. Foster, the American who was invited by the Emperor of China to participate in the peace treaty at the close of the war between China and the empire of Japan, is still living, and though almost eighty years of age possesses a mind as keen as ever. The home of the former Secretary of State is in Washington, D. C., though he was born and reared in Indiana. At twenty-one he began the practice of law, and four years later, in 1861, was made a major in the United States army. He came out of the Civil War a brigadier-general of cavalry, was appointed minister to Mexico by President Grant, and later represented this country in Russia and Spain. As an international lawyer, both Mexico and China have availed themselves of his services. His "Century of American Diplomacy" is recognized as an authority and is used in many institutions of learning.

PLUMBAGO'S SPECULATION.

The Man Who Imagined Himself a Great Reformer.

"Ecce Homo!"

"I beg your pardon! What! Can it be? Dana! Tom Dana! Why, my dear boy, how are you?"

"Tough as a bison, happy as a king—and how are you? I haven't seen you for a decade or more. What brings you out here to the land of sunshine?"

"I'm a fugitive. I'm a coward. I am flying from the governor. They put me into a counting-house. You know how I hate business—how I used in college to harangue against a mercantile life. Couldn't stand it. Too much treadmill. Here I am, dying for a tussle with reality."

"Well, my dear fellow. I think we can furnish it for you. But I must go. Case in court this morning. Come and dine with me—half-past six. Say you will. See my wife and babies. Great thing, matrimony! I say, how's the theory of life, Quincy?" and the broad-shouldered Dana had a sly twinkle in his eye as he remembered one of the foibles of his old classmate.

"Same as ever. Life is a sucked orange. My doll is stuffed with sawdust. Sugar is bitter. Roses have forgotten to bloom. But I'll tell you what, Dana, I've a supreme patent for pavements, a *ne plus ultra*, *nil nisi bonum* business I ran across lately. It's partly for that I'm here," and glancing cautiously around, he took his friend Dana by the button and drew him gently aside. "I'll tell you. I'd like to have you join."

"*Festina lente*—that is, draw it mild, in the vulgate. We'll discuss all that this evening. Till then be a good boy. Remember, half-past six, sharp. *Au revoir!*"

And the same burly June wind that had hurled these two classmates bumping against each other, with their hats over their eyes, now as savagely tore them apart at the corner of the Palace Hotel, where they stood talking, sending Dana—Tom Dana, the rising young attorney of San Francisco—scurrying down Montgomery Street to his office, and helping Quincy, his newly arrived old Cambridge friend, on his way toward Rincon Hill, for this tale is of old San Francisco.

"Poor old Quincy!" said Dana to his wife that evening, as they were making ready to receive their dinner friend; "the brightest mind, the subtlest intellect, in our class! The happiest and the unhappiest, the liveliest and the most sober, the queerest compound of opposites that it has ever been my fortune to meet."

"Is he one of the Quincys?" asked Mrs. Dana, bending over a wilderness of feminine finery, pending a selection.

"Indeed he is. The bluest of the blue-bloods. Veritable sprig of the *Mayflower*. And that's precisely what emphasizes his oddity. He's a born aristocrat, and yet he's an ardent democrat. He's a radical; he's a conservative. He's the most fastidious and sensitive of men, and yet the loudest declaimer against the frivolities and fripperies of civilization. He's the very man whom you would select as likeliest to take pleasure in the soft luxuries of cities, and yet he despises them all. How often I have heard him declare that civilization is a failure, brick-walls a device of the devil—"

"Why, Tom!"

"Quotation, my dear, quotation—and modern life as flat as ditch-water. Poor fellow! how he used to torture himself with questionings in college! Why Lizzie," continued Dana, "the nights I have spent with that fellow in our college days, arguing, disputing, trying to rid his mind of some morbid illusion, listening to him for hours as he strode up and down my room, pulling at his pipe as he strode, and lashing the unfortunate nineteenth century with invective. I assure you, you have no idea of the long vigils I have kept with him, when we both were very tender goslings, and thought, each in his way, that we could pluck the secret of Nature from her heart."

"I'm afraid of him, dear, from what you say," said Mrs. Dana, as she finished her graceful toilet. "I've no sympathy with these pale-faced young men and their wild self-questionings. Do you wish Ethel to dine with us, if he's going to talk in such a savage way as you describe?"

"Why, certainly. It is not as bad as that. He's not a cannibal, or an Orson, or a nihilist, or an infidel—well, I hardly know what he is. But I'll muzzle him, if necessary, and see that he doesn't go beyond his chain."

Quincy came, he ate, he conquered.

The friends spent a jolly evening in happy retrospect of their college life, discussing the thousand and one problems of the day, exchanging gossip and thereby bringing pretty Mrs. Dana into the circle of their sympathies—and through it all Mr. Quincy showed but little of the eccentricities with which Mr. Dana had credited him. Only once or twice he broke forth in wild invective against his old enemy, the nineteenth century, and alarmed little Ethel now and then by a fashion of stooping in the midst of his conversational promenade and glowering at her, as she clung to her mother's side.

"Oh, I forgot," he said, as he was leaving, "the sage-brush pavement! Well, well, it is late. Some other time we will discuss it. Good-night."

"Well?" said Dana, interrogatively, as he returned to his wife after Quincy's leaving.

"Well, I think he's quite charming and intellectual,

but—but very queer. And Ethel is positively afraid of him."

* * * * *

It is a comfortable thing to be taken in hand by unsuspecting nabobs and treated galore to the fat of the land. San Francisco, which Quincy had known by rumor only as the city of fabulous fortunes and picturesque *nouveaux riches*, which had been overrun with bogus lords of every nationality, and had almost sacrificed some of her loveliest daughters to their skillful advances—San Francisco was happy to do honor to this son of a noble Boston house. What passport could be better than to be introduced by Dana?—Dana, the magnificent, the cloud-dispeller, the shedder of sunshine even in this land of almost perennial brightness; Dana, the popular member of the Union Club, the coming lawyer, the husband of pretty Miss McAlpine of San Mateo, whose father had owned league after league of the lovely San Mateo country in his day, and had left it all, too, to his only child on his death.

So San Francisco rose to our young Quincy. It carried him to all its charming country places, never lovelier than in the early June days. It pelted him with invitations. It bombarded him with pretty girls. It threw open its clubs to him. Its ordinarily level head was quite turned with excitement over the arrival of this aristocratic son of the cultured East. And nothing could more effectually increase the excitement which his coming caused than the indifferent, thoroughly careless manner in which he received the attentions showered upon him.

"He has quite the air," said little Miss Tretoade, who had studied French for a half-year, and was fond of rendering it into English on occasions.

"So much soul!" exclaimed her friend, Miss Rose-thorpe, product of a Connecticut school of great æsthetic pretensions. "Our young men in San Francisco are so lacking in soul. I dote on soul!"

"He's really quite refreshing. He takes me back to Europe," said old Mrs. Mahogany, whose husband had "jumped" a mine in the early 'fifties, and sent his ponderous spouse as a spectacle for the old world for a brief season. "He talks so well of art and articles of virtue! He knows pictures, and statutes, and all them sort of things as well as Mr. Mahogany knows quartz," and the old lady felt quite honored to have a chat in her box at the theatre with the young swell, and to see him devoting himself markedly to the prim Misses Mahogany ranged alongside her.

"What do you think of this fellow Quincy?" asked a careless loungeur in the Union Club one off evening, when conversation ran low.

"I think he's an awful softy," said young Bullock, sucking the head of his cane. "Why, he talks as if he knew everything! I don't like the way the girls are all wild about him," he whispered, remembering sundry occasions when social encounters with the great talker had left the heir of the great butcher of San Jose somewhat at a disadvantage, not to say somewhat of a laughing-stock.

* * * * *

"My dear Miss Plumbago, you can not imagine what a new man I am since I arrived in San Francisco," said Mr. Quincy to a dark-haired young woman swinging in a hammock not far from his own on the Plumbago's close-clipped lawn at San Mateo.

"I am glad our climate agrees with you, Mr. Quincy," she answered, swinging herself gently in the flickering shadows of the great oaks.

"Climate! Oh, it's not the climate. Nobody is less dependent on climate than I. I might be sitting on the North Pole, or walking the Equator; but I would be equally indifferent if I only had materials for the study of the problem of human existence."

"You never care for your surroundings, then?" asked his companion, stopping her hammock and showing over its edge a dainty blue slipper, with a *ne quid nimis* of ankle.

"When my surroundings are pleasant my thoughts come freest. That is all," answered Quincy, blowing the smoke of a cigarette up toward the oak-leaves.

"Then I am going into the house," and Miss Plumbago was half out of her hammock when Quincy, tumbling and sprawling out of his own, caught her in his arms and was detaining her.

"Mr. Quincy, I am astonished! Be so kind as to take your hands off! What can you be thinking of?"

"Will you stay?" he pleaded. "Will you pardon me? I had no idea of offending you. It is so pleasant here." And she resumed her seat in the hammock.

"You are very rude," she said quietly, as she drew her pretty draperies together.

"How so? I don't understand." And Quincy stood near her, looking down on the graceful form below him, so near that he could have taken it in his arms. "Why shouldn't he?" he said to himself. "Why should he observe conventionalities which had been repressing him, imprisoning him, all his life? Why not, on these far-off, semi-barbarous, poetic shores, appeal to this picturesque young creature near him, tell her the dreariness, the incompleteness of his life, and ask her to complete it for him, to give him strength to accomplish great things, courage to rid himself of vain illusions?"

But she was saying: "You seem so ungrateful, so cold, so calculating! You have every attention showered on you. You are made much of by all of our best people; to be sure, we are a semi-barbarous people out here, I suppose you think, but we are not to blame for that, and you seem to absorb us all as food for

thought simply. You pounce on us as your long-legged naturalists do on the unsuspecting insect, and gather us in as so many specimens in your intellectual show-case. Ugh, you are so intellectual! I don't like you! Why can't you take the world as it is and enjoy things?"

He threw away his cigarette, took a turn on the lawn in silence, and came back to her.

"Miss Plumbago, I fear I never can take the world as it is, to use your phrase. I have been differently brought up. I have been educated to believe that my mission in life is to criticize, and pull to pieces, and reform. We are all brought up that way in Boston," and he smiled grimly, looking in a sad way at this fresh-cheeked young woman of the West.

"What a tiresome people you must be, then," she said.

"And I have been a curse to myself all my life in consequence," he went on, without heeding her. "I have had great thoughts, great plans continually taking hold of me, and before I could make successful headway the other half of me, the critical Quincy, standing with eye-glass set, like this, began to find fault, and pick flaws, and question utility, and throw cold water, until, *vailà*, I am a do-nothing; I have allowed my great plans to slip away; I am a disappointed man."

"You mean it?" asked his companion, with a feeling of mingled wonder and pity.

"I do. I grew tired of this critical habit. I longed for free action. I was half crazy with the humdrum life I led, and suddenly I broke away. They couldn't keep me any longer. They tried to, but they couldn't," and he gave her a queer look, which startled her. "I say," he continued after a pause, "have I ever told you of my patent pavement? You see the ruling passion is still strong. I couldn't come out here without trying to do something to reform things," and he drew a roll of papers from his pocket, placed a rustic chair near her, and began, glancing nervously about him, "You see, I was in Colorado last year with my old professor of chemistry, Muddlestick, and between us we developed this theory. I came out here to find men to put it into practice. Boston is too conservative."

"I'm sure papa will help you," answered Miss Plumbago, "and—I would, if I could."

"You would! Miss Plumbago—" But we have no business with the details of the talk which ensued, and patent pavements have no right to intrude on such a scene—an oak-shaded lawn, dappled with sun and shade, a fair young girl in a hammock, with wonder, curiosity, fear, all taking possession of her by turns, and a well-dressed young man in eye-glasses, talking feverishly, now of his past, his great plans, now of the tonic which the Western life had brought him, now of the aimlessness of modern endeavor, now of his famous pavement.

Besides, an important meeting of the "Sage-Brush Pavement Company" is to be held on the morrow, and the wonderful patent will be fully explained.

* * * * *

When Mr. Jefferson Plumbago, in a directors' meeting, rose to speak, there was no common excitement. It may be easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for gentlemen of Mr. Plumbago's unlimited bank account to take their *post-mortem* places among the choirs above; but while they are among us, interested in our gas, mining, and water stocks, managing our banks, directing our railways, building our local palaces, a word from their well-fed mouths weighs heavier than whole broadsides of wisdom from ordinary mortals. So when Mr. Plumbago, president of the Plumbago Bank, chief stockholder in the Kangaroo Express, owner of a vast portion of the surface of California, interested in the wonderful new ostrich ranch in San Bernardino, director in the Transpacific Steamship Company, Behring Strait Trading Company, San Francisco and Mexico Railroad, and a host of other enterprises—when Mr. Jefferson Plumbago had anything to say his associate directors crossed their fat legs and turned to him the ear of interest. The air seemed to tinkle with newly coined, virginal twenties when he opened his mouth. Gigantic enterprises appeared as easy of accomplishment as children's card-houses, and every man present swelled at once with the consciousness of approaching millions.

The meeting in question was no ordinary one. That Mr. Plumbago should give his ear to any one with a scheme was a great concession. That he should actually consent to bring together the solid men in his train to pass on the merits of Mr. Quincy's Sage-Brush Pavement was something so unprecedented that every gentleman invited marveled, and came, alive with expectation. What could it mean? Was Plumbago softening? Was the city actually to secure the ideal pavement at last, after so many sad ventures?

When Mr. Plumbago, therefore, rose to speak, the interest was intense. Gentlemen pushed their chairs back from the table, settled themselves comfortably, fixed attentive eyes on the speaker, and prepared to hear wonderful things. There was Silverbrick of Nevada, rolling in gold; Webfoot, of the Tar Flat Water Company; young Ranunculus, heir to the vast Mission Viejo estates; our friend Tom Dana, attorney to many of the gentlemen present; Alfredo Ortega, whose large landed possessions were being slowly absorbed by the Plumbago Bank, with a half-dozen more whose names were mighty on 'change. Sitting a bit apart from the rest was Quincy, eye-glass in place, unperturbed.

"Gentlemen," opened Mr. Plumbago, as he laid his hand lightly on the tranquil mock-turtle under his waistcoat, "you are more or less acquainted with the objects of this meeting. You are all aware of the fact that the pavements of a city like this are a matter worthy of the

most serious consideration. No one will deny the fact that, considering our age, our local pavements are in a deplorable state. With all due respect to those gentlemen who may be interested in contracts for paving, I may say that I think—mind, gentlemen, I say I think—a patent has been brought to my attention which, for cheapness of application, efficiency, and durability, will outrank any now in vogue, as far as my knowledge extends. I need hardly say that the patent has been brought to my attention by a gentleman now present, who comes recommended to me most highly. I have called you, gentlemen, together that you may be able to share with him and with me the profits to result, which I am inclined to think will be immense—mind, gentlemen, I say I am inclined to think they will be immense. I need only say, in conclusion, that I believe you know my business methods too well to believe that the fact that this gentleman is likely soon to become my son-in-law could for a moment influence my judgment in recommending this matter to your favorable consideration. I have the honor of introducing to you my young friend, Mr. Quincy, who will explain fully the details of this matter. Mr. Quincy, gentlemen."

Quincy rose, advanced to the table, bowed, called for a glass of water, smiled feebly, readjusted his eye-glass, and, after fumbling over his papers a moment, began: "Mr. Plumbago and gentlemen: The remarks of the gentleman who has just sat down will serve for a preface. I will plunge at once into the midst of things. Sage-brush and adobe—you will all admit that the two main ingredients of my pavement are not only cheap but immensely abundant, at your very doors, so to speak. In Boston, where the conservative spirit of the place neutralized the enthusiasm which I brought to the subject, the element of cheapness did not prevail. I came here, hoping to meet broad-gauge men who would take hold of the matter and bring it to a successful result."

Mr. Quincy spoke these words rapidly, as if from memory. Having spoken them, he stopped, as though his work was done. He looked nervously about him, drank half a glass of water, spilling the rest on his papers, and turned pale.

"Are you ill, Quincy?" asked Dana, coming up to him.

"What?—oh, no—of course. Where was I? Yes, I remember. Sage-brush. How long do you expect me to speak, sir?" addressing Mr. Plumbago.

Gentlemen were moving their chairs and looking incredulous; there was an impatient hemming and hawing, when a messenger entered and approached Mr. Dana with a dispatch. He opened it, read it, colored visibly, re-read it, and passed it to Mr. Plumbago. Mr. Plumbago glanced through it hastily, exclaiming: "Nonsense! The thing's impossible. There must be some mistake. Gentlemen, Mr. Quincy—" then suddenly, with a quick decision worthy of the man of many investments, saying, "Gentlemen, an unpleasant duty. I will read:

"BOSTON, MASS., June 29, 18—

"THOMAS DANA, Montgomery Street, San Francisco: My son Arthur escaped our vigilance a month ago. I hear he is with you. He is harmless—has had brain fever. He imagines himself a great reformer. His present illusion is a patent sage-brush pavement. Send him back. Expense guaranteed."

"ROBERT M. QUINCY."

Quincy took up his hat, folded his papers carefully, and saying calmly, "I thought it was about time," walked quietly away with crestfallen Dana.

Mr. Jefferson Plumbago, still standing, said with equal calmness: "Gentlemen, this meeting stands adjourned."

Platter Fougere lighthouse, just northeast of Guernsey, Channel Islands, is probably the first ocean telephone call station. The lighthouse, which has no keeper, is fitted with a powerful fog signal, worked from shore by means of a submarine cable. In a fog ships creep up, guided by the fog horn, and drop anchor near the lighthouse until the fog lifts sufficiently to enable them to take the narrow channel to the harbors of Guernsey. In such case any pilot or ship's officer by climbing the lighthouse can ring up Guernsey telephone exchange and report his ship. The telephone is reached by climbing a forty-two-rung ladder to the platform outside the lighthouse doors. Before he can leave the ladder the pilot pushes open a trap door which covers the manhole in the platform. The arrangement is such that the pilot can not open the lighthouse door to reach the telephone until he has shut down the trap door over the manhole. The act of opening the outer lighthouse door connects the telephone fitted outside the inner door of the lighthouse, which is kept locked. Only one wire in the cable is available for the telephone, and even this wire is required for other purposes, and closing the door after using the telephone connects up several telltale devices. The lighthouse door can not be left open by forgetfulness because the pilot must close it before he is able to lift the trap door to reach the ladder.

German cities having a population of 100,000 or more boast of their fine taxicab service. Six and seven-seat cars may be hired in Hanover with driver at the rate of 35 pfennigs per kilometer, equal to 13¼ cents per mile. On this account, the need of privately owned automobiles is not yet extensively felt in Germany.

In 1912 Lloyds Insurance Company paid out \$36,250,000 on account of vessels lost at sea.

WEDDING OF A PRINCESS.

The Princess Indira, Daughter of the Maharajah of Baroda, Marries Prince Jitendra Narayan in London.

The British public may possibly cherish certain resentments against the Maharajah of Baroda for his personal behavior toward the king at the great Indian Durbar, but it certainly cherishes none toward his very lovely daughter, the Princess Indira, who has just been married in London to the Prince Jitendra Narayan. The Durbar incident was the talk of the world at the time that it occurred. Instead of conforming with Indian precedent, which demands stately and ceremonial obeisances before the throne of the emperor-king, the maharajah sauntered up the steps with an easy unconcern, nodded familiarly to the monarch, and then turned his back and sauntered down again. In native eyes this was something far worse than an insult. It was a violation of custom, and custom is the breath of life, the sanctity of sanctities, in Indian eyes. But the maharajah was allowed to apologize on the ground of inexperience and the incident was declared to be closed. None the less the official eye has been upon him ever since.

But the public had an additional reason to be interested in the marriage of the Princess Indira. It was whispered that the lady had opinions on the subject of feminine emancipation, although it will be remembered that while she was in America with her mother she was understood to have looked with eyes of lofty Oriental disdain upon the ladies who had won their freedom and were rather aggressive in saying so. Indeed the maharajah and the princess expressed their pity for the poor devotees of fashion who visited them and who wearied them by their inexhaustible and impertinent curiosities. For Princess Indira was to have been married in India some time ago. All the arrangements were completed when there was a horrified whisper that the bride had disappeared. Such a thing had never before occurred in the annals of aristocratic India, and the consternation was increased by the rumor that the young beauty was not disposed to accept the husband selected for her in accordance with immemorial usage and had asserted her independence by flight. Probably we shall never know the facts, since not even Mr. Hearst's best young men could penetrate below the surface of Indian reserve. But this, at least, is certain. The Princess Indira had gone round to a ticket office just like an ordinary human being and had bought a ticket for London. And to London she went, and in London she has been ever since.

But the bridegroom was undismayed, which is a very proper although a very rare state for a bridegroom. Since the princess declined to come to him, the best that he could do was to go to the princess. Once more we must drop a veil over the "subsequent proceedings" and try to be satisfied with the visible results. Perhaps the flight of the princess was only the pretty lady's way. Perhaps it was only one of those tests that try men's souls, but the present fact of the marriage may well obliterate whatever perplexities we may feel.

Considering the enormous wealth of the bride and the bridegroom, the proceedings may be regarded as on a very modest scale. The Maharajah of Baroda is one of the three Indian potentates who is entitled to a salute of twenty-one guns, although he came within an ace of losing this distinction as a result of his little escapade at the Durbar. He owns eight thousand square miles of territory and his private income is \$8,000,000 a year. But the civil marriage of his daughter was at a London registry office and with no more ceremonial than would be accorded to a housemaid and her young man. In London one must be married either at a church or at a registry office, and as the church marriage implies an acceptance of Christianity there is nothing left for adherents of other faiths than the registry office, where a cold and unemotional official hands you the register and a pen with an unconcern, perhaps even a contempt, that comes from long familiarity.

But the real proceedings were to follow at the Buckingham Palace Hotel, where the long drawing-room was ablaze with light and with masses of flowers and where the air was heavy with Eastern perfumes. First of all there was the religious formalities incidental to a change of faith on the part of the bride. The princess is of the Hindu faith with its scores of gods and enormous ceremonial. The prince is of the Brahmo Somaj, which may be described as a sort of reformed Hinduism adapted to the needs of modern life. Actually there are no essential differences, and so the princess may have had an easy conscience when she declared herself henceforth to be of her husband's faith. This little formality was arranged by the priest, who was Mr. Ghosal, the prince's uncle, and it may be noted that every member of the Brahmo Somaj has the status of a priest, which is certainly convenient when one wishes to be married. Then Mr. Ghosal read some prayers, a number of gorgeous presents were bestowed upon the bride, including the symbolic jewels and the curved sword which she wears at her side, and the actual marriage was completed by a recitation of the service, which was very similar in question and answer to the ordinary ritual of the Christian church. The final proceeding was a distinctly pretty one. The hands of the bride and the bridegroom were bound together with a little cord of white flowers, blossoms of sea lavender, and the young people vowed to aid and support each other so long as they lived. Then came the toasts, and it is now a matter of record that the prince indulged in a

joke. Perhaps he had been coached by English friends, for his pleasantry was of the ancient and full-blooded English kind. He said he hoped that "all their troubles would be little ones."

At the registry office the prince and his bride wore European costumes of a severely plain kind. Except for their dark complexions and the radiant beauty of the princess they would have attracted no attention, and probably this is precisely what they wished. But on their return to the hotel for the religious ceremony they showed what they were able to do in the way of costume. The princess wore a veil of rich cloth of gold so cunningly woven as to be transparent, and to show the rose-colored wedding dress which the Mahratta woman always wears, for the princess belongs to the mahratta race. The veil, or sari, was ten yards long, and it was wound round and round her body and draped into a shining hood above her head. The groom wore a long coat of white brocade cloth, white trousers, and a pungaree of cloth of gold, with the long end falling down his back. When these costumes were once donned they remained on until the prince and princess reached the prince's house in Cambridge terrace preliminary to the departure for the honeymoon, which will be spent at Maidenhead and Cromer. The official reception was given by the Maharanee of Cooch Behar, and the bride will henceforth be known as the Princess Indira of Cooch Behar. PICCADILLY.

LONDON, August 28, 1913.

Among the gifts in the White House to former Presidents is a valuable desk which was presented to President Hayes by Queen Victoria. It is made from the timbers of the British ship *Resolute*, which was a part of the expedition that was sent in search of Sir John Franklin, the Arctic explorer, who was lost in 1852. The *Resolute* was discovered and extricated in 1858 by an American ship. The vessel was purchased, fitted out, and sent to England as a gift to Queen Victoria by the President and the people of the United States. Years afterward, when the ship was broken up, the queen ordered a desk made from the timbers and tendered the desk to President Hayes. The State Department custodian is also keeping guard over a gold medal pending the time when former President Taft can receive it. The medal was presented to him by the Italian government for his zeal in sending help to the earthquake sufferers in 1909. The former President, although he is a professor at Yale University, is not in the government sense a private citizen, for he holds the chairmanship of the commission created by Congress to adopt plans for the Lincoln memorial. When his work on the commission is ended he can write to the State Department and receive the medal.

There lives in the woods and swamps of Robeson County, North Carolina, a strange group of people, in appearance somewhat resembling Portuguese or mulattoes. Their manners, customs, and personal appearances are unlike those of any other race on the American continent (says the *Southern Workman*), and intercourse with their neighbors is limited to the extent which necessity demands. Harking back to 1587, it will be recalled that one of the expeditions of colonists sent out from England by Sir Walter Raleigh arrived on Roanoke Island, North Carolina, under the command of Captain John White. Captain White never saw his people after he left them on Roanoke Island and returned to England for supplies. When he returned the little band, it is supposed, had gone to the mainland and been absorbed in an Indian tribe. It is now believed that the descendants of this tribe of Indians are at this time living in Robeson County, where more than thirty families have names similar to those of White's colonists.

Among the extraordinary frauds which have been perpetrated was one put into operation by a company of schemers who told a confiding public that many fortunes were to be made by importing into England compressed dried grapes from Spain, Italy, and elsewhere, then saturating them with good English water, and making wine from them. It was stated in the prospectus that dried grapes could be imported at a much cheaper rate than wine, and that it was possible to produce an equal quantity of wine of equal quality to that made abroad. Thousands of pounds were subscribed by the British public, who firmly believed in the idea until the scheme collapsed.

Since the supreme intelligence of the German shepherd dogs was brought to the notice of the police authorities in Berlin, eight years ago, 1936 dogs have been attached to the department. Although there are so many of these dogs in Germany it is difficult to purchase a good one and an ordinary and not fully trained dog costs about \$200. There is also a feeling that it is somewhat unpatriotic to sell the best German dogs, since they are of great service to the police and the military.

The private car of the Czar of Russia is said to be practically dynamite proof, and owing to its weight it could not be run on the major part of the European lines. The car is elegantly furnished and also contains a chapel, where prayers are offered for his safety. The Czar travels with only one chef, who is well along in years and who served his father and for awhile the grandfather of the present German emperor.

JOHN PAUL JONES.

M. Mac Dermot Crawford Writes the Biography of "the Sailor Whom England Feared."

John Paul Jones has occupied so large a place and for so long a time in the popular mind that a competent biography of the great sea hero is somewhat belated. Nor can we be sure that the present substantial volume from the pen of M. Mac Dermot Crawford contains by any means the last word of history on the exploits of the famous fighter who seemed likely at one time to become the origin of as many myths as Captain Kidd himself. The author devotes no more than twenty pages to the early life of John Paul Jones up to the time of his first arrival in America in the year 1773. But certainly he had already lived the strenuous life upon the high seas. He had killed two sailors, in each case accidentally, he had been actively engaged in the slave trade, and he had also been on certain privateering expeditions that only the laxities of the day saved from being rank piracy. A somewhat fuller attention to these episodes would have increased the interest of a valuable work.

The parentage of John Paul is probably an insoluble problem. It is hard to believe that he was the son of John Paul, the gardener of Kirkbean in Scotland, seeing that there is no record of the birth either of John himself or of his brother William, although the advent of the three girls of the family is duly registered. The author suggests that John Paul may have been the unwanted child of some amorous dame who had loved beyond discretion, and who had put her offspring to nurse with the wife of the gardener, who had been a lady's maid before her marriage. In those days, says the author, ladies' maids were sometimes discreet, and who can tell what happened in that tiny thatched cottage in the middle of the eighteenth century?

John Paul's first visit to America was in the *Friendship*, which dropped anchor in the Rappahannock and the boy made acquaintance with the society of Virginia. He stayed with his brother William, who had been adopted by a Mr. Jones, who offered to adopt John also on the simple condition that he assume the name of Jones. His brother William dying without heirs, John Paul eventually inherited the plantation, cattle, buildings, live stock, and slaves, and threw himself heart and soul to the patriotic movements convulsing the country. After the battle of Lexington we find him writing to Thomas Jefferson that "I have long known it to be the fixed purpose of the Tory party in England to provoke these colonies to some overt act which would justify martial law, dispersion of the legislative bodies by force of arms, taking away the charters of self-government, and reduction of all the North American colonies to the footing of the West India Islands and Canada—that is, to crown colonies under military rule; or, perhaps, to turn them over to the mercies of a chartered company as in the Hindustan, all of which I have seen."

In person the author describes Paul Jones as of about middle height, so slender as to be wiry, so little as to be compared with a panther, and so swift in his movements as to deserve the name of "chain lightning." His friend and shipmate, Nathaniel Fanning, says of him:

Though of low stature and slender build, the commodore's neck, arms, and shoulder were those of a heavy-set man. His neck was out of proportion to the rest of him. The strength of his arms and shoulders could hardly be believed; and he had equal use of both hands, even to writing with the left as well as the right hand. He was past master in the art of boxing, and though there were many hard nuts to crack in the various crews he commanded, no one ever doubted that the commodore was the best man aboard. To all this he added a quickness of motion that can not be described except by saying that he was quicker than chain lightning. When roused, he would strike more blows and do more damage in a second than any other man I ever saw could do in a minute. Even when calm and unruffled, his gait and all of his bodily motions were exactly like those of the panther—noiseless, sleek, and the perfection of grace, yet always giving one the idea that it would be well to keep out of reach of his paws and teeth. He always fought as if that was what he was made for, and it was only when most perfectly at peace that he seemed ill at ease, or, at least, restless.

His extraordinary capacities as a commander and the easy air of a man of the world that seemed to belong to him by natural gift tempt the author to recur to the problem of his parentage. Could such a man be the son of a gardener and a lady's maid?

The more one reads of John Paul Jones, of his ease and perfect *sang-froid* in the highest society, of his well-turned compliments to royalty, of his never offending the susceptibilities of the French, and, in after years, the Englishmen of rank with whom he formed friendships, the more one is inclined to pause and wonder who his parents really were. It seems incredible, at a time when class distinctions were as rigid as the laws of the Medes and Persians, when education was of the most primitive, that the son of a gardener and a lady's maid could pass the tests to which he was hourly subjected, without once making a *faux pas*. Though his detractors were many, and he was called a pirate, a privateer, and by other terms of opprobrium, those who knew him intimately, the royalties by whom he was received, the courtiers and men of letters, and all those with whom in his active life he came in daily intercourse, have left no comment but that in the highest degree favorable to him. He was elegant in manner, and during the last years of his life so exquisite in his dress as to be remarked in any assembly. Later portraits of him display a foppish niceness most incompatible with the legendary pirate and buccaner so greatly feared on the boundless ocean. His life was a romance. He appealed to the strongest primitive passion in man: the love of fighting, which, utilize us as you may, is only dormant, ready to burst forth at the first heat of the drum.

John Paul threw himself heart and soul into the military preparations of the day, hurrying from one

point to another as the exigencies of the moment demanded. It was on one of these hasty journeys from Philadelphia that he heard the unusual sound of the French and German languages, and saw a party of gentlemen trying to make their wants understood by the inn-keeper:

This was Jones's first meeting with the rattle-pated Lafayette, who had run away from his home and family to put his finger in the pie of American independence. Lafayette spoke a little English, the Baron de Kalh none at all, so Jones, who was one of the four captains in the United States Navy who spoke French, and the only one to do so fluently, stepped into the breach. Lafayette relates the incident:

"A slender, black-haired, black-eyed, swarthy gentleman in a naval uniform and of most martial and distinguished bearing approached, and said in perfect French:

"Pardieu, monsieur; il me semble que, peut-être, je peux vous aider. En tel cas, commandez, s'il vous plaît."

"Delighted to hear my mother tongue so unexpectedly and so opportunely spoken, I informed the gentleman who we were, and asked whom I might have the honor to address. To which he replied: 'J'ai l'honneur d'être capitaine de frégate de la marine des Etats Unis; et on m'appelle Paul Jones, à votre service, monsieur.'"

"Profoundly acknowledging his courtesy, I at once turned over to Captain Paul Jones the task of composing our difficulties, and instantly discovered that he was a captain in fact as well as by title. The people there seemed to know him well. He assumed an air of easy, though quite imperious, mastery of the situation, and in a very short time our cavalcade was ready to set out."

The author gives some attention to the feud between Jones and John Quincy Adams, who described him as a "smooth, plausible, and rather capable adventurer, with some smattering of general knowledge and a fair command of French and Spanish, due wholly to his earlier career as an English merchant captain trading to the West India Islands and Spanish Main." The cause of the quarrel seems to have been a jibe directed by Jones against Adams, who had related to some ladies an anecdote of Fontanelle in French. One of the ladies asked Jones what he thought of Adams's French:

Mr. Hewes asserts that Jones was always reckless with his wit, an assertion which is not confirmed by the study of his life, and "more than once in his career sacrificed an interest for the sake of an epigram. On this occasion, not reflecting that such a *bon mot* would be likely to find repetition in such a social circle as that was, he replied with mock gravity—

"La cause des droits de l'homme, mesdemoiselles, est, peut-être, heureuse en ce que les sentiments politiques de Monsieur Adams ne sont pas à l'anglais égoïement à son français; car, autrement, il serait facilement le plus grand Tory du pays."

A very free translation being, "It is very fortunate, ladies, for the cause of the rights of man, that the political sentiments of Mr. Adams are not so English as his French is; because, if they were, he would easily be the greatest Tory in the country."

"This delicious but ill-judged satire was not slow in reaching the ears of Mr. Adams, and he ever afterwards hated Paul Jones with all the sturdy baste of the Puritan nature when its vanity is wounded."

Passing over some hundred and fifty pages of vigorous biography we come to the contemplated attack upon the town of Leith, perhaps not the most spectacular of the hero's exploits, although it ranks with the best of them in skill and daring:

The most important project planned by Jones for this cruise was the attack on Leith, from which town he hoped to levy some £200,000. So certain was he of success that the papers of capitulation were drawn up in due form ready for the signature of the provost and his henchmen, who were to be allowed half an hour for reflection before producing the ransom. Leith was unguarded by cannon at its port, and soldiers for defense would have to be brought from Edinburgh, a mile distant. Luck and the wind were against Jones, for a cutter brought in news of his appearance on the Scotch coast, where, some thirty years afterwards, "the prodigious sensation caused by the appearance of Paul Jones in the Firth of Forth is hardly forgotten on the coast of Fife." His arrival on a Sunday morning caused wild turmoil in the hearts of the kirkg-going population of the "lang town o' Kirkcaldy"; and one dissenting minister, Mr. Shirra, who had a peculiar and informal manner of intimating his wishes to the Almighty, abandoned all idea of going to his pulpit, and, seating himself in an armchair, like Canute by the edge of the sea, proceeded to invoke the aid of Heaven in the broadest Scotch.

"Now, dear Lord, dinna ye think it a shame for ye to send this vile pirate to rob our folk o' Kirkcaldy; for ye ken they're puir enew already, and bae naething to spair. The way the ween blows, he'll be bere in a jiffie, and wha kens what he may do? He's nae too guid for any thing. Meikle's the mischief he has done already. He'll burn their houses, tak their very claes, and tirl them to the sark; and wae's me! wha kens but the bluidy villain might tak their lives? The puir weemen are maist frightened out o' their wits, and the bairns skirling after them. I canna thot! I have been lang a faithful servant to ye, Laird; but gin ye dinna turn the ween about, and blaw the scoundrel out of our gate, I'll nae staur a fit, but will just sit here till the tide comes and drouns me. Sae tak yere will o't."

Never was there a more manifest an answer to a prayer, even though the prayer was somewhat coercive in its nature, for a gale came up and forced the American ships to sea:

Excited crowds assembled on the heights above Kirkcaldy, and on the sandy beach. At one time the *Bonhomme Richard* was within a mile of the shore, and with glasses the renowned commander could be clearly seen, and is described as "being dressed in the American uniform with a Scotch bonnet edged with gold—as of a middle stature, stern countenance and swarthy complexion."

The author gives us a spirited description of the fight between the *Bonhomme Richard* and the *Scrapis*. Quoting from the story told by Richard Dale, first lieutenant under Jones, he says:

"As soon as the ships could bring their guns to bear again after separating the fire of both was renewed; the enemy's as heavy as before, but ours much weaker," continues the first quarter gunner of the *Richard*. "In fact, but little of our starboard broadside was left. Of the fourteen twelve-pounders in it at the beginning, nine were either dismantled by their carriages and tackle being smashed by the eighteen-pound shot of the enemy's lower tier or else so jammed through wreckage of the port openings from the same cause as to be unserviceable. . . . Of the hundred and forty odd officers and men stationed in the main gun-deck battery at the beginning, more than half—at least over eighty—were killed or wounded. The whole deck was slippery with blood and littered with fragments of heads, bodies, and limbs."

A still more vigorous account is to be found in the "Mémoire du Combat," by Pierre Gérard, who was Jones's orderly during the battle and who speaks as follows of the boarding of the *Scrapis*:

But I could distinctly hear, amid the crashing of the musketry, the great voice of the commodore, cheering the French marines in their own tongue, uttering such imprecations on the enemy as I never before or since heard in the French or any other language, exhorting them to take good aim, pointing out objects for their fire, and frequently giving them direct example by taking their loaded muskets from their hands into his and firing himself. In fact, toward the very last, he had about him a group of half a dozen marines who did nothing but load their firelocks and hand them to the commodore, who fired them from his own shoulder, standing on the quarter-deck rail by the main topmast backstay.

Captain Pearson of the *Scrapis* was a gallant enemy, and if he must surrender there was no shame in yielding to such a man as Jones, who gives us his own description of the incident:

It was a bitter moment, and stirred the feelings of the conqueror who described it. "Captain Pearson now confronted me, the image of chagrin and despair. He offered me his sword with a slight bow, but was silent. His first lieutenant followed suit. I was sorry for both of them, for they had fought their ship better and braver than any English ship was ever fought before, and this fortune of war came hard to them. I wanted to speak, but they were so sad and dignified in their silence I hardly knew what to say. Finally I mustered courage and said, as I took the swords and handed them to Midshipman Potter at my elbow: 'Captain Pearson, you have fought heroically. You have worn this sword to your own credit and to the honor of your service. I hope your sovereign will suitably reward you.' He bowed again, but made no reply; whereupon I requested him and his lieutenant to accompany Mr. Potter to my cabin."

Jones himself took care to clear Pearson's name from the charge of insulting the man who had defeated him. The newspapers had printed a story to the effect that on surrendering his sword Pearson had said: "It is with reluctance that I yield this sword to a man who fights with a halter around his neck." Jones wrote a letter, quoting the proceedings of the court-martial that probably gave rise to the canard:

"Then the judge-advocate asked: 'To what, Captain Pearson, do you attribute this extraordinary and unbecoming of desperate stubbornness?'

"Captain Pearson's reply was: 'I do not know, sir, unless it was because our government, in its inscrutable wisdom, had allowed, if it did not cause, the impression to be spread abroad that Captain Jones and his crew would be held pirates, or, at least, not entitled to the usages of civilized war.'"

"To that the judge-advocate replied: 'In other words, Captain Pearson, you mean they fought like men fighting with ropes round their necks?'

"That might be a way to state what I mean," said Captain Pearson.

"There was no impropriety in this language when and where it was uttered. On the contrary, Captain Pearson unquestionably intended to convey, in a diplomatic manner, his disapproval of the policy of his government to which he had reference. In that view it was creditable to him. The record of the court-martial soon found its way into the English newspapers, gossip of coffee-houses and the like, and ultimately became distorted into the absurd shape now being considered."

Space may be found for a concluding anecdote, related by Jones himself and illustrative of the extraordinary patriotism called forth by the perils of the day. Speaking at Portsmouth town hall, he referred to the flag given him by the girls of Portsmouth as "a pattern new to the world":

He told an anecdote which greatly pleased his audience of a sailor boy, Johnny Downes, with him on the *Ranger* and *Bonhomme Richard*. "Johnny, though seventeen years old, was so small for his age that he attracted the attention of a duchesse who was visiting the ship, who asked him—

"Why are you here? Such a child! You are not big or strong enough for war. Why did your mother let you come here?"

"My mother did not let me come here, madame, she sent me," Johnny replied; but the duchesse was not satisfied, and pursued the question.

"Why, then, did she send such a little and delicate boy?"

"Because, madame, she had no other boy to send. But, madame," said Johnny, "I am much stronger than you think. I can keep my station with the best of them, as the captain will tell you, if you do me the honor to ask him. True, I am small, but that is an advantage, because the enemy can't hit me in battle as easily as they could if I was large."

The duchesse was charmed, declaring to the captain that Johnny came of a race of Spartan mothers, all of which must have been very pleasant to Johnny's mother, who sat in the audience.

Of the further adventures of the naval hero the work must be allowed to speak for itself. At the age of forty-three John Paul Jones became vice-admiral in the Russian navy, a year or so later he received an enthusiastic welcome in England, and at the age of forty-five he was dead. "At heart," says the author, "he was a free lance, without a country, without family; he had his brief hour, his life was like 'the stuff that dreams are made of.'"

THE SAILOR WHOM ENGLAND FEARED. By M. Mac Dermot Crawford. New York: Duffield & Co.

Introduction of machinery and trades unionism have wrought a complete change in sheepshearing in Australia, whose greatest source of wealth is her wool. An average shearer makes the equivalent of \$5 a day, being paid by the head. As a result an entirely different type of man has come into the shearing market—young men with no ties and no settled occupation, who in many cases shear six months out of the year and live a life of idleness the other six, and whose main object seems to be to do as little work for as much money as they can possibly get.

Fire a few days ago destroyed Killarney House, one of Ireland's most famous show places. Its rare tapestry and china were lost. Killarney House was occupied by the Earl of Kenmare.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

A Story of a Double Life.

Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim gives us a story quite unlike anything that he has yet written, but we are rather inclined to wish that he would stick to his *métier* of secret treaties, mysterious diplomacies, and the underworld of European statecraft. In his new novel, "The Double Life of Mr. Alfred Burton," we are introduced to an auctioneer's clerk who has all the vulgar cleverness and smartness associated in the popular mind with that particular walk in life. But Mr. Burton meets with a strange adventure. While showing an empty house to a prospective tenant he enters a room that was once occupied by an old Oriental philosopher, and there he finds a curious shrub growing in a pot, and close beside it some sheets of paper covered with writing. Only the last few lines are decipherable, and these inform him that "he who shall eat of the brown fruit of this tree shall see the things of life and death as they are." Very imprudently Mr. Burton swallows one of the brown beans that are hanging from the shrub, and with the most astonishing results. His whole character immediately undergoes a change. His natural gift for adroit lying is turned into a passion for strict and literal truth-telling, a most undesirable gift in an auctioneer's clerk. His vulgarity gives place to a superfine aestheticism which causes him to loathe his clothing and his associations and to develop a fine taste for color and form. The immediate result is that he informs the prospective tenant that the drains of the house are very much out of order and that the last occupant had died of typhoid fever as a result. Naturally and properly Mr. Burton loses his position for a veracity that would be so fatal to business, but this does not matter very much, as his new mental and moral acquisitions enable him to write in such a way that editors are glad to see him—a most unusual phenomenon. But as Mr. Burton can no longer bear the society of his wife and child because of their vulgarity we feel that we are on the brink of social tragedy. Things become still more involved when the auctioneer himself swallows one of the beans and begins to tell the truth at public sales, and the tension becomes still greater when we discover that the effect of the beans has a tendency to wear off and that the supply is strictly limited. Here we may leave Mr. Burton and his interesting friends who have thus been coerced into probity and the pursuit of beauty, but the reader will certainly follow their amusing vicissitudes to the end. Mr. Oppenheim is hardly capable of writing anything that is not admirable of its kind, but we may hope that the deserved success of the present fantasy will not dissuade him from the field of international diplomacies and the perils of the secret service that he has made so distinctively his own.

THE DOUBLE LIFE OF MR. ALFRED BURTON. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25 net.

The Russian Empire.

Mr. Nevin O. Winter, author of the best book of its kind about Russia that we have seen, says in his preface that "wherever one turns in his study of the stirring events in the world of today, in the Balkans, in China, in Japan, in Persia, in Turkey, he sees prominently before his eyes, in large letters, the word RUSSIA." Russia is the fly-wheel of European politics, and not only the largest factor in world affairs, but in herself an unsolved social problem of appalling magnitude.

Mr. Winter writes, not to advertise his own opinions, but to convey facts in such amplitude and of such accuracy that we can form opinions for ourselves. It is an unusual course with those who write about Russia, and who usually adopt an attitude of violent partisanship and censure. We may believe that Mr. Nevin knows so much of his subject as to make partisanship and censure difficult. Whole nations can not be impeached, and a practical acquaintance with Russia tends to a leniency of judgment toward her government and her officials. Thus we find Mr. Nevin suggesting that the hostility toward the eastern European Jew is not due wholly to intolerance and bigotry, and that that persecuted race has developed undesirable traits that are quite as marked under the relatively benign rule of Austria as under the iron hand of Russia. In Lemberg, for example, "where most parts of the municipality are fairly clean, the Jewish quarters are at times almost filthy." That these traits are themselves the result of persecution does not get rid of the fact that they are there and that they excite antipathies.

Mr. Nevin covers the whole ground with an admirable lucidity. He gives us the history of Russia not in a department by itself, but interwoven through his text and illustrative of the aspects of national life with which he deals—and he deals with nearly all. We have sections on education and literature, on nobles and peasants, on national characteristics, on the Jewish problem, on the government, on Nihilism and the beginnings of representative institutions. Nowhere do we find a hasty opinion, a rapid generalization, or an impetuous condemnation. No other writer has better succeeded in seeing both

sides of the shield and in presenting them with a greater impartiality and completeness. His book should be in large demand among those who wish to understand the nature of Russia's problem and her weight in the great affairs of international politics.

THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE OF TODAY AND YESTERDAY. By Nevin O. Winter. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; \$3 net.

Mene Tekel.

Here we have a detective story that is not only as clever as any such story need be, but one that is free from the horrid misdeeds usually supposed to be essential to yarns of this kind. When Lord Tanne more inspects the new Babylonian tablets in demotic script that have been sold for an enormous price to the British Museum he feels certain that they are forgeries and he says so. Challenged for proof, he is unable to give any, but he undertakes to supply the necessary evidence within a certain time or submit to disgrace. In his perplexity he turns to his friend, Professor Clusius, the greatest Swedish scientist, who has discovered a process by which objects can be made to disclose, like a photographic plate, all the events of which they have ever been a witness. So Lord Tanne more and Professor Clusius and also the celebrated detective, Joseph Muller, start for Assyria, where the incriminated tablets are supposed to have been found, in order to search for evidences of fraud and also to put the discoveries of Professor Clusius to the test. Their adventures form the material for a detective story that can be read without a sadder and that has that pseudo-scientific interest of which Jules Verne was the originator and the master.

MENE TEKEL. By Augusta Groner. Translated by Grace Isabel Colborn. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.20.

Immigration.

The author strikes a somewhat new note when he considers the problem of immigration, not only from the standpoint of its effect upon American institutions, but also its bearing upon the countries of origin and upon civilization at large. That he reaches no positive conclusions upon the larger issues is cause for further gratulation. Positive conclusions are already far too rife, and they usually mark the lack of rather than the competency of knowledge.

But the author is not afraid of a verdict where it seems to be justified by the facts. For example, he says that immigration has not lowered American wages nor standards of living, but it has kept them from rising, and "the greater the numbers the more aggravated will be the evils of this kind." Again we are told that immigration has increased pauperism, but that it has not increased crime, but that it has changed the character of crime. Another suggestive conclusion is to the effect that the character of immigration has been altered by the artificial efforts of transportation companies and the like to induce it. A natural immigration is made up of those who are obeying the dictates either of instinct or of intelligence, that is to say of the fit, whereas the immigrant who has been persuaded into action may be very far from fit. On the question of assimilation the author is no less suggestive. None of the usual tests of education, speech, clothing, or habits can be considered as final. What we need to know is whether the immigrants' neighbors of the old American stock think of them as different from themselves, because of race. It may be noted also and with some interest as bearing upon crime that "owing to the very strict wording of our contract labor law, a very large proportion of our immigrants enter the country under the impression . . . that they are evading the law," and that they may naturally get the impression that the country "has other laws that need to be broken after one is in."

Enough has been said to show that we have here a work of exceptionally high value, one that seems to contain all the facts that the student can need and all the conclusions that are safely justified by those facts.

IMMIGRATION: A WORLD MOVEMENT AND ITS AMERICAN SIGNIFICANCE. By Henry Pratt Fairchild. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.75 net.

Daisy Darley.

One is inclined to wonder whether the author of this very modern story intended to write a romance or an exposition of mysticism and reincarnation. As it is, the mysticism rather interferes with the romance and the romance with the mysticism. For a hero we have Arthur Clandillon, a young literary man who divides his time between Oriental literature and dreaming about the great work that he never does. It seems only natural that his sweetheart, Miss Considine, should object to both, to the literature because she is a devout Catholic, and to the dreaming because it interferes with that process of money-earning which modern degeneracy persists in demanding as a prelude to matrimony. But eventually Arthur enters a newspaper office and does some honest work, and this gives the author an opportunity to paint the picture of the manufacture of an evening weekly journal in London, and he does this with much energy and—let us hope—with accuracy. He also writes articles on compara-

tive religion and the uplift movement with that extraordinary energy and speed that is depicted in novels but that so rarely exists in the newspaper world of cold realities. Arthur is quite a remarkable young man, although crudely selfish in spite of his mysticism, but our sympathies are with the girl, who seems to have quite a real grievance. Mr. Ryan writes with a deft and careful hand, but he would have made a better story had he omitted the Oriental philosophy, of which his knowledge seems to be of the superficial kind.

DAISY DARLEY. By W. P. Ryan. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

The Adventures of Dr. Whitty.

G. A. Birmingham has reached the enviable point where his name on the title page of a book is a guaranty not only of excellence but also of an audience. No other writer of his day has so well portrayed the humors of modern Irish life or has succeeded so well in touching upon the political life of the hitherto distressful isle in so deft a way as to arouse no resentments. The fourteen short stories in the present volume are devoted to the achievements of Dr. Whitty, who attends to the medical needs of Ballintra, on the coast of Connacht. Dr. Whitty is the genius of the town, the diplomat of local politics, the reconciler of religious difficulties, the sagacious friend and counsellor of every one. It is he who persuades the government to build a pier that will do no harm to any one and that will give employment to the local builder. It is he who gets up the suffrage meeting and then discovers that the lady orator is a pronounced "anti," and who yet saves the day with laurels for every one. In short Dr. Whitty's many achievements are so distinctively Irish that they would be impossible anywhere else but in Ireland. The author has unbounded wit and unquenchable kindness, and these should be passports to the whole English-speaking race, as they undoubtedly are.

THE ADVENTURES OF DR. WHITTY. By G. A. Birmingham. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Land of the Spirit.

Mr. Thomas Nelson Page says in his preface that the most notable one change in our national life in the last decades is the deepening of its note, and that "whereas formerly attention was given largely to things of the surface, of late the mind has been directed more to those things which lie beneath." We are so impressed with the truth of this as to wonder that Mr. Page's selected illustrations should be of so meagre a quality, and that from such a wealth of material he should select samples so shadowy. We have one or two stories suggestive of the supernatural, a few others of the pietistic kind, and a new handling of the old speculation as to the reception of Christ by a modern fashionable congregation. Mr. Page is, of course, a master of style, and probably he could give a literary charm to the multiplication table, but when we actually reach "those things which lie beneath" we must confess that they seem commonplace enough in these days of psychic research and mystic speculation.

THE LAND OF THE SPIRIT. By Thomas Nelson Page. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.20 net.

Hawaii.

The visitor to Hawaii who is interested in things modern can do no better than procure this competent guide-book by Mr. William R. Castle, Jr., who probably knows as much of his subject as any man living. Mr. Castle devotes his first few pages to the history of Hawaii and then proceeds to a description of the various islands so arranged that the traveler may sketch his itinerary with economy of time and energy. The guide-book must necessarily be modern, but for the sake of those who must travel by proxy we may wish that the author had placed a little less stress upon commerce, custom-houses, and public buildings, and a little more upon the

The White House

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traits of the people, that he were a little less enthusiastic about "progress" and a little more about human nature. But we can not have everything, and as a modern guide for the modern tourist his book is all that it should be.

HAWAII PAST AND PRESENT. By W. R. Castle, Jr. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Briefer Reviews.

In these days of versified banalities and horrid self-communings it is a relief to stumble across Mr. Herbert Ferguson's "Rhymes of Eld" (Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net). Mr. Ferguson finds his material among ancient stories and legends and he versifies them with a certain graceful energy and humor that makes pleasant reading. He might sometimes be a little more musical, but certainly he has an easy abandon that well fits his topic.

Edith B. Delano, author of "The Land of Content" (D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.30 net), gives us a novel with a moral so well sugar-coated as to be palatable. It is a story of the typically selfish society woman who goes for amusement to the Virginia mountains, there meets Dr. Ogilvie, and is persuaded by him into the strenuous life and thoughtfulness of others. The picture of Virginia is well done and that of a wayward human nature no less so.

"The Autobiography of a Working Woman," by Adelheid Popp, translated by E. C. Harvey and published by F. G. Brown & Co., Chicago, is the remarkable life-story of an Austrian woman who became a Socialist and is anxious that the world should know why she did so. It is a story of unusual power, intense, realistic, and complete, but we are still uncertain why the author became a Socialist. That she should hate a social system under which she had so suffered is natural enough, but we can see little evidence of any careful and intelligent choice of the alternative. Frau Popp, recalling her youth, says: "I remember no tender words," and perhaps the whole story of the political career is told here more eloquently than in all the rest of her eloquent words.

M. François Fertiault, the latest Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, published his first volume in 1830.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

SUNIA.

Next to Rudyard Kipling the best stories of Indian life are told by Maud Diver. Indeed in some respects she tells better stories than Kipling, in that her characters are more normal and more representative of the whole social scheme of things. In this volume she gives us thirteen short stories, evidently drawn from life, but all beautified by a fine romantic imagery, and some of them of an exquisite tenderness that does not readily leave the memory. The author's work, both in this volume and in her preceding stories, has a special value and one quite apart from the field of fiction. She helps us to understand the people of India as they actually are, both the natives and the white residents. Not contenting herself with a few selected types, her stories have a rotundity and a perspective that are rare enough in pictures of India.

SUNIA: A HIMALAYAN IDYLL. By Maud Diver. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Harper & Brothers have put to press for reprinting at once the following books: "Daisy Miller," by Henry James; "The Return of the Native," by Thomas Hardy; "Imagination in Business," by Lorin F. Deland; "Campaigning with Crook," by Charles King.

Colonel W. F. Cody, whose Wild West show recently met with disaster, is going back to the country of his heart, the story of which he has put into his book, "The Adventures of Buffalo Bill." Many of his greatest achievements came during the early days with which "The Adventures of Buffalo Bill" deals. It was then that he made his thrilling expeditions after the Sioux and had his famous duel with Yellow Hand, the Cheyenne chief.

Having written on many other subjects with authority, Professor Richard E. Burton, head of the English department of the University of Minnesota since 1906, has completed a volume entitled, "The New American Drama," in an optimistic strain. It is among the fall publications announced by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

Professor Walter C. Bronson, the head of the English department at Brown University, is writing a history of the institution, which will be published in connection with the anniversary celebration next year. He has been engaged in collecting material, much of which has not been used hitherto, for the past three years. The volume will be published in June, 1914.

Gerald Stanley Lee, author of "Crowds," recently published by Doubleday, Page & Co., was educated for the ministry, and for a number of years after being ordained he preached with success. His first church was at Princeton, Minnesota, where he served for a year. Some years later he became an instructor at Smith College, and then followed a period as literary lecturer. For the last eight years he has edited the *Mount Tom Magazine*.

B. W. Huebsch is publishing this fall "Financing the Wage-Earner's Family," by Professor Nearing, who has digested all the budgetary and statistical studies on the subject and has correlated the information relating to the standards of living and the ability of workers to maintain them.

Henry C. Shelley, author of "Literary By-Paths in Old England," in his latest work, "The Tragedy of Mary Stuart," has produced a book which differs from other accounts in that the author has gone for his material to the original and contemporary documents, many of which are used for the first time. Publication is announced by Little, Brown & Co.

Of unusual interest, and especially in the West, is Henry K. Norton's book, "The Story of California," just published by A. C. McClurg & Co. Full justice is done the early mission days by the author, who enters into detail in speaking of that phase of California history.

A new book by Dr. Victor Ernest Shelford, of the department of zoology in the University of Chicago, is announced for publication by the University of Chicago Press in September. "Animal Communities in Temperate America as Illustrated in the Chicago Region" is the title of the volume, material for which has been accumulated during fifteen years of field study in various parts of the United States.

In November and December the Irish novelist, Rev. J. O. Hannay, better known to the public by his pen name, "G. A. Birmingham," will come to this country on a lecture tour. He will remain for five weeks.

Alvin McCaslin, author of the "Watch Your Step" articles, the best of which have been collected and are now being brought out in a little volume by B. W. Huebsch, is a new writer. These monologues of wit and homely philosophy are in the language of a New York subway guard.

When Edgar Gardner Murphy was recently laid to rest few of his admirers suspected that added to his varied and important educational achievements he had the distinction of

writing what, in view of the very exceptional encomia bestowed upon it by the leading astronomers of the world, must be recognized as an astronomy of unchallenged merit. "A Beginner's Star Book," which the Putnams are now permitted to associate with the name of its author, made its appearance under the pseudonym of Kelvin McKready.

This month the Putnams will publish a volume entitled "The Married Life of Queen Victoria," by Clare Jerrold. The author carries a stage further the interesting study of Queen Victoria's life, which she began in "The Early Court of Queen Victoria."

New Books Received.

THE BOOK OF EVELYN. By Geraldine Bonner. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

THE TREBAN EAGLE AND OTHER POEMS. By Chester Allyn Reed. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A volume of verse.

THE MOUNTAIN SPRING AND OTHER POEMS. By Nannie R. Glass. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net.

A volume of verse.

FATHER GREGORY. By Percival Christopher Wren. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A tale of Hindustan.

THE NEW TESTAMENT PERIOD AND ITS LEADERS. By Frank T. Lee, D. D. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.35 net.

"How Christianity was prepared for, inaugurated, emancipated from Judaism, and became universal."

MIDGET PROBLEMS. By William Timothy Call. Brooklyn, New York, 669 East Thirty-Second Street: W. T. Call; 50 cents.

All the ideas in positions of 2 vs. 2 pieces in checkers.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF OSCAR WILDE. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

Issued in the Astor Edition of Poets. With a biographical and critical introduction by Nathan Haskell Dole.

ROUND THE CORNER. By Gilbert Cannan. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

IN THE ONCE UPON A TIME. By Lilian Gask. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.50 net.

The fairy tales of science. For young people.

IN THE DAYS OF LIONHEART. By Wallace Gandy. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.50 net.

For young people. Illustrated.

HEROES OF MODERN EUROPE. By Alice Birkhead. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.50 net.

For young people. With sixteen illustrations.

THE STORY OF ROBERT THE BRUCE. By M. Meredith Williams. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.50 net.

For young people. With sixteen illustrations.

LESSONS FROM NATURE'S WORKSHOP. By William J. Claxton. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1 net.

Nature talks for children.

THE CONQUERORS OF PERU. By Henry Gilbert. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.50 net.

For young people. With sixteen full-page illustrations.

THE STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Alice Birkhead. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.50 net.

For young people. With sixteen full-page illustrations.

THE BOYS' WELLINGTON. By H. F. B. Wheeler. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.50 net.

With sixteen full-page illustrations.

STORIES FROM DUTCH HISTORY. By Arthur H. Dawson. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.50 net.

With sixteen full-page plates.

TANGLEWOOD TALES. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.50 net.

With fourteen colored illustrations and sixteen full-page drawings in black and white.

THE NORTHMEN IN BRITAIN. By Eleanor Hull. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.50 net.

The story of the first incursions of the Northmen into Britain with the events of the following centuries down to the coming of William the Conqueror. For boys and girls.

THE STORY OF MY HEART. By Richard Jeffries. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50 net.

An autobiography.

OTHERWISE PHYLLIS. By Meredith Nicholson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

HAPPY-GO-LUCKY. By Ian Hay. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

THE SUPPLANTER. By Grace Duffie Boylan. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

FRANCE TODAY: ITS RELIGIOUS ORIENTATION. By Paul Sabater. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2 net.

An inquiry into the religious tendencies of modern France.

THE ADVENTUROUS SIMPLICISSIMUS. Written in German by Hans Jacob Christoph von Grimmelshausen and now for the first time done into English. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50 net.

"Being the description of the life of a

strange vagabond named Melchior Sternfels von Fuchshaim."

"TIGER." By Witter Bynner. New York: Mitchell Kennerly; 60 cents net.

A white slave drama.

THE ENGLISH NOVEL. By George Saintsbury. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

A history of the novel.

SALISBURY PLAIN. By Ella Noyes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.50 net.

Its stones, cathedral city, villages, and folk.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Three Hermits.

Three old hermits took the air
By a cold and desolate sea,
First was muttering a prayer,
Second rummaged for a flea.
On a windy stone, the third,
Giddy with his hundredth year
Sang unnoticed like a bird.

"Though the door of Death is near
And what waits behind the door
Three times in a single day
I though upright on the shore,
Fall asleep when I should pray."

So the first but now the second.
"We're but given what we have earned,
When all thoughts and deeds are reckoned,
So it's plain to be discerned,
That the shades of holy men,
Who have failed being weak of will
Pass the door of birth again,
And are plagued by crowds, until
They've the passion to escape."

Moaned the other, "They are thrown
Into some most fearful shape."
But the second mocked his moan:
"They are not changed to anything,
Having loved God once, but maybe
To a poet or a king
Or a witty lovely lady."

While he'd rummaged rags and hair
Caught and cracked his flea: the third,
Giddy with his hundredth year
Sang unnoticed like a bird.

—William Butler Yeats, in *Smart Set*.

The Old Gun.

Over the kitchen door it hung, rusty of barrel and
dingy of stock;
Over the kitchen door it hung, watching the growth
of the family flock.

Soon as a son to youthhood came, into the crook
of his lusty young arm
Snuggled the gun—each touch a thrill; then to the
woods at the hack of the farm?

Off to the woods, to shoot? Nay, dream! Feni-
more Cooper—you know him, I see.
Panthers that crouched by every stream, Indians
behind every thick-enough tree!

"Musket bored-out" was the old gun's make—
Springfield, perhaps, but no matter, I guess;
"Justible sight" with a hinge—you know; seldom
to game did it carry distress.

Part of the life of the prosy farm—link 'twixt the
pioneer time and today,
Over the kitchen door it hung, dreaming of holding
the foeman at bay;

Hung on the old black-leathern straps made from
the tops of some discarded hoots,
Shot-pouch and powder-horn, hung beside, silently
gossiped of boyish recruits—

Boyish recruits of a day just fled! O how we
envied the fellows of Then!

Tales of the raids my father told, tales of the hun-
dred-day home-guarding men—
Tales we had heard again and again, till we had
learned them by heart, every one,

Thrilled us always as a huge blast, there by the
side of that wonderful gun!

Something in normal manhood lives so closely akin
to the savage that kills:

Strong in the youth is lust for strife, tales of the
foray the boy-hosom thrills.

Deep in my heart the dreaming dwells—whether I
fare 'neath the stars or the sun—
Memories sweet as Shandon bells—dreamings that
cling 'round that old army gun.

—Strickland Gillilan, in *Lestie's Weekly*.

Consolidation and Progress

When the famous Colgate electrical power plant was completed on the Middle Yuba River, turning out 10,000 horsepower, and the "juice" was carried to Oakland, 140 miles away, it was regarded as one of the greatest electrical achievements of the age, and experts from all parts of the world came to investigate.

That was in the days when every isolated power plant in the mountains had to stand squarely on its own bottom. If the plant had trouble, its customers had trouble and lots of it. All contracts made by the early plants stipulated the order in which the power should, in the case of accident, be withdrawn from the customers.

Singly, the water-power plant could not guarantee continuous service. Thus, for instance, the Electra power plant built by Prince Andre Poniatowski and his San Francisco associates in Bret Harte's country was put out of commission in 1904 by the bursting of the pressure pipe above the power-house. Hundreds of mines and industrial plants depended upon Electra's 10,000-kilowatt generators for their power. Fortunately the works just prior to the break had been sold to the corporation which subsequently became the Pacific Gas and Electric Company. Without a moment's hesitation the Electra lines were connected with the Colgate wires in Oakland and the mines in Jackson continued operation without interruption, driven by power that was sent to them over a circuit 350 miles long.

By uniting the ownership of several hydro-electric plants under one head, the necessity of constructing large auxiliary steam plants was removed, and much economic loss was avoided by doing away with unnecessary duplication.

Colgate blazed the electric long-distance trail. After it came scores of hydro-electric plants covering the Pacific slope. In 1900 the hydro-electric installations in California did not reach a total output of 100,000 horsepower; today their capacity exceeds half a million horsepower. In five years their output will have reached a million horsepower. The men on and behind the Pacific Gas and Electric's fifteen-million-dollar job at Lake Spaulding will see to that. Their enterprise alone will add 160,000 horsepower to the supply of electric energy available today, and not only that, but it will mean a wider use for electric power than the early Californians dreamed of—yes, even the far-seeing and energetic pioneers in the business, who accomplished wonders in their way with the Colgate plant. New uses for such power are constantly arising, and new electric appliances are being manufactured to lighten the burden of household work and farm and factory labors. Soon the hand-milked dairy will be a thing of the past in this country, for example. Electric milking machines, so largely in use in New Zealand and Australia, are coming into favor here, and the drudgery attached to this phase of rural life will be practically eliminated.

At the same time that the Pacific Gas and Electric Company continues to spread its network of electric wires throughout northern California, where it now serves two-thirds of the entire population of the state, it will supply the foothill farmers and fruit-growers between Colfax and Auburn with abundance of water from the enlarged canal, and in this way lend its further assistance towards the colonizing of that exceeding rich portion of California.

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"ELECTRA."

Under the auspices of the University of California there was presented at the Greek Theatre on Saturday night, September 6, with Margaret Anglin in the title-role, "Electra," one of the immortal tragedies of Sophocles. The event by this time has no doubt been chronicled all over the country, thus adding greatly to the already well-established histrionic prestige of Miss Anglin.

And well does she merit it. Since her appearance at the Greek Theatre three years ago as Antigone Margaret Anglin has been surrendering herself to the intoxication of an intellectual enthusiasm. She has been steeping herself in Greek traditions of the theatre, and the result has been a surpassingly beautiful production; one that gives the spectator the sensation of having, in some degree, shared in spirit with the profound enjoyment felt by the Greeks in their greatest tragedies during the glorious age of Pericles.

All Miss Anglin's patient study and research have borne fruit, and, against the pure Greek background furnished by the great stage of the noble temple of drama reared upon the Berkeley hills, we have almost witnessed a miracle. For there we have seen one of Sophocles's tragedies played with a remarkable approximation to Grecian ideals, and with just such a background as the great dramatist had in mind during the composition of his tragedies.

Miss Anglin's part, however, is far from being confined to the interpretation of the title-role. In the long list of experts who had to do with the production as a whole was included this simple announcement: Staged by Miss Anglin. To her, therefore, is due recognition for the authority which has guided, and the aesthetic taste and intelligence which have presided over the arrangement of the classically simple and beautiful stage setting, the beautiful grouping of the Argive maidens and the characters in general, the impressiveness of the exits and entrances, and the appearance of historic accuracy bestowed by the costumes and accessories generally.

Only in the Greek Theatre could this fidelity to ancient customs have been adhered to, for, as in Sophocles's time, the broad stone facade fronting the audience served nobly as the exterior of Ægisthos's and Clytemnestra's palace. In the great central portal was set the similitude of a pair of bronze doors, adorned in relief with masks, in accordance with the epoch represented. In the pair of niches on each side of this stately portal were placed, in one a bust of Zeus, in the other of Aphrodite, those two deities whose left-handed relationship to the family of Clytemnestra was made honorable, and a matter of family pride, on account of their Olympian majesty. At the two extremes of the stage were seen groves of evergreen trees, each approached by a short flight of marble steps. The one on the left was the sacred grove, the one on the right shaded the tomb of Agamemnon. Benches of white marble (for so they seemed) of antique form were placed on either side of the palace portal, their whiteness intensifying the dead black of Electra's garments of mourning, as she crouched and writhed in the despair induced by the excess of her filial woe.

The side entrances that slant down to the level of the circular orchestra, used habitually for the admission of the public, also served as entrance-ways for the characters in the play. In the centre of the graveled space to which they led stood an altar of gray stone, modeled upon those which, in ancient times, were used to receive offerings and sacrifices.

The lighting of the stage was accomplished by throwing upon it a brilliant illumination from half a dozen incandescent lights, placed at the summit of six tall poles ranged in a curving row at the rear of the orchestra seats. Besides these, there were footlights, masked from view by a long, low row of interwoven evergreens.

The action of the play began by the appearance of two torch-bearers, their semi-nude bodies stained brown by the ardent sun of Greece. In the dim light then prevailing they were seen fleetly circling the graveled central space (for they did not make their entrance on the stage) and finally standing like motionless bronze figures at the top of the stone stairway, their upward-extended arms bearing each a torch to light Orestes and Pylodes and their attendants. These two noble youths wore the Grecian tunic and mantel, and their heads were garlanded, as be seemed the ancient

Greek. Their bare legs, hrownd like those of the torch-bearers, were cross-gartered with leather thongs, and their attire was marked by the simplicity conformable to that of an exiled prince.

The old man who acted as guardian to Orestes wore the flowing garments appropriate to age. He spoke, pointing out to Orestes the sacred grove, the palace occupied by his guilty mother and Ægisthos, and the trees which shaded Agamemnon's tomb. As the youth replied, and the two sonorous voices resounded, with the stately diction of Sophocles, we found ourselves caught and held, so far as a modern may be, in the classic atmosphere of ancient Greece.

There followed the entrance of the Argive maidens, a presence new to us, for I recollect no Greek chorus in "Antigone," nor in the version of "Electra" (by Æschylus, if I remember aright) played by Mrs. Patrick Campbell at the Novelty Theatre a year or so after the fire. The Argive maidens, their Grecian draperies and garlanded heads swaying in time to the cadenced measures of a concealed orchestra, and to those of the finger-cymbals and other hand instruments which they clicked rhythmically like castanets, entered from the side in a slow and stately dance. They were silent, the music from the orchestra replacing the dithyrambic odes which in ancient times served as a lyric accompaniment to their entrance. But this silence, to a modern audience whose whole attention was fixed upon the graceful poses of the dancing maidens, was more impressive than song. Like the torch-bearers, but slowly, rhythmically, and with an air of state and solemnity, as if it were a religious rite, they circled the graveled space about the altar, which, serving for the time as the thymele of Bacchus, furnished a further touch of archæological correctness.

The dance concluded, the Argive maidens ascended the stairway, and ranged themselves on either side of the palace portal, from that time devoting themselves to expressing by pose and gesture sentiments appropriate to the emotions of horror and woe developed by the progressive events of the play. When Electra mourned the death of her father, and the indignity of his taking off, they drooped in grief, clasped hands, or laid sympathetic heads upon one another's shoulders. When the death of Clytemnestra at the hands of her son impended, and they waited outside the fatal door, some of them fled in attitudes of terror toward their leader, or crouched, hiding their faces, until the long, wailing death-cry was heard. Then, their loose draperies fluttering in the wind of their flight, they flew from the scene like a flock of terrified birds, leaving their leader attended by two only, who clung, drooping and motionless, to the stone wall, looking against its gray surface like a couple of figures in the mural paintings with which the Greeks adorned the façades of their theatre stages.

When the entire group was on the stage, either dancing or gradually melting from one series of poses into another, the collective effect was reminiscent of the friezes which decorate the walls and vessels of ancient Greece.

The music from the concealed orchestra which furnished the inspiration for the dance of the Argive maidens is part of a very effective musical setting for the tragedy as a whole composed by William Furst. This setting serves as a general accompaniment for the various crises of action throughout the play, and is generally in the form of hursts of sombre harmonies, with an element of the sinister and the terrible added, when the expiatory crimes are impending. Mr. Furst himself led the orchestra, whose work blended so harmoniously with the general effect of tragic grandeur and impending doom that the leader shared in the final recognition accorded the tragedienne.

A very impressive effect in the play is made by the series of entrances through the bronze doors of Clytemnestra's palace, round which all the action centres. These doors seem like the gateway of doom. Through them comes the sombre figure of Electra, brooding on vengeance. From them enters the doomed Clytemnestra, haughty and defiant, her scarlet-robed, gold-crowned figure dominating the scene, the vivid red of her robes subtly blending a suggestion of the splendor of royalty with the lurid color of crime. Through these doors Orestes, the matricide, disappears to fulfill the purposes of the gods by avenging the death of his father, and within them he drags Ægisthos to his doom.

An admirable picture, purely Grecian in effect, is made by the symmetrical grouping of Clytemnestra's attendants standing motionless on the hither side of the entrance to the palace, the half-nude male slave in the centre bearing a platter heaped high with votive fruits and flowers, while the female attendants on either side complete the symmetrical effect by holding the looped ends of the garlands which are to be laid on the altar as a sacrifice to Apollo. Other attendants bear tall rods to whose upper extremities are attached sheaves of fruits and flowers.

While Clytemnestra makes her invocation to Apollo, imploring protection from the sun-god against the wrath of her children, her attendants advance to the classically simple altar and heap thereon the offerings of fruit

and flowers and affix to receptacles in the altar fashioned to receive them horizontal arms projecting from curious vessels of antique design, which presumably contain wine, or even jewels, which the Greeks loved to offer to their favorite gods.

Through this pure Greek background of beauty moves the black-robed figure of Electra, unadorned in her lowly and despised state, and given over to a gradually rising frenzy of grief and despair. Her dark head is ungarlanded, and low in the dust, and her voice has the raucous accents of unbridled woe. Whether present or absent, she is unforgettable.

So great is the artistic beauty and completeness of the performance, and so gratifying to our intense interest in the dramatic art of ancient Greece, that it is as a whole that we enjoy it. More particularly as there are no weak spots in the performance. Even the torch-bearers had been rehearsed to the last degree of swiftness, and accuracy in their speed and their pose. The Argive maidens, viewed singly, were not all of the Greek type, nor were they surpassingly beautiful, but collectively they were like the dancing figures seen in the ornamental designs on the vessels of ancient Greece.

Miss Anglin has made her name and fame in modern drama. She is not a tall woman, and possesses none of the monumental beauty of the classic type, but her instinct for the art of the drama, her great talent, and the ease gained by years of emotional expression, have enabled her to make Electra at once simply human and severely classic.

Fortunate Miss Anglin! At a time in her career when a successful actress begins to be disillusionized and lose enthusiasm, and consequently charm and magnetism, she has turned to a novel and fresh source of inspiration, and we may look to her for further portraiture of the great heroines of Greek tragedies. In Sophocles's "Electra" she has chosen wisely. The play seems remarkably simple in construction, direct in action, and lucid in diction, when we pause to remember that it was written some two dozen centuries ago.

That we are more curious than sympathetic in our attitude during the sweep of the drama is inevitable, in view of the fact that we can not enter into the emotions of a people so alien and so remote from us in religion, traditions, and in the primitiveness of early superstitions. Founded though their religion was on a system of philosophy, still we moderns can scarcely thrill or weep over assassinations commanded by the Delphic oracle or destinies foredoomed by the gods. We are curious, immensely interested, responsive to the sombre grandeur of the theme, and aesthetically moved by the sheer Greek beauty of the tragedy as a whole. The audience, in fact, at the conclusion of the performance, had difficulty in tearing itself away. The people in the upper tiers, strangely impressive in their massed majesty against the velvet curtain of the night sky, remained immovable. Those in the orchestra circles surrounded the stage and shouted and acclaimed the performers, who had acquitted themselves with the majestic simplicity appropriate to the stately Greek drama.

Fuller Mellish as the guardian of Orestes, Ian MacLaren as Orestes, Ruth Holt Boucicault as Clytemnestra, Margery Card as Chrysothemis, Eric Blind as Ægisthos, and Florence Wollersen as the leader of the Argive maidens will always be proud, no doubt, for having contributed to the success of this most notable and impressive of the many fine performances that have been ennobled by being given within the walls of the great gray temple on the Berkeley hills: a temple that has proved to be not only a source of pride and gratification to the giver, but which is as a crown to the dramatic history of this community.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Greenbaum Stellar Attractions.

Impresario Will L. Greenbaum announces that he has everything in readiness for what he considers will be the husiest musical sea-

son he has piloted since his advent into local management many years ago. He has selected the popular haritone, Emilio de Gogorza, to inaugurate his activities, and will present the talented Spanish singer in a series of song recitals during the week of October 12.

A most noted engagement will be that of Mme. Frances Alda, the famous new prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera House Company. The great student of the piano, Harold Bauer, will be an early November Greenbaum offering. A most important November attraction will be Schumann-Heink, the peerless contralto. Mme. Schumann-Heink will give two of her magnificent recitals at the Cort Theatre on the Sunday afternoons of November 9 and 16, and Mr. Greenbaum has also arranged to have his great star appear as a special soloist with the San Francisco Orchestra. Mr. Greenbaum will announce appearances of both Mme. Theresia Carreno and Mme. Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, pianists, within a week of each other.

The wonderful combination of Mme. Melha and Jan Kuhelik, the famous violinist, will be the last of Greenbaum's 1913 attractions.

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VANITY FAIR.

The publication of Mr. Hall Caine's new novel has naturally called to light a flood of opinion about divorce and its alleged indissolubility. A celebrated astronomer once said that the average man was always ready to advance a theory as to the conditions on the hidden side of the moon, a matter upon which we have absolutely no knowledge. In the same way we all have views about divorce. Some of us think that divorce should be abolished by the simple expedient of prohibiting marriage, and there is much to be said for this opinion. Others incline to the view that divorce should be not only permissible, but compulsory. And there are many otherwise worthy citizens who hold that marriage is indissoluble and that a wedding ceremony is a sentence of life imprisonment. Personally we have never been divorced, although we do not know what may happen if we are compelled to continue our present pretense of liking breakfast foods, imitation coffee, and other dreadful things that are good for us. We are therefore able to view the matter from that standpoint of a cold and contemplative dispassion suited to the topic. Incidentally it is always a pleasure to yield to an insistent public demand and to spend a few minutes in solving this or any other of the larger problems of life that may be submitted to us. Don't apologize. Really it is no trouble at all.

First of all we have a letter from a maiden lady who says that divorced persons have defied the law of God. Well, it may be so. Our correspondent may have information upon this point that is denied to the rest of us. The fund of knowledge possessed by our lady correspondents is surprising in its scope and volume, and it is the unmarried ones that know the most about such things as these. Our own knowledge of the divine law upon this matter is mainly confined to certain utterances of St. Paul wherein he gives a contemptuous and reluctant permission to marry because "it is better to marry than to burn." There is, of course, another text that says, "Whom God has joined let no man put asunder," but then we should like to be certain that God has actually joined all those silly and vicious young couples who seek a religious or legal sanction for their reckless and undisciplined passions. We have our doubts about it. Personally we believe that it was Satan who joined them. The avidity with which certain ecclesiastical persons identify themselves with Deity is distressing to the lay mind, like ours, that wishes to be good. Providence may have its own way of joining persons, and it may be quite unknown to Congress and even to church councils and synods. Providence may have joined George Eliot and Dr. Lewes, for example.

The real sin involved in divorce is a very obvious one, so obvious as to be usually invisible. It lies in the fact that two persons have entered into a sworn contract toward each other, and a very serious one, and that they are now resolved to break that contract. They have sworn to fulfill certain obligations and they propose to violate that oath. They refuse any longer to be bound by a very solemn promise. Now there are conditions that legitimately invalidate every human contract, and whether those conditions do or do not exist in any given instance is for human determination through its responsible agencies and with an eye to the public welfare. But the fact that two people wish to be divorced is proof positive that it was not God who joined them together. Otherwise they would wish to stay together, or so it seems to our uninstructed but reverential mind. It may have been the devil that joined them, or it may have been only the parson or the marriage clerk. But certainly it was not God. It was not God who joined Thaw to Evelyn Nesbit. But what God may have to say to the breaking of an oath, of any oath, is another matter, and one upon which we are not qualified to pass an opinion. Nor is any one else.

Our reverence for Mrs. Harriot Stanton Blatch, who writes to the newspapers, is so profound that we have never doubted the ultimate success of that surprising woman in her search for the causes of feminine subjugation. We have sometimes felt it necessary to conceal our veneration, but it has been there all the same, and now at last comes its justification.

Mrs. Blatch has just returned from a suffrage tour, and she says that henceforth every woman must have a pocket and that every suffrage fair booth must be also a checking station for babies. How can women process and wave glad, exultant arms if they have to carry babies? We ourselves have often wondered meekly how women can do a good many things that they propose to do if they have babies, but we have never liked to say so. We had supposed that they intended to abolish the babies, but this, it seems, is not so. Henceforth they will check them while engaged upon saving the nation. Poor little devils! It is to be feared that a good many of them will spend a considerable portion of their infantile existences in a "checked" condition.

But as regards pockets we feel that we are

upon firmer ground. It seems that Mrs. Blatch was at Amenia—wherever that may be—on the occasion of a great field day when ten thousand persons were present. She and Senator Clapp were to lead the grand march, and this must have been the proudest moment in the life of Senator Clapp. Doubtless as a hoy he often said to himself that he might one day be President of the United States, although a merciful Providence thought otherwise. But never in his wildest dreams did he imagine that he would one day head a grand march of suffragettes at a place called Amenia and walk by the side of Mrs. Blatch. It must have been a delirious moment. But how we digress.

The point is this: "While we were sitting in the auto waiting," says Mrs. Blatch, "every woman who was to take part in the suffrage pageant of education came and left her bag with us. When it was time to start we had about fifty. Senator Clapp was meekly stringing them over his arms, but I rebelled. Every one of these women ought to have pockets. I said. The idea of a woman who calls herself emancipated not having a pocket."

We feel a sense of congratulation and of relief, congratulation that the women did not leave also their babies with Senator Clapp, and relief that the indomitable Mrs. Blatch thus came to the rescue of the oppressed and wretched senator. But what a sight it would have been. Imagine this great and good man, this indefatigable legislator, at the head of a grand march carrying fifty bags strung upon his arms and resembling nothing so much as a headwork portiere. Could he have preserved, under such circumstances, that air of calm and judicial dignity with which he governs the United States and possessions? We doubt it. Would the grand march have been the impressive spectacle that it doubtless was if it had been led by a senator thus overburdened with the cares of femininity? Again we doubt it. Indeed we do not believe that Senator Clapp would be physically able to carry fifty bags unless he strung them upon his legs as well as his arms. And no doubt the babies also would have been left with the senator had there been any to leave. It is seldom that the marching suffragette has any babies. Nor an excuse for them.

But Mrs. Blatch has something more to say. She tells us that she feels strongly on the pocket question. "And I have one even in my evening gowns. I don't wear my skirts as tight as some people, but I don't believe there ever was a skirt made that didn't have a place for a pocket somewhere."

Now here Mrs. Blatch spoke without that mature deliberation that we usually associate with her utterances. She should always count ten as a remedy for a tendency to impetuosity in speech. When the detective in the novels is trying to find the secret chamber he always takes the outside measurements of the house and then proceeds to account for the space by measuring the rooms, halls, and stairways. We are not able practically to apply the same rule in the search for the woman's pocket, or rather for the space where it might be placed. Heaven forbid that we should try. We are of the male sex and therefore hashful, modest, and retiring, but we have our eyesight and we think our little thoughts. We can not for the life of us imagine where such a pocket could be put and we would like Mrs. Blatch to tell us. Nor are we wholly the victim of ignorance of the feminine anatomy. Only last week we saw a lady in a diaphanous skirt. We were behind her, and the glorious orb of day was just ahead of her. She was of a most transparent and confiding disposition, and although we hurried rapidly down a side street to hide our mantling blushes we saw enough to convince us that there was no room for a pocket in that skirt. There was no room for a one-cent stamp. There was barely room for the lady herself. In a moment of vertigo we caught ourselves wondering how she ever got into it or how she would ever get out of it. But these are things that we are never likely to know.

Why is there all this absurd talk about the name that is to be given to the new police-women? A woman policeman is a police-woman, or so it seems to us. Did you ever notice that whenever a woman begins to perform duties hitherto confined to men she demands at once that there shall be some recognition of her superiority? She asks for the job on the grounds of equality, and when she gets it she insists on some distinctive title. A feminist champion in Chicago says that the term *policewomen* is "not suggestive of refinement." Of course it is not. Nor are the duties. The same scribe says that the duties of the new officials are "on a higher plane than those of a mere policeman." Are they indeed! We should have thought that they were on a lower plane, as repugnant to the feminine character. And when women demand to be executioners and slaughterers we may suppose that they will once more demand a distinctive title and one that is "suggestive of refinement."

"In what manner does your husband express himself when full?" "He doesn't. They send him home in a cab."—*Town Topics.*

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A young woman from the East was conversing with a Kentuckian about tobacco and tobacco-raising. She was very pretty and a good conversationalist and the young man from Kentucky was vastly interested in her until she gave him a sudden shock by announcing: "I should love to see a tobacco field, especially when it is just plugging out."

An Englishman, at a dinner in New York, hailed with delight the conviction by the courts of an American who had stolen millions by means of bogus mines. But a friend of the criminal heaved a sigh and said: "Poor old Charlie! His heart's in the right place, anyway." "Yes," said the Englishman, "and so, thank heaven, is the rest of him for the next four years!"

A Scotch elder of the kirk, who was visiting London for the first time, was conducted into Leicester Square after dark and shown the brilliant exterior of the two grand palaces—the Alhambra and the Empire. Pointing to the allurements of the latter, his friend said: "Wouldn't you like to go inside?" Sandy pulled himself together and in a furtive whisper inquired, "Dae ye think onybody wad see us?"

The unaccustomed gentleman attended the church service. And after it was over the pastor hastened down to shake hands. "I liked your sermon immensely!" said the new attender, having been nudged by his wife. "I am more than pleased," beamed the parson. "Which part did you like best?" "That part where I dreamed I had a million dollars!" said the new member ere his wife had a chance to nudge him again.

Four old Scotchmen, the remnant of a club formed some fifty years ago, were seated around the table in the club-room. It was five a. m. and Dougal looked across to Donald and said in a thick, sleepy voice: "Donald, d'ye notice what an awful peculiar expression there is on Jock's face?" "Aye," says Donald, "I noticed that; he's dead! He's been dead these four hours." "What! Dead! Why did ye no tell me?" "Ah, no—no," said Donald. "A'm no that kind o' man to disturb a convivial evening."

One day, returning from a hunting trip with the usual accompaniment of an empty bag, it occurred to him that his wife would make fun of him if he returned without even one proof of his oft-boasted skill. So he purchased a brace of partridges to deceive his trusting spouse. As he threw them on the table in front of her he observed: "Well, my dear, you see I am not so awkward with the gun after all." "Dick," replied the wife, turning from the birds with a grimace, after a brief examination, "you were quite right in shooting these birds today; tomorrow it would have been too late."

An English policeman entered the house of a publican one morning and informed him that it would be necessary to hold an inquest there in the afternoon. Now the landlord had a great objection to anything of the kind, and said: "Oh, I can't be troubled with inquests in my house. Here, what'll you have to drink?" Rohert said he'd have a drop of Scotch, which he did. "Have a cigar, too," said the host. After the consumption of two Scotches and cigars the constable said he thought he could get the inquest held somewhere else, but as he was leaving the landlord remarked: "By the way, who are they going to hold the inquest on?" "No one I know of now," said the man in blue; "but it 'ud 'a' been me if I hadn't had these drinks an' smokes."

It was during the lunch hour and four genial business men were sitting at a table. Outside the air was soft and balmy, and everything in nature was a sweet allurements to buy a railroad ticket and beat it for the woods. "It is in my system," remarked one of the party, reflectively glancing through the open window. "There is nothing so appealing as the call of the wild." "It may strike you that way, old fellow," responded another, with a faint smile. "But right here I beg the privilege of casting a dissenting vote." "You don't know what you are talking about, Jim!" emphatically declared the first. "Did you ever hear the call of the wild?" "Yes," replied Jim, with something akin to a sigh, "from the head of the stairs the other night, when I didn't get home till two o'clock in the morning."

When something goes wrong on the stage the clever and experienced actor can always save the situation by faking. An old hand worked it one time like that. "Die, villain!" the hero said, and shot off his revolver at the villain's head. But the gun didn't go off. Six times the hero pulled the trigger, and not a single explosion took place. The audience was getting hysterical, when the victim struck an attitude and said: "Your pistol

has missed fire, Sir Reginald, but what difference does it make? The thought that I was to be shot has frightened me to death!" And he rolled over and died.

A clergyman was preaching in a strange church one Sunday evening. While at supper at the vicarage afterwards a ring came at the bell. The maid entered and said, "Please, sir, there is a man at the door who says he wants to speak to the preacher." The clergyman, thinking he was going to interview some one, got up with alacrity and went into the hall. Here he saw a tall, powerful-looking man about his own size. "Well, my good man, what can I do for you?" he asked, thinking of the other spiritually. "Well, sir, I was thinking, while I was a-listening to yer preaching, as how yer might have a pair of trousers as would fit me!"

Two darkies hought a piece of pork, and Sam, having no place to put his share, trusted it to Henry's keeping. They met the next night and Henry said: "A mos' strange thing done happen at ma house las' night, Sam. All mystr'y to me." "What dat, Henry?" "Well, Sam," explained Henry, solemnly, "dis maw'nin' I go down in de cellar for to git a piece of hawg fo' breakfas', an' I put my han' down in de brine an' feels 'roun', but dey aint no po'k dar; all gone; so I tu'n up de bar'l, an', Sam, sho' as preachin', de rats had done at a hole cl'ar froo de bottom of dat bar'l, an' dragged de meat all out!" Sam was petrified with astonishment for a moment, and then said: "Why didn't de brine run outen de hole?" "Well, yo' see, Sam," replied Henry, "dat's de myst'ry."

THE MERRY MUSE.

The New Psalm.

Wills of millionaires remind us,
We can make our deaths exciting;
And, departing, leave behind us
All our wife's relations fighting.

—Cuban Times.


The Last Resort.

Resorts are places where, if I mistake not,
Men eat, drink, merry are, tomorrow wake not.
Then if, being wise, the best we take in first,
The last resort will surely be the worst.
For, thanks to time, faint grows the memory
Of festive board supplied the festive flea,
And how, long since, of feverish days and nights
We fed ourselves naught but mosquito bites;
How, morns, we asked the coffee pale of face
If it felt better, stronger, said our grace
Beneath our breath, swore softly as who cuss
Butter comparatively odorous.
The last resort is worst, for, without fail,
Full fresh the memory of eggs full stale,
Of doubtful linen, at the highest cost,
Of how you played to heav'n knows what the host.
How well you mind the place you last Septem-
bered—
How tough the chicken was; the toast, how
embered;
Worst out! But why? Because 'tis best remem-
bered.
And when the skies once more are overcast,
I'll bear you swear—I've heard you in the past—
That worst of all resorts is sure the last. Q. E. D.
—Harry Cowell, in Life.

The Auctioneer.

I was walking 'tother morning, strolling through
the busy city,
In a noisy portion of it, in a district strange
and crowded;
When there rose without warning something like
a lilting ditty—
Though the racket rose above it, it was never
dulled nor shrouded.
And it rose and fell, insistent, penetrating and
staccato
Like a sort of obligato to the chorus near and
distant;
And my idle feet went straying toward the music
so impassioned—
'Twas a sale—and the old-fashioned, funny auc-
tioneer was saying:

"Got the quarter, gimme thirty, at the quarter,
gimme thirty,
I want thirty, gimme thirty—drop that, kid, your
bands are dirty!
Got the thirty, now be sporty—spring a dime and
make it forty—
Make it forty, I want forty, where's the forty,
gimme forty,
Forty, forty, forty—blank you, are you all ASLEEP?
I thank you—
Here's a gent awake and thrifty—got the forty,
gimme fifty,
Got the forty, gimme fifty. LISTEN! Here's a
first-class, nifty
Bargain—and I have to holler till I'm hoarse for
half a dollar!
What's the matter, for gawdsake—you think a
dime will make or break you?
Here's a solid, tested, candled, full-jooled and
mahog'ny handled,
All wool, guaranteed, imported, fireproof, airtight,
picked and sorted,
Gen-yu-wine French Russia leather, automatic in-
novation—
Wear it in all kinds of weather, and beware of
imitation!
Going—Once! Why, folks, we're throwing these
away! It's wicked! Going.
Twice! Say, are you here for pastime? Going
for the third and last time—
SOLD—to that gent with the funny set o' whiskers.
Get his money."
Then I went, my ear drums ringing, but I knew—
and still I know it—
Where the "Hiawatha" poet learned the manner
of his singing!
—Ted Robinson, in Plain Dealer.



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement has been announced of Miss Marie Walsh to Lieutenant Maxwell Sullivan, U. S. A.

Adjutant-General McCain, U. S. A., of Manila has announced the engagement of his daughter, Miss McCain, to Lieutenant Emory T. Smith, U. S. A., aide-de-camp to Major-General Bell, U. S. A. Lieutenant Smith is the son of Mrs. W. H. Smith of this city and a brother of Miss Belle Smith and ex-Judge William H. Smith.

Colonel Charles Phillips, U. S. A., and Mrs. Phillips have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Callie Phillips, to Lieutenant Ralph Chrystal Harrison, U. S. A., son of Mrs. Chrystal Harrison of this city.

The wedding of Miss Gertrude Hood and Mr. Kenneth Gunn took place Thursday evening at eight o'clock at the Church of the Advent in this city. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Laura F. Hood of Santa Rosa and a sister of Mr. Charles Hood of Oakland. She is a niece of Judge W. W. Morrow of San Rafael. Mr. Gunn is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin M. Gunn and a brother of the Messrs. Dudley and Russell Gunn.

Dr. Gerald Fitzgibbon and Mrs. Fitzgibbon have issued invitations to the wedding of their daughter, Miss Geraldine Fitzgibbon, and Mr. Ralph Heger Tuesday evening, September 16, at St. Mary's Cathedral.

The wedding of Miss Florence Aitken and Lieutenant William Fitzgibbon Lee Simpson, U. S. A., will take place Wednesday evening, October 1, at St. Luke's Church. Miss Aitken is the daughter of Judge John R. Aitken and Mrs. Aitken.

Mrs. Thomas Edwards Harding announces the marriage of her daughter, Mrs. Claire Gunn, to Captain E. Courtney Tracy of the British army, now on service at Murray Barracks, Hongkong.

Mrs. Alexander Garceau was hostess last Thursday at a luncheon and bridge party at her home on Jackson Street.

Miss Gertrude O'Brien gave a luncheon and theatre party in honor of Miss Margaret Nichols, who has gone East to spend the winter.

Miss Helen Weaver entertained a number of friends at an informal dinner-dance at the home on Jackson Street of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chester Weaver. The affair was complimentary to the Misses Harriet, Marion, and Helen Stone and Miss Mary Forbe of Los Angeles.

Miss Weaver was hostess last evening at a dance in honor of Miss Forbe, who is her house guest.

Mrs. George Ehrig was hostess at a luncheon and bridge party last Saturday at the Francisca Club.

Mrs. J. O. Reis gave an informal luncheon Tuesday at the Hotel St. Francis.

Colonel John C. Kirkpatrick gave a dinner at the Palace Hotel to celebrate the birthday of his son, Mr. William Kirkpatrick.

Mr. Herbert Payne was hostess recently at a dinner-dance at Pebble Beach Lodge.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Manuel Masten gave a dinner in honor of Mr. and Mrs. George Beveridge of Los Angeles.

Dr. Edgar Reeve Bryant and Mrs. Bryant gave a dinner and theatre party in honor of Mr. Charles Peter Weeks.

Mrs. Franklin Harwood was hostess at a tea Thursday in honor of Miss Charlotte Winston of Los Angeles.

Mrs. Robert Newell Fitch was hostess at a luncheon Thursday at her home on Lyon Street complimentary to Miss Muriel Coombs, who has recently announced her engagement to Mr. Joseph Gyle.

Miss Gertrude Mitchell will entertain a number of friends this evening at a dinner-dance in honor of Miss Geraldine Fitzgibbon and Mr. Ralph Heger.

Miss Ethel Crocker was hostess Sunday evening at a dance at Pebble Beach Lodge.

Mr. Henry T. Scott entertained a large number of guests at a dinner complimentary to Hon. Francis Burton Harrison, governor-general of the Philippines.

Mrs. Frederick Sanborn was hostess at a tea at the Palace Hotel in honor of Mrs. William Randolph Hearst.

Mrs. Bessie Paxton entertained a number of friends at a tea Monday in honor of her daughter, Mrs. Laurence Austin, who is here from the East for a few weeks' visit.

Mrs. Merrill Miller, wife of Admiral Miller, U. S. N., was hostess at the first meeting of the Army and Navy Club at her new home at Bay View Place in Oakland.

Passed Assistant Surgeon Howson W. Cole, U. S. N., and Mrs. Cole gave a reception at their home in Mare Island in honor of Colonel Joseph Pendleton, U. S. N., and Mrs. Pendleton, who have been visiting here en route to Bremerton.

Mrs. John M. Ellicott was hostess at a dinner complimentary to Captain William M. Crose, U. S. N., and Mrs. Crose.

Lieutenant-Commander Mark St. Clair Ellis was hostess recently at a dinner-dance on board the *Maryland*, now at Coronado.

Colonel Lea Fabiger, U. S. A., and Mrs. Fabiger and their daughter, Mrs. Cecil Marrack, entertained their friends at a tea at the Palace Hotel in honor of the Misses Morrison of San Jose.

Captain Francis Lincoln, U. S. A., and Mrs. Lincoln gave a dinner Thursday evening at their home at Fort Winfield Scott complimentary to Colonel Charles Phillips, U. S. A., and Mrs. Phillips.

Brigadier-General John Wisser, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wisser entertained their friends at a reception at Fort Winfield Scott. General Wisser was congratulated upon his recent advancement from colonel to brigadier-general.

Movements and Whereabouts.

At exed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, the Misses Marion, Kate, and Mary Julia Crocker, and the Messrs.

Harry and Clark Crocker returned last week from their country home in Cloverdale. Mr. Harry Crocker left Sunday for the East and will return to Yale at the opening of the next semester.

Mr. George H. Howard and his son, Mr. George H. Howard, Jr., have returned from a motor trip to Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. William F. Timlow and their daughter, Miss Emily Timlow, have returned to their ranch in Pennsylvania after a brief visit with Mrs. James Carolan in Burlingame.

Mrs. William B. Tubbs, Miss Emily Tubbs, and Miss Helen Keeney have returned from Monterey. Mr. and Mrs. Scott Hendricks have returned from a fishing trip in Trinity County.

Mr. and Mrs. Ettore Avenali have moved into their new home on Walnut Street near Jackson. They have been spending the past two months in Woodside with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Dearborn Clark, Miss Gertrude Clark, and Masters Dearborn and Warren Clark have returned from San Rafael and are occupying their town house on Clay Street.

Mrs. Oscar Beatty and her children have gone to San Diego to spend two weeks.

Miss Isabel Beaver has returned from a three months' visit in the East.

Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle has recently been visiting Mr. and Mrs. James L. Flood in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard have returned from Coronado, where they were the guests of Mr. John D. Spreckels.

Mrs. James A. Robinson and her son, Mr. Porter Robinson, have returned from Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Adolph P. Scheld spent several days in town last week, when she came from Sacramento to place her daughter, Miss Margaret Scheld, in Miss Ransom's school in Piedmont.

Mrs. Irving M. Scott and her niece, Miss Effie Brown, have taken an apartment on Pacific Avenue, after an extended visit with Dr. Reginald Knight-Smith and Mrs. Knight-Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Grace and their little son, Francis Grace, Jr., have returned from a trip to Panama.

Mr. Paul Verdier has returned from Europe and is established at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Harry Sherwood has returned from Vienna, where she has been visiting her son, Mr. Warner Sherwood.

Mrs. Oscar Schulze and her daughter, Miss Olga Schulze, have been spending the past week at the Hotel Bellevue.

Mrs. Charles Wellington Cobb and Miss Janet Cobb left Wednesday for New York, where they will join Mr. Cobb.

Miss Laura Bates of San Rafael is visiting Miss Jennie Hooker at her apartment on Gough Street.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Germaine Vincent, Jr., and their little daughter have returned to their home on Devisadero Street after having spent the summer with Mrs. Barry Coleman in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin left Wednesday for New York to meet their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker, who sailed Thursday from London. They will spend a month in the East before returning home.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. George L. Cadwalader, and Miss Ethel Cooper are a congenial party who have been spending the past week in Santa Barbara. They went south in Mrs. Wilson's touring car.

Miss Geraldine Forbis has returned to her home in Menlo Park after a visit in Monterey, where she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James Murray. Miss Forbis will leave October 8 with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Wales, for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill have returned from Lake Tahoe and are temporarily living in Berkeley. Their daughter, Miss Mabel Churchill, will go East this month to attend school.

Mr. Philip Van Horne Lansdale has gone East to visit her sisters, Mrs. George Pillsbury and Mrs. George Hood, who were formerly the Misses Bertha and Helen Sidney-Smith. Mrs. Lansdale is at present at New London, Connecticut, where Major Pillsbury, U. S. A., is stationed and will later spend several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Hood at their home in Philadelphia.

Miss Charlotte Winston of Los Angeles has recently been visiting Miss Dorothy Allen at her home on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Ord Preston have returned to their home in Washington, D. C., after having spent two months with General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray and Miss Sadie Murray at Fort Mason.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Baldwin of Colorado Springs and their son are recent arrivals at the Fairmont Hotel, where they will remain during their visit in this city. Mrs. Baldwin was formerly Miss Virginia Hobart.

Bishop William Ford Nichols, Mrs. Nichols, and Miss Margaret Nichols left Monday for the East, where they will spend several months.

Mr. Allen Van Fleet has gone to Sacramento, where he will be detained several weeks by legal business. Mr. Van Fleet, who is the son of Judge William Carey Van Fleet and Mrs. Van Fleet, graduated this year from the Harvard Law School.

Dr. George Hayes Willcutt sailed Tuesday for Europe, where he will remain two years.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, the Misses Ethel and Helen Crocker, and Mr. William Crocker, Jr., have returned to Burlingame from Monterey.

Mrs. A. P. Whittell and her little grandson have arrived from Europe and are visiting Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell in Woodside, where they will soon be joined by Mr. and Mrs. Kirk Albert (formerly Miss Florence Whittell). Mr. Albert has resided abroad since her marriage six years ago.

Miss Frances Stewart has returned from Burlingame, where she has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron, and is now in Monterey for an indefinite stay.

Mrs. James Carolan, Miss Emily Carolan, Dr. Herbert Carolan, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett are a family party who are at present at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. C. C. Clay has gone East to spend several weeks with her daughter before sailing for Europe.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, the Misses Eleanor and Claudine Spreckels, and Miss Gertrude Jolliffe returned Wednesday from Europe. They were

accompanied by Mr. Spreckels, who met his family in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., and Miss Louise Janin have returned from the East, where they have been spending the summer.

Miss Harriet Pomeroy has returned from a visit in Menlo Park.

Mrs. Charles McIntosh Keeney is again occupying her apartments at the Fairmont Hotel after having spent the summer in San Mateo. Her daughter, Mrs. Theodore Tomlinson of New York, is visiting her.

Mrs. Hennen Jennings, Miss Katherine Jennings, and Mr. Coleman Jennings have returned to their home in Washington, D. C. They were accompanied by Mrs. Jennings's sister, Miss Persis Coleman, who will spend several months in the Capital City.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hopkins have returned from Menlo Park and are established for the winter on Franklin Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Seson and their children have returned from their country home in Soquel and are occupying their town house on Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Hellman, Jr., and their children will sail September 20 for Europe, where they will spend the winter.

Mrs. John Boggs has returned to town and is established at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford are staying at the Burlingame Country Club awaiting the completion of their new home near the golf links.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Redding and Miss Josephine Redding have been spending the past week in Monterey.

Miss Margaret Nichols has recently been visiting the Misses Sara and Elizabeth Cunningham at their country home in Woodside.

Mrs. Louis Parrott has arrived in Munich after having spent several weeks in Switzerland.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Tillmann, Miss Agnes Tillmann, Miss Mangels, and Mr. Frederick Tillmann, Jr., have returned from Aptos and are established for the winter in their town house on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Mullin and their little son have come to town to spend the winter. Mrs. Mullin, who was formerly Miss Olga Atherton, is a niece of Mrs. Edward Lillburn Eyre.

Mr. Francis Carolan left Sunday for Paris to accompany Mrs. Carolan on her homeward trip. They will return the latter part of October.

Judge and Mrs. J. M. Trout spent the week-end at Casa del Rey.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Lowenberg have returned from a trip to Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas S. Watson and children spent several days during the week at Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Lazelere, Mrs. P. B. Bekeart, and Mr. Phil K. Bekeart spent the week-end at Casa del Rey.

Mr. J. D. Spreckels returned to Coronado on his yacht *Venecia* and has as his guests Mr. F. W. Kellogg and Miss Ellen Kellogg of Altadena, and Mr. Erastus Bainbridge and Miss Betty Bainbridge of Seattle.

Mrs. P. F. Coyle is a guest at Hotel del Coronado.

Mrs. C. B. T. Moore and her daughter, Mrs. J. S. Graham, sailed Tuesday on the *Sierra* for Honolulu, where Admiral Moore, U. S. N., is stationed. Lieutenant Graham, U. S. N., is attached to the *Idaho*, with the Atlantic fleet.

Mrs. George Neal (formerly Miss Mattie Milton) left Tuesday for her home at Annapolis, where her husband, Lieutenant Neal, U. S. N., is stationed.

Mrs. Henry Roosevelt, wife of Major Roosevelt, U. S. M. C., is visiting her parents, Judge W. W. Morrow and Mrs. Morrow, in San Rafael.

Passed Assistant Paymaster Robert B. Lupton, U. S. N., has gone to Mare Island to take examinations for promotion.

Passed Assistant Surgeon George W. Sheppard, U. S. N., and Mrs. Sheppard have arrived at Mare Island from the Puget Sound Navy Yard. Dr. Sheppard has been ordered to join the *Glacier*.

Assistant Surgeon John Buckley, U. S. A., has left Mare Island for Washington, D. C.

Colonel Charles A. Doyen, U. S. N., and Mrs. Doyen sailed Tuesday for the Philippines, where Colonel Doyen will relieve Colonel Randolph Dickens, U. S. N., who is in command of the marines.

Ensign R. S. Robertson, U. S. N., has arrived at the naval hospital at Mare Island.

Mrs. Rufus Longan sailed on the last transport for Honolulu, where she will join her husband, Captain Longan, U. S. A., at Schofield Barracks.

Colonel Walter Finley, U. S. A., has returned to the Presidio from Yellowstone National Park, where he went to inspect the troops of the First Cavalry.

Major T. N. Horn, U. S. A., spent a few days in this city en route to the Philippines.

Lieutenant W. C. McCord, U. S. A., has returned from the Yosemite Valley.

Major J. C. Johnson, U. S. A., has gone to Portland for a month's visit.

Mrs. Ormand Lissah, wife of the late Major Lissah, U. S. A., left last week with her son for their home in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Malin Craig has returned from the Yellowstone, where she has been with her husband, Captain Craig, U. S. A., who has been stationed there for several months. She is visiting her parents, General Woodruff, U. S. A., and Mrs. Woodruff, and will be joined next week by Captain Craig, who will remain in this city until November 1, when he will leave with the First Cavalry for the Presidio, Monterey.

Lieutenant Edward Pritchett, U. S. A., and Mrs. Pritchett spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. Edgar J. De Pue and their daughters, the Misses Elva and Corannah De Pue, and sailed Monday for Manila. Mrs. Pritchett, who was formerly Miss Marie Lundeen, is the daughter of Colonel Lundeen, U. S. A.

Major Haldimand Putnam Young, U. S. A. (retired), and Mrs. Young have returned from an outing in Plumas County.

Brigadier-General John P. Wisser will spend the next few months on the Mexican border. During his absence Mrs. Wisser and their sons will remain at their home in this city.

Captain John Burke Murphy, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murphy have returned to this city from Fort Columbia, where they have been since May. Captain Murphy, who has recently been appointed

aid to General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., at Fort Mason, will relieve First Lieutenant John R. West, U. S. A.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Carl Millocker's comic opera, "The Beggar Student," is singing its way into the hearts of music lovers at the Tivoli as of old, and never has this charming composition been heard in the city to better advantage. It is splendidly staged and is handled with the easy grace which has marked all the Tivoli productions since the opera house opened its doors anew to the public. Pleasing as are the principals, the chorus in "The Beggar Student" is unusually good, and some new effects are introduced, as in the white and lavender march, which is quite military and colorful enough to be striking. The entire opera offers a wealth of costuming opportunities.

No little share of the success of the opera—and a week is far too short a life for it—is due to Stage Director Temple, who has brought out of his large storehouse of ideas some unique effects whose arrangement plainly aids in the thoroughly appealing production. It is also apparent that Musical Director Linne has injected a liberal share of his keen understanding into the offering, and the effect is at once marked and pleasing to the critical eye and ear. So much good singing has been heard by the Tivoli audiences these past weeks that it might seem that theatre-goers could point to some one appearance as the topmost of all, but not so. "The Beggar Student" seems as happily adapted to the Tivoli cast as any of the evergreen Gilbert and Sullivan compositions, and good houses have been a result.

Myrtle Dingwall makes her first appearance in two weeks, and as Bronislava her fresh, sympathetic notes are heard to advantage. The sweet tenor of John R. Phillips finds ample scope in the part of Symon Symonovitch, the beggar student, and the basso of Henry Santrey rolls out splendidly, singing the rôle of Jan, a friend of the student. The clear, mellow haritone of Charles Galagher handles the melodious selections allotted to the Governor of Crakow, and Robert Pitkin does the jailer, and does him well. There is a certain quality demanded in the lines for the Countess Palmatica which Sara Edwards possesses, and in nothing else has her deep voice been heard to better advantage. Always as pleasing as she is painstaking, Rena Vivienne sings with rare expression, the Countess Laura becoming very real in her handling. The opera continues Saturday and Sunday.

Margaret Anglin Follows Mission Play.

"The Mission Play" is having a remarkably successful run at the Columbia Theatre, and on Sunday night, September 14, enters upon the fourth and last week of its stay. Few plays in recent years have been able to fill any local playhouse for four weeks, but "The Mission Play" will be able to do this, the advance sale of seats for the closing performances already indicating the attendance of large audiences right up to the close of the engagement. There will be matinées on Sunday, Wednesday, and Saturday. The Wednesday and Sunday matinées will be given at popular prices, ranging from 25 cents to \$1.

The attraction at the Columbia Theatre following "The Mission Play," and beginning on Monday, September 22, will be Margaret Anglin and her company of Shakespearean players in a series of complete and elaborate revivals of three of the most charming comedies of Shakespeare, embracing "The Taming of the Shrew," "Twelfth Night," and "As You Like It." Several years ago she starred as Rosalind in a special revival of "As You Like It," and during her Australian tour four years ago she won veritable triumphs as Katherine and Viola. Miss Anglin has made exhaustive preparations for her forthcoming revivals. Six months were taken to prepare the scenic equipment and costumes, and for the interpretations of the long list of characters she has engaged a company of particular strength and general excellence, including such familiar names as Fuller Mellish, Eric Blind, Ruth Holt-Boucicault, Florence Wollerson, Max Montesole, Wallace E. Widdecombe, Eugene Shakespeare, Sally Williams, Sidney Greenstreet, Harrison Carter, and a score of others. The order of the repertory will be duly announced.

Mrs. Scott in a Week's Benefit at Tivoli.

For the six nights commencing Monday the Tivoli will be the scene of a series of benefit performances in aid of the Happy Day Home, that commendable institution for the care of poor children located on North Beach. Many ladies prominent in society and the general affairs of San Francisco take an active interest in the Happy Day Home, and when Mrs. A. W. Scott, Jr., offered to give the net proceeds of eight performances of Sudermann's great drama, "Magda," and Maeterlinck's libelical play, "Mary Magdalene," for the institution the proffer was cordially accepted.

The love of the art and the desire to do something in a large and comprehensive way, to help those in need and distress, have induced her to study and stage these plays, with the support of a carefully selected company under the experienced direction of McKee Rankin, the veteran actor. "Magda" will be the bill on the evenings of Monday, Thurs-

day, and Saturday, and "Mary Magdalene" will be given the remaining nights and at the Saturday matinée. A special matinée of "Mary Magdalene" will be given on Wednesday, when the prices will range from 50 cents to \$1.

The Tivoli Opera Company will return Sunday afternoon, September 21, in an elaborate revival of "Maritana."

During the week of Mrs. Scott's appearances at the Tivoli the Tivoli Opera Company will take a jaunt into the interior, presenting "The Chimes of Normandy" in Petaluma Monday night, at Santa Rosa Tuesday, San Jose Wednesday, and Sacramento Thursday.

The New Bill at the Orpheum

The Orpheum bill for next week will have as its headline attraction the musical-comedy oddity, "The Little Parisienne," with Mlle. Valerie Serice and an excellent company. Mlle. Serice is a product of the Parisian music halls and has won success in nearly every city of the civilized world. In "The Little Parisienne" she has a rôle which enables her to display her ability in acting, singing, and dancing.

Hoey and Lee are character parodists and great vaudeville favorites, who satirize in the breeziest possible manner various national conditions and timely events. They are not only capital comedians, but they also sing remarkably well songs that are both humorous and enjoyable.

Charles A. Delmore and Ben Light will present a most enjoyable act which they appropriately style "A Whirlwind of Ragtime."

Ethel McDonough, the versatile singer of popular songs, will display her great versatility and ability. She was a drummer girl with the Boston Fadettes and subsequently became famous as the Divine Myrma in a diving act of the Annette Kellerman order.

Weiland, the dextrous humorist, assisted by Mlle. Carlotta, will exhibit his marvelous skill as a juggler.

Next week will be the last of Jack Kennedy and company and Buckley's roller-skating bears and monkeys. It will also conclude the engagement of Elsa Ruegger, the world's greatest woman cellist, who will be heard in new numbers.

Pictures of Scott Expedition at the Cort.

An interesting enterprise which incorporates all the essential elements of a liberal education is that which exploits "The Undying Story of Captain Scott" and "Animal Life in the Antarctic," as recorded by Mr. Herbert G. Ponting, F. R. G. S., official photographer and raconteur of the ill-fated polar expedition, and which will be the attraction at the Cort Theatre commencing Monday night, September 15, for six days only.

The remarkable nature of these pictures and the finesse with which they are shown make them the most imposing ever exhibited. Every scene is graphically illuminated through an intimate lecture by Charles B. Hanford, inspired by the expert who took them. There are soul-stirring dramas of human life, thrilling and laughable comedies of the animal kingdom, and exciting adventure, following each other in rapid succession, each vying with the other for supremacy. One scene alone will forever perpetuate the life of this animated record of the greatest scientific polar expedition ever organized; it is that which shows the heroic little party in action for the last time, headed for the pole, just 12 degrees distant.

Captain Scott and his comrades are shown enjoying an exciting game of football on solid sea ice, which protects them from the ocean depths. After this is flashed upon the screen some of the scientific wonders of the expedition, such as obtaining samples of the water from the fathomless depths by means of a patent bottle; dredging for animal life, which freezes to death the instant it comes into contact with the air. A thrilling sight it is to watch the gigantic killer whales rise to the surface, after heaving the ice up with their backs, and how and snort. These monsters hunt in large packs and live on anything they can kill, preferably Weddel seals. The film records a terrific battle between two of these demon-like brutes.

"Ready Money" will be seen for the last time Sunday night.

The home of Lieutenant Earl Shipp, U. S. N., and Mrs. Shipp has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Shipp, who was formerly Miss Anna Weller, is the daughter of ex-Judge Charles Weller and Mrs. Weller.

The home of Rev. A. B. Chinn and Mrs. Chinn has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Chinn, who was formerly Miss Nannie Van Wyck, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Sydney Van Wyck, during her husband's absence in New Orleans.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Carl William Martin (formerly Miss Marion Jansen) has been brightened by the advent of a son.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. de Laveaga has been brightened by the advent of a son.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"She told me to kiss her on either cheek."
"And you——" "I hesitated a long time be-
tween them."—*Lchigh Burr.*

"Do you assimilate your food, aunty?"
"No, I don't, sah. I hays it open an' honest,
sah."—*Baltimore American.*

Enthusiast (at musicale)—We shall hear
more of this young man. Sufferer—Not to-
night, I hope.—*Houston Post.*

Mrs. Honk—Colonel Hook is a congress-
man-at-large, isn't he? Farmer Hank—Yes;
they haven't arrested him yet!—*Puck.*

"Have the Jinxes a family skeleton?"
"Yes, and she's wearing one of those sil-
houette gowns, too."—*Liverpool Mercury.*

"I was a hook agent once." "How long did
you stick to it?" "Until I had lost about
thirty-five pounds."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Willis—Styles change. Gillis—Yes. Last
year the woman was showing the gown and
this year the gown shows the woman.—*Life.*

"Pa." "Yes, Willie." "Teacher says that
we are here to help others." "Of course we
are." "Well, what are the others here for?"
—*The Censor.*

"The slit skirt has something to recommend
it, after all." "Yes?" "Sure. The women
will have to carry their money in their pocket-
books after this."—*Boston Globe.*

"Louise, I really can not permit you to read
novels on Sunday." "But, grandmamma, this
novel is all right; it tells about a girl who
was engaged to three Episcopal clergymen, all
at once."—*Life.*

Griggs—I see the English women who are
health faddists are wearing their hair uncon-
fined. Briggs—My wife wore hers that way
one night, and it fell out of the window.—
New Orleans Picayune.

Knicker—Good gracious, man! Didn't you
notice? There goes your chauffeur, eloping
with your wife! Backer—Too bad! The
recklessness of these chauffeurs is something
awful!—*The Club Fellow.*

Susie (aged six)—And when we grow up
we'll be married, won't we, Bobbie? Bobbie
(sadly)—No, Susie, I can't marry into your
family. Your papa has weak eyes and your
auntie has spasms.—*Free Lance.*

Retainer—Yes, sir: most of us in the
servants' all 'as been in the Hearl's family
forty years. The Earl's Father-in-Law—Well,
I'm sorry for you, but you can't git any forty
years' back wages out of me!—*The Club Fel-
low.*

"What's the baby crying for now?" asked
the head of the house from the depth of his
paper. "He wants his own way," answered
the mother. "Well, if it's his," said the
absent-minded man, "why don't you let him
have it?"—*Punch.*

Climber—You've met the duke? New Rich
—Oh, yes. Why? Climber—Do you think
he'd take umbrage if I were to ask him
to luncheon? New Rich—I didn't notice
whether he drank that brand of wine or not.
—*Livingston Lence.*

"I tell you," said the scowling Socialist,
"that wealth is not distributed equitably." "I
quite agree with you," replied Mr. Scadds. "I
have only about two hundred and fifty thou-
sand myself, while I know a dozen men who
have more than a million apiece."—*Puck.*

The Caller—Who is that singing? The
Hostess—That's our new maid. She always
sings at her work. The Caller—What a happy
disposition. Mercy, how loud she sings. The
Hostess—Yes. When she sings loud she's
breaking something.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"What is your son doing now?" "Playing
the piano in a moving-picture show." "I
shouldn't think you would want him doing
that?" "I don't, but when a chap has a
musical education he's got to do something
with it, hasn't he?"—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"Uncle Henry," asks the sweet creature, ap-
pearing before that gentleman in one of the
newest "creations" in the way of frocks, "how
do you like my new gown?" "Well," grumbles
the grizzled old misanthrope, "you're safe in
one respect. Nobody can have you arrested
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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.
ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The School Cafeteria.
There seems to be a small storm in a tea-cup over the action of the Lowell High School in providing a cafeteria for the benefit of children who on account of distance or from other causes find it convenient to get their lunch in this way. It is a matter that may very well be left to the discretion of the school authorities, and certainly we should never have heard anything about it but for the veiled protest of a few candy store keepers who are unwilling to see the diversion of pennies that might otherwise come their way. If the cafeteria is properly supervised both as regards food and prices—and no one has said that it is not—the eye of common sense will look upon it with approval. The same system has been in force for a long time in Los Angeles, and it has not yet resulted in the disruption of the republic or in any other of the calamities that are predicted here.
But a reasonable regard for the welfare of the children is one thing and a wild-eyed exaggeration of the

same virtue is quite another. Already we are being told that it is the duty of the school not only to provide lunch for the children, but to provide it gratuitously. Then why not provide them also with clothing? Why stop at food? Indeed why stop anywhere? Why should not the state assume full parental responsibility for all children at birth, and so absolve the mothers and the fathers from the few remnants of duty that still adhere to them? Of course it would cost a great deal of money, but there are still some thrifty people in our midst whose savings could be confiscated for such a purpose.

Mayor Gaynor.
That the whole country as well as countries beyond the sea have been moved by the death of Mayor Gaynor of New York is a striking tribute to one of the most extraordinary individualities of our day. But it is something more than a tribute. It is also a reminder of one of those facts of human nature that we persistently forget. Mr. Gaynor's phenomenal popularity was not due to the things that he did, but to the kind of man that he was, in other words to his character. The things that he did were often wrong, deplorably wrong. He was wrong in his attitude toward certain derelictions from duty on the part of high officials. He was wrong in a dozen other ways. But behind all his mistakes was a character of sturdy honesty, of high and inflexible purpose, of independent judgment, and of an unflinching courage. Mr. Gaynor had no enemies who suspected his integrity or his bravery, and it was probably this virtue of picturesque fortitude that won for him the admiration of the crowds. The public will forgive a thousand mistakes and will even regard them indulgently as a sort of decoration if they proceed from manliness, independence, and courage. But the public will not forgive any of the meaner faults of character, not, at least, after it has discovered them. It is wholesomely disposed, although in a certain blind and hesitating way, to ask itself what a man is rather than what he has done. If it is assured that there is a perpetual ring of true metal it will forgive almost anything in the way of error. In the long run it is character that counts, and nothing but character. The public tribute to Mr. Gaynor was not to the man of ability nor to the man of intelligence, but to the man who knew the difference between right and wrong and who was always guided, or wished to be guided, by moral principles. In his pursuit of those principles, however erring it may sometimes have been, he was afraid of no one. He antagonized great interests with a certain blitheness that compelled the applause even of his enemies. He would protect a persecuted peddler with all the caustic vigor of which he was such a master and he would show precisely the same vigor in suppressing the lawless arrogance of a labor union. Contemptuous of the power of the yellow press, he would lash it unsparingly, in season and out of season, and although he was elected by Tammany it never occurred to him for a moment to administer the city government upon Tammany models.

It is easy to detect the mainspring of Mr. Gaynor's success in holding the admiration of an often disapproving public. He was an old-time American. The principles of his old-time Americanism were living realities to him. They were never a pose or a platform to be used and then thrown aside. He made of them the yardstick with which to measure all public activities. If those activities did not square with the ideal, or if he thought that they did not, he would have none of them. He was a man who believed in principles and ideals at a time when it is unpopular to believe in anything except the concrete. And the public trusted him because they knew that there was nothing unseen in his character, nothing secret, nothing furtive nor sinister. He made mistakes in the right way, and sometimes that is better than to be correct in the wrong

way. Once more it is always character that counts. It is one of those things unto which all other things are added.

The Public Comes First.
The comments of the Argonaut upon the two fatal accidents that have recently occurred on the ill-fated New Haven railroad will still be remembered. In spite of suppressions, evasions, and reluctant disclosures in small type the fact of labor-union responsibility for an appalling loss of life was made abundantly evident. The railroad authorities were compelled to select their engineers, not upon any principle of efficiency, but in accord with union rules that imposed a system of selection by rotation and by nothing else. If the name of a particular man happened to head a particular list he must be placed in charge of any train that needed an engineer. No matter how difficult or dangerous the run, no matter how incompetent the man, he and no other must be chosen. It was the union rules that caused the New Haven wreck.

All this was clear enough at the time, but as usual there was a conspiracy of newspaper silence with the notable exception of a few Eastern journals. But now it seems that the conspiracy has been broken, and in a most remarkable way. Far be it from us to say whether the Hearst newspapers have seen a great light, or whether it is that the winds of self-interest are now blowing from a fresh quarter. But the fact remains that the San Francisco Examiner of September 16 prints a long dispatch from New York and headed "The Public, Not Railway Men, Must First Be Considered by New Haven Road." This dispatch is a super-heated appeal to the public to restrain labor-union domination over railroads that has proved itself to be responsible for such murderous results. The public, says the dispatch, must come first. This is "the new keynote" that the railroad employees must not be allowed to flout. But let the message speak for itself. Its most pregnant passage is as follows:

The men flatly declare that the managers entrusted with the running of the road must accept the selection of their union in promoting men to positions of great responsibility, that the matter of fitness is none of the managers' business; that the rule of seniority must be slavishly adhered to, even if engineers, guilty of playing with human life by running past red signals, have to be placed at the throttle of the fastest and most important passenger trains on the whole system.

There is much more to the same effect. We are asked if the public will now insist upon its own safety or whether it will continue to follow the old imbecile plan that allowed the unions to exalt incapacity at the cost of a measureless human suffering. We are asked if the public intends to sustain President Elliott in his insistence upon efficiency and safety or whether it will sustain the labor unions in their insistency upon inefficiency and disaster:

Are the public to support the hands of President Elliott in his fight against the tyranny of the Engineers' Union? Does age necessarily sharpen the eyesight, quicken the intellect, and improve the physique of every engine driver? Shall a second-rate man be given a first-class position, simply and solely because of his length of service? Do you want to ride behind the best man the road can pick to command its passenger trains? Or are you content to have the union to have its way, no matter how grave the danger entailed? Boiled down, stripped of all technicalities, that is the real, the only question.

Now these are precisely the points urged by the Argonaut in its earlier references to the disasters, and it may be said that the Argonaut was one of the very few newspapers in America that ventured to draw the obvious inferences from the facts, or even to state the facts themselves. But the Argonaut went further than this. This particular instance of labor-union domination in defiance of the public safety was forced into the daylight by disasters of such magnitude that concealment of the facts was impossible. Had the same been upon a lesser scale the actual causes would

ably have been hushed up as there can be no doubt that they have been hushed up many and many a time in the past. The union rules enforced upon the New Haven road were the regular rules of railroad unionism. Without a doubt those same rules exist at this moment upon other roads, and wherever those rules exist they are a direct invitation to death and mutilation. A spasm of indignation, here today and gone tomorrow, will be of no value whatever. Nothing will be of any value except a determination on the part of the companies to end a most dangerous tyranny by the weapon of publicity, and a similar determination on the part of the public to sustain them in so doing. The New Haven company has announced that there will be no more secret conferences with the unions, no more diplomatic games with human lives for chips. Henceforth everything must be open and aboveboard, and the unions will have to face a wide publicity for all their exactions. In other words the New Haven road has pricked the gigantic bubble of union pretensions and has found it to be but a bubble.

The matter can not end where it is now. A public that seems placidly content to see its commerce destroyed and its factories desolated may yet have a regard for its own personal safety. And there is no such thing as personal safety wherever a union is allowed to dictate the terms upon which an engineer shall be employed. If this particular exposure is allowed to be a mere flash in the pan, if things are allowed to slip back into their old grooves, it will be no more than an invitation to some other disaster on a still more calamitous scale.

Tom Fox and Rudolph Spreckels.

Probably it is too much to hope that Mr. Rudolph Spreckels will be permanently silenced by the rebuff inflicted upon him by the postoffice committee of the Senate. It will be remembered that Mr. Spreckels hurried off to Washington in the confident expectation that a word from him would be sufficient to prevent the appointment of Tom Fox as postmaster at Sacramento. Indeed he said so. His curious personal vanities seem to have assured him that he would be received in Washington with the obeisances due to the first discoverer of the good, the beautiful, and the true in political life. He never doubted that he could prevent the Fox appointment. The Senate had already confirmed the nomination and had then withdrawn the confirmation pending further particulars. Having heard all that Mr. Spreckels had to say, the nomination was promptly reconfirmed, the committee being presumably of the opinion that what Mr. Spreckels had to say was not worth saying. And most intelligent persons will be inclined to agree with the committee.

Certainly a more poverty-struck plea was never put forward by a responsible human being. The only offense charged against Fox was the heinous one of having been prominent in a local political organization, in other words of having been a "machine politician." There was no suggestion of a lack either of virtue or of capacity. No one contended that Fox would be an inefficient postmaster or that the public business interests would suffer at his hands. He is well known in Sacramento, and while making no pretense to be a Bayard, it is universally admitted that he has won both business and domestic respect. But this was not enough for the sacrosanct Spreckels, whose own public spirit is sufficiently shown by the fact that only recently he cast his first vote. Fox was guilty of the crime of belonging to a political organization, of being a machine politician, and was therefore unsuited to a public post. His real crime was in belonging to an organization that was not the Spreckels organization, since Spreckels himself belongs, or did belong until recently, to one of the most vicious and demoralizing political organizations of the day. There is no spectacle quite so disgusting as that of the would-be reformer who hoists the banner of a superior morality in order to gratify his own arrogances and vengeances. Mr. Spreckels has accustomed us to that spectacle for some years now, and it is to be hoped that his recent experience at Washington may arouse him to a sense of his own futilities. Himself wholly indifferent to the public welfare, wholly oblivious of the duties of citizenship until he saw the opportunity to pose as a sort of political redeemer, he is now determined to oust from public life every man whose activities began at an earlier date and who did no more than follow the political procedure that was then universal. Fortunately Mr. Spreckels found that the Senate was not so compliant as he supposed. Incidentally he has given the new postmaster at Sacra-

mento the unique distinction of a double confirmation and perhaps raised him to the status of a candidate for the governorship. So much for Mr. Spreckels.

Federal Judges and the Recall.

The San Diego Union is to be congratulated upon a most felicitous reply to some comments passed by the Fresno Republican on the trials of Diggs and Caminetti. It seems that this triumph of justice is due to the efficiency of the federal courts which is in such pleasing contrast to the inefficiency of the state courts. Says the Republican:

Once more the federal court system of the United States has vindicated its character for dealing effective justice speedily, in contrast with the paralyzing delays of the state courts.

The reply of the San Diego Union is as prompt as it is pulverizing:

The federal judges are not subject to the recall; they are appointed, and hold office for life or good behavior. Judges of the state courts are elected for stated terms, and can be recalled at any time their constituents become dissatisfied. Comparisons are odious. The results of the two systems speak for themselves.

They do certainly speak for themselves, and it is no little mystifying that the same persons who are openly exultant at the subjection of the state judges to "the will of the people" should be equally exultant because these same judges are debarred from an important and sensational trial. We were confidently assured that the recall would be the remedy for all the evils under which the state judiciary was supposed to be suffering, and now we are asked to congratulate ourselves that these same reformed judges were not allowed to try Diggs and Caminetti. There seems to be a discrepancy. Are we to understand that the recall is a failure, that it has done none of the things that it was supposed to do, that its regenerative effects were illusory? The Republican appears to say so.

The incident gives point to Mr. Taft's address before the American Bar Association, in which he referred to the "preposterous innovation of judicial recall." Whatever may be thought of Mr. Taft's administration, it remains a fact that very few American Presidents have been called upon to appoint so many judges and that none among them has appointed better ones. The only way to raise the standard of American justice, said Mr. Taft, is to enlarge the independence of the judges, and not to diminish it, still less to subject our judges to the ignominy of a recall in which every citizen is invited to play the part of secret executioner in the polling booth. Mr. Taft went on to say that "Nothing but the life tenure of the federal judiciary, its independence, and its power of usefulness have made it possible with such inadequate salaries to secure judges of a high average in learning, ability, and character." And apparently the Fresno Republican agrees with Mr. Taft, since it is so full of jubilation that Diggs and Caminetti were not tried by state judges with the sword of the recall hanging over their heads.

Mr. Taft went on to plead for the appointment of judges instead of their election, and especially of their election by direct nomination. He pointed out that there are no countries in the world where judges are elected instead of appointed except the United States and Switzerland. Probably this argument will have little weight with those shallow-witted persons obsessed by the conviction that to be original is necessarily also to be right. But Mr. Taft is on unshakable ground when he expresses the results of his own observation and experience, as in the following excerpt from his speech:

Nothing could more impair the quality of lawyers available as candidates or depreciate the standard of the judiciary. It has been my official duty to look into the judiciary of each state in my search for candidates to be appointed to federal judgeships, and I affirm without hesitation that in states where many of the elected judges in the past have had high rank the introduction of nomination by direct primary has distinctly injured the character of the bench for learning, courage, and ability. The result of the present tendency is seen in the disgraceful exhibitions of men campaigning for the place of state supreme judge, and asking votes on the ground that their decisions will have a particular class favor.

Mr. Taft seems to have the flowing tide in his favor, although there is no comparison between the fatal ease with which a folly can be committed and the leaden processes by which it can be remedied. However loudly we may prate about the benefits of the recall, our reformers take no pains to hide their satisfaction that it is a federal judge who is called upon to preside over a trial that has aroused the feelings of the public. It is the federal judge, not the recall judge, who can deal

"effective justice speedily, in contrast with the paralyzing delays of the state courts."

The Sham at The Hague.

It is hard to write respectfully, or even tolerantly, of Mr. Carnegie's "Palace of Peace" that has just been opened at The Hague and that henceforth becomes one of the sights of a most interesting country. Representatives of the various European powers, momentarily diverted from their normal occupation of war preparation, were solemnly in evidence, and doubtless with their tongues in their cheeks. They were shown the libraries, the reading-room, the heating apparatus with fourteen boilers, and the restaurant. They made speeches describing the beauties of peace, which no one has ever questioned, and they paid fitting tribute to the munificence of a millionaire who for curious reasons of his own had built so fine a structure. Then they solemnly went home again and forgot all about it, leaving the building in the charge of the permanent attendants, who will doubtless find plenty to do in the tabulation of war budgets and the record of battle casualties. So long as Mr. Carnegie is pleased—and he must have been pleased with so many laudations of himself—it would be ungracious to be hypercritical. But we may still wonder what it was all about and what good it will, or can, do.

It is now fifteen years since the assembly of the first Hague conference. It will be remembered that the imperial author of that assembly was hailed in terms of laudation that would be extravagant if applied to the Apostle Paul. War was assumed to be already a thing of the past, and nothing remained but to sign, seal, and deliver the articles of abiding peace. But the hopes of an unbalanced enthusiasm have been woefully disappointed. Never in the history of civilization have fifteen years been so exclusively devoted to wars and rumors of wars as the decade and a half since the Emperor of Russia amazed the world by his peace rescript. The Czar himself proved the sincerity of his convictions by entering on a struggle with Japan. England, France, Spain, Italy, Turkey, China, Mexico, Greece, Bulgaria, Montenegro, and Roumania have all been at war. Two or three times it has seemed to be almost impossible to avert a general European conflagration, and only a few weeks ago the Austrian government referred to the present precarious peace in the Balkans as a temporary truce. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that the wars of the last fifteen years have surpassed all previous historical conflicts in their ruthless extermination and their implacable cruelties. And as for The Hague Conference, not only has it failed to prevent or even to mitigate any of these wars; it seems hardly to have tried to do so. A Sunday-school could scarcely have been more impotent. Surely this amazing stultification is not to be accounted for by a lack of office accommodation at The Hague. It is true that a certain number of arbitration treaties have been signed, but we need not be too sanguine about them. It is quite upon the cards that these formal undertakings may cause more wounds than they heal. Certainly not one of them would last ten minutes against a storm of national passion.

It is natural that Mr. Carnegie and men of his stamp should seek to reduce every problem to terms of money. Their horizon is usually one of cash and vanity. But money can do very little in the cause of peace. War is not now a matter of calculated advantages. It used to be before the era of democracy, and at that time wars were relatively rare. But now it is the people who make wars, and not their rulers, and they are animated by those primeval pugnacities that have not yet been eradicated from human nature. In other words, men fight, not so much because they expect to gain something as because they are still fighting animals, prone to unreasoning animosities and to gusts of elemental passion. It is an open secret that the King of Italy had to choose between the loss of his throne and war with Turkey, and Professor Ferrero tells us bluntly that the great danger to European peace is in the newly enfranchised masses of Europe, who are ready to go to war as a frolicsome adventure. Of what value, then, are statistics and computations of cost. Wars are made, not by intelligences, but by unreasoning brutalities and against these money has no power.

Of course there is a remedy, but it is a slow one. It is not to be found in gaudy shams like The Hague Palace, but in the slow inculcation of the elementary ideas of simple right and wrong. Unless men can be dissuaded from fighting because it is wrong to fight they will never be dissuaded at all. Certainly will

never be dissuaded by an appeal to their pockets. Still more certainly they will never be dissuaded by anything that is likely to be done in the absurd Palace of Peace at The Hague, which seems to be a Carnegie Library on a large scale, and absolutely nothing more.

Newspapers and the Public.

About a year ago Mr. H. H. Kohlsaatt purchased the Chicago *Inter Ocean* and proceeded to tune it up in accordance with his ideal of what a newspaper ought to be. Mr. Kohlsaatt had strong opinions about the iniquities of the daily press and he stated them strongly. He said that "the daily and periodical press have become very largely the muckrakers of the universe, the distorters of facts, and the debauchers of thought for the masses, in whom eventually abides the fate of the republic." And so he proceeded to put his own theories into practice and to produce a newspaper that should be all the things that a newspaper ought to be and none of the things that a newspaper ought not to be.

But he seems to find it an uphill task if we may judge from an editorial that he has just printed. He says:

So long as its present editor retains control of the *Inter Ocean* it will continue faithful to Chicago, true to the higher traditions of journalism, alert and fair in printing the decent news of each day, sane and fearless in discussing the questions of the hour as they arise. But if the business men of Chicago, who have more at stake than the *Inter Ocean*, fail to accord it steady and generous support, the temptation to stand from under may prove irresistible. And then journalism of the "itching palm and wanton eyes" will have its way.

Mr. Kohlsaatt hits the right nail upon the head. The public are actually the editors of the daily newspaper. They ask for what they want and they see that they get it, and if they do not get it they pronounce a sentence of death. The depravities of the daily newspaper are a matter of general lament among people of education and influence, and yet it is often these very people who sustain the depraved newspaper by buying it, and by refraining from buying its sane and dignified competitors. There is enough of decent public opinion in every city of America to correct the journalistic debaucheries that flourish in their midst. There is enough power of the right kind to remedy this peculiarly ugly disease of modern civilization. But the power is simply not exercised. It is dissipated in futile laments and neutralized by direct act.

Will Ulster Fight?

It is well to receive with caution the current reports from Ireland as to military preparations to resist the operation of the Home Rule bill. Most of those reports are patently absurd. The men of Ulster may be narrow bigots, but in the general sense of the word they are by no means fools. And for a corner of Ireland forcibly to resist a law that has been debated for years and that has eventually been enacted by the slow processes necessitated by the opposition of the House of Lords would be sheer and unadulterated madness. The Ulster community is of the manufacturing, industrial, and agricultural kind, and therefore with a deep stake of self-interest in the preservation of social order. It is true that religious bigotry will go a long way, but we may doubt if it will go quite so far as a ruinous struggle with the military forces of the country. No doubt there are fully one hundred thousand men in Ulster who have signed pledges and contracts under the romantic circumstances of nighttime and secrecy, but that even a tithe of these warriors would go so far as to throw a stone at a policeman we may very much doubt. The issue would be too certain and the outlook too hopeless. Nor is it possible to believe that there has been any general movement to arm or to drill. It would be impossible to carry out such proceedings without the cognizance of the government, and the government seems to be placidly contemptuous of the whole business. It is true that a few boxes of old-fashioned rifles without ammunition were recently seized in London on their way to Ireland, but if these were actually intended to arm the rebels of Ulster they would have been better advised to use bows and arrows. The consignment and its seizure were doubtless arranged for the purpose of producing an effect upon public opinion. And it produced no effect at all.

There will be no lack of sympathy for the minority in Ulster—for even in Ulster the anti-Home Rulers are in a minority—if they actually believe that the establishment in Dublin of a sort of national board of supervisors will constitute an attack upon their liberties and rights. Indeed there will be a good deal of sympathy for a mental hysteria that produces such a belief. A glance at the Home Rule bill as it now

stands is surprising for its revelations of caution. Indeed it is only by courtesy that it can be called a Home Rule bill at all, so extraordinary are the precautions and the safeguards against any kind of tyranny, and especially religious tyranny. There seems to be no loophole for the admission of any sort of sectional injustice or to the display of any kind of power adverse to the liberties now enjoyed by all Irishmen alike. But it is useless to argue against bigotry and passion. Time alone is the cure for such evils as these, and it will be safe to predict that the present outburst of threatening fanaticism will soon be a source of wonder even to those who are now fanning the flames of revolt.

Mr. Bryan in Vaudeville.

The newspapers do not allow us to remain for long in doubt as to the exact whereabouts of Mr. Bryan. He has not yet attained to the giddy eminence of the sporting page, but even that may come in due time. Here, for example, is a dispatch from Glenolden, Pennsylvania:

William J. Bryan played a matinee and night performance today. At Media he divided time with the Tyrolean singers. Tonight in this city the rest of the entertainment was given by the Florentine Orchestra, Miss Millicent Melrose, soprano, and the moving pictures. Bryan's turn came between Miss Melrose and the moving pictures. At Media he closed the show. Both shows were under tents.

We are not told the precise purport of these festivities, whether they had any pseudo humanitarian or educational object or whether they were frankly vaudeville. We suspect the latter, and that we may yet see the name of the American Secretary of State set forth on some flamboyant circus poster. It is extremely unlikely—more so now than ever—that Mr. Bryan will ever be President of the United States, although he is said still to cherish ambitions of that kind. But if the wheel of fortune should ever inflict upon us such a disaster as that we should probably see performances similar to those that are now producing such a feeling of disgust throughout the country. And a President could probably command even higher fees than a Secretary of State. In the meantime we may note a letter to one of the New York newspapers from a European correspondent to the effect that while Mr. Bryan's antics may evoke a feeling of amusement at home, they are galling in the extreme when considered in the light of contemptuous foreign comment. And it is quite easy to believe that this is so.

Editorial Notes.

The *Argonaut* is inclined to think that the immigration authorities will make a tactical mistake if they exclude Mrs. Pankhurst. They would be quite justified in doing so according to the strict letter of the law on the double ground that Mrs. Pankhurst has been imprisoned for criminal offenses and that she is also a lunatic. There should be no difficulty on either count, but the immigration law is somewhat elastic, and properly so, and it might be an error of judgment to increase the weight of the crown of martyrdom that she is already so gratified to wear. If Mrs. Pankhurst should relapse into any of the more violent forms of her distressing mania while on American soil she can be dealt with speedily in many ways. Until she does so it would seem to be the part of good sense to receive her with a judicious and salutary neglect.

The political results of the death of Mayor Gaynor must necessarily be considerable, although we must wait for the air to clear before we can see what they are. His sudden injection into the mayoralty contest meant a split in the anti-Tammany vote and it probably portended a renewal of Tammany domination. To that extent Mr. Gaynor's death has simplified the situation, but a great deal of coöperation and conciliation will still be necessary if New York is to be saved from the Tammany debauch that threatens it. Almost the last public utterance of the late mayor was a fierce denunciation of the "hungry, grafting leaders" upon whom he had declared war. "No wonder they are ferocious against me," he said, "they have had four lean and hungry years." It is now for the people of New York to see that this compulsory fast is indefinitely extended.

Canada has undoubtedly redeemed her threatened reputation by her drastic settlement of the perpetual Thaw case. For the moment it seemed that Thaw, as a source of legal and medical revenues, had been permanently transferred to the northern side of the frontier and that one more home industry had been filched

from us. Indeed we are still in doubt as to the exact procedure by which this sordid young ruffian was booted back to the proud land of his birth. Perhaps the procedure consisted in the mere fiat of some one who must be obeyed, which is a way they have in these effete and obsolete systems of government. However that may be, Thaw is once more with us, and so is Mr. Jerome, and so are all the experts. In the case of a good many of them Thaw is likely to be their only visible means of support for some time to come.

WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE.

Wilson Says Pledges Redeemed Are Beneficial, but Penrose Dissents and La Follette Explains.

There may be some questions inside or outside of Horatio's philosophy which have not the proverbial two sides for argument, but questions of such plain exterior are never found in Washington. Take the tariff recently passed by the Senate. President Wilson said that the enactment of the Underwood-Simmons bill by a vote of 44 to 37 meant that:

A fight for the people and for free business which has lasted a long generation though has at last been won, handsomely and completely. A leadership and a steadfastness in counsel has been shown in both Houses of which the Democratic party has reason to be very proud. When the currency bill is passed this first session of the Sixty-Third Congress will have passed into history with an unrivaled distinction.

That would seem to settle it. The statement of the President has every aspect of conclusiveness. Up rises Senator Penrose of Pennsylvania, standpat Republican, and expresses his opinion of precisely the same bill in the following manner:

I am more confirmed in the belief that had results will follow from the enactment of this bill than I was six months ago. The disturbance is going to be more than the temporary friction incident to a change in fiscal policies. It strikes at the fundamental principles of American industrial civilization. We will doubtless go on to conditions worse and worse with the rapidly awakening public sentiment. If the currency bill in its present shape is forced upon the country it is going to add very considerably to the complications already existing and is going to increase the industrial disaster that is impending.

Either President Wilson or Senator Penrose may be right. The advantage of setting down the two divergent views is that the reader, without any payment of an entrance fee, can take his choice. Or perhaps the truth lies somewhere between the two extreme expressions. The President feels sure that the Democratic party has carried out its pledge to destroy protection. The platform adopted at Baltimore July 2, 1912, specifically said:

We declare it to be a fundamental principle of the Democratic party that the federal government under the constitution has no right or power to impose or collect tariff duties except for the purpose of revenue, and we demand that the collection of such taxes shall be limited to the necessities of the government honestly and economically administered.

Still there may be two views. Senator La Follette, after he had voted with the Democrats for the passage of the bill, said that he realized that what he had done was a political sacrifice, but that something within him had compelled him to vote for the bill. He added that "the tariff act of 1909 was but little short of a crime. The bill passed today is not a Democratic measure, but a protective measure. Every change made by the finance committee was made by way of adjustment to a protective basis except such as free wool and free sugar, which were determined upon outside."

Thus President Wilson holds that the Democratic party in its radical tariff reduction carried out the pledge of the Baltimore platform, while Senator La Follette, who voted with the Democrats, says that the party definitely failed to carry out its pledge.

There is simply no way of getting an agreement between such men. Probably if a scientific tariff commission were established and made definite recommendations to Congress there would be just as much squabbling about the way in which the recommendations should be interpreted as there is under present conditions, wherein the tariff is simply the football of politics. One thing is certain: The bill as passed by the Senate represents an average reduction of more than 4 per cent from the rates of the original bill that passed the House, and nearly 28 per cent from the rates of existing law. The Senate's additions to the House free list with 1912 as a basis will cost the government more than \$44,000,000, but by adding a tax of one-tenth of one cent a pound on cotton sold for future delivery; a tax of one-tenth of one cent a pound on bananas; restoring the requirement of the full internal revenue tax of \$1.10 a gallon on brandies used to fortify wines, and by increasing the surtax rates on large incomes, the Senate leaders believe they have provided a natural increase.

Whatever one may think of the tariff bill, it is certain that the political situation since last November has undergone a change. This is exemplified in the Maine congressional election, where the returns gave the Republican candidate 15,106; the Democratic candidate 14,553, and the Progressive, or Bull Moose, candidate 6487. To realize the change that has taken place it need only be stated that the vote for President in November was Wilson, Democrat, 14,692; Roosevelt, Progressive, 13,236, and Taft, Republican, 7159. The Progressive vote showed a falling off of about 50 per cent from that given Colonel Roosevelt last November. (A)

other hand the Republican vote was 108 per cent greater than the Taft vote, while the Democratic vote at this special election and at the election in November showed very little variation.

Evidently the Progressives are going back to the Republican party. At a little dinner given to him before he died Mark Hanna predicted the collapse of both the Democratic and Republican parties some time before 1916. He said that in that year there would be two new political parties, probably known as the Conservative and Radical parties. Evidently his prediction is not going to be fulfilled. The issue in 1916 again will be the tariff, and the Republicans are now confident that the Progressive converts will return in answer to the rallying cry. Whether the Democratic party will be able to meet a reunited Republican party in the stand-up and knock-down tariff fight depends as much upon President Wilson's political acumen as upon his statesmanship. He has already demonstrated ability as a leader and has done a remarkable thing in holding Congress in line for currency reform when most of the leaders in the House and Senate wanted to get away immediately after action had been taken upon the tariff. Moreover, everything that the President wanted was written into the tariff bill. In every instance he has won his point in conflicts with the leaders in his own party and has capitalized his Scotch quality of stubbornness.

Nevertheless there are many Democrats who now contend that the President is not a politician in the real sense of the word—not such a politician, for instance, as was President McKinley. The Democrats are dissatisfied because thousands of Republicans are being retained in good positions in the government service. The Democrats are hungering for pap after a fast of sixteen years. Every now and then one of the Democratic representatives in Congress will jump to his feet and let out a calliope cry against the civil service. They say that such a system was the invention of the devil with the assistance of T. Roosevelt, the latter of whom desired to keep Republicans in office even after his own exit.

In the framing of the income section of the tariff bill the Democrats carefully refrained from putting the position of the new collectors under civil service, and this will provide several thousand jobs for the faithful, who will not be compelled to prove that they can read and write and do a sum in algebra. IRA E. BENNETT.

WASHINGTON, September 12, 1913.

From time immemorial rosarians of Lyon, France, have taken advantage of the favoring conditions until skill and interest in the industry have made the roses of the Rhône Valley known throughout the parks and gardens of the world. The ground where the roses are chiefly cultivated is on the outskirts of the city. It is flat, devoid of shade trees, and protected only by high walls at the confines of the property. The rose plants are set out for commercial purposes in straight rows, sometimes one hundred feet long. Nearly all of the plants are out of doors. The greenhouses for a rose garden of fifteen acres do not number more than two, averaging thirty feet in length. It is only in exceptional winters that the plants have to be covered. Sometimes the tops of the older plants are rather loosely bound in straw. In every large commercial rose garden of Lyon hundreds of elegant rose plants are kept to a single stalk for grating. These are usually gathered by peasants in the woods or on uncultivated land and sold to the rose growers. Those whose sole occupation is to grow roses on a large scale for profit have been known here to bring out many new varieties in a year, but in the end only a few choice ones, of marked individuality, are definitely named and presented to the public through the catalogues. Some of the finest roses ever known have been created within sight of the towers of this ancient city. It is a frequent occupation for persons of this vicinity to devote considerable time to rose-growing for pleasure, often with the hope of producing a new rose that may be novel in form, color, scent, or size. On very small plots of ground attached to their dwellings local amateurs have managed to bring out remarkable specimens.

In the Middle Ages, the commune of Wangen, in the Alsace wine country, was sentenced to make an annual payment to the monastery of Strasburg of 400 measures of wine. In 1793 the payment was abolished by the Directory. Under Louis XVIII two merchants secured the transfer of the payment to them, by means of forged documents, for \$3300, but the commune commenced proceedings against them, in which it was victorious on July 13, 1830. Since that date a communal festival has been held on that day, and from the public fountain erected to commemorate the victory wine flows for one hour in the day.

One of the queerest results of the French government's monopoly of salt is the fact that visitors to the French resort of Pourville have been officially forbidden "to carry away in any vessel or receptacle any quantity of sea water, except by special license." The order is issued to prevent salt being extracted from the water.

On October 1 the State of Missouri will begin the payment of pensions to Confederate veterans. The pensions will be paid under an act calling for \$30,000 passed by the legislature last winter. More than 1100 applications have been made.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

The publication of Count Hayashi's diary—now stopped by order of the Japanese government—throws a new light on the Anglo-Japanese alliance. It seems that the proposal originated with Germany, the German proposal being for a three-cornered alliance between herself, Japan, and Great Britain. The German representative explained to Count Hayashi that while there was a popular and strong anti-British feeling in Germany it was not shared by the emperor and his advisers, who were anxious for the alliance. Negotiations proceeded slowly, and at last Japan allowed it to be known that she was willing to come to an understanding with Great Britain, but that Germany must be excluded. Count Hayashi further explains that he mistrusted Germany as one of the partners in the coalition that robbed Japan of the fruits of her victory after the treaty of Shimonoseki. That such momentous negotiations should be carried out in dead secrecy and that they should now be revealed only by the injudicious publication of a diary seems to show the hopelessness of any general attempt to understand the inwardness of European foreign policies. And we may also wonder that so astute a statesman as Count Hayashi allowed himself the imprudence of a diary.

The great Friedmann issue seems still to have some vitality. Dr. Barnes of the Providence State Sanitarium has issued a report to the effect that the 120 sufferers treated by Dr. Friedmann "have shown none of the immediate and wonderful results reported. On the contrary about 17 per cent of the cases have shown an increased activity of the disease which would not have been expected under ordinary sanitarium treatment." Now that seems fairly conclusive, and it is so regarded by the newspapers that report it, but as a matter of fact we are told that a "number of doctors" who heard the report when it was first submitted came to the defense of the German bacteriologist and that Dr. Dwinell said: "It is not enough to line up a lot of patients in the dining-room and ask them how they feel. I can point to as many successes among the patients as Dr. Barnes can point to failures." It would be highly improper that the layman should be a partisan in such matters, but the layman may at least wonder at medical knowledge and at medical ethics that permit of such amazing discrepancies.

The popular estimate of Swinburne's character does not usually include a proficiency in the use of iron-clad language. But a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* attributes a singular and enviable fluency in this respect to the poet who is usually associated with a particular sweetness of expression. Describing a lunch, he says: "The poet, before entering the house, engaged in a prolonged discussion with the cabman, who eventually snatched up his reins and drove rapidly away. 'Swinburne's got the best of it, as usual,' drawled Howell, who had been gleefully watching the scene. He lives at the British Hotel in Cockspur Street, and never goes anywhere except in hansoms, which, whatever the distance, he invariably remunerates with a shilling. When, as today, he drives two miles beyond the radius there's the devil's own row. But in the matter of imprecation the poet is more than a match for cabby, who, after five minutes of it, galloped off as though he had been rated by Beelzebub himself."

Although the Oregon law requiring the medical examination of men as a prelude to matrimony was passed only a few months ago it has already proved itself to be so mischievous a failure that authoritative steps are now under way for its annulment or repeal. No one submits to it who can evade it, and it is quite easy to evade it by buying a ticket to Vancouver, where the powers of the freak are still restrained by a general common sense. District Judge Jones, who is taking steps to invalidate the obnoxious law, says: "We might blink at defects in a law which truly served the purpose of improving the race, but this law does not. It is an unequal burden, imposed at the very time when equal rights are in the air, clearly unjust and an utter fizzle." That other states will take advantage of Oregon's experience is too much to hope for. The average hygienist is not constructed for the reception of facts.

Speaking of bygienists, it would be well for them to take note of the warning of Dr. Loesch of Budapest, a delegate to the recent international medical congress in London. Dr. Loesch said: "If we doctors aim at keeping the respect of the people we should cease warning them that humanity is doomed to perish unless it gives up some trifling weakness to which it has been addicted since the dawn of time. The plague of hygienics must stop." But surely the warning comes too late.

The gallant Protestants of Ulster are showing their fears of Catholic intolerance by outrages upon their Catholic neighbors. We read of revolver shooting by the Orangemen of Londonderry, of iron bolts thrown through the windows of the convent, and of Catholics barricaded in their houses against the terrors of a Protestant mob. The love of religious liberty is evidently very strong in the north of Ireland, and if the Catholics should only display some of the same passion for freedom, and in the same way, what a bear garden we should have. Incidentally we may be grateful that the law-abiding impartialities of the irreligious preserve even such general semblances of religious concord as we have. It would be a sorry world if we all shared in the militant pieties of the Irish Protestant.

The Greeks also seem to have had their little foibles. A number of letters found by the Bulgarians among the effects of the Seventh Division of the Greek army make interesting reading in this connection. One of these letters says: "Here at Vrondou I have captured five Bulgarians and one girl from Serres. We shut them in a police station. The girl was

killed. As for the Bulgarian men, we put out their eyes." Another letter says: "We have driven the Bulgarians wild, and have burned their villages. Wherever we found one or two of them we shot them like sparrows." Still another says: "We burn all the Bulgarian villages and kill all the men falling into our hands."

Miss Edith Dunham writes a letter to the *London Times* in which she refutes a prevalent idea that Christian atrocities in the Balkans were confined to the Bulgarians. She says that the Montenegrins were quite as bad. Of course a good deal depends on the meaning of the word cruelties, but Miss Dunham believes that the cutting off of noses and of upper lips comes well within the meaning of the act. She herself saw nine Turks mutilated in this way, and her patients in the Montenegrin hospital often boasted to her of these playful exploits, nor did she find any Montenegrins who denied them. Of course the victims were only Turks, but the hypercritical sentimentalities of the day will be likely to disapprove of the mutilation even of unbelievers.

When that rather futile person, Dr. Sun Yat Sen, issues a manifesto he usually predicts dire disaster to China if his counsels remain unheeded. When Yuan Shi Kai issues a manifesto he predicts dire disaster to the individuals who oppose him, which is a much safer proceeding, as Yuan Shi Kai is often in a position to fulfill his own predictions. It seems that some evil-disposed persons have stated that Yuan Shi Kai means to be emperor of China, and now comes the inevitable pronouncement from the Chinese president reminding the people of his oath that "never again shall a monarchy be permitted in China." If these persons persist in their wrongdoing "I, Yuan Shi Kai, shall follow the hehest of my fellow-countrymen in placing such men beyond the fate of humanity." The phrase is a peculiar one, but we know what it means, knowing something of brother Yuan. And he is quite likely to keep his word in unpleasant ways that are distinctively Chinese.

It seems a little late in the day to do justice to Joan of Arc, but perhaps good deeds are always timely. M. le Comte de Maleyssié, who belongs to the family of Joan, has lately lodged a request with the authorities of Rouen to the effect that the inscription on the gate of the Jardin de Saint-Ouen be changed. This inscription reads, "On Thursday, May 24, 1431, Joan of Arc submitted to abjuration which preceded her martyrdom." The count claims that Joan never recanted at all, inasmuch as she did not sign the formula of abjuration and must therefore have refused to do so, since she knew how to write. Thereupon the Rouen authorities instituted an inquiry and the report of the historical expert has now been published. This report is to the effect that Joan's ability to write has not been proved, and moreover that it is immaterial whether she could or not. It was sufficient that the act of abjuration be read aloud, and there is evidence that it was so read, and that it was repeated by Joan. Therefore she did actually recant, but since the recantation was exacted by force the inscription is to be changed to read: "Here in the cemetery of Saint-Ouen, on Thursday, May 24, 1431, Joan of Arc submitted to the abominable torture called the abjuration."

Every one knows Browning's line, "Just for a handful of silver he left us," but who knows to whom Browning referred? The *London Daily Chronicle* reminds us that it was Wordsworth, who had been "commanded" by the prince consort to write an ode on his installation as chancellor of the University of Cambridge. And now every one is familiar with Browning's line, while Wordsworth's ode that called it forth has been forgotten.

Mr. T. W. Arnold in "The Preaching of Islam," just published by Scribner's, tells us why the Mohammedan missionary is able to convert the untutored African while the Christian missionary meets with so scanty a success. The Moslem creed is so simple that the rudimentary mind can easily understand it, and the Moslem preacher is able to put into actual practice his teaching of the brotherhood of man. "The Christian missionary has always to contend with race prejudices not likely to die out in a single generation where the white Christian has for generations been known as master and the black heathen as slave. . . . Islam, despite its shortcomings, does not, from the Nigerian point of view, demand race suicide of the Nigerian as an accompaniment of conversion. It does not stipulate revolutionary changes in social life impossible at the present stage of Nigerian development; nor does it undermine a family or communal authority. Between the converter and the converted there is no abyss. Both are equal, not in theory, but in practice, before God. Both are Africans, sons of the soil."

It seems that European diplomacy requires a facial control to which our own Mr. Bryan will never be able to attain. A clerk in the Serbian office has been dismissed because he allowed the angle at which he wore his hat to betray his elation or depression at the current news and so to give undesirable clues to the lurking war correspondents. Belief in this story is not compulsory, but there is no doubt that the hat has played no mean part in diplomacy. De Blowitz, once the *Times* correspondent in Berlin, tells us in his memoirs how he obtained advance news of the proceedings at the Berlin Conference, and as he certainly did obtain the news in advance of all his competitors we may assume that the story is a true one. He had a friend in the conference with whom he arranged that they should dine daily at the same place and at the same hour. De Blowitz was always the first to leave and he always took his friend's hat instead of his own. In the lining of the hat he found the various clauses of the treaty as they were adopted day by day. Naturally he does not reveal the identity of his friend, but the story is probably a true one and quite consistent with the great correspondent's reputation for ingenuity and pertinacity.

SIDNEY G. P. CORN.

AN INFERNAL MACHINE.

The Clock That Stopped on the Stroke of Twelve.

During the summer of 1812 there might have been observed loitering about the Tuileries a spare, shabbily dressed man, past the prime of life, restless and watchful in his movements, but wearing, in spite of his humble garb, an air of faded respectability and character. He was a decayed Spanish noble, Don Monsen Chavarri by name, and one thing noticeable about him was his persistency in endeavoring to obtain an audience of the emperor. Foiled in every attempt, either through accident or the suspicions of the attendants, he invariably received his rebuffs in silence, and withdrew—merely to renew his importunities. Repulsed today, tomorrow found him at his post. He haunted the palace like a spectre. Even the gamins soon grew familiar with the story of his hopeless quest, and he began in time to be treated with that sort of pitiful consideration which is usually accorded to those of unsound mind. At length, however, there came a day when, in the Rue de Rivoli, as the emperor was returning from a review, a pistol-shot rang out from the corner of the court, and the bullet, whistling through the line of outriders, buried itself in a panel of the imperial carriage. The police at once charged the crowd; and among the number arrested was our friend the Spaniard. At the trial, there being no evidence against him, he was acquitted, but warned instantly to leave Paris. Acting upon the warning, he disappeared, and all traces of him were lost.

It was some two years after this occurrence that there began to circulate among the *quidnuncs* of the capital reports of a marvelous clock to be seen in that city, which illustrated, by means of automatic figures, an episode in the life of the emperor. It was designed for presentation to that personage. It was said to be the work of a famous artisan, who had lately arrived, incognito, from foreign parts, accompanied by a young lady, his daughter, who in a supposed fit of eccentricity had taken lodgings in a humble and obscure quarter of the Faubourg St. Antoine. The reports of the wonderful, almost supernatural performances of this piece of mechanism and the mystery surrounding its owner and inventor gave rise for a short time and in certain circles to no small amount of gossip. This gradually died away, and the artisan and his clock were alike forgotten, when an event occurred which restored them to more than their former prominence, and entitled them to a place in history.

Fouché, one morning in his office, received a letter from his secret agent in Spain which contained information of a most startling and important character. Its perusal threw him into a state of unusual excitement, and its result was an immediate descent of the police upon the mysterious shop in the Faubourg St. Antoine with orders to arrest the artisan and his daughter, secure the premises, and carefully guard all the stock, tools, implements, and other contents from being touched or displaced till further opportunity offered for a thorough investigation. The party detailed for the duty having departed, Fouché reseated himself, and waited with ill-concealed anxiety the arrival of the prisoners. After a considerable lapse of time, the officer charged with the arrest appeared empty-handed. His report was soon made. The lady in the case, the daughter, had that morning at an early hour left her house in the Faubourg, accompanied by a young lad, who bore a heavy black portmanteau. The two had been traced to the gates of Montmartre, beyond which point no clue to their movements could be obtained. The old workman himself had left the shop an hour before the visit of the police, locking doors and barring windows behind him. He bore in his arms what was apparently, according to the apple-woman opposite, a great square box, covered with oilskin. It seemed heavy. He sat down awhile on his doorstep, when a calèche came by, into which he put himself and box, with the assistance of the driver, and was driven off at a rapid pace. The calèche was brown; the driver was in green livery. A gendarme was following him and another was guarding the shop in the Faubourg, where, however, nothing remained but a piece of furniture and a great many scraps of brass and iron. Fouché reflected a moment, when his face suddenly whitened. Without a word he dashed down the stairway to the street and sprang into a passing fiacre.

"To the Tuileries!" he shouted. "Double wages for double speed!"

Arrived at the palace, he hastily alighted and demanded to be at once shown into the presence of the emperor. Napoleon was in the room in which he received private visitors, and thither the ushers instantly conducted Fouché, who encountering some delay in the anteroom impatiently pushed open the folding-doors, and entered unannounced. The emperor greeted the intrusion at first with a frown of displeasure, but, instantly recognizing his visitor, resumed his customary expression, and nodded affably. Fouché took in the situation at a single glance. Besides Napoleon there were five persons in the room. Four of these were officials of the palace—chamberlains and armed valets, who frequently attended when he gave audience, to prevent attempts at private assassination. The fifth was a man habited in a common workman's blouse, standing apart from the others in a respectful attitude and holding in his hand a workman's cap. It needed but a glance to assure Fouché that this person was none other than the old familiar goblin of the Tuileries—

Don Monsen Chavarri. But how metamorphosed! His hair, formerly gray, was dyed to a glossy blackness; his face was despoiled of its moustache and pointed beard, and his once smooth hands were roughened as though by exposure and toil. At his side stood a large lacquer table, supporting an object on which Fouché's attention was immediately fixed. This was seen at once to be the exact model of the church of Notre Dame, wrought in metal, in the highest style of art, and serving evidently as the case for a clock, since just above the folding doors, which were perfect imitations of those which barred the principle entrance to Notre Dame, were two dials, on one of which the hours and minutes were measured, while on the other a long, sweeping hand described the seconds. Fouché, by a natural impulse, noticed the time indicated by the dials. It lacked a few minutes of noon.

Immediately thereafter he started with nervous alarm as the clock gave a warning note as though about to strike; then suddenly there was a clank of complicated machinery and the great doors folded slowly inward, exposing the whole gorgeous interior to view. The mimic church was decorated as though for some great fête. Banners and hangings of the richest material and most costly workmanship fluttered from the ceilings and flaunted from the niches in the walls. The aisles were carpeted with tapestry and velvet and the pillars were clustered with gold and blazing with gems. On the opposite sides of the great nave two thrones were erected, the one being approached by a flight of velvet-covered steps, and canopied with cloth of gold and scarlet velvet sprinkled with golden bees. And now the great bell in the tower struck one with a heavy, reverberating clang; there arose a swell of triumphal music, and a mimic procession, clad in gorgeous robes, moved into view from one of the hidden aisles. At the head of this cortège walked an old man wearing a triple crown, who, as the bell tolled for the second time, ascended the steps of the smaller throne. It was the coronation performed by automatons.

Napoleon looked on with unusual interest. "Confess, Fouché," said he, "that this is as admirable in its way as the police system in Paris. There is one mistake, however," he continued: "the great doors of Notre Dame were not open on that occasion. The throne was built against them, and the only entrance was through the transverse halls."

"True, sire," said the fictitious artisan, casting a side glance at Fouché, whose name he had just heard pronounced. "True, but your majesty will see that it is a mistake unavoidable here. Like the rest of the world, we have been obliged to sacrifice truth in order to secure effect."

The emperor smiled and remained silent. Meanwhile Fouché was revolving a dilemma in his mind with the rapidity of one accustomed to act in dangerous crises. There are situations in which a slight vantage in the hands of a dangerous man may set at naught the strength of thousands, and in which the most extraordinary means must be employed to secure what are apparently trifling results. Fouché adopted the course which seemed at first most speedily practicable, since the consideration of first importance was, in this instance, time.

"Your majesty," said he, advancing, and speaking rapidly, "may I request your immediate attendance in your cabinet for a matter of the utmost consequence—a matter which will not permit of a moment's delay?"

The emperor turned in surprise and frowned. Chavarri looked up sullenly and silently, and made a suspicious movement toward his clock. With the rapidity of thought Fouché changed his plans.

"Your majesty," said he, loudly, and more rapidly than before, "Lady Isidore Chavarri has just been arrested near the Cemetery of Montmartre, charged with a capital crime. She has already been tried by a special tribunal and condemned to death. I come to implore your majesty to grant her pardon."

As he spoke, he fixed an intent, searching gaze upon the Spaniard. This time the bolt had struck. The old man's tawny face was taking on a sickly hue, and his limbs trembled.

"This is a most unusual proceeding," said the emperor, in amazement. "Who is this lady, and what is the nature of her crime?"

Fouché, bent double with suspense, still keeping his eye riveted upon the tawny, changing face, spoke almost imploringly: "You have trusted me before, sire. I beseech you, trust me now! Ask me no questions, but write the pardon."

There was an instant of silence, broken only by the ticking and low music of the clock. The second hand was measuring off the sixtieth minute with rapid, steady sweep. Almost unconsciously, Fouché drew a pistol from his pocket, cocked it unobserved, and, with a face as that of a corpse, was raising it to fire, with a cry to the emperor on his lips, when Chavarri, whose mind seemed torn by contending emotions, bent suddenly over his mechanism, touched a spring concealed in the rear of the tower, and instantly the whole complicated machinery of the clock stopped with a sudden metallic clang. The music ceased, the automatons paused, standing like statues, each in his place, the mimic emperor stretching out his hand for the crown of the Cæsars, and the great bell in the tower poised midway in its swing for the twelfth and final stroke.

"Parbleu!" muttered Fouché, pocketing the pistol, and wiping the perspiration from his brow. "Allow me, monsieur," he said, advancing to the table, "to inspect this wonderful specimen of art."

"It is so delicate, monsieur," said Chavarri hurriedly, still keeping his finger on the secret spring, and waving Fouché off with his unengaged hand.

"Here is the pardon," said the emperor, affixing his signature to a paper as he spoke. "I hold you, Fouché, responsible for results. Well, what next?"

"Our worthy friend's clock is broken, it appears," said Fouché, awkwardly.

"Broken, sire," said the Spaniard, "and with it the plans of a lifetime. And," he added, casting down his eyes and speaking in a querulous, broken voice, "since when one's hopes are broken one cares but little where he goes I wish a passport to leave France."

Fouché took up the cue immediately.

"I have to request, sire," said he, "that you also make out a full and free pardon for the accomplice of the Lady Isidore Chavarri—her father, Don Monsen Chavarri, of Seville."

The emperor smiled bitterly. His active mind had already compassed the situation, and without a word, either of expostulation or inquiry, he seized a pen and wrote. Then, having finished and signed the double pardon, he advanced with it in his hand.

"Our friend here," said he, "doubtless knows where these persons are to be found, and to him I confide these papers."

The old man, still jealously keeping his hand on the spring of the mechanism, read aloud: "A full permission to Don Monsen and Doña Isidore Chavarri to leave France immediately, without hindrance or question."

"Add," said he, "and alive."

"You would have made a good diplomat," said Napoleon as he made the required addition.

Chavarri hesitated for a moment, removed his hand lingeringly from the spring, and, bowing his head, glided toward the door. Just upon the threshold he turned in sudden dismay.

"Where shall I find my daughter?" he asked.

"When she is found we will send monsieur word," sneered Fouché.

An expression of the most intense malignity flashed across the old man's face, and with an oath he sprang toward the table in the room. But a pistol confronted him.

"The pardons are forfeited," said Fouché.

"No," said the emperor, "let him pass."

Chavarri, with a look of wonder, wheeled slowly about and disappeared.

After his departure Napoleon stood for a short time in the centre of the apartment in a profound reverie. Then, as his gaze fell upon the clock, and the automaton standing beneath the suspended crown within, he bent forward and regarded the figure attentively.

"So," he said, "this was to have been my successor."

It is scarcely necessary to add that the clock proved, on examination, to be an infernal machine of the most ingenious and deadly description. Concealed beneath the metallic slab which formed the pavements of the mimic chapel, and which was constructed to fold back at the proper moment, was found a triple row of small wrought-iron barrels, loaded heavily with slugs and balls, arranged to cover an arc of forty-five degrees at a distance of twenty yards from the machine. No one within that range could possibly have withstood their discharge, exploded simultaneously, exactly when the hands on the dial indicated the hour of noon; but a spring on the outside of the case gave the manipulator power to alter the "set" of the works and discharge them sooner if necessary.

A few months after the occurrence of the incidents narrated above Fouché received a letter from Chavarri, then in England, written in the vein in which men who have played a desperate game and lost write occasionally to those who have outwitted them. The writer stated that the clock was entirely the work of his own hands, and that he and his daughter alone were concerned in the plot, which had been frustrated by Fouché's promptness. As for himself, he had little expectation of escaping, having freely resolved to involve himself, if necessary, in the destruction which should overwhelm the emperor. His daughter, however, the only person on earth for whom he retained any affection, he could not afford thus to sacrifice. He had made provision elsewhere for her support, and she had departed at as early an hour as possible, while he himself had proceeded to the palace at eleven. No personal danger, no promised honor, nothing, in short, but the cunningly devised falsehood regarding his daughter could have induced Chavarri to stop the hands of the fatal clock. He also confessed that it was he who, two years before, had fired the shot in the Rue de Rivoli. Chavarri subsequently died in extreme poverty in London. Of the fate of his daughter nothing is known. His clock, despoiled of the murderous portion of its machinery, was preserved for several years in the Tuileries, and was finally destroyed by an accidental fire and the falling of a wall.—Translated from the French.

Since the Indians of the grass lands of Argentina were subdued in 1878 the systematic reclamation of the land has been stupendous. Some of the large ranches carry as many as 50,000 head of cattle and provide hunting grounds for many Englishmen. The gaucho is one of the most picturesque as well as useful figures on these ranches and forms the counterpart of his famous brother, the cowboy of North America. Life on a ranch is far from unpleasant, and on some of the ranches under British control evening dress for the ladies is the custom.

THE DEATH OF MAYOR GAYNOR.

"Flaneur" Writes Some Biographical and Other Particulars of the Late Municipal Head of New York City.

Probably by the time this letter reaches San Francisco we shall know many details concerning the death of Mayor Gaynor that are now obscure. The news of the event has just broken over a city that was not even aware of the mayor's absence from his official post. Indeed he seems to have taken good care that the city should not be aware of it. For one thing he was on the eve of a great campaign, and he was naturally unwilling at such a time to suggest the fact of a serious physical malady. Moreover, he seems to have had a sort of dread that the murderous attack made upon him three years ago might be repeated. It will be remembered that he was shot while on the deck of an Atlantic steamer just as he was about to sail for Europe, and the parallel between the two voyages had impressed his mind. He had made a fervent political address on the previous day, an address that might easily have aroused some insane and murderous enmity, and so it was arranged that eight detectives should accompany him to the steamer and keep him in sight until all danger had passed. In addition to the detectives there were special agents of the company who had been deputed to this sort of special duty for the occasion. But the enemy that threatened Mr. Gaynor was not of the kind to be foiled by detectives or by special agents. It is taken for granted that the bullet wound inflicted by Gallagher was the indirect cause of the mayor's death. The bullet had never been extracted and its presence was a source of constant irritation and the cause of violent fits of coughing that had weakened the heart. It is said that there was a consultation of doctors on the day before the mayor sailed and that a final effort was made to find the missile, but that it was unsuccessful. Probably the result in any event would have been the same.

It is curious that we know so little about Mr. Gaynor's early days. Even the date of his birth is in doubt, although this will doubtless be settled without difficulty. But it is certain that he was born in Whitestown, New York, and that his father was an Irish farmer. He was a member of the first abolitionist society that was ever formed in the United States, and later on he joined the Christian Brothers College at St. Louis as a novice, taking the name of Brother Hadrian Mary. From St. Louis he went to San Francisco by way of Panama, and still as a member of the same religious order. At that point the clouds descend once more upon his career. That he left the church is certain, and there are many curious stories as to the way in which he left. It is said that he simply disappeared, but the fact of this early religious association seems to correspond with certain aspects of Mr. Gaynor's career that have much to do with his vast popularity.

Mr. Gaynor was admitted to the bar in 1876 while living in Flatbush, and at once he began to cross swords with the corrupt ring of politicians that controlled the place. For example, he discovered that Flatbush had forty saloons and only one license between them, but after a few energetic hostilities they all found that it would be advisable to comply with the law or leave the business. From that moment his success was assured and uninterrupted. The public had been looking for just such a man as him, for a man who was animated by principles and not by policies, and who was entirely unafraid in the enforcement of his principles. Gaynor's election to the mayoralty of New York might almost have been foreseen from that early victory.

One of the most noted decisions that he ever gave as mayor of New York was intended to take the ban from Sunday baseball, but none the less his first opinion was a wrong one and it had to be modified. He held that baseball might be played so long as it did not interfere with the lawful Sunday rest of others. It was held that this would practically remove all restrictions upon professional play, and so a month later he issued another opinion to the effect that a game to which the public was invited and for which an admission fee was charged must be considered as an interference with Sunday rest and must therefore be prohibited. But play of all other kinds would be allowed. The mayor's sympathies were always with the baseball player, and of course they were always with the under dog in every fight. Only a few weeks before his death he was approached by some reverend busybody with a renewed demand that play of all kinds should be forbidden on Sunday. The mayor's reply was a classic. He pointed out that the clergyman himself was breaking the law, inasmuch as he was accepting pay to pry upon his neighbors and was therefore engaged in Sunday labor for gain. There was no rejoinder, but one may be pardoned for wondering if clergymen who preach on Sunday are also breaking the law.

Mr. Gaynor had a peculiar gift of homely speech that was sometimes almost biblical in its simplicity and strength. He himself disclaimed any attempt at style. He tried merely to speak directly, and in simple short words, and perhaps this is indeed the perfection of style. After he had ousted Bingham from the police force he said in a public declamation: "I say unto you that what has happened this day is only the beginning of the restoration of free government to the people of New York, and the teaching of its police rulers that they are not above the law. You can not rule a free people in a lawless way." There are dozens of such axiomatic utterances as this, and as flawless in form and purport.

Mr. Gaynor's letters were as remarkable as his speeches. They were usually the embodiment of forceful common sense, and while sometimes they were extraordinarily severe, they were also sometimes extraordinarily kind. When a little girl wrote to him to say that the police would not let her use her roller skates in the street he replied: "Maybe I can get the police up your way to wink so hard with both eyes that they won't see you when you go on roller skates. But be careful not to run into anybody or bump into an automobile." Writing once to a Christian minister, he said: "It seems to me that this work of proselyting from other religions and sects is very often carried too far. Do you not think the Jews have a good religion? Have not the Christians appropriated the entire Jewish sacred Scriptures? Was not the New Testament also written entirely by Jews? Was not Jesus also born of the Jewish race, if I may speak of it with due reverence? Did not we Christians get much or the most of what we have from the Jews?" Such letters are far too numerous for quotation. Nothing pleased Mr. Gaynor more than the opportunity to hit some hypocrite a resounding thwack over the head, and the victim rarely provoked a second one. A volume of Mr. Gaynor's correspondence would make interesting reading.

It may be that if the level of public life were higher Mr. Gaynor's personality would not be so striking a one. Unfortunately it is not a high one, and it is marked moreover by a certain drab stupidity and stolidity that may have their values, but that certainly have no attraction for the imagination. Mr. Gaynor was always interesting and always original, and this accounts for much of the sway that he exercised over the public mind.

FLANEUR.

New York, September 12, 1913.

During the spring months, whenever the weather is dry enough to permit, there appear all along the narrow coastal plain of the Jaederen, Norway, what seem to be continuous lines of bonfires. The peasant farmers who are fortunate enough to own riparian rights are burning huge piles of seaweed. The waves during the spring months deposit upon the beaches more seaweed than can be cared for. Weather conditions and lack of labor alone limit the output at this season. Entire families assist in this work. Farther north along the fiords boatmen cut the seaweed much as grain would be cut by the scythe, but on the shores of the Jaederen it grows luxuriantly, and in spring the root tentacles are loosed and the weed is washed ashore by the waves. Two-wheeled wagons, called in Norwegian "kjaerre," drawn by a fiord pony, are loaded with a half-ton of the wet, slimy seaweed, which is later spread out like hay to dry. It is then raked together and permitted to burn until there remain only the ashes. Transportation vehicles, draft animals, and likewise the farmer folk, are taxed to the limit of their endurance during the height of the season. However, the product has helped to make the peasant prosperous, and, compared to the tillers of the soil farther inland, the coast farmer is an aristocrat, for his heritage of the right to burn seaweed has come down to him through many generations and is so highly prized that attempts to purchase such rights rarely succeed. The utilization of the seaweed ashes dates back more than two centuries. Until 1748 it is said to have been used chiefly for the glass-blowing industry, but in that year a Scotchman went to Norway and taught the Norsemen how to burn the seaweed, taking back the ashes with him to Scotland, where they were manufactured into iodine. History would indicate that good and poor fishing years along the Norwegian coast come and go in cycles. When the poor fishing years came, the fisher folk thought the seaweed burning was driving the fish away, hence they succeeded in getting a ban placed on the industry, which lasted until the present farmers forced the removal of the ban. By common agreement among the landowners the number of wagons and horses a farmer may use is determined by the size of his holding. On this basis the largest local landholder is entitled to employ eighteen wagons, and is popularly known as the "Seaweed King."

The unenviable record of possessing what is probably the highest death-rate of any city in the world is stated in the annual report of the British vice-consul for Bolivia, Mr. G. T. Maclean, to belong to Cochabamba, where there was a mortality of 75 per 1000 last year. This extreme mortality is said to be due not so much to climatic or other natural causes as to the lack of knowledge among the lower classes of the most elementary rules of hygiene, a fact which is corroborated by the percentage of infant mortality, about 40 per cent of the deaths being children under five years of age.

White men as pearl divers off the coast of Australia have proved impossibilities, after a lengthy experiment. About two years ago a number of white divers were taken to the pearl coast, and it is now said they are all either dead or suffering from paralysis. Further it is declared that as a result of a year's diving the best returns of the whites did not exceed a ton, while the average yield of an Asiatic's work was between four and five tons.

The world's Manila hemp supply, strangely enough, can be grown solely in the Philippines. The plant is a species of banana, which, however, bears no edible fruit.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Blue and the Gray.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day:
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day:
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day:
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day:
Broidered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day:
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done,
In the storm of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day:
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day:
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

—Frances Miles Finch.

The Diver.

Thou hast been where the rocks of coral grow;
Thou hast fought with eddying waves;
Thy cheek is pale and thy heart beats low,
Thou searcher of ocean's caves.

Thou hast looked on the gleaming wealth of old,
And wrecks where the brave have striven;
The deep is a strong and fearful hold,
But thou its har hast riven!

A wild and weary life is thine,
A wasting task and lone,
Though treasure-grots for thee may shine
To all beside unknown.

A weary life; but a swift decay
Soon, soon shall set thee free;
Thou'rt passing fast from thy toils away,
Thou wrestler with the sea!

In thy dim eye, on thy hollow cheek,
Well are the death-signs read—
Go! for the pearl in its cavern seek,
Ere hope and power be fled.

And hright in beauty's coronal
That glistening gem shall be,
A star to all in the festive hall:
But who will think on thee?

None; as it gleams from the queen-like head,
Not one 'midst throngs will say,
"A life hath been like a rain-drop shed
For that pale, quivering ray."

Woe for the wealth thus dearly sought!
And are not those like thee,
Who win for earth the gems of thought?
O'wrestler with the sea!

Down to the gulfs of the soul they go,
Where the passion fountains burn,
Gathering the jewels far below
From many a hurried urn:

Wringing from lava veins the fire
That o'er hright words is poured;
Learning deep sounds, to make the lyre
A spirit in each chord.

But O, the price of hither tears,
Paid for the lonely power,
That throws at last o'er desert years
A darkly glorious dower!

Like flower seeds, by the wild wind spread,
So radiant thoughts are strewn;
The soul whence those high gifts are shed
May faint in solitude.

And who will think, when the strain is sung
Till a thousand hearts are stirred,
What life-drops, from the minstrel wrung,
Have gushed with every word?

None, none! his treasures live like thine;
He strives and dies like thee:
Thou, that hast been to the pearl's dark shrine,
O wrestler with the sea!

—Mrs. Hemans.

Amsterdam, the diamond-cutting centre of the world, has more than 1000 applications from persons who wish to learn the art.

THADDEUS STEVENS.

Dr. James Albert Woodburn Writes a Biographical Study of the Civil War and Reconstruction.

There will be little disposition to quarrel with the opening statement in Dr. James Albert Woodburn's "The Life of Thaddeus Stevens" that no more masterful figure ever directed the politics and legislation of the House of Representatives. The House under Stevens was not ruled by a system that created a one-man official power. It was led by whoever had the strength and the resolution to do so. There was no arbitrary suppression of opposition and the House was always free to act according to its convictions or prejudices. Stevens' leadership during the war decade was by the sheer force and energy of his mind and will. In every sense of the word he was the strong man in the political arena.

What was practically the first appearance of Stevens upon the public stage was in connection with the national convention of 1829 that nominated William Wirt for President. He made what the author describes as a notable speech arraigning the "unrepublican spirit" of Free Masonry. But the public, or at least the newspapers, showed an irritating unconcern with the whole business. Stevens complained that "not one-fourth of the people of Philadelphia know that you are in session," and this he regarded as evidence that there was "an influence operating higher than human curiosity and higher than the laws of the land":

Stevens proceeded to defend the morality of the men who had disclosed the oaths and secrets of Free Masonry. He denounced the lodge as an improper banding together of men under oath of mutual support, to secure immunity in improper conduct, and to promote one another to improper place and power—to secure power for other than public ends in every place where power is of importance. "Look around: Though but one hundred thousand of the people of the United States are Free Masons, yet almost all the offices of high profit and high honor are filled with gentlemen of that institution. Out of the number of law judges in the State of Pennsylvania, eighteen-twentieths are Masons; and twenty-two out of twenty-four states of the Union are now governed by Masonic chief magistrates. Although not a twentieth part of the voters of this commonwealth and of the United States are Masons, yet they have contrived, by concert, to put themselves into eighteen out of twenty of the offices of profit and power. I defy contradiction to this statement."

Stevens seems to have taken his Masonic crusade with an extraordinary seriousness that is almost incomprehensible at the present time. As a member of the legislature of Pennsylvania he secured the appointment of a committee to investigate the evils of Free Masonry and other secret societies. He made a report demanding a still further inquiry into the illicit privileges and exemptions supposed to be enjoyed by members of the order, and especially in matters of legal and criminal procedure. But all of this is attributed by the author, and undoubtedly with justice, to a love of liberty and equal equality and hatred of privilege:

One at this day is disposed to have very little sympathy with the designs of the Anti-Masons and he reads with some amazement that so many men and so many leading minds were led to become members of this ephemeral party. But if one examines carefully into the motives governing the members of the Anti-Masonic party and of its leaders, like Stevens, he will find that the movement was very largely prompted by an earnest desire to secure freedom and equality among all citizens and to prevent the establishment of orders and ranks that seemed calculated to promote special privileges among men. Here again it was Stevens's democracy and love of free institutions, his love of "equal rights and unshackled republicanism," that controlled him, that led him to become a promoter of the anti-Masonic movement. Whatever we may think of the peculiar tenets of this party, it is entitled to respect for its fundamental political doctrine—the supremacy of the laws.

But another cause than anti-Masonry, and a greater one, soon called forth a deeper interest and enthusiasm. This was the anti-slavery cause. In the fall of 1836 a convention was elected to revise the constitution of the State of Pennsylvania and Stevens was chosen as a delegate from Adams County. Stevens was already intensely unpopular among the Democratic majority, and the author shrewdly remarks that "Stevens did nothing to allay its partisan spirit." His appearance upon the floor was the signal for indescribable confusion that was increased when he moved to amend the resolutions by adding words in favor of liberty from the Pennsylvania constitution and bill of rights:

Another account relates that Stevens in one of the discussions so completely demonstrated the absurdity of a proposed resolution that a spineless dough-faced member declared that, while he "abhorred abolitionism, he could never endorse such a doctrine." Thereupon a clergyman—it may have been the same pious martyr from Pittsburgh—aroused by the headway Stevens was obviously making in the convention, took the floor and accused Stevens of "coming to the convention while holding to the abominable doctrines of the abolitionists, to sit in sheep's clothing among the friends of the Union, while in his heart he is wishing to throw his firebrands to consume it." Stevens immediately rebuked the clergyman for indulging in personalities. "I meant no one in particular," replied the clergyman. "Indeed," said Stevens, "I certainly understood the gentleman to insinuate that my friend yonder—the colleague whom he had just forced to disclaim the pro-slavery resolution, and whose hair was a fiery red—"that my friend yonder looked very much like a firebrand!"

In 1848 Stevens received the Whig nomination for Congress in the Lancaster district, and the Thirty-First Congress, of which he became a member, was a notable one in American history. He soon found opportunity to show his aggressive and unyielding spirit. He believed that Northern representatives were shrinking too timidly from Southern menaces and threats. Root's resolution prohibiting slavery in newly acquired territory had been laid on the table by a vote of 105 to 75. Five weeks before this motion had been rejected,

and it then appeared that a majority were going to stand out stoutly against slavery extension:

To Stevens this seemed like yielding to Southern dictation and like an unworthy surrender of anti-slavery convictions. On February 29th, while the House was in the committee of the whole on the state of the Union, he obtained the floor and spoke for an hour on the slavery question. He assumed an attitude like that of a bold and honest Southerner, as defiant as Toombs—quite different from what Southern gentlemen were used to in their Northern colleagues. They were accustomed to pleas for peace, and to honeyed speeches about the Union and the glorious sacrifices of the sisterhood of states in the revolution. Stevens showed them another tone, a tone that was quite different from that of the "doughfaces" from the North that the advocates of slavery were used to dealing with, and it was, perhaps, a tone that the fiery spirits from the South stood in need of.

Stevens was especially vigorous in his denunciation of those who argued that slavery was a blessing, moral, political, personal. "If this be so," said Stevens, "let us give all a chance to enjoy this blessing. Let the slaves who choose go free, and the free who choose become slaves." A few short years of apprenticeship would fit the white man for slavery, and he could then attain that state of bliss that seemed to him so beneficial. But it was against the Southern clergymen that Stevens uncorked the vials of his particular wrath:

Stevens vigorously condemned the Southern clergymen who were using their talents and office to praise the comforts and advantages of slavery. He would not answer their "absurd and blasphemous position," but this he would say, that "these reverend parasites do more to make infidels than all the writings of Hume, Voltaire, and Paine. If it were once shown that the Bible authorized, sanctioned, and enjoined slavery, no good man would be a Christian. It contains no such horrible doctrine. But if it did it would be conclusive evidence, to my mind, that it is a spurious imposition, and not the word of God who is the Father of all men and no respecter of persons. He indeed must have a callous heart who can speak of the benevolence of slavery." Comparing slavery to Dante's "Inferno," where those in the innermost circle, Lucifer and Judas Iscariot, suffered the greatest torture while those in the outer circles suffered less, he hoped that in the next edition there would be added another inner circle for the Traitors to Liberty; and he maintained that, notwithstanding the difference in degrees of suffering in slavery, the whole system was one cruel, desolate, horrible hell. "These reverend perverters of scripture might devote their subtlety to locating the exact spot where the most comfort might be enjoyed—the coolest corner in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone."

The outbreak of the war found Stevens fully prepared to accept all its logical deductions. He urged at once a policy of nation-wide emancipation. He would free all slaves, whether of loyal or rebel masters, believing that if slavery were left anywhere in the South it would go everywhere. He argued that as slaves are used by the rebels for supporting the war, and as by the law of nations it is right to liberate the slaves of an enemy to weaken his power, therefore the President should be directed to declare free, and direct the generals in command to order freedom to, all slaves who shall leave their masters or aid in quelling the Rebellion:

"If this war continues and is bloody," he said, "I do not believe that the free people of the North will stand by and see their sons and neighbors slaughtered by thousands and tens of thousands by rebels with arms in their hands, and forbear to call their enemies to be our friends. I for one shall be ready to go for it—arming the blacks—horribly to gentlemen as it may appear. That is my doctrine and that will be the doctrine of the whole people of the North before two years roll round."

It was a spirit of disloyalty and surrender against which Stevens had to fight. The Hon. W. B. Reed had ventured to demand that the war be discontinued and the Union armies withdrawn. Speaking in Philadelphia itself, he had said: "If the choice lie between a continuance of the war and the recognition of the Southern Confederacy, I am in favor of recognition, of course making the abolition party responsible for the dread necessity. The blood of the Union is on them":

When it is remembered that a political party avowing such principles and recognizing such men as leaders had almost carried a majority of Congress in 1862 and were now contesting for the presidency with such peace purposes in view, we may see how near the nation was to surrender and how imminent was peaceful dissolution in the dark days of the Civil War. It was no time for half-hearted men and half-hearted speech. If ever there was a time in the history of America that called for men of fighting courage, for men like Pym and Cromwell, it was then. It was not a time to load Union muskets with sawdust nor Union speech with tender words of "fraternal regard for our brethren of the South." It was a time for courageous fighting men—for men like Thaddeus Stevens, whose words always had in them a tonic for the nerves of loyal men.

The author devotes a long chapter to "Ways and Means in the War." Stevens was disappointed in failing to obtain the Attorney-Generalship, but he was destined to play a far larger part as leader of the House and as chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means. We are told that "Stevens was not far from wrong" when he attributed the failure of the Greenback act to a cunningly devised scheme of a creditor and bondholding class who had gold in considerable quantities to offer the government, under conditions that would enable them to dictate the terms of its sale:

What would have resulted in financial conditions if the original Greenback Act had gone through; what the expenses of the war, measured in money, would have been; how a real Stevens greenback without any exception clause would have been rated in terms of gold—all this is entirely a matter of speculation. It is certainly not to be settled by the dogmatic assertion of those who choose to flatter themselves as the only "advocates of sound money," or by the epithet of ridicule and denunciation against greenbacks and Greenbackers usually indulged in by the orthodox advocates of the gold standard. After the experience of recent years, the advocates of gold as the only stable measure of value can not much longer perpetrate the absurd farce of calling it a "standard." Happily that ever-shifting, not to say ever-cheating, "standard" is not now in the minds of the creditor and salaried classes quite so sacred a thing as it was a half-century, or even two decades, ago. More than a thousand millions of

new gold within a decade and the consequent fall in its value (or the rise of gold prices, which is the same thing) are leading "classical writers," and perhaps even the intolerant dogmatists of the gold standard school to question whether the yellow metal was really designed in the original councils of the Almighty as the one standard of honest money for the realm.

Stevens took a large share in the reconstruction debates. He contended that the Southern States were in the Confederacy and not in the Union, that they must be reorganized and readmitted, and that power could be exercised only by Congress itself. The Democratic view was that the constitution applied to all the states alike, to those that had repudiated it and had gone into rebellion as well as to those loyal to the Union:

This Democratic view Stevens utterly repudiated and despised. It was difficult for him to believe that men who were not fools could bring themselves to announce and defend it from any other motive than sympathy with the Rebellion and from a desire to embarrass the conduct of the war. But neither was Stevens satisfied with the Wade-Davis plan. His objections were that it partially acknowledged the rebel states to have rights under the constitution, which he denied; the war had abrogated them all. He criticized the bill because it "takes for granted that the President may partially interfere in the civil administration of the Southern States, not as conqueror, but as President of the United States; and because (and this to Stevens was the most objectionable feature of all) it took away the chance of confiscation of property of the rebels."

Stevens was a consistent advocate of the disfranchisement until 1870 of "all persons who voluntarily adhered to the late insurrection, giving it aid and comfort." It was intended as a political punishment for a political crime, and Stevens defended the project with all the powers that he had:

As to the party motive, he had no compunction or hesitation—he would rally to his party to save the Union. "I do not hesitate to say it at once—that section is there to save or destroy the Union by the salvation or destruction of the Union party. Gentlemen tell us this provision is too strong. . . . It is too lenient for my hard heart. Not only to 1870 but to 1870 every rebel who shed the blood of loyal men should be prevented from exercising any power in this government." He believed that the men who had fostered and led in rebellion deserved humiliation and degradation, that none ever deserved it more. He would not welcome them back as brothers immediately, but they should come as supplicants in sackcloth and ashes. He would have a period of probation and forgive only when forgiveness had been asked. The Great Dispenser of mercy forgives only on those conditions; why should the rulers of the republic do more? The common jailbirds who had committed such little acts as arson and larceny were not half so bloody and had not committed half so many crimes as these "rebels," whom Johnson and his supporters were urging should be immediately readmitted to seats in Congress. "For my part I am willing they shall come in when they are ready. But do not, I pray you, admit those who have slaughtered half a million of our countrymen until their clothes are dried, and until they are recled. I do not wish to sit side by side with men whose garments smell of the blood of my kindred. Gentlemen seem to forget the scenes that were enacted here years ago. . . . when the men that you propose to admit occupied the other side of the House, when the mighty Toombs, with his shaggy locks, headed a gang who with shouts of defiance on this floor rendered this a hell of legislation."

Stevens consented to the Military Reconstruction act, but he was by no means satisfied with it, nor should all the evil aspects of reconstruction be placed upon his shoulders. He believed with Sumner that it contained much that was good, but that it was "a very hasty and crude act of legislation":

This act has been frequently referred to as one of the most unjust and direful that ever passed the American Congress, and the odium that has been held to attach to it has been heaped chiefly upon the head of Thaddeus Stevens, as if he alone of all men was responsible for it. The act has been denounced as a personal expression of Stevens's hatred and vindictiveness toward the South. His record for vindictiveness is had enough, and it is not improbable that his determined purpose to punish the South would have wrought something worse than this military bill into the legislation of his country could he have had his way. But it is absurd to place upon Stevens alone these evil aspects of reconstruction. True, he holds a preeminence for his fierce language of denunciation toward slaveholders and the leaders of the Rebellion. But history can accord him no monopoly on the spirit of sectional hatred begotten of war, no monopoly on the desire to deprive the ex-Confederates of political power and to punish them for the wrongs and sufferings that war entailed. That spirit and desire were all but universal in the ruling party of the North. The minority party was so impotent as to be negligible. It should be remembered that this legislation came into being at a time when the vindictive passions of war were shared by all, and it is likely that sectional hatred was as general and positive in the South as in the North. What the South would have done with Stevens and his fellow-radicals if the tables had been turned no one has yet attempted to set forth. It is not likely that "Old Thad" and his "abolition cohorts" would have been the objects of brotherly affection, to be restored quickly to equal power in a slaveholders' Union which "traitorous abolitionists" had failed in their attempt to destroy.

The author's concluding words may well be quoted as a just summary of the character of Thaddeus Stevens, one of the few men who have allowed an ideal to dominate so long a public career:

He died as he lived, the relentless foe of Privilege, the uncompromising advocate of Democracy—of equal rights for all and special privileges for none beneath the law. "I know not what record of sin awaits me in the other world, but this I know—that I have never been guilty of despising a man because he was poor, because he was ignorant, or because he was black." These words fitly apply to the life and character of Thaddeus Stevens. Before all else he stood for liberty and the equal rights of men. To this faith he bore his consistent testimony from early life to the open grave and beyond. No truer democrat, no abler advocate of popular rights, ever stood in American legislative halls.

Dr. Woodburn has done his biographical work commendably well. Eliminating all unimportance, he succeeds in giving us a rounded and balanced spirit of a statesman which is veritably "a study in American political history, especially in the periods of the Civil War and Reconstruction."

THE LIFE OF THADDEUS STEVENS. By James Albert Woodburn, Ph. D., LL. D. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$2.50 net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Iron Trail.

He must indeed be a poor writer who would fail to interest us in a romance of railroad building in Alaska. There is always a popular response to a narrative of achievement against natural obstacles, since the subjection of the earth and her forces is still a living ideal. And Mr. Rex Beach is by no means a poor writer, although we suspect that he could be a much better one if he would write for more critical audiences. In this case he has all the material for a capital romance. He shows us the young engineer doing battle with rivers, bogs, and glaciers, not to mention the far more formidable villains of the piece. He has a good deal to say about a government conservation policy that has strangled the development of Alaska and that seems to be obsessed by the conviction that coal miners and criminals are convertible terms. All this is capitally set forth, but so far as Mr. Beach's characters are concerned they are colorless, conventional, and unconvincing. His heroes are much too heroic and his heroines are rag dolls. They all talk exactly alike, but not in the way that human beings talk, and they all fail to leave any impression on the mind. It is a pity, because Mr. Beach could do something very much better than this.

THE IRON TRAIL. By Rex Beach. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.35 net.

Mysticism.

Miss Evelyn Underhill has already proved her capacity to deal with mysticism, not as a mere intellectual study, but rather as a certain process of becoming that can be understood only by experience and by those who are willing to lead the life it indicates. Her previous book, in spite of certain limitations, is undeniably the best history of mysticism that has ever been written, at least from the Christian standpoint, and now we have "The Mystic Way," that proceeds from a basis already established, and that attempts to show not only that Christianity is essentially mysticism, but also that it was a new departure in mysticism. The first of these contentions seems tolerably easy to sustain. That it is in conflict with the modern schools of rationalistic religion or with those other schools that see nothing in Christianity except a system of moral precepts matters nothing at all. Here at least Miss Underhill is triumphant, and she is likely soon to find that the flowing tide of theological thought is with her. But in her second contention she is less successful. The unbiased student of mysticism in general is likely to find no essential differences between one mysticism and another, still less to find anything in the nature of a new departure. That there should be differences in presentation and in terminology due to the differences in the national thought is natural enough, but that there are differences in essentials is by no means clear, in spite of the author's earnest and learned efforts to make it so. None the less the work is a masterly one, and a delight not only because of its intellectual competency, but also because of its evidences that its author is speaking from a basis of a knowledge that refuses expression and that she would have the reader acquire for himself.

THE MYSTIC WAY. By Evelyn Underhill. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.50 net.

Within.

Sir Francis Younghusband is known as the leader of a successful military expedition into Tibet and therefore as a man of proved courage and resource. He now introduces himself under another aspect. Meeting with a serious automobile accident, he finds himself doomed to a long and agonizing confinement. He tells us a good deal about his sufferings, not because he wants to talk about himself, but because in his own words, "I could not help asking myself whether the usual view of things could possibly be correct—that we were under the care and guardianship of a kind and Almighty Being who was ever watching over us to protect us from all evil." And so he writes a small book that he himself would not describe as philosophy, but that represents the questionings of a sincere and intelligent mind into the meanings of fate and fortune and the vicissitudes of human life. Perhaps the scientist and the theologian would make short work of these questionings to their own complete satisfaction, but none the less the average reader will feel that the author expresses the normal views and the normal doubts with a greater approach to essential truths than either the scientist or the theologian. The book is stamped with the impress of a strong and manly sincerity and one that helps us to understand something of the meaning of both life and of the suffering that seems now to be inseparable from it.

WITHIN: THOUGHTS DURING CONVALESCENCE. By Sir Francis Younghusband, K. C. I. E., LL. D., D. Sc. New York: Duffield & Co.

An Unknown Lover

Mrs. George de Horne Vaizey has already established her reputation as a novelist, and it will remain uninjured by her latest work. She tells us of a girl who is keeping house for her brother and who senses the approach

of the time when she will be ousted by a wife. Just then, and almost as a matter of charity, she begins to correspond with a lonely man in India whom she has never seen, but who is the friend of her girlhood's chum. An offer of marriage follows in due course, and with many misgivings Katrine sets sail for India under a tentative and provisional promise to marry her admirer if personal acquaintance should be mutually satisfactory. And of course Katrine comes within an ace of losing her heart to the handsome Captain Bedford, whom her lover has deputed to meet her en route. In fact she does lose her heart to him, but the reader must discover for himself why it is quite right that she should do so. The ingenious plot is cleverly unfolded, and the author deserves credit not only for a successful conception but for a pleasant and unforced narrative style that is a valuable adjunct to a lively imagination.

AN UNKNOWN LOVER. By Mrs. George de Horne Vaizey. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35 net.

Brief Reviews.

"A Man in the Making," by Harry Wagenseer Jones (Crane & Co.; \$1.35 net), is the life of a boy who lives in a small country town of Illinois, and who goes through a number of familiar adventures that are related in such a way as to involve a moral.

"The New Heloise," by Alfred Buchanan (G. W. Dillingham Company; \$1.25 net), is a story of two impossible people who marry and who then find that they can not live together. Supposed to be an analysis of the problem of divorce, it seems to be no more than a presentation of the much older problem of self-love.

"Missionary Explorers Among the American Indians," edited by Mary Gay Humphreys (Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net), contains brightly written biographies of John Eliot, Samson Occum, David Brainerd, Marcus Whitman, Stephen Riggs, and John Lewis Dyer. Those interested in missionary enterprise will doubtless wish that the author will continue a work for which she is so well qualified.

There are those who say—and not without reason—that R. D. Blackmore's "Lorna Doone" is the finest novel ever written. However that may be, we seem to be indebted to the Thomas Y. Crowell Company for the finest edition yet printed. It has sixteen full-page colored illustrations, excellent type, and a fine grade of paper. As a gift book there could be nothing better of its kind. Price, \$2.50 net.

Mr. Orison Swett Marden is so prolific a writer that a sort of digest or synopsis of his books is a distinct need. This we have in "Training for Efficiency," just issued by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company (\$1.25 net). In spite of a certain materialism, a certain tendency to measure success by dollars, Mr. Marden's books well deserve the description of inspirational, and it is probably true that the contents of any single chapter relentlessly applied would work something like a miracle in the individual life.

Among the evanescent stories of crime for which there seems to be a certain demand may be included "The Amiable Crimes of Dirk Memling," by Rupert Hughes (D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.25 net). Dirk Memling is a sort of modernized Robin Hood, who steals for fun and philanthropy, and as a thousand-pound statue in a public square and the entire art collection of a millionaire are among his plunder we may at least give him, as well as the author, a due amount of credit for skill and audacity.

A certain turning of the tide in the direction of an appreciation of Oscar Wilde is emphasized by the publication by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company of a handsome volume, "The Poetical Works of Oscar Wilde," with a biographical introduction by Nathan Haskell Dole. Mr. Dole concludes his able summary with the words, "He had the soul of a poet, and the good that he did vastly outweighs the evil that may and should be forgotten, even as we trust it has been forgiven." The price of the volume, which appears in the Astor Edition of Poets, is 60 cents.

Those who are perplexed by Post-Impressionism, Cubism, and Futurism are invited to read "The New Tendency in Art," by Henry Rankin Poore, A. N. A., just published with illustrations by Doubleday, Page & Co. The author has not the gift of lucid exposition, and he is too much inclined to pay attention to adverse opinions rather than to state his own, but now and then a luminous phrase catches the eye, such as "Don't you know the difference between the real and the sensation of the real! You are circumscribing your subject by what you know about it. Give the imagination scope without frontier, where it may range unrestricted in vaster areas. Whereas you have been tying weights to your ideas, free them; whereas you have been looking straight at nature, look below and beneath her, look above and around her. There are things you will find in these ranges that will surprise you."

INDIVIDUALITIES.

King George of Greece has been presented with the haton of a field marshal in the German army, the presentation having been made by the Kaiser at the Potsdam headquarters of the Prussian army.

Sir Thomas Vansittadt Bowater will be elected Lord Mayor of London in succession to Sir W. Burnett on Michaelmas Day. He was born in 1862 at Manchester, and is the head of a firm of papermakers' agents.

Mme. Sinka Iovonovitch, a social leader and wife of the minister of public instruction of Serbia, has been nursing in the General Military Hospital, Belgrade, where over five hundred wounded men were housed recently.

Don Carlos Morla Lynch, minister of foreign affairs of Chile, has been presented with the Cross of the Sacred Treasure on behalf of the Emperor of Japan. The honor was conferred owing to his services in the approachment between the two nations.

The Rev. Herbert Hensley Henson, who has accepted the position of honorary professor of modern history in the University of Durham, England, is the Dean of Durham, Canon of Westminster Abbey, and since 1900 rector of St. Margaret's. He will direct the organization of an honors school of modern history in the cathedral city.

General Carlo Caneva, on whom the Austrian emperor recently conferred a high decoration, commanded the first expedition of Italian troops in Tripoli, in 1911, and was the first governor of the new Italian colony on the northern coast of Africa. He holds the highest rank in the army after the king himself, that of "Generale d'Esercito."

The Rev. George C. Reynolds, M. D., who went from America forty-five years ago and established in the City of Van, Turkey, a boys' school, which the American board of commissioners for foreign missions recently advanced to the grade of college, has been elected president of the institution. This is the tenth American college in Turkey.

John MacVicker, the specialist in municipal government, is a native of Canada. He served two terms as mayor of Des Moines, Iowa, where the "Des Moines Idea" originated, and is now member of the city council and superintendent of the department of streets and public improvements. Since 1900 he has been editor of *American Municipalities*.

Moses F. Little of Hill, New Hampshire, who has just celebrated his ninety-first birthday, has been a justice of the peace since 1864, a record which has probably not been attained by any other man now living. He came to California in 1849, across the plains, and engaged in the dairy business in San Francisco. He has written several volumes, one being a book of poems.

A. C. Wyatt, who recently landed in Canada following an unpleasant experience with opinionated immigrant officials at Quebec, is a distinguished British painter, a medalist of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Color. His recent painting, now in the possession of the Duke of Portland, last year won the diploma of honor, open to all Europe, for the best pictures of flower gardens.

N. A. Shakhoff, famous throughout Russia as the man who brings up and educates children of people who have become involved in political trouble, is on his way to this country, and during his visit will investigate educational methods here. He is an orthodox Russian Christian, and has recently been instrumental in sending many Jewish students who had gold medal qualifications to finish their education in France or Switzerland.

Miss G. Constant Lounsbury, who has dramatized Oscar Wilde's novel, "The Picture of Dorian Gray," for M. Lou-Tellegen, is an American by birth, being a native of New York City. She studied science and medicine at Bryn Mawr and later took her M. D. degree and went to Johns Hopkins University. She gave up medicine for literature, went to Paris to perfect her French, and eventually was able to write classical French for the leading players of the country.

Sarah Rector, who will pay the largest income tax in Oklahoma, is a child of ten years and of mixed blood. She is the descendant of a Creek freedman and received her allotment of 160 acres, which has become extremely valuable owing to the "Jones gusher," the biggest oil well in the mid-continent field, being located on the property. The well produces about \$2500 worth of oil a day, and she receives one-eighth as her share. She, it is said, never saw the land on which the gusher was struck.

Chapman Grant, son of Jesse R. Grant and a grandson of General U. S. Grant, has succeeded George P. Englehardt as assistant curator of the Children's Museum of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences. His scientific training as a naturalist began in his boyhood at the Academy of Sciences in San Francisco, of which his grandfather, William S. Chapman, was one of the founders. In 1907 he went to Europe and studied. He

has held various positions in scientific institutes since.

Dr. John Scott Haldane, this year's recipient of the Baly Medal, awarded to the scientist who is considered to have most distinguished himself in physiology, is the brother of the British lord chancellor. He has served on several royal commissions and has written much on the physiology of respiration, especially in connection with mining and diving. He is a student of philosophy and has contributed to "Essays on Philosophical Criticism."

Señor Gamboa, Mexican minister of foreign affairs, is not only a diplomat, but an author of distinction. He is a novelist, publicist, and writer of memoirs, and one of his best-known works is his extensive memoirs of his diplomatic career, covering his service in this country, Central America, and Europe. He was born in 1864 and entered the diplomatic service in 1888. Ten decorations have been awarded him by foreign governments.

CURRENT VERSE.

A Rover.

O, I am just a rover
Among the roving men,
Who loves to watch the sunlight
Upon the flowering fen;

Who fain would feel the mosses
Dew-soft beneath his tread,
When morning parts the cloud-rack
Above the mountain's head;

Who likes to lie and linger
The while the night birds croon,
Till all her gleam and glories
Reveal the midnight moon.

But since there's Norah calling—
And love sounds in her call—
Truth, I am but a rover
Who'll rove no more at all!

—Clinton Scollard, in *Browning's Magazine*.

The Day's End.

The tides come singing to the shore
As they have sung a thousand years,
And through the mountains' golden door
The sunset disappears.

Aloft in night's cathedral hall
The evening hangs a vesper star,
Whose beams through cosmic spaces fall
To undreamed worlds afar.

The wind whose vagabondish song
Made minstrel music all the day
Has turned from distant questing long
To rest in crag home gray.

So ends the day whose little space
Has known in full life's mystery,
Whose hour has worn the charm and grace
That tints eternity!

—Arthur Wallace Peach, in *New York Sun*.

Twilight.

The golden day stole into shadows long,
The birds sang in their nests a good-night song;
The peace of heaven hovered o'er the earth,
The white clouds drifted and gave birth
To twilight.

The young fawns in their couch sought rest;
The crickets whispered near the earth's soft breast;
The trees bent low in restful sigh,
Caught from the rainbow in the sky
At twilight.

From the high church tower the vesper bell
Rings a benediction in sweetest knell;
Far o'er the moorland and desert here,
Bowed are the forests in evening prayer
At twilight.

—Katherine Ward, in *New York Herald*.

The Soul of the Little Room.

Sweet room, dear loved of all my people, where
The blue-tiled hearth has held the leaping flare
Of singing logs whose hearts still kept the dead
Enchanted melody of birds long fled,
And where with understanding friends my folk
Have watched the tapestry of flame, and spoke
Slow musing thoughts, the while with gentle chime
The clock made audible the flight of time,
Hast thou no spirit? Here on summer days
The wind on tip-toe feet comes in and plays
Now with the curtain, now a lady's hair,
Then, fitful, sweeps slow fingers here and there,
Like some unseen and silent child who quests
With eager hands this little world. Here rests
The peace of tranquil years. Dear little place,
Hast thou no soul to guess thine own sweet grace?

One child who dreamed and laughed, suffered
and grew
Herein to womanhood believes it true
Thou hast a soul, distilled from all the years,
A heart made slowly up from all the fears,
The hope, the singing loves, the joy and life
Of those who played their parts of calm or strife
Through youth to comprehending age,
On this sequestered corner of Life's stage.
Then give thyself, O little room, fling wide
Thine heart! And may thy garnered soul abide
With all who shelter here. From out thy meed
Of wisdom give to each his dearest need—
May the light-hearted find some pathos here,
But to the sad, O little room, give cheer!

—Margaret Prescott Montague, in *Atlantic Monthly*.

Michael Maybrick, the English composer, who under the name of "Stephen Adams" wrote some of the most popular songs in the English language, died at Buxton, England, August 26, aged sixty-nine. He had served five terms as mayor of Ryde, Isle of Wight. Some of his best-known songs are "The Holy City," "The Star of Bethlehem," "Nancy Lee," and "The Midshipmite."

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Long Way.

This is a somewhat artificial story, but not one that is likely to be left unfinished. When Johnstone Astry suspects his childish young wife of infidelity she defends herself on the ground that she was actually trying to shield her innocent sister, Rachel. Astry then determines that Belhaven, who is the man in the case, shall be forced to marry Rachel, and so Mrs. Astry rushes off in consternation to implore Rachel to live up to her story, tacitly to admit misconduct with Belhaven, and to accept him as a husband. Out of love for her young sister Rachel actually agrees to do this, and perhaps all the more readily as she believes that Charter, with whom she had a sort of unexpressed understanding, has himself made other matrimonial arrangements. So Belhaven and Rachel are married, with that kind of agreement dear to the lady novelist that the marriage shall be a nominal one only. Of course Charter turns up to explain that he had never thought of any one but Rachel, and to make the matter still worse Belhaven succeeds in falling in love with his unresponsive wife. It is fortunate that the novelist can always command the services of the angel of death to remove such characters as have become impossible, and we perceive quite early in the story that there is no hope for poor Belhaven, although we feel that we might learn to like him. If the conception of the story is not quite all that it might be it is at least irreproachably told.

THE LONG WAY. By Mary Inlay Taylor. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25 net.

The Significance of Existence.

This volume by Dr. Harris seems to be a little late in the day at a time when men seem newly inclined to submit their conduct to ethical standards and to promulgate moral values as the arbiters of action. He tells that "man will only become himself again when all values are swept out of existence, moral or otherwise." All that we need do is to educate the senses efficiently. The injunction to "love your neighbor as yourself" and others of a like kind are "all presumptuous assertions of one particular impulse over another." To sketch the course of reasoning by which this result is attained seems unnecessary. It would hardly interest the man of even average good intentions, but it may at least be said that the author has a singularly lucid literary style and a wealth of good material upon which to build a hopelessly bad case.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF EXISTENCE. By I. Harris, M. D., L. R. C. P. and S. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; \$2 net.

Parsifal.

Those on the search for gift books will do well to acquaint themselves with this fine edition of "Parsifal," to which Mr. T. W. Rolleston contributes the text and Mr. Pogány the illustrations. Mr. Rolleston's work is already well known. No one could have been found better qualified for such a task, and it need not be said that Mr. Pogány's illustrations are a delight to the eye. There are in all 192 pages lithographed in two colors, all the work of the artist. There are sixteen plates in full color, as well as many auto-lithographs and line drawings, the whole forming a work of extraordinary delicacy and beauty.

WAGNER'S PARISFAL. Text by T. W. Rolleston. Illustrated and decorated by Willy Pogány. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$6 net.

Knowledge and Life.

In this volume of about two hundred pages Mr. William Arkwright gives us eighteen essays that may be said to come as close to perfection as anything of their kind that has been published of late years. The first and the last, "The Tree of Knowledge" and "The Tree of Life," are the best of the lot, but they are all so good that the essay reader is not likely to neglect any of them. The author seems to have a slight antipathy towards churches and a decided leaning toward Oriental mysticism, but both are decoratively used, and in such a way as to show an independence of thought that is rare enough in the modern essayist. It may be said further that Mr. Arkwright uses the English language in such a way as to produce a sense of luxury.

KNOWLEDGE AND LIFE. By William Arkwright. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

"One Hundred Years of Peace," one of the big new fall publications by the Macmillan Company, is written by Henry Cabot Lodge, United States senator from Massachusetts. It deals with the meaning and effects of the War of 1812 and of the ninety-eight years of peace which have followed.

The death of Emile Ollivier, Napoleon's prime minister at the time of the outbreak of the Franco-German War, has served to draw renewed attention to George B. Ives's translation of the French statesman's "Philosophie d'une Guerre," published recently by Little, Brown & Co. under the title of "The Franco-Prussian War and Its Hidden Causes." Mr. Ives has expanded the work with quotations from that voluminous history of "L'Em-

pire Liberal" upon which Ollivier had been engaged for twenty years, and which, it would appear, he has left unfinished at the last.

The publication of a South Sea Island romance, "Marama," reintroduces Arthur Stock, a new author, to American readers this month. He is a young Englishman, the son of the late Elliott Stock, a London publisher, and has been an extensive traveler. His personal experiences were embodied in "The Confessions of a Tenderfoot," issued last spring. His latest work is published by Little, Brown & Co.

Alexander Nelson Hood, treasurer to the household of England's queen, has been very busy of late compiling a history of Buckingham Palace from its earliest beginning down to the present day. The king and queen display a great interest in the progress of this book, and have allowed Mr. Hood to take some very fine photographs of the interior of the palace. It is understood that, at all events at first, the volume will be for private circulation only.

Harper & Brothers announce that they are putting to press for reprinting: "The Iron Trail," by Rex Beach, just published; "When the Sleeper Awakes," by H. G. Wells; "Vestry of the Basins," by Sarah P. McL. Greene; and "The Standard of Pronunciation in English," by Thomas R. Lounsbury.

A new series of importance to those interested in theological matters is to be published by the Duttons under the general title, "The Great Christian Theologies." They announce as ready: "The Theology of the Church of England," by F. W. Worsley, and "Schleiermacher, a Critical and Historical Study," by W. B. Selbie. A third volume is on "The Theology of the Roman Church," by Father Herbert Thurston, S. J., and will follow immediately.

George Fitch, author of "At Good Old Siwash" and other stories, has been elected president of the American Press Humorists' Association.

An authoritative presentation of the Beaumont-Fletcher controversy has been prepared by Charles Mills Gayley, professor of the English language and literature, University of California. The Century Company will publish Professor Gayley's book in October under the title, "Beaumont the Dramatist."

The popularity of "Quo Vadis" as a moving-picture attraction has so stimulated the demand for the late Jeremiah Curtin's authorized translation of Henryk Sienkiewicz's famous novel that Little, Brown & Co. announce another printing. Over a million copies of "Quo Vadis" in various editions have been sold.

A biography of the late William T. Stead has been written by his daughter.

For the first time a collection of the verse of James W. Foley has been made for publication. The author himself has acted as compiler, and the book is published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

So far as known, the only play ever written by Joseph Conrad, whose books are having such a tremendous revival in interest these days, is one entitled "One Day More," which is now published for the first time in the current issue of the *English Review*. "One Day More" is a one-act piece taken from the story "Tomorrow," which appears in the volume, "Falk," one of those which Doubleday, Page & Co. are bringing out in the new edition. "One Day More" was originally put on the boards by the London Stage Society in 1904, and later was put on in Paris at the Théâtre de l'Euvre.

Andrew Melrose, the English publisher, who from time to time has organized literary competitions, offering for the best novel submitted the sum of \$1250, has just brought to a conclusion one of the most successful competitions in his publishing experience. The novel to which the prize has been awarded is "The Lure of the Little Drum," by Margaret Peterson. It will be published in America under the imprint of the Putnams.

Dr. F. S. Chapin of Smith College has written a book on "Social Evolution," which is intended to give the general reader an elementary survey of the facts and principles involved in the development of human nature out of the raw materials of lower forms of life. The book will be published by the Century Company this fall.

New Books Received.

AUBURN AND FRECKLES. By Marie L. Marsh. Chicago: F. G. Browne & Co.; \$1 net. Recounting the adventures of a red-headed, freckle-faced boy.

LOVE IN A HURRY. By Gelett Burgess. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25 net. A novel.

BOY SCOUTS IN A LUMBER CAMP. By James Otis. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.25 net. The story of a winter spent in the depths of the forests of northern Maine.

THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM. Illustrated and decorated by Willy Pogány. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.50 net. Issued to meet the demand for the celebrated

Pogány edition of the Persian classic in a less expensive form than the de luxe edition first issued two years ago.

TRAINING FOR EFFICIENCY. By Orison Swett Marden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.25 net. Sixty-three brief and pointed talks on efficiency.

AMANDA OF THE MILL. By Marie Van Vorst. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.35 net. A novel.

JEAN CAROT OF THE BRITISH ISLES. By Gertrude Fisher Scott. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1 net. A college story.

BETTY TUCKER'S AMBITION. By Angeline W. Wray. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1 net. The second volume of Mother Tucker Books.

THE HALF-MILER. By Althertus T. Dudley. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.25. The ninth volume of Phillips Exeter Series.

THE BOY SAILORS OF 1812. By E. T. Tomlinson. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.25. The seventh volume of War of 1812 Series.

THE SURAKARTA. By William McHarg and Edwin Balmer. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.25 net. A novel.

SUCCESSION. By Ethel Sidgwick. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.50 net. A novel.

EVERYWOMAN'S ROAD. By Josephine Hammond. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1 net. A drama.

THE PANAMA CANAL. By Duncan E. McKinlay. San Francisco: Whitaker & Ray-Wiggin Company. A general review of the work and its prospects.

THEIR CHRISTMAS GOLDEN WEDDING. By Caroline Abbot Stanley. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; 50 cents net. A story.

FOUNDATION STONES TO HAPPINESS AND SUCCESS. By James Allen. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; 50 cents net. A little volume of practical advice on daily life.

MEGITIONS. By James Allen. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1 net. A volume of meditations for each day of the year.

THE MYTHS OF MEXICO AND PERU. By Lewis Spence. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$2.50 net. An attempt to investigate the origin of some of the prehistoric peoples of Central America.

THE HEART OF GASPE. By John Mason Clarke. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net. Sketches in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

THE LITTLE WINDOW. By Helen M. Hodsdon. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; 50 cents net. A story based on the "New Thought" doctrine.

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY. By Edward Everett Hale. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; 35 cents. Seven short stories. Issued in the Handy Volume Classics.

GLORY OF THE COMMONPLACE. By J. R. Miller. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1 net. "A collection of apt and striking illustrations drawn from every-day life and so used that in a few well-chosen sentences a lesson is taught or an inspiration given."

THINGS THAT ENDURE. By J. R. Miller. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1 net. Some religious reflections.

THE SECRET OF LOVE. By J. R. Miller, D. D. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; 50 cents net. Some reflections on "the art of living together."

LORNA DOONE. By R. D. Blackmore. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$2.50 net. A new edition. With illustrations in color by Christopher Clark.

THOREAU'S EXCURSIONS. With introduction by Ralph Waldo Emerson. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$2 net. A new edition with illustrations by Clifton Johnson.

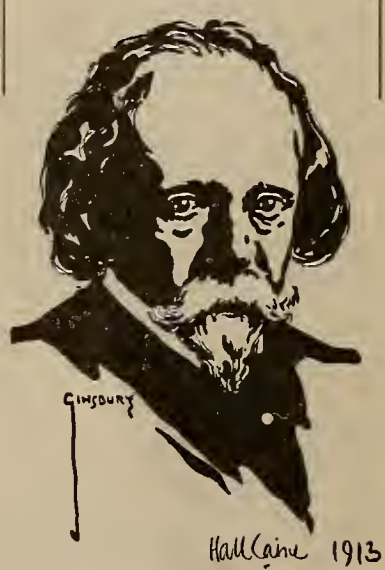
WAGNER'S PARISFAL. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$6 net. Illustrated and decorated by Willy Pogány.

Molnar, a Many-Sided Man.

In spite of the long list of novels, short stories, essays, and plays bearing his signature, Ferencz Molnar, the Hungarian playwright, author of "The Devil," with which American audiences are familiar, is still a young man midway in the thirties. As the son of a wealthy physician in Budapest he was able to choose his career as he pleased him without the necessity of pecuniary consideration. He studied at the university in his native city and in Geneva, specializing in criminal law. At the mature age of seventeen, however, he took his first steps in journalism, a profession which still holds him to some measure of allegiance. He has published nearly a score of volumes of novels, stories, and essays. It is his plays, however, that have given him international fame. The most important literary event of the coming winter in Budapest is to be the production of a new play by Molnar, which from the very meagre information the author has vouchsafed concerning it is to be in a different vein from anything that he has done hitherto. One of the strange contradictions in the personality of this many-sided man who plays by night and sleeps by day, and yet finds time to do an astonishing amount of work, whose wit and satire are both feared and admired, is that his stories of children rank among the very finest

that have ever been written in any language. A volume of short stories entitled "Children" and a novel of early schoolboy days, "The Boys of Paul Alley," are his best-known works in juvenile literature. They have gone into edition after edition in the original Hungarian and are exceedingly popular in Germany also.

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"MAGDA" AND "MARY MAGDALENE."

For philanthropic reasons, and also, no doubt, as a means of giving expression to the unquestionable dramatic powers that she possesses, Mrs. A. W. Scott, Jr., has undertaken a very commendable and interesting enterprise, that of presenting to the public—the profits to benefit the Happy Day Home for Children—on alternate nights during a one-week season Sudermann's "Magda" and Maeterlinck's "Mary Magdalene."

To San Franciscans the presentation of the latter play is something of a dramatic event, since to the general public it has never received theatrical representation here. "Magda" has been made familiar to us by Mme. Modjeska and Nance O'Neil, but, although time has made the piece rather old-fashioned, demonstrating, beside, that Sudermann, the master technician, made a technical error in allowing the despotic and conservative character of Colonel Schwartz to so closely compete with that of his daughter in importance, yet the imposing figure of Magda herself always fascinates and enchains, provided that her interpreter has sufficient beauty, presence, magnetism, and dramatic power to express the intense vitality of the brilliant singer. These qualities Mrs. Scott possesses in a marked degree.

It is apparent at the first entrance of the dazzling diva in the dully respectable Schwartz interior that this lady was born for the stage. Tall, handsome, with a fine figure which lends itself superbly to rich apparel, a full, histrionic voice, and a commanding presence, she comes upon the stage like a glow of light in a shabby room.

Sudermann never made a better exhibition of his stage technic than in his masterly preparation for Magda's entrance. The keen emotion and intense expectancy of the family excites the anticipations of the audience to the highest degree. It would be a melancholy come-down indeed if an amateur player should make a flat entrance.

But Mrs. Scott has the qualities of satisfying the eye, absorbing the attention, and enchainment of the interest. With her entrance everybody else, almost including her intensely exasperating sire, becomes a mere accessory. Her Magda is fascinating, imperious, caressing, changeable, and sometimes baffling. During her baffling phases I rather think that Mrs. Scott temporarily lost her sympathetic comprehension of the author's intention. Amateur though she is, Mrs. Scott has an intelligent conception of the character, and she wears the soul-mask of Magda over her own handsome features. This is one of the points that shows that she has the inborn histrionic instinct.

It would, however, be folly to say that an amateur actress, unless she possessed God-given genius, could rival an "arrived" professional in dramatic completeness of her work.

Mrs. Scott has not had the long, arduous, minute preparation, the developing experience, and the strenuous competition of the professional to give her that perfect balance and easy gradation of effects during those phases of intense emotion to which Magda is wrought by the exciting events attending her home-coming. There was occasionally an anti-climax to the tigerish frenzy of the woman wronged; an inability to keep up the pace to a sustained crescendo, but it is very plain, from the general aspects of her impersonation, that if Mrs. Scott had chosen the career of an actress she would have been one of those whose comings and goings are widely heralded and whose names are printed in big type.

Mr. McKee Rankin, a little less balanced and controlled than we remember him as Colonel Schwartz, yet has been too much at home in the rôle not to carry his part with ability. The support being largely by amateurs does not call for more than a passing recognition of the hard, conscientious work which enables us to pronounce it as adequate to form the background to the brilliant figure of Magda.

The staging was so well done that the work of a professional was very evident. This was particularly noticeable in "Mary Magdalene," a play which demands the efficient manipulation of stage tableaux and stage mobs. Mr. Rankin must be particularly complimented in this particular, simultaneously with the preservation of a charitable silence on the subject of his Silanus, the rôle which he assumed in "Mary Magdalene."

The raising of the curtain in "Mary Magdalene" was provocative of keen anticipation

on the part of the audience, on account of the very beautiful setting. In the foreground of a stately Roman garden was seen an open pavilion, in the middle perspective a double balustrade fronting the terraced descent to the valley, and in the background, beyond Silanus's Lebanonian cypresses rose the Judean hills, crowned with palaces, and scattered with ruins and ancient tombs. In the garden were fountains, statuary (some of it real), and arhurs, marble benches, porticoes, and ornamental trees in stone vases. To one unprepared for this stately perspective the breath was taken away, for it was characterized by good taste, artistic beauty, and archaeological correctness. However it transpires that the model and plans of the great German savant, Dr. Shick, have been followed in the architectural embellishment of this and later settings, while in the matter of costumes the color schemes and plates of Harold Copping and Lissot have served for models or suggestions. Added to this have been the advice and assistance of Dr. Max Popper of the University of California, who is an authority in matters of historic accuracy concerning Syria and Palestine.

Thus individual knowledge, good taste, and enthusiasm have contributed to the production an artistic scenic value for which money can not pay.

The entrance of Mary Magdalene in the garden of Silanus supplies a tableau of particularly fine aesthetic value. Never have I seen upon the stage a more superb figure than Mrs. Scott presented in this scene. It was by the mingling of natural beauty, imperial grace, and sumptuously graceful and beautiful apparel that the lady dazzled the spectators. The magnificent courtesan was attended by slaves, two lute-players in advance giving musical announcement of her coming, while fan-bearers in the rear waved huge peacock-feather fans above her head. She walked in the centre clad in a robe fashioned with a blending of the hues and designs of peacock eyes with woven gold, while ropes and bands of blue-green jewels and a rich gauze mantel sewed thickly with peacock-feather eyes completed the general magnificence of the color scheme.

Following this entrance came the imperial beauty's reception of the homage of her admirers, the act concluding with the dramatic scene of the pursuit of the courtesan by the crowd surrounding Christ, and the laying down of their missiles at the solemn admonition, which to the audience comes only as a gently commanding voice from an unseen presence.

This is the really dramatic climax of the play; a climax, of course, in the wrong place. The second act shows Mary Magdalene in her own palace, still jeweled and magnificent, but divided between her love for Lucius Verus, the Roman tribune, and the mysterious trouble left in her hitherto pagan heart by the voice of the Nazarene.

In the third act Mary of Magda has stripped herself of all her wealth, which she has given to the poor, and cast in her lot with the Nazarene's followers. In the house of Joseph of Arimathea she is seen with the poor, the lame, the halt, and the blind. Barefooted, and clad in a somber garment of the dull blue made familiar and traditional, she moves among them, seeking to infuse sufficient courage in the little band of poverty-stricken and ailing followers to rescue the Nazarene from the Romans.

It is thus that Verus finds her. An over-long scene ensues, in which the Roman lover, jealous of this new and unexplainable influence, seeks to win her back by promising safety for the Nazarene if she will give herself to him.

Logically, ethically, spiritually, the act reads well, and the play ends, as it should, by Mary's rejection of this means of saving the body of Christ; for she knows that he would reject his body's salvation at the price of her soul.

The act, however, becomes tedious. The dialogue has a tendency to Maeterlinckian repetition without possessing the strange, unearthly spell of the Belgian poet's earlier dramas, and the two opponents in the struggle of wills have a long, exhausting piece of acting to sustain which over-taxes them physically and the audience mentally.

On the whole, the greater variety in the emotional gamut in "Magda" caused Mrs. Scott to be in Sudermann's play a more historically interesting figure.

As Mary Magdalene, however, she was, from a pictorial point of view, so richly satisfying that I make no doubt if Maeterlinck himself could have seen her he would have been filled with artistic delight.

Enunciated by her rich, well-modulated voice, the lines pleased the ear. Her lack of professional experience, however, prevented her from having sufficient resources to give the variety of emotional expression necessary in the closing scene. Nevertheless so, well-known and experienced an actress as Olga Nethersole was similarly handicapped in another Maeterlinck play, that of "Sister Beatrice," in which the repentant death of the sinning nun was unduly prolonged. In the first act Mrs. Scott deserves high praise not only for the sustained ability of her presentation, but for the dramatic power of the finale.

Mr. J. H. Crene, who as with all players

in the rôle, failed to lift Heffterdingt in "Magda" from the quality of platitudeous priggishness—for it is an ungrateful part for any man to play—made a physically fine appearance as Lucius Verus in "Mary Magdalene." He and Roy Clements were very reliable, and their big, sonorous voices contributed a Roman thunder to Maeterlinck's more flowing periods.

In the matter of stage grouping, and the general effect of their combined support, the amateur players were very dependable, and, while individual polish is lacking, no one need fear that, aside from the more important scenes, the general effect of the two dramas will not be adequately preserved.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

When William Faversham comes to the Pacific Coast this season he will have with him in his Shakespearean ventures a staff of stellar quality. Constance Collier, who in private life is Mrs. Julian L'Estrange, is the most recent acquisition to the Faversham company. She is a widely known English actress, and for seven years she was leading woman for Sir Herbert Beerhohm Tree. Cecilia Loftus, Julie Opp, and R. D. MacLean are included in the players, though Miss Loftus will not join the company until the productions of "Romeo and Juliet" and "Othello" are made, there being no part for her in "Julius Caesar."

Fuller Mellish, who is appearing with Margaret Anglin this season, received his first professional training under Rose Leclerc, a well-known English actress, who was his mother. He appeared in her company for several seasons before essaying juvenile rôles in London. Few actors on the stage today have had the varied experience that has been the lot of Mr. Mellish, as he has supported the most brilliant artists on the English and American stage.

Of the famous men dancers who have been engaged to appear with Pavlova on her American tour, beginning in October, one is M. Cecchetti, who was at Covent Garden in London last season. Another is M. Zailich, classic dancer from the Imperial Opera in Moscow. Neither Cecchetti nor Zailich has been seen on this side of the Atlantic and their appearance is highly interesting. Novikoff, Pavlova's dancing companion, will come with her.

Contracts have been signed between Martin Beck and David Bispham by which the famous baritone is to appear for six weeks in the leading vaudeville theatres of this country, opening at the Palace Theatre, New York, the third week in September. The terms accorded to Mr. Bispham record a new limit for an artist from the broader fields of music.

H. C. Pellissier, the famous founder of the "Follies" entertainment, has completely broken down and is suffering from the same sort of creeping paralysis which killed Dan Leno, the popular comedian. The doctors regard his condition as hopeless.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Margaret Anglin at the Columbia.

The attraction at the Columbia Theatre next week will be Margaret Anglin and her company of Shakespearean actors, who will present on Monday night a notable revival of "The Taming of the Shrew." Miss Anglin has gained in power and depth, and her recent appearance in "Electra" at the Greek Theatre, Berkeley, is summed up in one word—wonderful.

Some years ago Miss Anglin starred at the head of her own organization in a revival of "As You Like It," and three years ago she played Viola, Rosalind, and Katherine during her enormously successful Australian tour.

Miss Anglin's repertory is a very extended one, and the play she has selected for presentation here, during the entire first week of the fortnight's stay at the Columbia, will afford local theatre-goers the opportunity of seeing her in her favorite character.

The reproduction will be ideally staged in the matter of scenic accessories, atmospheric illusions, costuming, and light effects. Miss Anglin's supporting company is a notable organization of Shakespearean artists and includes Fuller Mellich, Ian MacLaren, Ruth Holt-Boucicault, Eric Blind, Max Montesole, Sidney Greenstreet, Florence Wollerson, Wallace Widdecomb, Eugene Shakespeare, and a score of others. Matinees during Miss Anglin's engagement at the Columbia will be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Tivoli Opera Company Returns in "Maritana."

Mrs. A. W. Scott will give her concluding performances for the benefit of the Happy Day Home at the Tivoli Opera House today, presenting her beautiful interpretation of Maeterlinck's "Mary Magdalene" at the matinee and appearing as "Magda," Sudermann's emotional creation, in the evening.

Tomorrow (Sunday) night the Tivoli Opera Company will return home after a brief trip to interior cities, presenting Vincent Wallace's beautiful romantic opera, "Maritana," for eight nights only. At the old Tivoli, in the days before the fire, it was always welcome, and the freshness, brightness, and gracefulness of the music, combined with the unusual interest and delicate humor of the story, invariably commended it to popular admiration. "Don Cesar de Bazan" is a drama which is well adapted to bright, cheerful, melodious music, and the opportunity has been well improved, for "Maritana" is one of the sprightliest and brightest of all the English operas and contains several ballads of beauty and expressiveness, including "Let Me Like a Soldier Fall," "In Happy Moments Day by Day," and "Scenes That Are Brightest." The members of the Tivoli company will lend themselves admirably to the cast, John R. Phillips being Don Cesar de Bazan, Charles E. Gallagher the King of Spain, Henry Santrey Don Jose, the prime minister, and Robert G. Pitkin the Marquis de Montefiori. Rena Vivienne will be the gypsy, Maritana, Sarah Edwards will be the Marchioness de Montefiori, and Myrtle Dingwall will have a splendid part as Lazarillo, the beggar boy and protégé of Don Cesar. The chorus will be much in evidence, and the production, of course, under the experienced eye of Charles H. Jones, will be up to the high Tivoli standard.

Audran's ever-welcome comic opera, "The Mascot," will follow "Maritana" at the Tivoli Opera House.

"The Lure," White Slave Play, at the Court

One of the signal events in San Francisco theatricals of this new season will be the presentation at the Cort Theatre, beginning Sunday evening, September 21, of that now so much talked about drama on the white slave traffic, entitled "The Lure," which is thus to be seen on the Pacific Coast simultaneously with its playing to crowded houses at Maxine Elliott's Theatre in New York City. This is the bold and daring drama by George Scarborough, formerly a special secret service agent for the government, the extreme nature of which stirred up such a furor of excitement in the East that just about a week ago led to its investigation by the legal authorities. As might have been expected, the play was vindicated.

The company to present it at the Cort is in every way the equal, if not the superior, of the New York cast. It comprises William J. Kelly, who first enacted Ben Hur on the Coast and who is one of the best leading men of America; Beatrice Prentice, who was for many seasons leading lady with Robert Edeson; Charlotte Granville, the noted English emotional actress, who has won such triumphs on this side of the Atlantic as well; Leonard Ide, who will be remembered as the young lover, Fernand, in "The Thief" with Margaret Illington; Harold Russell, of the "Man of the Hour" fame; Enid Gray, who so recently scored a hit in "Excuse Me" as the minister's wife; Ruth Findlay, John Temple, Adolf Link, and other well-known artists.

The New Bill at the Orpheum

Of the eight acts to be presented next week at the Orpheum, six will be entirely new.

It is clever and versatile comedian, William Burriss, with the assistance of a com-

pany of thirty, will present "The New Song Birds," a clever musical satire on the latest phase of the grand opera craze, for which George V. Hobart wrote the libretto and Victor Herbert provided the musical setting. "The New Song Birds" deals with the rivalry of "Hammershine" and "Gagagagaga" and their pride and confidence in their respective singers, which they bring forward to justify their opinions.

J. C. Nugent, the clever actor-author, who has won popularity through "The Veteran," "The Rounder," "The Husband," and many other comedies, will appear in his newest vehicle, "The Regular," which throws a unique sidelight on New York night life and is said to be superior to any of his previous efforts.

Mullen and Coogan will furnish a lot of laughter and much good entertainment with their skit, "Odd Nonsense."

"The Joy Germ," Carl McCullough, will present "New Footlight Impressions." He was the leading juvenile with McIntyre and Heath.

Lane and O'Donnell, "Lunatic Tumblers," whose work is interesting because of its originality, versatility, and smoothness, will indulge in acrobatic and contortion feats.

Carl Rosini, assisted by Mlle. Margaret, will before the eyes and under the very noses of the audiences perform numerous marvelous feats.

Next week will be the last of Delmore and Light and Valerie Serice in "The Little Parisienne."

Strong Stock Company for Oriental Theatre.

The members of "The Oriental Players" company are busily engaged rehearsing in preparation for the opening of the Oriental Theatre (formerly the Savoy) the end of this month. Owing to the extensive renovating and decorating that is going on the theatre is not available for rehearsals and a neighboring hall is being used for that purpose.

A large force is at work decorating the playhouse in Oriental character. The many novel features to be introduced by the K. G. Company will be welcomed by theatre-goers.

All seats for evening and matinee performances will be reserved. There will be an extra box-office, so that those who make reservations by telephone or mail will not be obliged to stand in the regular line when they reach the theatre. By means of a chart to be provided reservations may be made of the same seats from week to week.

The comedy-drama with which the stock season at the Oriental will open enjoyed long and successful runs in New York and Chicago and will be seen here for the first time. Stage Director E. F. Bostwick, who has earned an enviable reputation through his connection with some of the leading theatres of the country, is sparing no effort to give an elaborate production.

The company to open the Oriental includes such well-known players as Walker C. Graves, Jr., Marjorie Cortland, Frances Carson, Vivian Blackburn, Ada Nevil, Andrew Robson, Frank J. Gillen, Dan Jarrett, Jr., John Stepping, and Egbert Munro.

Twenty-seven of the best plays that have been seen on Eastern stages have been secured for production at the Oriental, together with options on all releases for the seasons of 1914 and 1915. The date of the opening performance and the name of the comedy-drama will be announced next week.

Among the novelties booked by Martin Beck for the Orpheum Circuit for the coming season are Fritz Scheff, the celebrated prima donna; Mlle. Dazie in Sir James Mathew Barrie's one-act fantasy, "Pantaloen"; Lulu Glaser, assisted by Tom Richards, in the playlet with music, "First Love"; Katherine Kidder in an adaptation of her famous rôle, "Madame Sans-Gêne," called "The Washer-woman Duchess"; Henry Woodruff and company in "A Regular Business Man," a comedy by John Stokes, and Andrew Mack in a musical monologue satire, "The Ship's Concert."

The season of "The Mission Play" at its own playhouse at San Gabriel will commence shortly. This will be the third year of John Steven McGoarty's play in the little southern town.

It is said that "Stop Thief" is the funniest farce turned out in many seasons past. It had a very successful run in New York last season and will be sent here by Cohan and Harris for an engagement of two weeks at the Columbia Theatre.

Henry Miller will shortly be here with his delightful success, "The Rainbow." The actor-manager announces that he intends to produce an entirely new play during his engagement at the Columbia, and as a Miller première is always a momentous affair in theatricals it will be looked forward to with much interest.

It is estimated that over ten thousand people saw Margaret Anglin in "Electra" at the Greek Theatre, and there were thousands who were unable to obtain admission.

September Month

or any other time Italian-Swiss Colony Tipo (red or white) is always the same luscious table wine. Try it.

POLAR TRIP TOLD IN PICTURES.

Drama has been temporarily suspended at the Cort Theatre this week in order to give way to the series of moving pictures chronicling scenes and events attendant upon Captain Scott's expedition to Antarctic regions. The pictures were taken by Herbert G. Ponting, F. R. G. S., who was the official artist of the expedition, and include many views of animal life which reveal habits of the animals in the polar regions hitherto unknown to science; that of the Weddell seals, for instance, sawing the ice with their teeth in order to get a grip on the ice and thus propel their unwieldy bodies along.

The artist took pictures from the very first, and the series begins with the departure of the *Terra Nova* from the crowded wharf at New Zealand, continuing down to the photograph of the cross-surmounted tomb of the heroes in the desolate arctic regions whose wider exploration had brought their death.

There are, however, many cheerful views of happy, boyish men working, eating, and even playing, one view showing a spirited game of football on the ice, which, as the lecturer suggested, is no doubt unique in the annals of football. Besides these pictures of human and animal life in the polar regions, there are many views which show the desolate and forbidding grandeur of that territory so perilous to human beings: towering icebergs, lonely wastes of ice-floes, cliffs around and over which sport, or woo, or breed grotesque penguins and monstrous seals. The "killer-whale" is also seen diving in his native element or pursuing his prey with his dorsal fin riding like a gage of battle above the icy seas.

One of the most graphic and amazingly vivid pictures—and puzzling, too, until we see how the photographer and his apparatus are perched on a couple of horizontal planks projecting far out from the side of the ship—shows the sturdy little whaler which carried the expeditionary party propelling its victorious way through an ice-pack, the level wastes of ice continually opening into a clear channel before the dauntless invader, enclosing which are shown the riven edges of the ice.

The scientists of the party are also seen at work, the biologist in search of marine freaks, the hydrographer making tests of the water far below the crevasses in the ice, and the geologists cutting their perilous way over ice-burys whose slippery sides menace them continually with instantaneous death.

In one view we see Mt. Erebus, a great polar volcano 13,000 feet high, the smoke of an eruption rising indolently from its crater, and a glacier flowing down its gigantic slopes like

The scoriae rivers that roll—
In the ultimate climes of the pole.

In another there is shown a land-and-sea scene bathed in the strange, sinister light of the midnight sun, the picture as a whole suggestive again of Poe's weird imaginings as we saw the unearthly reflection on the water, where

At the end of our path a liquescent
And nebulous lustre was born.

Some artist who loves the weird and the unusual may find inspiration in that strange scene for imaginative sketches, while the caricaturists will surely introduce into their repertory the penguins, most grotesque of birds, whose improbable appearance suggests the missing link and who, seen running at a distance, are like nothing so much as a lot of caricatured elderly spinsters, running away from the tyrant man.

The pictures of deepest human interest are those which reveal the preparations and precautions against Antarctic obstacles and perils: the loading and unloading of supplies, using the motor sledges, harnessing the dogs, and being borne by their bounding bodies across the white wastes, traveling on skis, pitching tent, and, most interesting of all, showing the four heroes in the tent, huddled close together while they eat a long-anticipated meal and make themselves comfortable for a sleep.

The picture which most affects the imagination is that which shows the final view of the doomed party which reached the Antarctic Pole. Drawing a sledge of supplies, and steadily tramping over the icy ground, their figures are seen gradually receding, until distance swallows up the dark forms, and their images are blended with the dim gray shadows of the desolate arctic waste.

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WATCH FOR OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT SEPT. 25

VANITY FAIR.

Some of our newspapers are indulging in a simulated panic over a statement attributed to Mr. E. E. Rittenhouse, who is described as a conservation commissioner of a leading life insurance company. We do not know what a conservation commissioner is, but doubtless it is a poor but honest trade.

Mr. Rittenhouse says that there are 17,000,000 people in the United States who are of marriageable age, but who are unmarried. Furthermore he tells us that at least 10,000,000 of these people are financially able to marry, but prefer to remain single. Married people insure their lives and unmarried people do not. Hence the tears of the melancholy Rittenhouse.

But the race will not become extinct, although the newspapers pretend to think that it is in danger. The amateur sociologist always makes the mistake of doing what he calls his thinking upon so pitifully small a scale. He is afflicted with a chronic race egotism. For him every little spasm of the moment becomes a portent. He believes that nature has been in travail for incalculable ages in order to produce him and his absurd little social system. A gnat that lives for a day may well look upon a change of wind as a cataclysm and doubtless prates in gnat language of a reversal of nature's laws, of new eras, and of the vast problems indicated by the weather vane. His time standards are inadequate, and his scale of values defective. If he were able to think in weeks instead of in minutes he would know that the wind often changes, and will presently change again. And it is so with our newspaper sociologists. They should learn to think in centuries instead of in years, and then they would know that everything that has happened is an old, old story, and that the movements that we think to be so great are merely individual grains of sand upon immeasurable shores of time.

Yet it is true that people are no longer marrying with that glad and unsuspecting alacrity that once they did. But it is no more than a phase. It is not a portent. It may be faced with that divine indifference that is so large a lack in our national life. It will pass as such phases have passed a hundred times, but since it is here we may as well face the reason, for it has its place in the scheme of things.

The basic reason for a male unwillingness to marry—and the fault is mainly a male one—is a destruction of the sense of difference between the sexes. It has been destroyed by a few women who have succeeded in saturating their kind with one of those specious fallacies that are accepted in the ratio of their falsity. One day the women of the world will have a wise leader who will lead them to greater heights of power than they have ever known, and the path will be a backward one. She will not be of the Pankhurst breed, but of the breed of women. She will tell them that every atom of their being is distinctly female, that sex penetrates to the utmost heights of their nature and to its lowest depths, and that between themselves and men there is an eternal gulf. She will teach them to glory in their complete difference from men, a difference that leaves its ineffaceable stamp upon every nerve, upon every atom of brain and mind, upon every emotion, thought, and aspiration. She will tell them that sex is not a mere surface distinction, that it is inclusive, radical, primitive; and that just as they exalt their own sex, insisting upon its all-embracing differences, so must they inevitably become dominant in the affairs of the world.

Now it is this sense of sex difference that has been the irresistible lure to marriage. A man wants to marry a woman, not because she is exactly like himself, although with a slightly different sort of body, but because he recognizes in her a being, as it were, from another world, totally unlike himself, and with standards of mental and moral value that he can admire but probably can not imitate. Deep within his own nature he knows that it is not the feminine body that he wants, but the feminine mind, and now he is being assured that there is no such thing as the feminine mind, and that all the beautiful and distinctive things of which he was in search have actually no existence at all. And women, bent upon suicide, have not only told him that these things are so, but have tried to prove it to him by sinking the differences and creating and then exalting the similarities. Why should he wish to marry a woman if womanhood is only a surface something, a chance phenomenon, that conceals a simulacrum or duplicate of himself. To assert that sex is a mere matter of the body is obviously to sink marriage to the level of a bodily passion, since the body then becomes the only factor in the matter. The moment we recognize sex as pertaining only to the body at the same moment we lower marriage to the same level, and then marriage is not only doomed, but damned. But do not let us weary our little minds overmuch about this thing. It will pass like the summer breezes. Humanity will still be here in a million years' time, and our civilizations and our social systems will then be studied as solar myths,

legends, and fairy tales. Really it does not matter.

A report from London says that the War Office has caused much satisfaction by withdrawing the ancient order that officers must not shave the upper lip. The moustache began at once to disappear, and soon the martial Britisher will carry a face as smooth as that of his American brother-in-arms.

A certain newspaper philosopher has drawn attention to the fact that in the two countries where women are the most emancipated the crusade against the hairy face has been most successful. Is this a case of cause and effect or merely one of coincidence? Perhaps it proceeds from the growing determination of women to imitate men in every possible way, and since women can not grow a moustache what more natural than that they should forbid men to do so?

It is remarkable that while women have always dyed their hair they have never yet selected colors unsanctioned by nature. They have no respect for natural forms and will willingly twist, stretch, and torture their shapes to whatever model fashion may dictate, but when they interfere with color it is always to change it from one natural tint to another. Such, at least, is their intention, an intention often frustrated by art.

But we may see a change in this respect. The Paris authorities—men, of course—have decreed that a lady's hair must match the color of her furs, and at the same time they have put out a large assortment of furs in blue, pink, and dark green. So we may as well be prepared for the worst. If you should happen to meet a lady with light blue hair do not be too quick to infer that your sins have once more found you out. She may really be a lady with light blue hair, and not what we may charitably call an optical delusion.

"Humanity begins with the count," said an Austrian archduke. Perhaps no one ever said it; but the story is that an archduke of Austria did, so the statement may stand.

The Kansas City *Star* remarks that this is more candid, but not much more cruel than the paradoxically unconscious "class consciousness" of many persons. One might think from many utterances, from many actions, that a large mass of humanity was not considered as human at all.

When, for example, some Southern statesman talks of "the chivalry of the South" he is thinking of the attitude of the Southern gentlemen to the "fair daughters of the South"; not at all of the Southern gentleman's attitude toward charwomen and factory workers. His very expressions, "fair daughters" and the like, ignore the humanness of a great mass of women.

The Northern statesman that has the same propensity for hot air also talks as if humanity began with those who have a certain amount of property. His only widows and orphans are the ones who have bonds. The people he considers are "taxpayers." His notion of "segregating vice" and "taking it out of the residence districts" is to put it where it is surrounded by poor people and "foreigners." One could go a wide range illustrating a thoughtless habit of ignoring the humanity of most of humanity. When Rev. Mr. Chadhand called the wretched little Joe, in "Bleak House," a "human boy," he made a real discovery.

A correspondent of the New York *Sun* has the following experience to record. He says: "Dining in a restaurant I sat at a table next to one occupied by a party of five, two men and three women. As the latter spoke in a high-pitched tone I could not help overhearing everything that was said. Without any regard to the men they discussed hobble skirts, turkey-trotting, the forcible feeding of suffragettes, tanned skin and the best way of treating it, flies in the house, the new style of dressing the hair, morning headaches, and many other subjects of a like nature. Meanwhile the men remained silent with a sad, resigned expression. Occasionally they would turn to a speaker and smile in a weak, amiable sort of way that was really pathetic. Such perfect self-effacement I never saw before. It is beautiful, I said to myself, but oh—is it good for the women?"

The number of clergymen who are denouncing feminine dress fashions seems to be on the increase. Therefore it becomes necessary to say once more that the costume of clergymen is often much more absurd than that of the women whom they denounce, and that any one anxious to see the ridiculous in dress carried nearly to its last possibilities is invited to examine the garb of the average Episcopal bishop as he takes his walks abroad.

Considered the most costly in the world, a set of porcelain dishes has been on exhibit at an art show in St. Petersburg. It consists of thirty-six hand-colored plates. This set has an estimated value of 36,000 rubles (\$18,540), a single plate, therefore, being worth 1000 rubles (\$515). It is the property of Count Orloff-Davidoff.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Robert Lowe, afterward Lord Sherbrook, once saw a deaf member of Parliament trying his best to catch with his ear trumpet the words of an extremely dull speech. "Just look at that foolish man," said Lowe, "throwing away his natural advantages."

Two soldiers were speaking about the battle of Bull Run. One of them was a Yankee, the other an Irishman. "Pat," said the Yankee, "were you at the battle of Bull Run?" "I was," said Pat. "Did you run, too?" "I did," said Pat, "and the man that did not run is there yet."

A poor old woman of the Tennessee mountain type was found weeping bitterly by a passing traveler. He made hold to inquire the cause of her grief. "I done heerd my son's hin sent to the leg'slater," she answered. "I don't know fer what ner fer how long, but I prays God they'll be easy on him."

A clergyman was being shaved by a barber who had evidently become unnerved by the previous night's dissipation. Finally he cut the clergyman's chin. The latter looked up at the artist reproachfully, and said: "You see, my man, what comes of hard drinking." "Yes, sir," replied the barber consolingly, "it makes the skin tender."

One day Major Jackson, a contractor in a Georgia quarry, told Zeh, the general utility man, to go to the blacksmith shop across the road and bring back a drill that was to be sharpened. About an hour later the major saw Zeh come poking around the corner of the office. "Here," he shouted, "where have you heen?" "I aint heen, hoss," responded Zeh cheerfully. "I's gwine."

It was in the cyclone season and a had storm having come up in the night Mrs. Hall roused her family and they hurried into their clothes, preparatory to retiring to the cellar. The thirteen-year-old daughter, who was just beginning to be particular as to what she wore, hastened—before dressing—into her youngest aunt's room, and although half-crying, inquired anxiously, "Aunt Nellie, would you wear your hohhle skirt if you were me?"

An Irishman who for some reason did not wish to be taken for such and was not proud of his brogue entered into a heated argument on the subject with a friend who was a lawyer, and finally said: "If I were on thrial for the brogue, do you mane to say that anny jury in the counthry would bring me in guilty?" "Well," said the lawyer, "speaking professionally, I would advise that if you wish to deny the brogue you had hetter do so in writing."

A New Yorker tells of a pleasant evening spent by him and a friend at a café in Paris, where the fare and the music were so good that they lingered on and on. When at last they rose to go the New Yorker's hat was not to be found. "What sort of a hat was it, monsieur?" inquired the polite individual in charge of the hats and wraps. "It was a new silk hat," said the American. "Alas! monsieur," exclaimed the attendant, "all the new hats have been gone for half an hour."

A Scotch minister took pity upon an Irish laborer toiling in the ditch on a hot summer's day, and, fetching the hottle and a glass, refreshed Pat with a glass of whisky. Pat was exuberant in his expressions of thanks. "Begorra, sir," he said, "it's good; it's just to me like mother's milk to an infant." "But what would the priest say," said the minister, "if he knew that I was giving you this drink?" "Begorra, sor," said Pat, "what would he say now, but just this—'Give him another.'"

Lord Dalmeny was once walking through Dalmeny Park when he met a stranger carrying fishing tackle. "Do you think the proprietor would have any objection to my fishing in the lake?" the latter asked. "Oh, no," Lord Dalmeny replied courteously, "not the slightest." Leaving the fisherman to commence operations, Lord Dalmeny went on his way. Some hours later he returned to the lake and found the tourist seated on the bank. "Any luck?" he asked. "No," was the reply. "I haven't had a single hite." "Well, you know," Lord Dalmeny remarked with engaging candor, "I didn't expect you would have. All the fish were taken out of that lake some time ago!"

Spurgeon's famous tabernacle in London is still to remain unique among London churches inasmuch as its people refuse to have an organ, preferring that the singing should be led by a "precentor," after the old-fashioned Scottish style. This prejudice is a legacy from Mr. Spurgeon himself, who, though able "to smoke a cigar to the glory of God," did not think that an organist could play his instrument to a similar purpose. When speaking on one occasion at a meeting to celebrate

the installation of an organ in a brother minister's church the great preacher listened to an exhibition of the instrument's power, then remarked: "Yes, it praises its maker very well."

Hell's Glen, between Glasgow and Inverary, is one of the most picturesque and rugged pieces of scenery in all Scotland. A tourist drove through the glen in a coach, and while his companions went into raptures over the wild, weird, awe-inspiring features of the place he yawned over his cigar and newspaper. "Don't you like Hell's Glen, sir?" the driver asked, at a particularly precipitous and striking spot. "Why," grunted the tourist, "I suppose it's all right, but I can't see none of the scenery for those wretched hills."

Thoroughly convinced that he was a man-about-town in the most terrific sense of the phrase, he was wont to act accordingly. "Yes, Jake's joint is closed," he remarked one night to a friend from out of town, "hut—follow me! I can get you in there, all right, even though it is long after hours. Just follow me, and don't say a word." Suitably impressed, the tenderfoot fell into step. They paused before the dark, hidden side door of a well-known restaurant. From within came tinkling of music, popping of corks, laughter—all the assorted expressions of night life in a great city. The man-about-town, cautioning his friend to stand back and he very quiet, tapped on the side door. No answer. Another tap. Then a waiter threw the door open. "Say, Jim," whispered the man-about-town, "just go and tell Jake to come here a moment, will you?" Exit Jim. "It'll be all right," murmured the man-about-town. The tenderfoot felt convinced that he was seeing metropolitan life in all its brutal rawness. Jake, the proprietor, presently appeared from somewhere in the fascinating interior of his restaurant and stepped to the side door. "It's me, Jake. Can we get in?" asked the man-about-town, in a hoarse, horrible whisper. "Sure," answered Jake, "hut for the love of Mike, why didn't you walk right in through the front door? It's open."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Road to Wealth.
The men who every time they shave
At home, fifteen centimes save,
Can soon put lots of wealth away
By shaving several times a day.
—*Milwaukee News.*

Sign of the Times.
The mercury within the tube
Will soon be going down;
We know the fall is coming, for
Straw hats are sere and brown.
—*Houston Post.*

Not Straight.
She tried to kill him with a glance,
But she, truth to tell,
So cross-eyed that, by grievous chance,
A poor bystander fell!
—*Milwaukee Daily News.*

A Mortgage Foreclosure.
I told her that, as man of Law,
Love's side I should defend,
That in our case there was no flaw,
We'd fight it to the end.

A frown spread o'er her dimpled face,
She paced the polished floor,—
"Ah! Pardon me, what is this case?
You know I have a score!"

"Love versus Phyllis, there's the scrips,
A kiss beneath your nose;
In fact, a mortgage on your lips!"
Said Phyllis: "Please foreclose!"
—*Puck.*

Heading Homeward.
I am heading homeward, mother,
Heading homeward from the sea,
Where a couple weeks' vacation
Didn't do a thing to me!

You just ought to see me, mother,
I'm a thing of beauty rare!
All the skin is off my visage,
All the bronze is off my hair.

I am tanned and freckled, mother,
Burned and blistered, scratched a bit;
Both the boys and the mosquitoes
Seemed to think that I was it.

And they hovered 'round me, mother,
And, Great Caesar, how they chewed!
The mosquitoes I mean, mother—
I'm so tired I get things skewed.

Every time I went out walking
There were scores around my feet,
And they said, they did, dear mother,
That your daughter was "just sweet!"

Possibly that was the reason
Why they hit me so, you know.
How they nipped! I mean the skeeters!
Wonder why I hungle so!

I am heading homeward, mother,
Heading homeward from the sea,
Looking like a time-worn chromo
That comes with a pound of tea.

Dearest, have a flaxseed poultice
To enhance home's precious joys,
For they've spoiled my face, dear mother—
The mosquitoes—not the boys!
—*The Vacation Belle.*



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement has been announced of Miss Edith Watson of Morristown, New Jersey, to Mr. Edward A. Gilbert, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Gilbert of Santa Barbara.

The wedding of Miss Geraldine Fitzgibbon and Mr. Ralph Heger took place Tuesday evening at St. Mary's Cathedral. The ceremony was followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents, Dr. Gerald Fitzgibbon and Mrs. Fitzgibbon.

Judge John R. Aitken and Mrs. Aitken have issued invitations to the wedding of their daughter, Miss Florence Aitken, and Lieutenant William Fitzbush Lee Simpson, U. S. A., Wednesday evening, October 1, at St. Luke's Church.

The wedding of Miss Kate Peterson and Mr. Ward Mailliard will take place today in Belvedere.

The wedding of Miss Ida Gibbons and Mr. Kennedy Rogers will take place Tuesday at the home at Boston Barracks of Miss Gibbons' brother-in-law and sister, Lieutenant Francis Skinkle, U. S. A., and Mrs. Skinkle.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant entertained a large number of young people at a dinner-dance Tuesday evening at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Duplessis Beayard will give a dance this evening at the San Marco Polo Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Latrop gave a dance last evening at their home at Stanford University in honor of their daughter, Miss Hermine Latrop.

Mrs. Charles Crocker was hostess at a luncheon at her home in Belvedere complimentary to Miss Kate Peterson.

Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst was hostess at a luncheon at the Francisco Club complimentary to Mrs. Franklin K. Lane.

Mrs. Carrie Mills Fletcher gave an informal tea last week in honor of Mrs. Lawrence Austin of New York, who was the complimented guest at a luncheon given Thursday by Mrs. Leonard Hammond.

Miss Henriette Blanding was hostess Thursday at a luncheon at her home, Cliff Crest, in Belvedere.

Mrs. A. P. Hoteling gave a dinner Saturday evening at Hotel del Monte in honor of her daughter, Miss Jane Hoteling.

Mrs. James Cunningham was hostess at a luncheon Sunday in honor of Mrs. William B. Storey of Chicago.

Mrs. Bessie Paxton gave a reception recently in honor of her daughter, Mrs. Lawrence Austin. Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Hamilton entertained a number of friends at a dinner in honor of Mr. and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst.

Mr. and Mrs. Hearst gave a dinner Saturday evening at the Palace Hotel in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Barham of Los Angeles. Later in the evening the entire party enjoyed a dance at the home on Washington Street of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence W. Harris.

Mrs. Ferdinand R. Bain was hostess last week at a luncheon in honor of Mrs. Russell J. Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baldwin gave a dinner last week at Pebble Beach Lodge.

Mr. Melville Bowman was host, Saturday evening at a dinner-dance at the Bohemian Club.

Invitations have been issued to the Bachelors' and Benedicts' dances for November 14, December 19, January 9, and February 20.

Mrs. James I. Mabey, wife of Captain Mabey, U. S. A., entertained sixteen guests at a bridge-tee Wednesday at her home in the Presidio.

Colonel George Bell, Jr., U. S. A., and Mrs. Bell gave a reception Thursday at their home in the Presidio in honor of Miss Bell, Colonel Bell's sister.

Mrs. Matthew Tbolinson was hostess at an informal bridge party at her home in the Presidio complimentary to Mrs. Gordon, wife of Captain Charles Gordon, U. S. A.

Captain George Werten Baker, U. S. A., and Mrs. Baker entertained at an artillery dinner Tuesday evening at their home at Fort Winfield Scott in honor of General John W. Wiser, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wiser.

Mrs. Robert Coleman was hostess last week at a luncheon at the Town and Country Club in honor of Mrs. George Neal, wife of Lieutenant Neal, U. S. N.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. William Geer Hitchcock and their children are spending a few weeks in town in the George W. Sperry house, which has been leased to Mrs. Hitchcock's brother, Mr. Frank Drum. They will return to Burlingame the first week in October.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bolton returned to town Tuesday from San Rafael, where they have been spending the summer.

Dr. James Ward Keeney, Mrs. Keeney, and Miss Helen Keeney spent the week-end in Woodside with Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. Ettore Avenali and Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin H. Dibbble have returned from a motor trip to Lake Tahoe.

Mr. Felton Elkins left Tuesday for the East, where he will spend several weeks.

Mr. Warren Dearborn Clark left Tuesday for a brief visit in the East.

Miss Edith Cheshrough has returned from Monterey.

Dr. Kaspar Fischell, Mrs. Fischell, and their daughters have returned from Ross, and are occupying their town house on California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Fairlie have returned from their wedding trip and are established in their new home on Lake Street.

Th Misses Hannah and Emily Du Bois will spend the winter in town at the Hotel Monroe.

Mrs. Anne Bradley Wallace has returned from motor trip through Lake County.

Mr. and Mrs. Emory Winship and Miss Margaret Casey have returned to town and are at the amount Hotel, where they will remain until their

departure for Macon, Georgia. Miss Casey spent the week-end in Burlingame with Miss Phyllis de Young.

Mrs. John Galen Howard has returned from a visit on the Atlantic coast.

Dr. Charles Minor Cooper and Mrs. Cooper have returned from Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Chandler have returned to their home in Los Angeles after a week's visit at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Albion Hewlett has returned from a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hewlett at their ranch in Napa County.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Barham have returned to their home in Los Angeles after a week's visit in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. John Drum will leave today for New York to meet Mrs. Drum's mother, Mrs. J. J. Spicker, who is en route from Europe.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott is making plans to leave in October for New York. She will accompany Miss Polly Mills, who will return to her home in England.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, with their children, and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy, will sail today for home after having traveled in Europe during the summer months.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Miss Arabella Schwerin, and Master Dick Schwerin left Tuesday in a private car for New York. Mrs. Schwerin and her daughter will spend the winter in the East, and Master Dick Schwerin will return to the Pomfret Preparatory School.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn have closed their home in Woodside and are established for the winter in the Dolbeer house on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl will return today from Lake Tahoe. They have been spending a few days at the fair in Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, the Misses Ethel and Helen Crocker, and Mr. William W. Crocker have returned from Monterey to their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. George Delatour and their children will close their home at Rutherford October 1, and will occupy a house on Pacific Avenue during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper will return to their home in Burlingame September 25 after having spent the summer at their ranch in Mendocino County.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., spent the week-end in Menlo Park as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King and the Misses Genevieve and Hazel King have returned from their country home and have opened their town house on Broadway for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker have arrived in New York, where they were met by Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin. Mr. and Mrs. Crocker have rented the Minter house for the winter.

Dr. William Boericke and Mrs. Boericke have leased the house on Jackson Street formerly occupied by Mr. and Mrs. George L. Cadwalader.

The Messrs. Gordon and Lansing, Tevis left Sunday for New Haven to take their examinations preparatory to entering Yale. Before returning home they will visit their relatives in Kentucky.

Mr. Rudolph Spreckels is expected home from the East next week. Mr. Spreckels has been taking a cure at the French Lick in Indiana.

The Messrs. Paul and Frank Jones have returned from Monterey, where they spent several days. Their sister, Miss Helen Jones, remained with Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel, who has been chaperoning a bevy of attractive girls, among whom were the Misses Helen Garritt, Gertrude Hopkins, and Rachel Huntington. They all returned later in the week.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, with her children and Miss Gertrude Jolliffe, returned Wednesday from Europe.

Mrs. Avery McCarthy and her daughter, Miss Aileen McCarthy, have been entertaining Miss Katheline Mellus of Los Angeles during the past two weeks.

Mrs. William B. Storey, Jr., who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Louis Findlay Montague, has joined Mr. Storey at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. Edward W. Hopkins left Wednesday for a few weeks' visit in New York.

Miss Cora de Marville will remain at Etretat until the end of September. Dr. de Marville has renewed the lease of his residence, 35 rue de Chailot, in Paris.

Mr. Oscar Maurer has returned to Berkeley from a vacation at his beach cottage at Del Mar, near San Diego. Mrs. Maurer will remain for a few weeks yet with relatives.

Señor Emilio de Gogorza arrived last Saturday, accompanied by his wife (Mme. Emma Eames), and is the guest of Dr. Harry Tevis at his country place in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Dr. and Mrs. David Cohn have left for Europe.

Mr. Arthur Goodall has returned from Monterey, where he was among those who played in the golf tournament.

Mrs. James Bishop and her daughter, Miss Isabel Bishop, have returned to Shasta Springs to remain until October 1.

Mrs. Norman McLaren is slowly recovering from her recent illness at St. Luke's Hospital.

Mrs. Arno Dosch and her little daughter, Elizabeth, left Friday for their home in New York, after having spent the summer in Woodside with Mr. and Mrs. George W. Sperry.

Mrs. Truxton Beale and her sister, Miss Alice Oge, are making their plans to spend the winter abroad. They will leave in October for Washington, D. C., where they will join Mr. Beale, who will accompany them to Europe.

Mrs. Claus August Spreckels sailed Thursday from England for New York, where she will spend two months. Mr. and Mrs. Spreckels will return to Paris for the holidays and will spend the winter on the Riviera. They have leased a villa at Cap Martin, near Monte Carlo, and adjoining the home of Empress Eugénie.

Mrs. Alexander Sharp is established on Broadway until the return of her husband, Lieutenant Alexander Sharp, Jr., U. S. N., who is attached to the U. S. S. *California*, now in Mexican waters.

Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Sypher and Miss Genevieve Bothin are traveling in Italy and will return home in November.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Ashton Richardson and their little daughter, Betty Richardson, will return

shortly from Ross, where they have been spending the summer in their country home.

Mrs. Edgar F. Preston, Mrs. Norma Ames, and her children, Frances and Preston, are established in an apartment in Paris, where they will remain during the winter.

Dr. Herbert C. Moffitt, Mrs. Moffitt, and their children, James and Alice Moffitt, are occupying an apartment in Munich. They will return home in November.

Mrs. James Carolan, Miss Emily Carolan, and Dr. Herbert Carolan have returned from Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Ferdinand R. Bain and her daughter, Miss Beatrice Miller, left Santa Barbara on Monday, and have joined Mr. Bain at their ranch at Fullerton, near Los Angeles. They have been occupying the Frank Vail house in Montecito during the summer and will return to their home in New York next month.

Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McBean and Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent have returned from a three weeks' motor trip through the northern counties and Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller and their daughter, Miss Leslie Miller, will leave today for New York, where Miss Miller will return to Miss Spence's school.

Colonel Hamilton Stone Wallace, U. S. A., Mrs. Wallace, and the Misses Ruth and Marie Louise Winslow returned Monday from Burlingame, where they have been spending the past three months.

Major Sidney A. Cloman, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cloman will sail Tuesday for Australia, where Major Cloman will go on official business connected with the exposition.

Lieutenant Matthew C. Bristol, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bristol and their little daughter have returned from Fort Sam Houston, Texas, where Lieutenant Bristol has been stationed for the past four years as aide to General Bliss, U. S. A.

Miss Marjorie Shepard sailed on the *Manchuria* for the Philippine Islands to visit her brother-in-law and sister, Captain Edwin C. Long, U. S. A., and Mrs. Long.

Major James L. Brady, U. S. A., arrived Sunday on the *Logan* from Manila.

Colonel Louis Brechemin, U. S. A., and Mrs. Brechemin are established in New York, where the former has recently been ordered from St. Louis. Their son, Major Louis Brechemin, Jr., U. S. A., has been ordered to Fort Greble, Rhode Island.

Colonel Walter L. Finley, U. S. A., and Captain Pierce A. Murphy, U. S. A., have returned from Monterey, where they have been on a tour of inspection.

Captain James M. Loud, U. S. A., will soon retire from the army after fourteen years of service.

Mrs. Hampton, wife of Major Kinsey J. Hampton, U. S. A., has gone to Washington, D. C., to visit relatives.

Mrs. H. A. Orr, wife of Captain Orr, U. S. N., of the U. S. S. *Raleigh*, is visiting friends in San Rafael. She will leave shortly for Rochester, New York, where her husband is detailed on special duty.

Lieutenant James Parker, Jr., U. S. N., and Mrs. Parker are established in Annapolis, where they expect to be stationed for the next two years. Mrs. Parker was formerly Miss Julia Langhorne of this city.

Agricultural Documents Requested.

In its efforts to build up an agricultural library worthy of the name the University of California appeals to the public for publications in which may be of interest. House documents in which consular reports are bound, proceedings of horticulture, agriculture, forestry, and other agricultural societies of California and other states are desired. Any expense of boxing, express, or freight will be met by the university.

A professional play reader, confiding his adventures to an Eastern interviewer, says that of 200 plays submitted without invitation to a "prominent producer" in one year—presumably last year—only four were worth staging. Examining play-writing activity in the light of its geography, he says that 146 of these plays were submitted by Easterners, and that 112 of them came from New Yorkers. Fourteen of the seventeen that came from Illinois were written by Chicagoans. Indiana, Missouri, and Wisconsin each sent two, Ohio submitted nine, Michigan three, Arkansas, Minnesota, Iowa, Kentucky, and South Dakota one each, and California two. Seven came from the South and the others were from widely scattered points, American and European.

Many generations of lawyers learned in equity pleading have followed the ancient practice of concluding a bill of complaint with the solemn assurance, "And thus your orator will ever pray, etc." Recently a well-known author ran the thing to its lair among the ancient rolls of the court of chancery and found that (before it lost its tail) it was a prayer for the health and longevity of the king.

That good actors do not always succeed when attempting a rôle for moving pictures is testified to by the fact that three, whose salaries for some years past have run between \$350 and \$500 weekly, were dropped recently from the pay-roll of a film manufacturer, after two or three performances before the camera.

Jean Sardou, son of Victorien Sardou, the French playwright, received \$50,000 in cash from his father's estate at the time of Sardou's death. He has spent that, has borrowed \$50,000 more from relatives, and is now penniless and his mother has had a guardian appointed for him.

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THE MUSIC SEASON.

After Concert Will Return to Paris.

William Gwin, Jr., whose concert in the St. Francis is announced for Wednesday, October 1, at three o'clock, will return to Paris early next month to resume his concert work, having a splendid offer to round into the career for which he has been fitting himself for the past eight years. The young tenor has a full, sweet, sympathetic voice, particularly adapted to concert work, and despite flattering offers to go into grand opera has decided to confine himself to concert. He studied at the National Conservatory, Paris, and since making his professional debut has been attended by success in his undertakings. Mr. Gwin, a grandson of the first United States senator from California, is one of the few Americans singing in French to a Paris public, and that his qualifications measure up to the highest standard is attested by the complimentary manner in which the Paris musical critics speak of his work. The coming concert will probably be the last in which he will be heard here for several years, and the programme will be arranged to cover a wide field of vocal music. Seats will be on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s on September 20.

The Geraldine Farrar Concert.

Geraldine Farrar, whose appearance is announced as concert singer in the Cort Theatre Sunday afternoon, October 5, will make a very brilliant opening for the new musical season. She will have the assistance of Alwin Schroeder, one of the greatest 'cellists of the time, while Arthur Rosenstein, who has been one of the assistant conductors of the Chicago Opera Company, will be her accompanist.

The appearance of Miss Farrar here is under the local direction of Mr. F. W. Healy, who has given musical San Francisco many moments of rare enjoyment.

Miss Farrar has reached the topmost place among dramatic singers of the time, and her ambition to hold a similar position among concert singers seems speedily to be realized. So far she has had small opportunity for concert work, especially in America. A short tour four years ago and a similar one two years ago, under the management of C. A. Ellis of Boston, comprise practically all of her work of this kind in America. This year Mr. Ellis has arranged for her another tour of fifteen concerts before the opening of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House.

She will be heard, outside of San Francisco, in Oakland and Los Angeles on the Pacific Coast, Denver, Kansas City, Chicago, Pittsburgh, New York, and Boston, ending her season of concerts with three appearances with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore.

Price of admission for the concert will be from \$1 to \$2.50. The seat sale opens Monday, September 29. Mail orders accompanied by check, made payable to Frank W. Healy, care of Sherman, Clay & Co., will be filled in order received prior to public sale.

Third Season Symphony Orchestra Concerts.

The third season of concerts of the San Francisco Orchestra opens on Friday afternoon, October 24. Tickets for the ten concerts range in price from \$6 for a seat in the gallery to \$18 for one in the orchestra. Guarantors and subscribers are requested to send immediately checks for a renewal of their subscriptions to Frank W. Healy, manager of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, 711-712 Head Building. The sale of season tickets for members of the Musical Association opened last Monday. Regular subscribers' ticket sale will open next Monday. New subscribers will be taken care of after the orders for guarantors and present subscribers have been filled.

The circular, bearing the names of the board of directors, issued to members states that "the effort of the Musical Association to establish a permanent Symphony Orchestra in San Francisco has now reached a point where it need no longer be looked upon as experimental. It is, however, absolutely necessary that the members of the association support the work, not only by subscribing to season tickets themselves, but also by impressing upon their friends the necessity of so doing."

The programme for the first concert on October 24 opens with Beethoven's overture, "The Dedication of the House," Cesar Frank's symphony in D minor will be heard for the first time in San Francisco. American music will be represented by Edward MacDowell's "Indian" suite, op. 48. Henry Hadley will be the conductor.

Grand Opera Season at Hand.

Six weeks of grand opera will follow the opening of the season here on October 13 by the Western Metropolitan Opera Company, and the high attainment in the musical world of the singers engaged spells success for the undertaking, which is already attracting unusual attention. Another interesting feature of this season will be that it will celebrate in a worthy manner the centennials of Wagner and Verdi. In addition to the singers mentioned on August 23 the management has secured Carlo Montezanto, who is said to

possess one of the most powerful and beautiful baritone voices on the lyric stage. He will come direct from the Grand Opera House of Buenos Ayres. Giovanni Grandini is another excellent baritone from the San Carlo of Naples and the Royal Theatre of Madrid. The fact that Leoncavallo is coming to conduct the greater part of the season adds interest to the approaching musical treat. San Francisco will witness the first production in America of his latest opera, "I Zingari," one of the greatest London successes in recent years. The repertory has been chosen with great care and is such a varied one that it can not but please the musical taste. It will include operas of the Italian, French, and German schools from the old and modern composers. Season subscriptions for boxes have already opened and all indications are that they will all be taken in a few days.

It is not without fear that an actor makes his debut in the capital of Normandy. A debut in the French provinces is by no means an easy ordeal to pass through. An actor has a right to choose three different parts (says Mme. Rhea), which must be played inside of a month. The first and second debuts have no significance; he may be received coldly, critically, or enthusiastically—it has no meaning; the third one decides his fate. That night, after the play, the manager, very solemn in his dress-suit, appears before the audience and says: "Monsieur or Mlle. So-and-So has made his or her debut; the management wishes to know the verdict of the public." Then he produces a placard, on which is printed in large letters the word "Accepted." If the actor pleases, the audience applauds; if not, it hisses until the manager produces another placard with the word "Refused." Then the applause starts again, without regard for the feelings of the poor, broken-hearted girl or boy, who has been waiting in the wings for the verdict of that inhuman jury called the public.

Like the Spaniards, the Cossacks have a class of troubadours who, instead of walking from village to village, ride on horseback with their gusly and give performances of music and song in front of houses. They are treated with respect and rewarded generously according to their talents. There are also women troubadours among the Cossacks, and their performances in the pleasant surroundings of a garden or in a street scene are impressive.

It is said that Caruso could retire from the operatic stage, safe in the knowledge that his income from the phonograph will be forthcoming as long as he lives, with every indication that the total will increase rather than decrease. In this respect it can be said that a phonograph company had to pay Luisa Tetrazzini a bonus of \$50,000 for her consent, while her annual royalties are said to reach between \$50,000 and \$60,000.



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Munsey's Magazine and Argonaut.....	4.75
Nineteenth Century and Argonaut.....	7.40
North American Review and Argonaut.....	6.80
Out West and Argonaut.....	4.50
Overland Monthly and Argonaut.....	4.50
Political Science Quarterly and Argonaut.....	6.00
Puck and Argonaut.....	7.85
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Scribner's Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.15
Smart Set and Argonaut.....	5.60
St. Nicholas and Argonaut.....	6.00
Sunset and Argonaut.....	4.50
Theatre Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.30
Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic) and Argonaut.....	4.30
Weekly New York Tribune Farmer and Argonaut.....	4.25

TWO CLUB RATES WITHDRAWN

Beginning November 10th the management of the Cosmopolitan and Harper's Bazar will withdraw from all combination offers. Argonaut subscribers who are now receiving the benefit of club rates with these public are kindly requested to note the change.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"My dear, having your father to live with us won't work." "But neither will father."—*Baltimore American.*

"Before I married my wife. I could listen to her voice for hours and hours." "And now?" "Now I have to."—*Houston Post.*

"Papa," asked Willie, "what is phenomenal?" "It is phenomenal, my son," explained Mr. Wisepate, "when a lawyer is content with a nominal fee."—*Truth.*

Jones—A hridge room doesn't count for much at his own wedding. Smith—No; he might as well be Vice-President of the United States.—*The Club Fellow.*

Customer—How many inches to the yard here? Clerk—Thirty-six, of course. Customer—Oh, I thought it might be different here in the city.—*New York Globe.*

"I'm glad I refused that man. He's untrustworthy." "Why do you say that?" "He vowed he would pine away and die if I turned him down, and now look how fat he has grown."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Friend—This must be bargain day! I never saw such a crowd in your store before. Dry Goods Man—I should say it is bargain day. We are selling Homer's "Iliad," in the original Greek, at 98 cents!—*Princeton Tiger.*

"That," said the futurist, pointing proudly to the canvas which he had just finished, "is my attempt to interpret the infinite." "What did the infinite ever do to you?" asked the innocent bystander.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"Dohhleday seems to think himself a very important person. Why, he can't even stand on a street-corner and wait for a trolley-car without putting on as many airs as if he were laying a corner-stone."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

"Ere you," said the 'bus driver to a man on top, "don't you want the public library?" "Yes," replied the passenger, who showed no signs of getting down. "Well," retorted the conductor, "come down for it. I can't bring it out for you."—*Punch.*

Doctor—Remember, Mrs. Malone, I told you that your husband is failing rapidly and we must keep him up as long as we can. Mrs. Maloney—Sure, O'm doing it, sor. Oi haven't let him have a wink av slape now for three days.—*The Celt.*

Wife—Wretch! Show me that letter. Husband—What letter? Wife—The one in your hand. It's from a woman. I can see by the writing, and you turned pale when you saw it. Husband—Yes. Here it is. It's your dress-maker's bill.—*Kansas City Star.*

Tommy's Aunt—Won't you have another piece of cake, Tommy? Tommy (on a visit)—No, I thank you. Tommy's Aunt—You seem to be suffering from loss of appetite. Tommy—That aint loss of appetite. What I'm suffering from is politeness.—*New York Post.*

"I suppose the titled personage you say you are going to marry is mentioned in the Almanach de Gotha?" said the inquisitive newspaper man. "No, indeed," retorted the lovely actress. "Of course he aint in no almanac. Do you think he's a joke?"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Senior Partner (returning from vacation)—Who brought dot ting in our store? Take it out, right away! Junior Partner—Vot's der matter? Dot's a new patent vater cooler I bought last week. Senior Partner (much relieved)—Oh! Dot's quite different! I thought it was a fire egstinguisher!—*Puck.*

Countryman (at the National Gallery)—Why, them's the very same pictures I saw here the day before yesterday! Attendant (dryly)—Quite likely. Countryman—Then that clerk at the hotel is an awful liar. He told me that the pictures was changed daily in all the leadin' picture houses.—*London Opinion.*

Jinks—From what you told me of your mother-in-law I should think you'd have heard enough from her in person, without having cared to induce her to talk into your phonograph. Filkins—Oh, you can't imagine the pleasure it gives me to start the machine going, and then shut it off right in the midst of a sentence.—*Puck.*

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[Special Dispatch to "The Examiner."]

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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Purity Sunday.

The governor has been "asked to commend" the observance of November 9 as Purity Sunday throughout the state, and no doubt due opportunity will be taken still further to thicken the sex atmosphere that already bids fair to stifle and poison us all. A large number of ministers will find occasion to exploit their personal views, a large number of young people will listen to them with morbid and unhealthy inquisitiveness, and the newspapers will fabricate reports of those sermons, such reports giving exclusive credit to their own particular sheets as originators of a great moral crusade. That numbers of persons will be persuaded to regenerate their own private lives is highly problematical.

None the less the sermons may do a certain amount of good if they will draw attention to causes rather than to effects. For example, they might have something to say about such moving-picture films as those of the Thaw episode, pictures that place this abomination on a level with the circus as a source of public amusement. The mayor of Spokane has prohibited these pictures because of "the deplorable effect of parading for the sake of morbid curiosity the subjects or objects of

our social and moral degeneracy." Why were these corrupting pictures permitted in San Francisco?

The preachers might go on to draw attention to the popularity contests which serve to concentrate a most undesirable public attention toward the personal characteristics of a number of young women whose portraits are blazoned forth, together with their business and private addresses, and who themselves are incited to a general and indiscriminate canvas on their own behalf. At a time when we are all so conscious of one another's failings, so determined to make our neighbors good by hook or by crook, it seems fitting that these corrupting and corroding evils should not be wholly overlooked.

Slandering the City.

There is no one whose opinion is worth the breath that utters it to be found in opposition to any aspiration toward the moral betterment of San Francisco. Upon that point all decent citizens are in agreement, although there are some among them who must be reminded that a difference of opinion as to ways and means does not necessarily imply a moral turpitude either on one side or the other. It may also be well to remind the enthusiasts among us that there are certain social evils as ancient as humanity itself and against which the hearts and brains of the best men of the race have struggled in vain for thousands of years. These social evils will not be cured either this week or next by the action of a police board. They are far more likely to be intensified and aggravated.

But it is not the intention of the *Argonaut* at this moment to plead against a precipitancy of action that will assuredly bring its dire harvest later on. That variety of reform that works by jerks and spasms, by convulsions and paroxysms, must run its course, and its course is never a long one. None the less it may be permissible to suggest that a vilification of the city is not a necessary prelude to change or reform. At the present moment, and so far as we may judge from the activities of a single newspaper, we seem to be intent upon gibbeting ourselves before the world as a sink of iniquity whose very touch is contamination. Letter-writers by the score, preachers by the dozen, are competitive and clamorous in their libels upon the city, and these libels will certainly percolate to the ends of the earth. Whether these slanders are the result of ignorance or merely of a primitive desire to lie is not always easy to determine. Probably both, but the result is the same, and it is a mischievous and a suicidal result. The public at large will not readily believe that a city so wicked as these letters and sermons have described can become virtuous by means of an ordinance or raid. The public is far more likely to believe that the mischief has been merely distributed and therefore that the danger is greater than ever, which will be the fact. If we persist in assuring the world of the grossness of our vices we may presently find to our cost that we are believed—and avoided. Indeed to a great extent this mischief is already done.

San Francisco is not a wicked city, nor has it been a wicked city for many years past. The clergymen who preach slanderous sermons and the maiden ladies who write slanderous letters are far more prejudicial to its moral than are its roués. They exhale an atmosphere of sex. They seem to revel in stories of debauchery that no decent person can see except themselves. They ought to be labeled poison. Those who search for vice in San Francisco can find it. Vice can be found everywhere, even in the imagination. But it can be said without hesitation, without the possibility of honest contradiction, that of all cities of its size and environment in civilization there is not one that is cleaner, nor more free from the sights that offend and the temptations that destroy. There are very few that are nearly so clean. But we may now fear that this exceptional moral status is about to be lost.

There is perhaps some excuse for a few of the ladies whose hysteria has been allowed to invade the columns

of our newspapers. With a narrow geographical experience and a still narrower knowledge of life they have been led by a new and horrid curiosity to the exploration of inevitable facts from which modesty and convention have hitherto barred them. They now write with the force of a prurient sentiment unalloyed with either intelligence or knowledge. But the majority of those who write and speak against the morality of San Francisco know well that they are slanderers. They know well that the main thoroughfares of the city are incomparably cleaner than the corresponding avenues of other cities. They know well that the beginnings of a vicious life in San Francisco need never be due to those irresistible temptations so rife and so unavoidable elsewhere. They know well that vice to be found must be sought for, and that in San Francisco the youth that is intent upon reputable action will never be assailed by beguilements to the graver forms of misconduct.

But it is proverbially useless to reason either with ignorance or falsehood. Perhaps it may not be so fruitless to suggest to the public at large that some way be found to abash these enemies of the city whose self-righteousness and hysteria take the form of a dangerous vilification, and who are now inflicting an injury upon San Francisco that will bear sorry fruit in years to come.

Maine and Elsewhere.

The recent bye-election in the Third Congressional District of Maine may be fairly described as a Republican victory over the Progressives, since the Democratic vote was practically unchanged. The transfer of votes was from the Progressive to the regular Republican side, and this gave the victor a plurality of 500. The Democrat whose death necessitated the election won by a plurality of over 7000, and it will therefore be seen that the defection from the Progressive ranks was a heavy one. Unfortunately Mr. Roosevelt has nothing to say to his Maine comrades by way of either guidance, condolence, or comfort. We do not know whether, like Achilles, he is sulking in his tent or whether he is merely too busy over his preparations for his South American trip. Not only does he go on saying nothing about the Maine election, but he made himself equally conspicuous by his silence in relation to the first anniversary banquet of the Chicago Progressives. Other Bull-Moose voices were eloquent upon that occasion, but not his. Telegrams breathing the spirit of an unshakable resolution were received from the lesser leaders of the herd all over the country, but the voice of the master was silent. And it was the first anniversary, too. Can it be that Mr. Roosevelt wishes to test the capacity of his party to stand alone, or is he merely applying those methods of salutary neglect said to be so efficacious in some cases of mental disease?

But the Maine election is not the only straw to indicate the direction of the wind. All the Progressive candidates were practically exterminated at the recent election of judges in the Peoria district of Illinois. Peoria City gave Mr. Roosevelt nearly six thousand votes a year ago, and now the total Progressive vote for all his candidates together amounts to sixty-five. Of course there are all the usual explanations kept upon ice for such occasions as this. We are told that the Progressive cause is national and not local. The fires of party allegiance are apt to burn low when there is no great cause to fan them into flames. Perhaps there is something to be said for such a contention. Far be it from us to suggest that there is any immediate limitation to the forces of national hysteria when they are duly invoked. But we may be forgiven for supposing that this is by no means the ardor of the true evangelist. It is very unlike what we had reason to expect from the extraordinary fervors that marked the great Progressive convention. Political movements, even enthusiastic ones, do of course wither away and die when they have run their little course. The history of all countries is full of them. They may even have their value,

prevention of political ossification. But the Progressive convention was something quite different from all others. In its fervor and passion it resembled nothing so much as the great crusading call to arms for the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre. The ordinary characteristics of a political assembly were swamped by those of a religious revival. We read of men who were rendered unwontedly silent by the very force of their emotions, and of women who veritably believed, and who said so, that the Kingdom of Heaven was about to descend upon earth. It was an outpouring of the spirit in such surprising volume that "even the ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer." And now where is it all? Where are all the political martyrs whose blood was to be the seed of the new church? Where is that accession of political righteousness that we were promised? That the Progressives were defeated was merely one of the fortunes of war. Better men than they were defeated at the same time. But now it is evident that they were not merely defeated, but that they have ceased to fight. In point of fact they are coming home as fast as they can come. Their valor is taking the form of discretion.

That we shall hear of the Progressives in 1916 is of course certain enough, and much water will pass under the bridge before then. But their prospects are not rosy. The reaction from the Democratic triumph will be in the direction of regular Republicanism and not of Progressivism. There is now no conceivable reason why any vote that is ordinarily Democratic should be diverted to the Progressives, but there is every reason why a great many votes that were cast in favor of a Democratic tariff should presently find their way back to a straight Republicanism. Even the most superhuman wisdom would find it impossible to make a low tariff without at the same time creating a host of enemies and discontents. And the new tariff is by no means the product of superhuman wisdom. It is the product of expediences and policies. To a large extent it has been made in the old familiar way, and there are countless voters who will find to their surprise and chagrin that they themselves have been cast under a tariff harrow that they supposed would flay only the other fellow. They will all come back to the Republican fold. Progressivism, which is colorless as regards the tariff, has nothing to offer them. Every change that is at all likely to occur in the electoral mind will be in favor of Republicanism, and in this respect the results in Maine are likely to be fairly typical of the whole country. No wonder that Mr. Roosevelt should prefer to remain silent, and that South America should seem to him more tempting than the political field at home.

The Progressives in California.

There will be no lack of sympathy for Governor Johnson if it should prove to be true that increasing ill-health is about to compel his retirement from political life. It is said that the fact is generally admitted in the Progressive coterie at Sacramento and that it must soon become too apparent for denial. The strain involved by the governor's political tour in the East was a severe one. It followed immediately on a particularly strenuous time at home, and the physical effects are no longer to be ignored. We may well hope that these reports are exaggerated so far as they relate to the governor's physical health, but they come with a certain amount of authenticity and persistence.

That Governor Johnson is a grievously disappointed man there need be no doubt. He seriously believed that he was second in command of an invincible army and that the coming years would give cohesion and strength to that army and crown it with a speedy victory. He discovers now that he was building upon the sands. His followers were not of the stalwart kind that he had pictured them. They had no stomach for minorities and impotences. The elections in Maine and elsewhere show how severely they have been suffering from that "morning after" feeling and how ready they are to regularize themselves by a return to Republicanism. In point of fact the governor sees the structure of California Progressivism crumbling before his eyes.

Indeed the process of disintegration is quicker in California than elsewhere. It is now an open secret that the electoral trick which compelled so many Republicans to vote the Democratic ticket was hotly opposed by many of the Progressives themselves. Success might have justified the discreditable manoeuvre, but it was not successful, and those who sponsored it have had to listen to some homely reproaches ever since.

The disposal of patronage has been a further cause of offense. There were a few, a very few, Progressives

so innocent as to suppose that the day of the machine in California had passed forever and that henceforth a rigid moral propriety would be the order of the day. They have now discovered their mistake. The ferocious greeds of the old system have been outdone by the appointive frenzy of the new one. The machine is with us as much as ever, but somewhat more greedy and a good deal more arrogant. It may be remembered, too, that the creation of such a machine as that of Governor Johnson implies a vast amount of disappointment and jealousy on the part of the excluded ones. And some must be excluded. Even Governor Johnson can not put all his supporters on the pay-roll, in spite of his best efforts in that direction.

Of course there are many other causes for an obvious failure. Prominent among them is the idiocy of the last legislature and the intolerable burden placed upon the occupations of the state by its paternal enactments. Every now and then we see signs of an open revolt, as in the recent decision of the nurses' association to defy an eight-hour law that endangers the lives of patients. There are many other industries that are suffering in silence and awaiting only the chance to remedy matters at the polls. Another legislature such as the last one, so meddlesome and so silly, would go far to make trade and industry impossible in California.

It is therefore natural that Governor Johnson should feel himself to be afloat on an ebbing tide. That is actually the situation, and it is beyond his control. But that political disappointments should be aggravated by failing health will be a cause of sincere regret.

The Recall in Denver.

The dispute over Judge B. Lindsey of Colorado waxes faster and more furious. To the taunt that the women of Denver are anxious to drag from the bench one who is not only their very good friend but a champion of political holiness the reply is made that the women of Denver, like the flowers that bloom in the spring, have nothing to do with the case. The attack upon Judge Lindsey has been brought, so we are assured, by our old friend the Beast, who has succeeded in finding a woman behind whose skirts he can hide. It is clever of him, considering the size of the modern skirt, but he may be a very small Beast. It is that very same Beast whom the worthy judge has cornered again and again, and who must evidently be of the cat tribe if we may judge from the number of its lives. But it is the Beast and not Beauty that must be held responsible for the present assault. The women of Denver still stand by their champion and repudiate with scorn every attempt to represent them as doing otherwise.

But the real question of Judge Lindsey's guilt and the consequent propriety of his recall remains undecided. If the Beast is actually responsible for Mr. Lindsey's present trouble, then it would seem that this entertaining animal, this curious cuss, as Artemus Ward would say, must have many supporters not in themselves beastlike. The Rev. A. A. Berle has just returned to Boston from Colorado, and he writes to the *Transcript* as in duty bound to state the exact condition of public opinion. He says that the citizens of Denver are much divided about the matter. Judge Lindsey is the best of men and also the worst. He is the idol of righteousness and the demon of iniquity. Perplexed by such diverse views, the Rev. Mr. Berle could see nothing for it but to address his inquiries to men of established character and intelligence. He did so, and was generally assured that Mr. Lindsey was "neither by temperament, ability, nor any other qualification the man to be at the head of the juvenile court." Mr. Berle then turned to the university men in order to discover the educational point of view. He says: "I could not run down any man who would give him unqualified endorsement, while the overwhelming opinion was such as to make the whole Lindsey story as the country knows it and his juvenile court one of the hugest gold bricks the country has ever had passed out to it." Mr. Berle's terminology, which smacks somewhat of the great wicked world, makes it necessary to remind ourselves once more of his clerical profession and therefore of his presumptive partiality for reform of all kinds, although this may be somewhat modified by his Bostonian environment. But that he is impressed by the volume of opinion against Judge Lindsey as well as by its quality is evident enough. Moreover, he tells us that the action of the juvenile court in eighty-four cases of assaults upon girls is evidence that the court "sadly needs overhauling." It seems hard to believe that all this is a mere reflection, a sort of echo, of the activities

of the Beast. But if the Beast is not responsible, nor the women, it seems difficult for mere outsiders to arrive at a conclusion.

But no doubt the result of the recall petition will settle all these anxious questions. We shall know then whether Judge Lindsey is guilty or innocent. It is true that the old-fashioned methods of the ordeal by water or by fire were quicker and quite as logical. Much may be said also for a cast of the dice in such matters. But these fine old tests are obsolete, more's the pity. Nowadays their place is taken by the recall. We shall know the facts about Judge Lindsey as soon as the Italian peddler, the ice-cream vendor, the grocer's young man, and the grocer's young man's young woman have been summoned to the polls to register their august opinions. Perhaps a few of the demimonde will be good enough to throw their weight into the scales as an act of public duty. And when the heads have been duly counted there may be a small majority one way or the other, and by the character of that majority we shall know whether a judge ought to be dragged from the bench and disgraced or allowed still to uphold the unsullied dignity of our laws.

Sears, the Taffy Man, and Mr. Bryan.

No apology is needed for referring once more to the scandal of Mr. Bryan's so-called lecture engagements. Indeed it will be necessary to continue such references until the scandal has been abated, either by some voluntary act of renunciation on the part of the offender or by some effective remonstrance from the President. For the President himself can hardly escape a responsibility for actions of indecorum that bring discredit upon his cabinet.

It seems that Mr. Bryan himself has at last felt the sting of the reproaches leveled against him. But he is impenitent and unregenerate. In the statement that he has given to the public he says that these animadversions come from the Tory press, and that they are a part of a general campaign of slander. All public men have to suffer in the same way, some upon one ground and some upon another. If he were not being scolded for one offense he would be for another. The gist of it all is that Mr. Bryan intends to continue his twaddling lectures and to rake in the shekels. We are still to see the name of the Secretary of State sandwiched between the Neapolitan Troubadours and Sears, the Taffy Man.

Now it is quite likely that Mr. Bryan's enemies have availed themselves of all the ammunition within reach and have even made a little upon their own account. But to describe a piece of genuine and general indignation at a public scandal as the result of Tory malice is sheer fatuity. William Allen White is not a Tory, nor is the *Emporia Gazette* a Tory sheet, and a recent issue of the *Gazette* contains a blatant announcement of what seems to be a fourth-rate vaudeville show, and with Mr. Bryan's name in the centre of the programme. Here it is in full:

NEW YORK CITY MARINE BAND
AVON SKETCH CLUB
ENGLISH OPERA QUINTET
NEAPOLITAN TROUBADOURS
WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN
ELLIOT A. BOYL
SEARS, THE TAFFY MAN
LORENZO ZWICKEY
ED. AMHURST OTT

There are a dozen such programmes emanating from various parts of the country and from concerns whose business in life it is to hire any sort of notoriety from a reformed murderer or a converted prizefighter up to the Secretary of State. But this is the first time in history that a Secretary of State has been on hire for such a purpose.

The public is not dependent for its information in this matter upon expressions of editorial opinion. The ordinary news items are eloquent enough and disquieting enough. For example, there was a Washington dispatch printed a few days ago, and which related to an interview between Mr. Bryan and Viscount Chinda, the Japanese ambassador. We all know the nature of the interview. It was on a topic that set the whole world talking a few months ago. There is no graver topic now on the diplomatic board. And the Washington dispatch tells us that "the conference would have lasted longer if Mr. Bryan had not found it necessary to keep a Chautauqua lecture engagement."

Now we need hardly ask ourselves what the Japanese ambassador thought of his summary dismissal. Nor need we doubt that he possesses a copy of the programme in which the Secretary of State competes as a drawing attraction with Sears, the Taffy Man, or that

these vulgar and sordid eccentricities have added immensely to the gayeties of the diplomatic world. It is not a small thing that an ambassador should have cause to feel that he has been treated in an offensive manner, however disposed he may be to make allowances for bucolic ignorances. Nor is it a small thing that the government of the United States should be thus humiliated by its representatives.

The Presidency in Mexico.

The definite arrangement for a Mexican presidential election during the month of September is good so far as it goes, although it does not necessarily go very far. President Diaz was wont to say that an honest presidential election—that is to say an election in which there was no official coercion or gerrymandering—would inevitably result in the choice of a popular bull-fighter, and of course President Diaz was right. There can be no virtue in an election unless we can first be assured of virtue in the electorate.

But we are still left in doubt as to the candidates. General Felix Diaz has diffidently stated from London that he, for one, is among them, and he adds somewhat significantly that General Huerta is ineligible under the constitution. That is, of course, true, but then the constitution in Mexico has never yet been allowed to stand in the way of an aspiring patriotism. General Huerta as the present head of the government can not be a candidate for the presidency, but it is quite open to him to resign from his present position and so to regularize a presidential ambition. And if he should do so it is quite clear that his claim would be a strong one, seeing that he has the army at his back. It is evident that Diaz is uneasy lest Huerta should do this very thing, seeing that his London statement includes the following passage: "When our mission left Mexico it was with the understanding that a fair and open election would be arranged and that I would be back in Mexico before it was held." Furthermore, and as though anticipating some effort to keep him out of the way, he adds: "Even if I am ordered to proceed to Japan it is not certain that I shall go there. My action will depend upon coming developments in Mexico." Obviously it would be premature to assume that we shall not find Huerta in the lists at the time of the September election, and in this event there will be considerable embarrassment at Washington, seeing that Huerta is supposed to be a murderer. But in this respect is there any real difference between Huerta and Diaz?

In any case it seems a little absurd to suppose that the constitution will be allowed to stand in the way of anything that Huerta wishes to do or believes that he can do. His present position is practically a violation of the constitution. When Madero and Suarez were murdered the minister for foreign affairs became the president under the constitution, and he should have remained so until the holding of an election. Actually he remained president for less than a day. His one and only official act was to appoint Huerta as minister of the interior and then he resigned, with the result that Huerta himself became the chief executive. This may have been constitutional in the technical sense of the word, but we need not doubt that the minister for foreign affairs was well aware of his fate if he should have the audacity to refuse to "take programme" from the two soldiers, who knew exactly what they wanted.

But we may still wonder what on earth all this has to do with our government at Washington and why it should seek to impose its political primnesses upon a country that must be governed by the iron hand or not governed at all. It would be hard to imagine anything more fatuous than the theory that the rebel bands now infesting Mexico will immediately disperse and revert to a life of pastoral simplicity merely because an election has been held. They will disperse as soon as they encounter some master hand strong enough to compel them to disperse, and not before. At the present time Huerta is the only man in sight who has the least prospect of success, and therefore a proper policy would have been to sustain him in every regular way. A belief in electoral panaceas should have been banished forever by the fate that befell Madero. The fact that he had been regularly elected to the presidency did not save him from rebellions even more serious than the present ones, nor did any of the fine theories of liberty and rights that he was wont to put forward with such profusion until he discovered that they left so much to be desired as implements of government. A little grim determination would have stood Madero in better stead than all his political theories and all his electoral regularities. Mexico will get no peace until she finds some

man who is so indifferent to formulas as to impose his individual will upon the people, peacefully if possible, but if not, by fire and flame.

Crimes of Opportunity.

The opinions expressed by Judge Van Fleet while sentencing Diggs and Caminetti were actually of much greater social importance than the sentences themselves. Perhaps that is why they have been so largely ignored. The punitive power of the court was limited to the two defendants in the dock, of whom no more need be said, since they will be justly and adequately punished. But Judge Van Fleet was careful to say that the larger measure of responsibility for this crime lies upon the shoulders of society that has created a "laxity of social conditions," an "absence of restraint," and a "lack of proper parental control" that made the crime not only possible but easy.

It is naturally hard to persuade ourselves not only that we have made a colossal social blunder, but that we have actually been boasting of our folly before the world. For years we have been priding ourselves upon the unconventional independence of the American girl as proof positive of a higher civilization and pointing to her safety and her powers of self-protection as evidences of our own wisdom. And here we have a concrete example of what that wisdom amounts to. Here we have a terrible object lesson in domestic tragedy, ruined lives, and broken hearts.

For this particular case does not stand alone. It is in no sense isolated except by its publicity. A laxity that allowed these two girls to be absolute mistresses of their leisure and their acts had its roots deep down in our whole social organization. Who shall say how large a part was played by our system of co-education, a system that has had more to do with breaking down the protective mysteries of womanhood than any other force in our midst? Who shall say how large a part was played by the shameless public discussion of sex matters that makes vice first an object of familiarity and that then tempts to experiment? We have allowed our newspapers, our theatres, and our pulpits to reek and stink of sex, we have placidly watched the youth of the nation saturate itself with the poison, and we have called it liberty. Now the chickens are coming home to roost, as chickens usually do.

The story of these four young degenerates is spectacular because of a certain artificial publicity, and for no other reason. It is duplicated every day. Last week we read of a hue and cry after two young girls who were supposed to have disappeared mysteriously from their homes. The white slave trade gave opportunity for sensational headlines and for some of the usual public disquisitions upon nastinesses that are never quite so plentiful as in the nasty minds that entertain them. Every sensible person knew that these two truant had probably availed themselves of the "freedom of the American girl," and so they had. One of them, sixteen years old, had run away to go on the stage and was found in a nickelodeon, and the other, seventeen years old, has written to her friends refusing to give her address, but saying that she is seeking a situation. Probably she will find one. Every few days we read stories of this kind, and most of them end in disaster, just such disaster as has now been over-aided in the courts. There must be many of which we never hear at all, stories of girls that have never known a restraining hand, whose parents were fatuously proud of their "independence." And there are thousands who escape the grosser forms of disaster only to play an ignoble part in the divorce courts because their "liberties" were unguided and unrestrained almost from their birth.

And so it seems to be time for a re-tracing of our steps and for a frank recognition of the weaknesses and the limitations of human nature. Judge Van Fleet said the crime of Diggs and Caminetti was "essentially one of opportunity," and that our social system was to blame for that opportunity. In this matter laws will help us hardly at all. It is for parents to help themselves by seeing to it that such grim opportunities as this are kept at arm's length by guardianship and control.

Editorial Notes.

The suit brought by the Boyd Coal and Coke Company of Illinois against the United Mine Workers of America is one of the very few attempts to bring home a sense of responsibility to labor organizations. The original dispute was in relation to the discharge of an engineer. The union demanded that he be reinstated. The company declined to reinstate him on the ground that they had exactly the same right to refuse employ-

ment as the individual had to refuse to be employed. Arbitration was offered by the employers and rejected by the men, who preferred to strike, and a long and costly struggle has ensued. The company now asks the court to order that the controversy be submitted to arbitration, to name the arbiters, and also to assess the damage done to the mine with a view to the liability of the union for that damage. Whether the plea of the company is sustainable by law remains to be seen. That it is sustainable by common sense is obvious enough, and the proceedings will be watched with some interest by those who have suffered or who may suffer from union aggression.

FOLLOWING THE TYROLEAN YODLERS.

Vaudeville Engagements of Secretary of State an Embarrassment to American Diplomacy.

American diplomacy at the present time is not what it was in the days of John Hay. With the Secretary of State following the Tyrolean Alpine Yodlers on the Chautauqua trip; the counselor of the department, Professor Moore, being out of sympathy with the administration's policy towards Mexico, and the First Assistant Secretary, Mr. Osborne, being chiefly engaged in political matters, there is no sure hand to guide the ship of state. Consequently we find that a great many of our citizens are killed in Mexico without any reprisals from Washington. Provisional President Huerta advises us that our ships of war had better vacate Mexican harbors, and, as a further evidence of contempt, offers to give first-class passage to any Americans who object to the steerage accommodations offered by the United States government in getting them out of Mexico.

The failure of American diplomacy is showing itself, not so much in the Mexican situation, which is bad enough, but in the general attitude of the European powers. With different handling, Great Britain and Germany undoubtedly would have participated in the Panama-Pacific Exposition. There is a general disposition in Europe, however, to smile at the new Secretary of State as a "grape juice diplomatist" who is more expert on the lecture platform than at his desk in the State Department.

But what can we expect when Mr. Bryan's taste turns to the variety shows that are presented by the Chautauqua Association. The instinct of the actor is in his blood, and it is probably more to his liking to occupy the star's dressing-room in the tent of entertainment than to work laboriously over international problems, the successful solution of which does not always bring instantaneous applause.

When Mr. Bryan recently appeared with the Tyrolean Alpine Yodlers at Staunton, Virginia, the birth-place of President Wilson, the audience was about 1600 strong. At 50 cents a head that meant \$800. Of this Mr. Bryan got \$400, his share being the first \$250 taken in, and 50 per cent on all receipts above \$250.

It was a big night for Staunton. There was genuine enthusiasm for Bryan, who followed the yodlers. At all these entertainments the yodlers divide the applause with Bryan.

The successor of Jefferson, Webster, Clay, Seward, and Hay tossed aside his big yellow slouch hat, mopped his brow, and with a smile of near-enthusiasm asked, "Which would you like, ladies and gentlemen, the 'Making of a Man' or the 'Signs of the Times'?"

The crowd usually yells for the latter. The performer then bows, sips some water, and the star act is on. Bizarre though his surroundings are, incongruous, cheap, blatant, Bryan by sheer force of his personality and the apparent sincerity that is a characteristic of him, lifts the occasion to a plane of dignity. He takes the matter seriously and his seriousness is conveyed to his hearers, some of whom arrive in a patronizing spirit, their vanity tickled at the idea of being amused by so great a dignitary at the cost of 50 cents. Meanwhile, however, the dignity of the State Department is suffering in the eyes of the world. What must Europe think when it reads the offer of the New York World to contribute \$8000 a year to Mr. Bryan if he will merely attend to his duties in the State Department? The World makes this formal offer to the Secretary of State, chosen by President Wilson:

If you will devote your entire time to the duties of your office and refrain during your tenure from lectures or other addresses at which admission fees are charged, the World will pay you on behalf of the American people regularly during your incumbency of the office of Secretary of State the sum of \$8000 a year, with no obligation on your part except to observe the one condition herein expressed.

Mr. Bryan complains bitterly because the newspapers are criticizing him, and yet he makes not the slightest effort to conciliate. He continues to absent himself from the State Department, and even when he is actually on duty he has a way of giving out news as though he had previously had a monopoly on such matters, selling his information at high figures, and now performed a great service to the community in dispensing the information free of charge.

Not long ago the correspondent of a New York paper had asked Mr. Bryan in the course of the semi-weekly interview whether the staff of the Mexican embassy was to be augmented in order that business might be transacted with greater facility. The force had been depleted, and it was a matter of interest to Americans in Mexico that the employees who had been driven out were not replaced by others. At that time Mr. Br

had just given out the news of the appointment of John Lind as special envoy. He turned to the newspaper man who had asked the question, and remarked abruptly: "Don't you think I have given you enough for one day?"

Another newspaper man interrupted with a different question, which was answered, and the New York correspondent had an opportunity to reflect for a moment that he had been treated with scant courtesy. He waited his opportunity and said before all the other newspaper men: "Mr. Secretary, I asked you a question a moment ago which I considered of public interest, and your reply was rude and insulting. I simply want you to know that you can not make such replies without having your attention called to them." The correspondent turned on his heel and left the room.

Mr. Bryan grew red and said to the other correspondents that he had meant no rudeness, and it was noticeable that his attitude was a little more moderate from that time on. But he still appears to think that he is doing a great favor to the newspaper men when he tells them any matters affecting the public interest.

The result of Mr. Bryan's attitude is to spread the spirit of levity among most of the government officials. They all regard it rather in the light of a joke that Bryan, who is considered an experienced politician, should so open himself to public ridicule and condemnation. It was as a result of the general talk about Bryan's desertion of his post when the Mexican situation was most acute that one of the officials in a half-humorous way wrote the following letter:

I have a scheme for the administration which will avert a war with Mexico for the time being at least. Why not declare war in New York? First, it is at present under a dual dictatorship; second, there are more American citizens killed in one month in New York than have been killed in Mexico since the war started. The property of more Americans is confiscated in one month in New York than ever has been or ever will be in Mexico. Therefore I volunteer my services for war with New York.

The Mulhall investigation, which has been drawn out to a nauseating extent, has at last come to a close. What was achieved by the many hearings is not apparent. Mulhall has shown himself to be a braggart and a cheat. He has admitted that he claimed to have influence which he did not possess, and while his letters show that he was free to assert that he could control congressmen the facts proved that he was able to do nothing of the kind. The National Association of Manufacturers has been shown to be a gullible and easily fooled organization, but the only real comment that can be made is that it seemed willing to permit Mr. Mulhall to do the things which he pretended to do and had no way of doing. The result of the investigation will be a whitewash of the members of Congress and probably a recommendation that candidates hereafter be barred from making pledges to labor unions or manufacturers. The present system with reference to the labor unions, as well as the manufacturers, is equivalent to electing prejudiced jurors.

The next thing we are going to see is a hard fight in the Senate over the currency. The tariff bill will be signed by the time this letter is published, but there is still to be waged the war over whether there are to be twelve federal reserve banks or a fewer number; whether the government is to have absolute control or merely a modified form of control, and whether the big city banks are to be compelled to yield 20 per cent of their reserves to the federal banks or a smaller proportion.

FEDERAL.
WASHINGTON, D. C., September 20, 1913.

Scotland's last stagecoach has made its last run. Recently it made the distance between Cambletown and Tarbert as usual, and then gave way to the modern motor. For over forty years the coach has carried the mails and passengers over this wild part of Argyllshire, and it is notable that during that period not a single letter has gone astray. Only once in that time did the driver fail to complete his double journey. On that occasion the coach was snowed up in returning. The passing of this, the last stagecoach in the northland, seems like the end of a very ancient institution, but it is by no means so ancient as it seems. At the close of the eighteenth century stagecoaches were still rare beyond Edinburgh. Not until 1806 were they tried between Perth and Inverness, and regular mail coaches between Inverness and Aberdeen were not established before 1811.

Built by the French Huguenots seeking refuge from France at the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes of 1685, and having passed from them to the Church of England, and now in the hands of the Congregationalists, the quaint old chapel of Orange Street, London, is about to close its doors and vanish. Many notable preachers have occupied its pulpit, among others Toplady, who wrote "Rock of Ages" during his ministry. The Rev. Samuel Luke was also minister for some years, and it was his wife who wrote "I think when I read that sweet story of old." An original copy of the hymn in the author's handwriting is one of the treasured possessions of the church.

More than \$100,000,000 has been spent on the scheme to make Russia independent of American cotton imports. All efforts to enlarge the area of cultivation of cotton in Turkestan and the Transcaspian territories in Asiatic Russia have turned out perfectly useless.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Byron H. Uhl, commissioner of immigration at New York, has not yet made up his mind what to do with Mrs. Pankhurst when that lady arrives. He seems inclined to think that she will be sent to Ellis Island and cooped up for awhile among the five thousand immigrants who are usually there awaiting a determination of their fate. Ellis Island is one of the few genuine democracies on earth. No social distinctions are to be found there. Passengers of all classes are treated exactly alike, sleep in the same dormitories, and eat at the same table. The problem for the authorities to decide is whether Mrs. Pankhurst has been guilty of moral turpitude in her assaults upon British law and order. Irishmen fresh from British prisons have been admitted again and again, not only without question, but with honor, but then the Irishmen have had innumerable friends with votes, and we all know that the possession of votes has a modifying effect upon moral turpitude. Probably Mrs. Pankhurst will be intensely disappointed if she should be admitted without trouble, and for this reason it seems a pity to give her the kind of advertisement upon which she feeds.

A world of social philosophy is hidden in a letter that appears obscurely in a London newspaper. It seems that some one had asked the cause of the prevailing "middle class" fashion to have only one child or even no children at all. The writer of the letter in question suggests a probable explanation. May we not find the reason, he asks, in the present tornado of taxation directed against the more comfortable classes for the education, feeding, clothing, medication, and general shepherding of the enormous families of the very poor. Nowadays it is only the socially submerged and the destitute who can afford to have large families.

Our old friend Wu Ting-fang seems to have been playing a devious part in Chinese politics since he left this country, where he always gave so much amusement without offense. Sun Yat Sen, writing one of those many letters wherein he is wont to take the Western world into his confidence, says that "Emperor Yuan" wrote a letter to Wu Ting-fang threatening to prosecute him for treason if he persisted in keeping up his friendship for Dr. Sun. Thereupon Wu Ting-fang wrote a letter to Yuan denouncing Dr. Sun and charging him with having had certain dealings with Japanese capitalists so that his sensitive heart was "almost crushed" under such undeserved suspicions of treason. The world is growing a little tired of Dr. Sun and of the many absurdities associated with the opera bouffe democracy in China. There is always a tendency to applaud the strong man, and Yuan seems not only to have a reasonable idea of what he wants, but a very decided intention to get it.

Mr. Carnegie is said to be greatly surprised by the refusal of the Balkan states and of Greece to recognize the proposed commission to investigate the outrages committed by the Christian armies upon the Turks and upon one another. But the refusal seems reasonable enough. No one likes to be investigated, and particularly by an eccentric old gentleman who has no status whatever in the matter. What should we have thought if some meddlesome old Greek had appointed a commission to investigate the stories of the "water cure" that were so rife during the Philippine war and had actually asked us to assist in the proceedings?

Canada seems to be peculiarly successful in her immigration policies. No less than 402,432 persons entered the Dominion during the fiscal year ending March 31. In point of nationality Canada's new citizens are in marked contrast with those now coming to the United States. The sources for the last year were: British, 150,542; United States, 139,009; other countries, 112,881. In round figures Canada's total arrivals since the opening of the present century have numbered 2,700,000, of whom 1,000,000 were British, 750,000 from the United States, 165,000 from Austria-Hungary, 88,000 from Italy, 67,000 from Russia, 61,000 Jewish, and 31,000 from Germany. Canada not only gets a liberal supply of immigrants, but they come from the best parts of the Old World, while the number emigrating from the United States is certainly significant. Perhaps it would be worth while to ascertain why we lose so many people to Canada and also why we fail to get the best classes of people from the Old World. The inquiry should not be a very difficult one.

Now Italy has joined the already long list of countries where a falling birth rate is exciting the alarm of the government. The rate is now so low and the emigration is so large that the country is in danger of depopulation and the authorities are being called upon to pass laws to discourage the exodus that goes on so steadily from the rural districts. It may be confessed that our sympathies are with the people rather than with the government, for why any sane human being should wish to be born in Italy, or to stay in Italy after they are born, it would be hard to say. The armies of Italy have reduced the country to pauperism. Her war with Turkey has produced an open and apparently an incurable wound. The spirit of strike and revolt is everywhere and the crushing and perpetual weight of militarism is unbearable. Decidedly the wisest course for the Italian to pursue is to be born elsewhere or to go elsewhere as soon as possible after the event.

The Labor party, which has been in control of the Australian government for the last three years, has been defeated at the recent general election and its place taken by a Liberal administration. The chief cause of the change seems to have been the attitude of the labor unions toward immigration. The country at large believes that suitable immigrants should be aided and welcomed. The labor-union policy was, of course, to close the doors and lock them, certainly a policy

of the most amazing stupidity, considering the enormous size of Australia and its scanty population. There are other indications that the commonwealth is now ready for a period of tranquility and for the digestion of the somewhat large mouthfuls of legislation and reform that it has swallowed. The referendum was invoked on six important amendments to the constitution, and they were all defeated, while the three women candidates for the federal parliament were rejected. The new Liberal premier is Mr. Joseph Cook, but his majority is so small that he is likely to lead the strenuous life for the next few years.

Some of the more responsible newspapers of Europe are asking themselves why Japan is showing such extraordinary energy in the increase of her navy. The *Fusoo* will be the largest battleship afloat and there are four battle cruisers nearing completion in the Japanese yards. Another enormous battle cruiser is being built for Japan in a British yard and will soon be delivered. Great activity is also observed in Nagasaki, Yokosuka, and Kohe, and these various symptoms are assumed by the *Vienna Neue Freie Presse* to indicate that Japan is waiting for events in the matter of her dispute with America. The *London Times* and the *Paris Temps* say the same thing, and the *Times* is specially impressive in warning Japan to look before she leaps and to count a cost that can not be expressed wholly in figures. The *Kreuz Zeitung* adopts somewhat the same tone, and goes so far as to say that the Japanese backbone would be much stiffer than it is but for the outspoken warning of Sir Edward Grey that the Anglo-Japanese alliance could under no circumstances be supposed to apply to America. The *London Times* in the course of a weighty editorial points out to Japan that she can not be considered at the same time as a white race and also as a colored one. She demands full recognition as being different from all other Asiatic races, as being in fact a sort of white race, while at the same time she claims a leadership of all the colored races as being the most developed of their kin. She must take her choice between the two.

A Swiss correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* sends a brief account of the funeral of Pierre de Coulevain, who lately died in Lausanne and was buried there. The occasion seemed a suitable one for some inquiry as to the story and personality of this curious old lady, who began to write at the age of fifty-seven, and who in twelve years had made not only a name for herself but also a fortune. Her first novel, "Sur la Branche," ran into 179 editions, and "Nohlesse Americaine" was printed no less than sixty-four times. But the *Post* correspondent could discover practically nothing about "Mademoiselle Favre," for so she was known at the little hotel. She was described as a quiet, unassuming, jolly old maiden lady who wrote books in her leisure and played bridge, and chatted, and drank tea, just like all the world and his wife. She had no desire for publicity nor any intention to gratify a curiosity about herself on matters that she felt to be her own concern. Two friends were summoned to her funeral and there were some fellow-guests at the hotel and a few hotel servants. These made up the little group of about twenty-five people who gathered at the grave, but even her friends seemed to know nothing about her, neither where she had been born, nor her parentage, nor the way in which she had spent her life.

Is it possible that the Panama Canal will become obsolete in a few years because of inadequate dimensions? Mr. Elmer L. Corthell, an American engineer who is now engaged in widening the mouth of the Amazon River, says this very thing. He says that in 1898 he read a paper before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in which he predicted that in half a century we should be building ships 1000 feet long and 100 feet wide. His predictions were ridiculed and he was called the "Poet of Navigation," but the ship on which he recently crossed the Atlantic, the *Imperator*, was 918½ feet long and 98 feet wide, and the *Vaterland* will be 980 feet long and 100 feet wide. The Panama Canal is to be 110 feet wide, and if the *Vaterland* were to pass through she would have only five feet of leeway on each side. Mr. Corthell goes on to say that neither is the canal deep enough. It is to be forty feet deep, and the *Imperator* draws thirty-nine and a half feet of water. A ship of that size must have from three to five feet of water under her, and therefore this particular vessel would be unable to use the canal. And it is impossible to doubt that in a very few years even these marine measurements will be surpassed, since there seems now to be no such thing as reaching the limit in anything.

It seems almost incredible that it should be necessary to warn American girls who are traveling in China not to marry Chinamen. But a correspondent of the *New York Sun*, writing from Kobe in Japan, gives this very warning. He says that two instances have come under his observation within the space of a week. In each instance the wife found that her husband had other wives and that she had been merely "added to the lot." The American girl, says the writer, who marries a Chinaman will escape hell in the next world because she "gets hers" in this, and he adds the further warning that the great majority of Chinese youths above the age of seventeen are either married or contracted in marriage. But what sort of girls are they who are willing to sink so low as this? Perhaps they are of the kind who will need a little hell here as well as hereafter to amend their manners.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

Wild dogs, which are almost as numerous as rabbits, and do considerably more damage, are causing the farmers and the government of New South Wales to erect a dog-proof wire fence along the boundary between New South Wales and South Australia, a distance of 135 miles. It will supplement the rabbit-proof fence already up. The estimated cost is \$35,000.

A MATADOR'S LOVE.

The Voice That Turned Triumph Into Tragedy.

Tomorrow the fiesta of San Pablo and San Pedro is to be the occasion of a specially fine bull-fight, in the Bucareli Plaza de Toros, for the benefit of the popular matador, "El Joven de Barcelona"—otherwise José de Garcia.

For considerably more than a week José has been borrowing money from each and every one of his friends—such of them as have money, that is—for the purpose of getting up a more than usually elaborate costume. After much thought, he had decided on violet, gold, and silver as being best suited to his rather light complexion and hair. Now the costume was spread out before him and ready for use, save for a few finishing touches. These Anita will attend to for him, perhaps, if she happen to be in a good humor. But Anita, as José reflected with a sigh, was somewhat *difícil*—she did nothing whatever without bribe or pay.

How different from Carmen—poor little Carmencita! Now, had it so pleased him, Carmen would have flattered her pretty body in the mud for him to trample on. And of a verity he had trampled on her! Bull-fighters do not know remorse as a usual thing, but José came very near feeling it, as he sat staring at his beautiful costume and thinking of Carmen.

How badly he had treated her from the first! Then she had been the sweet, shy *novia* of his friend Enrique, the picador. Then they were fighting in one of the Basque provinces, where there were many pretty girls, of whom Carmen, though very shy and cold, was the prettiest of all.

José's lips curved scornfully when he remembered how Enrique had loved her. "*Caramba*—the fool, so to love a woman! I did well, yes, to give him the dagger."

José had "given him the dagger" one beautiful fiesta night, after the *corrida de toros*, when the blood of both men was heated and coursing quickly after many *copitas* of the fiery red Basque wine. On account of Carmen, of course. How it happened:

Fired by Carmen's indifference, perhaps also by the fact that she was the sweetheart of his friend, José had been making love to her with all his might and main, meeting in response indifference and disdain. So that, his fiery Basque blood fully up, José swore that she should love him and that he would take her away from Enrique, even though he perished in the *infierno* for it. To pay her out for her coldness to him, the most popular matador in Spain, he would make her love him, even as women had done before now, and Enrique would drop her. Then he, too, would scorn and leave her. And serve her right! That any woman should dare to treat him, José de Garcia, with indifference!

It was not difficult to arouse Enrique's suspicion. A few red roses, a crimson *pañuelo*, a gold ring, first openly displayed by José among his *cantina* friends and then left anonymously at Carmen's home, did the work.

Poor Carmen never knew. She was working industriously, day after day, sewing and embroidering on what she thought would be her bridal garments. For Enrique had asked her father, and her father had said "yes." And the marriage was to take place before the matadors went away from Santa Maria de Biscay. Of course she knew that something was wrong with Enrique; never giving José a thought, beyond anger at his impertinence, she could not understand what was the matter. But Latin women are used to heat and cold—they accept such things uncomplainingly, and all they can do is to steal away to some little chapel and pray that the Virgin, who understands the hearts of women, may make all right again.

Late one evening, when Carmen was in the chapel saying her *rosario*, Enrique stole to her home and watched stealthily from the rose thickets. He did not see Carmen, though he knew she must be there. But he did see José swagger down the lane and wait outside Carmen's window, with red roses in his hands. That was enough! Then he went back to the village and drank quietly, steadily, until when, late at night, José came in, warbling a Spanish love-song, with a red rose on his breast. Enrique flung his wine into the matador's face and screamed furiously: "*Sin vergüenza! Ladron!*"

There were cries of rage; the crashing of glasses, as tables and chairs were knocked over; the flash of a quick dagger; and heaving, panting groans as Enrique fell dying under the feet of his boyhood's friend.

José had to flee from Santa Maria, secretly, in the night. And Carmen went with him. With the cunning of the *diablo* himself, it had been represented to her by bribed friends that the quarrel and fight were over another woman and that José had been defending her own rights as the betrothed of Enrique. After that it was plain sailing for José. Carmen went with him to Madrid, and, as he was just the type of a man to inspire wild, unreasoning, unthinking love in a woman, Carmen's love for him grew day by day until she came to feel nothing else—no other thought entered her mind but José, José.

Those days in Madrid, before he had ceased to care for her! Even now José could not remember them without a tingling of the blood. For no woman had ever loved him as Carmen had. In so many, in all ways she had proved it—the time when he was badly gored in the San Sebastian bull-ring, and they thought he might die. He wondered now, with a small thrill of amused, gratified vanity, if Carmen had ever rested for one

moment during the weeks that the wound had so tried him. In the moments of the worst pain she had never stirred from his side; holding him close and soothing him with all the tender love-words a Spanish mother lavishes on her little one, she had tried to help him to bear it and doubtless had suffered far more than he. And when he was getting better, how had she managed to provide the delicious food that she brought him every day?—because he had saved no money—trust a matador for that. She must have pawned every garment and bit of jewelry that she owned.

In Madrid he had deserted her to come to Mexico. That was four years ago. Sometimes he rather regretted it. Carmen had loved him so much as to tire him, but still she had always been willing, nay, anxious to work her fingers off for him. If he had no money, she would get it for him. There was never a word of reproach when he reeled home, drunk as a lord—or a bull-fighter. She had done all that a woman invariably does do for a worthless man. And he had repaid it—yes. For the fraction of a moment José was almost sorry for it all.

Now he must go out and buy something for Anita, putting her in a good humor so that she will sew the rosettes on his *traje* for tomorrow. But, alas! investigation of his pockets reveals not a centavo, not even the ghost of a centavo! And when he broaches to Anita the question of her buying and arranging the rosettes, that lady jeers at him—she is busy, and has something better to do than waste her few centavos on a pauper of a torero. Therefore, with curses both loud and deep, the angry matador perforce has to pawn his precious cigarette-case to obtain the wherewithal to pay a tailor to do the work.

The fiesta day of Saints Peter and Paul dawns clear and bright, and such of José's friends as he meets during the morning congratulate him on the fine weather, "so good for the fighting," and wish him *buen suerte*. They are all going, they promise; and if he kills *El Diablo*—the big Andalusian bull provided specially for José, who hates the Mexican animals—in a fitting and approved manner, they will tender José a banquet, *pero magnífico*, that night!

The enormous Plaza de Toros is packed, both *sol* and *sombra*, when José, in all his war-paint, strolls languidly through the private entrance, just as the trumpets have blown for the dragging out of the first bull, rather bunglingly killed by *El Muchacho*. The latter is not a favorite, and the great packed ring hoots and jeers at him, with many scornful remarks as to his appearance, looks, manners, and so on, with derisive tinklings of cow-bells. Poor *Muchacho*!

The band is playing an exquisite swinging Spanish *danza*, seeking to allay thereby the impatience of the people, who are shouting and stamping and calling for "El Joven! El Matador!" José likes to keep them waiting—it makes them appreciate him all the more when he does arrive. Now, while they are stamping and shouting and calling eagerly for him, he is calmly smoking a big black cigar, surrounded by an admiring crowd of picadores, capeadores, and the like. And not until that same cigar is smoked down to a stub does he regretfully throw it away and move toward the matador's entrance to the ring.

Another loud blare of the trumpets, renewed hand-clappings, and the band begins the "Diana" amid loud applause from the great expectant crowd, as José appears, his face flushed with pride and delight at his reception. Flinging down his three-cornered hat and laying his hands upon his breast, he bows low all around to the cheering throng. Then one of the *capa* men hands him some *banderillas*, and he takes his position at one side of the ring, waiting for the Spanish bull that he is to handle alone, both with *banderillas* and sword.

Then with a crash the great gates are flung open and the ring men, capeadores, *banderilleros*, and all, tumble hastily back over the barriers as, with a wild roar that seems to shake the earth, the huge, mad black beast plunges out of the darkness of his pen into the big, sun-scorched ring. His great hoofs tear up the ground as he rages on, his red eyes glare about him, and his furious bellowing sounds over even the music of the band. José watches the brute as he tears around and around the ring, and smiles wickedly. The madness, fascination of the fight is on him; his blood races in quick spurts through his veins; with tighter grip on the *banderillas* he moves nearer the centre of the ring.

Now the bull catches sight of him. With a loud roar, shaking and lowering his great head, he plunges at the matador, horns down. It looks a near thing, one can almost see the great, curving horns pass through and through the motionless man; but, by a hair's breadth, they sweep by. Another wicked bellow from the bull as he stamps and paws and rages, and José is at a safe distance, smiling triumphantly as the crowd bursts into wild applause over the beauty of his stroke. For the gay red-and-yellow-barbed instruments stand out with almost mathematical precision from the huge black bulk of the *toro*. A fine stroke, indeed!

Three times are the *banderillas* put in, and the bull is in a passion of wild fury, rage, and agony combined. Blinded by the dust and the blood that is pouring down from his torn, quivering neck and shoulders, bellowing with pain, panting, pawing, and tearing at the ground, he is nevertheless foiled in his every attempt to get at his tormentor, who is mocking and torturing him with flapping red cloths and derisive, jeering motions.

But enough of the *banderillas*—now for the sword work. With a smiling nod, the matador accepts the sword that is hastily handed to him from behind a bar-

rier, and, sheathing it in his satin cloak, leaps backward, to avoid the rush of the bull as he comes madly on, head down, evidently realizing what the sword is for.

Charge after charge is made, and avoided by the matador, who has never in all his bad life fought with the superb skill and beauty of now. The audience is enchanted. From hoarse, hysterical screams of joy and applause, accompanied by showers of dollars and purses and flowers from the beautiful women in the boxes, the throng has now passed into absolute silence, breathless, watching every movement, paralyzed with delight at the magnificent struggle below between well-matched Spanish matador and Spanish bull.

But at last the matador sees that the bull is exhausted; he must kill—the play can not last longer. With a quick movement to one side, he poises himself on tiptoe to give the death-cut in his own peculiar manner—the cut that has made him famous. As he lifts the gleaming blade, like a flash there comes to him the thought of the old Spanish corral in Barcelona where he had learned and practiced that stroke, with Enrique and other Spanish *muchachos* applauding from the walls, even as this Mexican and peon assembly are applauding now. Poor Enrique! A superstitious feeling of remorse has hardly time to pass over his murderer before the bull is plunging on in another mad rush, quivering with rage, eyes and head covered with blood, and flinging out great flecks of foam as he charges.

The matador leaps forward and poises the sword on a straight line with the heaving, torn neck of the bull; he sees with delight that it will just touch the vital point, and smiles, thinking it will be the cleanest cut he has ever given in the ring—the bull will die in two seconds—

In that very moment, in less than the twinkling of an eye, there comes thrilling to him, freezing the smile on his lips and making him shake and quiver with fear, even as does the great animal now almost upon him, the sound of a voice, high-pitched, revengeful, sweet with the southern Basque accent: "*Sin vergüenza! Ladron!*"

Paralyzed with fear and superstition, almost looking for the murdered Enrique to appear, the matador stands motionless, unable to move or defend himself.

Before the people can realize that something is wrong, the bull, with triumphant bellowing, is grinding and trampling under him a limp reddened mass of violet and gleaming gold and silver. Men and women and children are cursing and fainting and weeping—but to no avail, the matador José will give no more death-thrusts.

When the poor, trampled dead body is reverently carried out later a woman intercepts the bearers. She is Spanish, dark and beautiful, and very calm and still. She tells them simply that the matador was her husband—she will go with them.

Composed, with trampled body straightened and shrouded, the matador José lies, seven hours later, crowded over with flowers and surrounded by candles. And huddled against the bed, a tiny Spanish dagger buried up to its hilt just below her soft throat, the same woman is lying.

No one knows who she is or where she came from. That she is Spanish they know from the Toledo dagger and the blue-black of her hair, and that her name is Carmen they learn from the engraving on the one ring that she wears—a present from José after beating her for the first time in Madrid.

That is all they ever know!

GIBERT CUNNINGHAM.

Visitors at Hastings not long ago heard England's most famous town criers engage in one of the quaintest competitions extant, that of a battle of voices for the championship of England. The competitors marched four abreast with a piper at their head to the place where the contests were to take place. The first contest was for the crying championship. The judges sat in a tent, so that they could not see the competitors. They judged by the sound alone. One by one the criers stood on the platform, rang their bells and declaimed the test sentence: "Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! Be it known that the floral pageant on August Bank Holiday is a free feast of joy and beauty for Hastings and St. Leonards visitors!" The judges had no hesitation in awarding the first prize to W. B. Angliss of Marlborough, and, having tried one or two of the competitors again, they gave the second and third places to J. Cox of Burnham, Somerset, and C. Tucker of Blaina, Monmouth. Tucker, who is a blind man, had been brought from Wales by a guide; and the award of the third prize to him was extremely popular, particularly as the judges had known nothing of his infirmity.

Though the latest official report on the census of Scotland shows that the population is fully one million greater than in 1881, there is a decline in the number of Gaelic speakers. The enumeration of Gaelic-speaking persons in Scotland was first instituted in the census of 1881. The census now under review gives the number at 202,398, as against 230,806 in 1901. Speakers of Gaelic alone numbered 28,107 in 1901.

The popularity of whale flesh in Japan is steadily increasing. For several years past this meat has been used both fresh and canned very extensively in that country, and there are now in active commission a number of whaling steamers hunting in the waters of Korea and southern Japan.

BARRIE BIS.

Two New Plays by the Author of "Peter Pan."

With all respect for the overpowering genius of G. B. S., and with becoming deference to the gorgeous stagecraft of Sir Herbert Tree, there is no denying that London theatre-goers were more agog over the prospect of a dual Barrie programme than with anticipation of the Shaw and Tree productions. Yet in one important particular the latter plays mark an epoch in British dramatic history, for ten years ago they would have been refused a license. Not that either of them is immodest; our only Bernard has not attempted publicity that way at present, while Sir Herbert saw to it that Joseph's little episode with Potiphar's wife was handled with all discretion: no, the Shaw fable of "Androcles and the Lion" and the Louis Parker adaptation of Old Testament history in "Joseph and His Brethren" mark a departure in that they—especially the latter—are the first proof that the censor of plays has removed his embargo on drama indebted to biblical inspiration. For it should be remembered that up to this year of grace the whole inviting literature of the Old Testament has been denied to the playwright for the simple reason that scriptural plays have hitherto been ineligible for license in John Bull's saintly isle.

Whether the innovation at His Majesty's Theatre will catch the popular taste will become clearer later; in his adaptation of Joseph's story for Sir Herbert Tree that master of pageant, Louis Parker, has had the forethought to supply an ingénue to heighten the love interest, while he has sought his comic relief by hanging the Chief Butler. While that touch of humor may save "Joseph and His Brethren" from the storehouse, it is not improbable that the Shavian method of fun may prove fatal to "Androcles and the Lion." This is a kind of postscript to New Testament history, dealing, as it does, with the early Christian martyrs, but its seriousness is defeated by the persistent manner in which religious sentiments are sandwiched between Shavian jokes. The play, indeed, flouts its audience at every turn.

Hence the relief with which playgoers looked forward to that first night at the Duke of York's Theatre, where the entire programme was to be filled by the author of "Peter Pan." It had proved that the chief piece for the evening, "The Adored One," was too short for a three hours' traffic of the stage; consequently Sir J. M. Barrie obliged with a second little play, a curtain-raiser with the title of "The Will." Thus it was a Barrie bis night, an unusual event, for the standing rule is for the curtain-raiser to be by another hand than the writer of the play of the evening.

However, with memories of "Quality Street" and "The Little Minister" and "Peter Pan" as guaranties for the promise of the dual programme, no one murmured that the entire bill was to be a Barrie one; on the contrary, that fact no doubt explained why the theatre was crowded in every part for the first curtain. And "The Will" certainly realized all expectations. Although in but one act, the falling of the curtain twice during the performance had the effect of extending it to three. The setting, however, was the same at each division, save that a royal portrait on the wall was changed with each interval. "Any Lawyer's Office" was the play-hill's description of the scene, an interior fitted out with the usual accessories of such an apartment, with the solicitor and his head clerk and his apprentice son for the minor characters. In the first phase the man of law is giving an interview to a newly-wed, giggling Victorian couple, the object of whose visit is that the doting husband may have his will drawn up in proper form. He has precious little to leave, but is terribly anxious that his brand-new wife shall have a sure legal right to every cent he owns. From the walls the face of Queen Victoria looks down as with smiling approval on this proof of conjugal affection. When the curtain has fallen and risen again the portrait of King Edward has replaced that of his mother. And other notes of the passing of time are obvious, notably in the aging and vulgarizing of the once doting couple, for the husband is now a prosperous person with seventy thousand pounds to his credit, and the wife, who on the former visit declared she would not have such a "horrid thing" as a will in her house, is now keenly anxious that the new will shall not be varied to her disadvantage. The third episode shows King Edward's effigy supplanted by that of King George. But by now the grasping wife is dead, the husband has become a millionaire, and he is more perplexed than ever as to whom to make heir to his wealth. Such is the story of "The Will," a genuine Barrie morality with a happy blend of pathos and humor and a lesson for all who like to read it. It was touchingly acted and immediately voted a complete success.

In quite a different vein was the chief item of the programme. "The Adored One" was in three acts, the first showing a domestic interior on the eve of a swell dinner party. It was being given by the Toveys mainly in honor of Captain Rattray, who had returned from an exploration in Patagonia to find himself the lion of the season. Having forgotten the ways of civilization, the gallant captain is the first guest to arrive, and ere the host leaves him to receive the other diners he imparts to Rattray that the lady guests of the occasion are to include a woman who has no sense of humor, a woman who has too much humor, a woman who is a coquette, a motherly woman, a suffragette, and a murderess. As soon as the male Tovey has left the room there enters the first lady guest, one Leonora, and Captain Rattray, after a few minutes' chat, begins to wonder

which of the women this may be. As Leonora was impersonated by Mrs. Patrick Campbell there is no need to insist that the captain had undertaken an impossible task. But his perplexity is soon elucidated; Leonora is all the women in one. Yes, even a murderess, for it appears that on a railway journey she had pushed a man out of the carriage because her child had a cold and her fellow-traveler insisted upon keeping the carriage window open.

Such a situation as that first act disclosed, tricked out with delightful Barrieisms, needs no bush. It captured the house all through, creating a keen zest for what was to follow in acts two and three. But then came the disappointment. Enamored of his story of the man ejected from the railway carriage, the playwright must needs use it to fill out the remainder of his "legend of the Old Bailey." That is to say, acts two and three were laid in the Old Bailey courthouse for the purpose of depicting a travesty of a trial for murder. The setting was realistic in the extreme, that effect being emphasized by the to-the-manner-born style in which Sir John Hare acted the rôle of the judge. But that very realism was the undoing of the two acts; the audience felt that on the one hand their sympathies were evoked by a setting which suggested a grim struggle for a human life, while on the other hand they were affronted by having their sympathy derided by a mockery of a trial.

For the trial itself was as much a farce as Pickwick versus Bardwell. Captain Rattray, who had been called to the bar in his earlier years, appeared for Leonora, but seeing that the prosecuting attorney and the judge and the witnesses and the jury all gave many proofs that they were fascinated by the culprit in the dock there was no necessity for him to declare that he had committed the murder himself. Leonora was allowed to come and go as she listed, the jury asked the most absurd questions, the judge ogled the murderess from the bench, and altogether the trial was a piece of sheer tomfoolery from beginning to end. The fact that the horse-play did not amuse the audience, but that instead hearty groans punctuated the dialogue on the stage, was a measure of the extent to which the audience resented such an astounding ending to a promising opening. As has been suggested, Mrs. Patrick Campbell was delicious in the first act, and even in the trial scenes Sir John Hare as the judge and Godfrey Tearle as the sailor turned barrister struggled manfully against adversity. The players were not at fault; it was the play which missed the target. But as the author of "Peter Pan" is probably the wealthiest of our novelist-playwrights he can afford a failure for once.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, September 9, 1913.

Recent investigations on the little-known and rarely visited Henderson or Elizabeth Island have led to the discovery of a complete and curious little colony of zoological total abstainers. The island, which is uninhabited, is situated about 120 miles northeast of Pitcairn Island—itsself sufficiently out of the way, but famous as the home of the descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty*. There is no water on it, not even a swamp, and it is only six miles long; yet it harbors quite a menagerie—a kind of rat, a lizard, described as very abundant, and no fewer than four kinds of birds, all peculiar to the island. These are a fruit-pigeon, a lorikeet, or honey-eating parrakeet, a little rail or crane, and a reed-warbler. The strange thing about the inmates of this curious little natural aviary of coral rock, surrounded by waves instead of wires, is that two of its inmates are birds, one especially associated with fresh water—the rail and the warbler. These, like the rest, must do without drinking, unless the dew can slake their thirst, or they have acquired toleration for sea-water as a beverage.

The civilized world knows little of the famous ruby mines of Mogok, in a valley of Burma, whence come nearly all the large rubies, for the road lies through a forest which is seldom trod by whites. A few Englishmen who live there have laid out a polo ground, and between this and the town are the mines. The diggings are slowly eating up the village, and the main street is already half destroyed. The work goes on all day and all night, the ruby-bearing earth being brought up in iron trolleys. A few strangers who have called at the mines have been told by the officials that they can keep any ruby they may find, but no one has ever been able to find one yet. The gems are embedded in the gold-colored clay, which stretches along the whole of the valley, and it is only after the earth has been washed that the rubies are seen on the tables.

A tablet has been unveiled at Primero, Southern Tyrol, at the house where Alois Negrelli was born, to commemorate his work in connection with the survey and plans for the Suez Canal. Negrelli made his first investigations in 1847, and completed his plans in 1855-6. They were accepted by the Paris Commission, and in 1858 he was appointed inspector-general of the works by the Khedive Said. Negrelli died on October 1 of the same year. His plans were bought by De Lesseps, who floated the present Suez Canal Company to carry them out.

Kaines Castle, on the Isle of Bute, said to be the oldest castle in Scotland, has been restored at a cost of £7000 by the Marquis of Bute. It has been inhabited for 600 years, but the only part of the original structure is the tall square tower, which is a landmark on the island. The marquis has adhered to the Scots' baronial architecture.

OLD FAVORITES.

Autumn Tints.

Coral-colored yew-berries
Strew the garden ways,
Hollyhocks and sunflowers
Make a dazzling blaze
In these latter days.

Marigolds by cottage doors
Flaunt their golden pride,
Crimson-punctured hramble leaves
Dapple far and wide
The green mountain-side.

Far away, on hilly slopes
Where fleet rivulets run,
Miles on miles of tangled fern,
Burnished by the sun,
Glow a copper dun.

For the year that's on the wane,
Gathering all its fire,
Flares up through the kindling world
As, ere they expire,
Flames leap high and higher.
—Mathilde Blind.

Ode to Autumn.

I saw old Autumn in the misty morn
Stand shadowless like Silence, listening
To silence, for no lonely bird would sing
Into his hollow ear from woods forlorn,
Nor lowly hedge nor solitary thorn;—
Shaking his languid locks all dewy bright
With tangled gossamer that fell by night,
Pearling his coronet of golden corn.

Where are the songs of Summer?—With the sun,
Oping the dusky eyelids of the South,
Till shade and silence waken up as one,
And Morning sings with a warm odoriferous mouth.
Where are the merry birds?—Away, away,
On panting wings through the inclement skies,
Lest owls should prey
Undazzled at noonday,
And tear with horny beak their lustrous eyes.

Where are the blooms of Summer?—In the West,
Blushing their last to the sunny hours,
When the mild Eve by sudden Night is pressed
Like tearful Prosperine, snatched from her flowers,
To a most gloomy breast.

Where is the pride of Summer,—the green prime,—
The many, many leaves all twinkling?—Three
On the mossed elm; three on the naked lime
Trembling,—and one upon the old oak-tree!
Where is the Dryad's immortality?—
Gone into mournful cypress and dark yew,
Or wearing the long gloomy Winter through
In the smooth holly's green eternity.

The squirrel gloats on his accomplished hoard,
The ants have hrimmed their garners with ripe grain,
And honey bees have stored
The sweets of Summer in their luscious cells;
The swallows all have winged across the main;
But here the Autumn melancholy dwells,
And sighs her tearful spells
Amongst the sunless shadows of the plain.
Alone, alone,
Upon a mossy stone,
She sits and reckons up the dead and gone,
With the last leaves for a love-rosary,
Whilst all the withered world looks drearily.
Like a dim picture of the drowned past
In the hushed mind's mysterious far away,
Doubtful what ghostly thing will steal the last
Into that distance, gray upon the gray.

O go and sit with her, and he o'ershaded
Under the languid downfall of her hair:
She wears a coronal of flowers faded
Upon her forehead, and a face of care;—
There is enough of withered everywhere
To make her howl,—and enough of gloom;
There is enough of sadness to invite,
If only for the rose that died, whose doom
Is Beauty's,—she that with the living bloom
Of conscious cheeks most beautifies the light:
There is enough of sorrowing, and quite
Enough of bitter fruits the earth doth bear,—
Enough of chilly droppings for her howl;
Enough of fear and shadowy despair,
To frame her cloudy prison for the soul!
—Thomas Hood.

Kore.

Yea, she hath passed here, and blessed the sheaves,
And the great garths, and stacks, and quiet farms,
And all the tawny, and the crimson leaves.
Yea, she hath passed with poppies in her arms,
Under the star of dusk, through stealing mist,
And blessed the earth, and gone, while no man wist.

With slow, reluctant feet, and weary eyes,
And eye-lids heavy with the coming sleep,
With small breasts lifted up in stress of sighs,
She passed, as shadows pass, among the sheep;
While the earth dreamed, and only I was ware
Of that faint fragrance blown from her soft hair.

The land lay steeped in peace of silent dreams;
There was no sound amid the sacred houghs,
Nor any mournful music in her streams:
Only I saw the shadow on her brows,
Only I knew her for the yearly slain,
And wept, and wept until she came again.
—Frederic Manning.

One of the most famous places in Japan where prayers for rain are offered is a large pond in Hooki province. The supplicants are obliged to arm themselves with sake casks, which they must bring from their homes, and the casks must be offered to Daisenji, the temple near the pond. Of course the priests do not object at all to this custom, but rather welcome the drought, since they always take half of the sake and pour the remainder into the pond as a libation to the rain god. Then the villagers refill their casks with water from the pond and return home. When they return to their villages they share the contents of the casks with their neighbors, who pour the water from the pond over their rice fields.

THE BOOK OF EVELYN.

Miss Geraldine Bonner Writes a Fine Story Dealing with the Artistic Temperament.

The next best thing to writing a great novel—and there are now only one or two people who can do this—is to write one that is so honest and so human as to delight and to fascinate. Without staying for a definition of greatness in fiction it may be said that Miss Geraldine Bonner in "The Book of Evelyn" has fallen very little short of it. With a wider and deeper range of interest and a fuller stage she might easily be still more impressive. As it is she has chosen one or two characters for the centre of her picture, and while she has done them sketchily she has done them extraordinarily well. And the smaller figures in the background are no less excellent. They are all distinctive human beings, with no resemblance to one another, and they are all drawn with a sure and deft touch that speaks not only of keen observation and vivid imagination, but also of a skilled and careful workmanship rare enough at a time when to be able to "throw off" a story is a matter for pride.

The story is told by Mrs. Evelyn Drake, whose life has been shadowed by some unexplained tragedy and who now finds herself in rooms in "the decorous Seventies," between Park Avenue and Lexington, New York. Mrs. Drake is a gentle lady of thirty-three who is probably pretty but who disavows it, and whose rigid and blushing proprieties of mind do not preclude a sense of humor. There are other lodgers above Mrs. Drake's rooms and still others below them, and we are formally introduced by the landlady, whose one standard of values is a promptness with the monthly rent. It is through Mrs. Bushey's mediation that we become acquainted with Miss Harris, the professional singer, who may be said to be the heroine of the story:

"Who's on the top floor?"
There was a slight abatement of Mrs. Bushey's buoyancy. She looked at me with an eye that expressed both curiosity and question.
"Miss Harris lives there," she answered. "Have you seen her?"
I hadn't.
"Perhaps you've heard her?"
I had heard a rustle on the stairs, was that Miss Harris?
"Yes. She's the only woman above you."
"Does she leave a trail of perfume?"
I was going to add that it didn't mix well with the gas leakage, the cigars, and last year's cooking, but refrained for fear of Mrs. Bushey's feelings.
"Yes, that's Miss Harris. She's a singer—professional. But you won't hear her much, there's a floor in between. That is, unless you leave the register open."
I said I'd shut the register.
"I don't take singers as a rule," Mrs. Bushey went on, "but Mr. Hamilton being away all day and the top floor being hard to rent, I made an exception. One must live, mustn't one?"
I could agree to that.
"She's a Californian and rather good-looking. But I don't think she's had much success."
A deprecating look came into her face and she tilted her head to one side. I felt coming revelations about Miss Harris's rent and said hastily:
"What does she sing, concert, opera, musical comedy?"
"She's hardly sung in public at all yet. She's studying, and I'm afraid that it's very uncertain. Last month—"
I interrupted desperately.
"Is she a contralto, or soprano?"
"Dramatic mezzo," said Mrs. Bushey. "She's trying to get an opening, but," she compressed her lips and shook her head gloomily, "there are so many of them and her voice is nothing wonderful. But she evidently has some money, for she pays her rent regularly."
I felt immensely relieved.

Evelyn has a friend, Roger Clements, a bachelor of forty-two, who has an apartment on Grammercy Park and who has money, "not according to Pittsburgh standards, but the way the Clements reckon money." Roger leads the intellectual life and visits Evelyn occasionally, animated by a sort of staid and middle-aged sentiment. On one such occasion he explains to her that women must not be allowed to descend into the arena of life, but must keep out of it all, "sheltered from the noise and glare of the world by our own firesides":

I stopped short, cut off by a flood of sound that suddenly burst upon us from the register.
It was a woman's voice singing Musetta's song, and by its clearness and volume seemed to be the breath of the register become vocal. We started back simultaneously and looked about the room, while Musetta's song poured over us, a rich jubilant torrent of melody.
"What is it?" said Roger, rising as if to defend me.
"Miss Harris," I answered, jumping up.
"Who's Miss Harris?"
"A singer. She lives here."
"Does she live in there?" He pointed to the register.
"No, on the top floor, but it connects with her room."
We stood still and listened, and as the song rose to its brilliant climax, Roger looked at me smiling, and nodded approvingly. In his heart he thinks he is something of a musician, has season seats at the opera and goes dutifully to the symphony. I don't think he is any more musical than I am. I don't think literary people ever are. They like it with their imaginations, feel its sensuous appeal, but as to experiencing those esoteric raptures that the initiated know—it's a joy denied.
The song came to an end.
"Not a bad voice," said Roger. "Who is she?"
"A lady who is studying to be a professional." And then I added spitefully: "Do you think she ought to give up her singing to be sheltered by somebody's fireside?"
Roger had turned to get his coat. He stopped and looked at me over his shoulder, smiling—he really has a delightful smile.
"I except ladies with voices."
"Because they add to the pleasure of gentlemen with musical tastes?"
He picked up his coat.
"Evie, one of the things that strengthens me in my belief is that when you get on that subject you become absolutely acid."

Evelyn comes to know Miss Harris, thanks to that lady's aggressive friendliness, and she also comes to know Mr. Masters, who describes himself as a "specu-

lator in voices" and whose relations with the singer are of a dubious kind. One day Evelyn is present when Lizzie Harris sings to Masters:

"Miss Harris has a good voice, I might say a fine voice. But—all here," he spread his fingers fan-wise across his forehead and tapped on that broad expanse, "the soul, the thing that sees and feels—absent, nil," he fluttered the spread fingers in the air.
I was astounded at his cruel frankness—all the more so as I saw it had completely dashed her spirits.
"Rubbish, I don't believe a word of it," I answered hotly, entirely forgetting that I was angry with her.
"Not a bit," he returned coolly. "I've told her so often. A great presence, a fine mechanism," he swept her with a gesture as if she had been a statue, "but the big thing, the heart of it all—not there. No imagination, no temperament, just a well-regulated, handsomely decorated musical box. Isn't that so, Lizzie?"
He turned from me and directly addressed her, his eyes narrowed, his face showing a faint sardonic amusement. I wondered what she was going to say—whether she would fly at him, or whether, like the woman I knew, she would hide her mortification and refuse him the satisfaction of seeing how he hurt her.
She did neither. Moving to the divan, she picked up her coat, showing me a face as dejected as that of a disappointed child. His words seemed to have stricken all the buoyancy out of her and she shrugged herself into the coat with slow, fatigued movements. Bending to pick up her gloves and glasses she said sombrely:
"I'll get a soul some day."

And so the tragedy of the singer becomes apparent. She has a great voice, but she has no temperament. She sings mechanically and as though the words had no meaning for her, and the best efforts of her teachers seem to bear no fruit. Lizzie explains her trouble to her new friend:

"I've been at it two years, with Vignorol—you know him? I've learnt Italian and German, and nearly all the great mezzo rôles. And the polite ones say what you say, and the ones who don't care about your feelings say 'A good enough voice, but no temperament.'" She gave her body a vicious jerk and the stool twirled her round to me. "How in heaven's name can I get temperament?"
"Well—er—time—and—er—experience and sorrow—" I had come upstairs to give advice, but not on the best manner of acquiring temperament.
She cut me short.
"I've had experiences, barrels of it. And time? I'm twenty-six now—am I to wait till I'm seventy? And sorrow? All my relations are dead—not that I care much, most of them I didn't know and those I did I didn't like. Shall I go and stand on the corner of Forty-Second Street and Broadway and clamor for sorrow?"
"It'll come without clamoring," I said. Upon that subject I can speak with some authority.
"I wish it would bury up. I want to arrive, I want to be a great prima donna. I will be a great prima donna. I will sing into that big dark auditorium and see those thousands of faces staring up at me and make those thousands of dull fat pigs of people sit up and come to life."
She rose and walked to the window, pushed it up, and picking up one of the oranges, threw it out.
"I hope that'll hit some one on the head," she said, banging the window down.

Evelyn is present on another occasion when Masters is making a futile effort to compel his pupil to think and to feel. But she sings the lines "with an absence of understanding and emotion that would have robbed them of all meaning if anything could. I wanted to shake her." Then Masters sings himself from the "Die Walküre," and although he has practically no voice "I can pay no higher tribute to him than to say I forgot him, the burlap walls, the thin tones of the piano, and saw a vision of despairing demigods":

My vision was dispelled. No one could have kept it listening to her and watching her. As they went on what he created she destroyed; it was the most one-sided, maddening performance. I found myself eager to have her stop that I might hear him. Before they had reached the end I knew that Mr. Masters was an artist and she was not. That is all there was to it.
She turned to me, proudly smiling, with a questioning "Well?"
Mr. Masters, his head drooped, heaved a sigh.
I could not be untruthful. I had been too deeply moved.
"Your voice is very fine," I said in the flattest of voices and looked at her hesecingly.
She met my eyes steadily and her smile died away.
"Only a voice," she said.
"Miss Harris," I cried imploringly. "You are young, you have beauty—" She cut short my bromides with an angry exclamation.
"And no more temperament than a tomato can," Mr. Masters finished for me.
He ran his fingers over the keyboard in a glittering flow of notes.
"You're a liar," she cried, turning furiously on him.

Then comes the break between Lizzie and Masters. Evelyn knows that something tragic has happened upstairs, and when she can bear the suspense of silence no longer she ascends and finds the singer lying on the sofa with her eyes shut and her hands clasped over her waist:

"I'll have to get a doctor, I'll call the man in the boarding-house opposite."
"Don't," she said in a voice which, for the first time, showed a note of life. "If you bring a doctor here I'll go out in the street as I am."
She was in the blue kimono. I didn't know whether she had strength enough to move, but if she had I knew that she would do as she said, and the night was freezing.
"I won't call the doctor if you'll tell me what's happened to you?"
"I'll tell you," she said, and raising the band from her face caught at my skirt. I bent down, for her voice was very low, hardly more than a whisper.
"Masters has left me."
"Left you," I echoed, bewildered. "He was here last night. I saw him."
Her eyes held mine.
"Left me for good," she whispered, "forever."
Any words that I might have had ready to brace up a discouraged spirit died away.
"What—what do you mean?" I faltered.
"He and I were lovers—lived together—you must have known it. He got tired of me—sick of me—he told me so himself—those very words. He said he was done with it all, the singing and me." She turned her head away and looked at the wall. "I've been here ever since. I don't know how long."
I stood without moving, looking at her, and she seemed as dead to my presence as if she had really been the corpse I at

first thought her. Presently I found myself putting a rug over her, settling it with careful hands as if it occupied my entire thoughts.

Lizzie eventually recovers from the shock of her desertion and announces that she will never sing again. She had known that Masters intended to break with her and the only way she could hold him was to "make good." And she had been unable to do it. She could not get away from the romance, the love-making, and the quarrels. There had been nothing else in her life:

"It had to end and he ended it. He didn't care how much it hurt me, or what I felt, or what anybody thought. That's the right way to be—not to let other people's feelings make you afraid, not to be considerate because it's easier than fighting it out. He was a fine man."
That was John Masters's obituary as delivered by his discarded mistress.

Evelyn presently awakes to the fact that Roger is becoming interested in the beautiful singer whom he has met at her house so often, and to her own consternation she feels the pangs of something like jealousy mixed with a bewilderment that he should be so blind to the radical differences in their social and moral codes. Ought she to tell him of the relationship that has existed between Lizzie and Masters, and of which he has no suspicion? Of course she does nothing of the sort, even when Roger's infatuation becomes evident at the extraordinary supper party arranged by Lizzie for her two friends:

That Roger enjoyed it was evident. I don't suppose he had ever been at a supper where the ladies waited and sometimes, when the plates ran short, washed them between courses. Lizzie's inexperience caused continuous breaks in the progress of the feast—important items overlooked, consultations as to the proper order of the viands, an unexpected shortage of small silver. Before we had got to the canned asparagus I found myself assuming the management. Roger rising and pursuing an aimless search for the beer opener, and Lizzie making rapid, futile gropings for it in the backs of drawers and the bottoms of howls, was distracting to my orderly sense. They couldn't find it anywhere. They had too much to say, got in each other's way, forgot to hunt and stood laughing, while I took up the search and ran it to earth on a nail in the kitchen.

Lizzie is eventually persuaded to let Vignorol test her voice once more, and so discovers that sorrow and shock have done their work and that the temperament has come at last and that now she can understand and vitalize the words that she is singing:

"It wasn't my voice—but that's better, he says it's the long rest—it was the other thing—the temperament, the soul. It's got into me. I knew it myself as soon as I began to sing. I felt as if something that bound me was gone—ropes and chains broken and thrown away. It was so much easier. Before I was always making efforts, listening to what they told me, trying to work it out with my head. And today! Oh, Evie, I knew it, I felt it—something outside myself that poured into me and carried me along. I could just let myself go and be wonderful—wonderful—wonderful!"
She threw out her arms as if to illustrate the extent of her wonderfulness, wide as she could stretch, then brought her hands together on her bosom, and, with half-shut eyes, stood rapt in ravished memory.
We gazed mutely at her as if she were some remarkable spectacle upon which we had unexpectedly chanced.
"I sang and sang," she said softly, "and each time it was better. Vignorol wouldn't let me go."
"What did he say?" I asked.
"He kissed me," she murmured dreamily.

Roger's disillusionment comes when he finds that Lizzie has no thought for anything on earth except her art. When he visits her intent upon a proposal on the eve of her departure to take lessons in Europe she has hardly a word or a glance for him until she discovers that at least his weight avoirdupois can be utilized for the purpose of coercing a refractory trunk lid:

"It'll not take five minutes—just one good pressure on this corner. There's a hat box that sticks up and has to be squeezed down."
With a white face of wrath Roger strode over the clothes and sat on the trunk. I have never believed that he could be ridiculous, my Roger hedged round with the dignity that is the Clements' heritage, but he was then, boiling with rage, perched uncomfortably on the sloping lid. A hysterical desire to laugh seized me and I hacked off to my chair, biting my under lip, afraid to speak for fear of exploding into a screaming giggle.
They were unconscious of anything funny in the situation, one too angry, the other too engrossed. With a concentrated glance she surveyed the trunk, directing the bestowal of his weight. When she had finally got him in the right place, she knelt, key in hand, and in answer to a curt demand he rose and flopped furiously down. To the protesting crunching of the hat box, the lid settled and the click of the lock sounded.
"Done," she cried triumphantly, falling back in a sitting posture on the floor.
Roger got up.
"Have I your permission to go?" he asked with elaborate deference.
"You have," said his hostess, and from the floor looked up with a bright and beaming face from which every vestige of bad temper had fled. "Good-by—good luck. And remember, the first performance I give in New York I expect to see you applauding in the bald-headed row."

It need hardly be said that Lizzie succeeds. A few years later Roger and Evelyn hear her sing "Carmen" before a house packed from floor to ceiling, just like the pictures that had always haunted her dreams.

The author is to be congratulated warmly upon a piece of work of extraordinary delicacy and one that has not only all the "heart interest" that the most exacting can demand, but that is marked by a combination of humor and pathos that raises it to a high rank in fiction. And the illustrator is entitled to share in the applause that will certainly be given to the book.

THE BOOK OF EVELYN. By Geraldine Bonner. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25 net.

Forest officers have found that high-power telescopes are not always satisfactory in fire-lookout work. In some localities heat vibrations in the atmosphere are so magnified by the glass that clearer vision can be had with the unaided eyes.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Unforgiving Offender.

This is a story of the higher and more rarefied strata of society, into which for mysterious reasons the socially ambitious are supposed to climb, or to descend, according to the point of view. Mrs. Stephanie Lorraine has seen fit to run away with Garret Amherst, who is not only a married man, but actually has four children. Soon tiring of her new love, she leaves him and returns to her old haunts and actually has the audacity to put in an appearance at the country club just as though nothing had happened. Those who are aware of the rigid Puritanism that prevails in these social altitudes will find it easy to believe that all the women look another way and that only two or three of the men are prompt to offer the protection of their escort. To them Stephanie explains her marital eccentricities. She ran away with Amherst because her husband had shown himself to be so little of a man, and she now feels a bitter resentment against him because he acquiesced in her desertion and refrained from acting aboriginally in pursuing her and reclaiming her by force. It is rather a curious theory for the wife to advance, and especially at this time, when aboriginal methods are no longer sanctioned. But Lorraine's behavior toward his erring wife is still more unaccountable. First he cuts her dead, which is hardly surprising, and then he falls in love with her anew and implores her to return to him, and so Mrs. Lorraine becomes the "unforgiving offender" because she refuses to receive these advances. She will neither return to her husband nor can she persuade him to divorce her so that she may marry one of the men who came to her rescue at the country club and who happens to be an old admirer. Of course it all comes right in the end through the convenient disposition of some of the superficial characters to kill each other. Indeed we foresee at an early stage that only death can straighten a sadly tangled situation, and it is fortunate that the novelist can always resort to death as an ally in clearing the stage of those who have outlived their usefulness. The author has doubtless given us an accurate picture of a certain society set, and he has told his story skillfully and ingeniously. But we have no ambition to "climb" as a result of the picture that he paints. We would rather stay where we are.

THE UNFORGIVING OFFENDER. By John Reed Scott. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net.

Old New Orleans.

Readers of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* will be familiar with the series of articles on old New Orleans contributed by Eliza Ripley, and will be glad of the present opportunity to possess those articles in enduring form. Certainly they are a delightful possession, not only because of the wealth of information that they convey, but for the sunny and kindly humor that marks them. The author has attempted no general portrayal of the old days except in so far as her own personal memories are representative of the social order of which she writes. At least she shows us how distinctive that social order was and how eloquent of a habit of mind and hearing that has now passed forever. For example, why was music so essential a part of the young girl's education in old New Orleans, while art was not only disregarded, but discountenanced as something hardly respectable? Dancing, too, was held in great esteem, and we are told of Devoti, who carried his violin in a baize bag and who was a veritable Turveydrop. Those, too, were the days when it was considered proper that children should be neither seen nor heard, and we can hardly say that the products of later days have justified a change of method. Divorces were practically unknown in polite circles. There were cases where men sent their unfaithful wives to Paris and made them stay there, a punishment that was certainly not rigorous. One such wife recently died in Paris at the age of ninety-five. As the author says: "She simply went and stayed! He simply stayed!" The author has written an extraordinarily lively book, a sort of perpetually moving picture of a day that it would be well not to forget.

SOCIAL LIFE IN OLD NEW ORLEANS. By Eliza Ripley. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2.50 net.

Voices of Tomorrow

Perhaps Mr. Björkman has fallen into a common error in the emphasis that he lays upon the present time as in some way the beginning of a new era or epoch, and the writers of the present day as its prophet. To exaggerate the importance of our own period is a sort of egotism, and one that we find upon every page of history. The "voices" that have been selected by the author are those of Strindberg, Björkman, Lagerlöf, Grierson, Edith Wharton, Maeterlinck, Bergson, Gissing, Conrad, and Herrick. But what of Ibsen? Is that particular star already upon the wane?

Probably the most important of these essays are those on Bergson, Maeterlinck, and Grierson, a sort of mystical trinity who certainly are saying things to which we have not heretofore paid much attention, but none the less things that are nearly as old as hu-

manity itself. If it was true in Emerson's day that philosophy had done no more than repeat the teachings of Plato it is equally true today, and it would probably be equally true that Plato had repeated the sayings of those who preceded him. We may confess to being a little tired of these trumpetings of new evangels, only to find after all that the tailor has merely been reclothed. None the less the author has given us literary appreciations that are of the finest kind, like all else that comes from his pen.

VOICES OF TOMORROW. By Edwin Björkman. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.50 net.

Economics of Business.

The developments of American manufacturing business and the increasing sharpness of competition have introduced a new era into commercial life. Profits are now entirely dependent upon efficiency, and it must be an efficiency that wholly eliminates waste, whether it be a waste of material or of human energies. A new science has therefore grown up in our midst, and it may be described as the science of efficiency, which can be most advantageously studied through the recorded experiences of successful business men, who have pointed out the broad principles of their own practice and explained the methods by which those principles may be applied. Dr. Brisco's work is an attempt to reduce those principles to a system and a code, and a glance through his volume shows a measure of marked success. In the course of sixteen chapters he explains the various types of business organizations, the principles of management, analysis of cost accounting, factory efficiency, buying, selling, and advertising, money and credit, trade-marks, copyrights, patents, trade names, and trade secrets. The author writes with admirable clearness and in such a way as to convey a maximum of definite and substantial help.

ECONOMICS OF BUSINESS. By Norris A. Brisco. Ph. D., F. R. H. S. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

The Jumping-Off Place.

When Mrs. Marston discovers that life is a hollow mockery and that she has apparently been separated from her husband forever she is advised by her physician to go West, and in new and unfamiliar scenes to recover her nervous equilibrium and so forget the past. She does so. She goes to Montana and enters with vigor into the life of a mining town where the angle of view is different from anything that she has known before. But there is one mysterious resident whom she seems never to meet, although when she gets a casual sight of his photograph it reminds her irresistibly of some one of whom she is trying not to think. At this point we get a sort of clairvoyant insight into the end of the story and into a truly delightful atmosphere of misunderstandings cleared away and of a reconciliation that we trust is still unbroken.

THE JUMPING-OFF PLACE. By Ethel Shackelford. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

Some Books for the Young.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company deserve hearty commendation for the substantial shelf of books for the young that they have just published. Too many of the books now prepared for juvenile reading are a weariness and an abomination. They are either "written down" to the supposed level of their audience, they are merely silly, or they are made to revolve around some momentary craze that is not always a wholesome one. But these particular volumes are all that they should be, and the boy who fails to appreciate them must be mentally deficient. Their various authors have selected some epoch of history, and described it in a way that is both accurate and dignified. Thus we have "The Conquerors of Peru," by H. M. Gilbert; "In the Days of the Lionheart," by Wallace Gandy; "Heroes of Modern Europe," by Alice Birkhead; "The Story of Robert Bruce," by R. L. Mackie; "The Story of the French Revolution," by Alice Birkhead; "The Story of Wellington," by H. F. B. Wheeler; "Stories from Dutch History," by Arthur H. Dawson; "The Northmen of Britain," by Eleanor Hull; and "Once Upon a Time," by Lillian Gask, the last being an attempt to present some of the conditions of early human evolution. All these volumes are illustrated well and printed well. In short, there is nothing "childish" about them. All the best books for children are equally acceptable by adults, and there is not one among these new volumes that will not meet the test. The price is \$1.50 net each.

It is surprising that the "New Thought" has not been provocative of more fiction than it was, but here at least is one little story of new England in which the cult bears a part, although not an aggressive one. It is entitled "The Little Window," by Helen M. Hodsdon, and relates how the heart of an old spinster was so softened by a village lecture that she relented toward a younger sister who had married not wisely but to well. It is a pathetic little yarn and well written. The publishers are the Thomas Y. Crowell Company. Price, 50 cents net.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. Ruth Sorensen, the first woman judge in Norway, has just been appointed. She was formerly an advocate in Christiania.

Porfirio Diaz, former president of Mexico, recently celebrated his eighty-third birthday at his home in Biarritz, France. He attended a banquet in the evening and appeared to be in excellent health.

Pierre Boutroux, who has accepted the offer of French mathematician of the professorship of mathematics at Princeton, is a cousin of President Poincaré and a son of Emile Boutroux, the noted philosopher.

Professor Thomas Whittemore, who has returned to London after a brief lecture tour of the East, is the American representative on the committee of distribution of antiquities of the Egyptian Exploration Fund. He is the first American to serve on this committee in thirty years.

Amanda Hale, M. D., a cousin of Nathan Hale, a hero of the War of the Revolution, and in her day a writer of distinction, has been taken to a New Orleans infirmary, owing to failing health. She is about eighty-two years of age. Many years ago she was in the drug business in Roseland, Louisiana.

John A. Peters, who has been elected to the House from the Third Maine Congressional District, upholds the old-line traditions of his district, which in years past regularly returned Blaine to office. Peters is Speaker of the house of representatives of his state and lives in Ellsworth, where he was born. He is a lawyer and is president of a bank.

M. Eugene Regnault, the new French ambassador to Japan, is well known for his efficient work in Morocco between the years 1904 and 1912. It was at the time of his last mission to Fez, in the spring of 1912, that he was promised by the Poincaré ministry the appointment of ambassador to the Japanese court in recognition of his valuable services in establishing the Moroccan protectorate.

Adolph L. Kline, acting president of the board of aldermen and mayor of New York, a position which he will hold until January 1, when the newly elected executive will take office, is a Republican, and for twenty-five years was a close friend of the late Mayor Gaynor. He has served three terms in the board of aldermen. He was vice-chairman of the board, elected by fusion members when John Purroy Mitchel resigned as president to become collector of the port of New York.

Professor Elwood Mead, who has just been called to the head of the new Division of Rural Institutions, University of California, was formerly chief of the United States Bureau of Irrigating Investigations. He is now in Australia, where as chairman of the rivers and water supply commission of the State of Victoria he has demonstrated his qualities of statesmanship as well as of engineering. He was the first American to hold a professorship of irrigating engineering and at the time was with the Colorado Agricultural College.

Sir Alfred Hopkinson, K. C., late vice-chancellor of the Victoria University of Manchester, who will proceed to India in October to advise the senate of the University of Bombay in regard to questions of administration and organization, was a scholar at Lincoln College, Oxford, and after a distinguished university career was called to the bar in 1873. He subsequently became professor of law at Owens College, Manchester, which position he resigned in 1889 on removing to London. He sat in the House of Commons for four years, beginning in 1895.

Miss Ethel Carnie, a new English author whose work has stamped her as a success, worked for eleven years in a Lancashire cotton mill, beginning when a mere child. The change in her life came when, after years of bobbin-winding, she wrote "Songs of a Fac-

tory Girl," a little book of poems which came to her in snatches as she clattered to and fro under the towering machines. To the little mill girl's mild surprise the first edition of her work sold out like wildfire, as the third edition is now doing. Her latest work is more ambitious, being in the form of a novel entitled "Miss Nobody." She is twenty-seven years of age.

CURRENT VERSE.

A Prayer for Beauty.

Give her such beauty of body and mind
As the leaves of an aspen-tree
When they vary from silver to green in the wind,
And who shall be lovely as she?—
Then give her the favor of harking to love
As the heart of a wood to the call of a dove!—
And give her the beauty of following free
As a cloud in the sky or a wave in the sea!

Give her such purity vivid with light
As the wonder of passion can be,
Aware in the day and rapt in the night,
And none shall be lovely as she!—
O give her the glory a lover shall find
In the sharing of beauty of body and mind,
The paramount beauty of giving, that she
Shall immortally give it!—But give her to me!
—Walter Bynner, in the Forum.

The Passing of the Gael.

They are going, going, going from the valleys and
the hills,
They are leaving far behind them heathery moor
and mountain rills,
All the wealth of hawthorn hedges where the
brown thrush sways and thrills.

They are going, shy-eyed collicens and lads so
straight and tall,
From the purple peaks of Kerry, from the crags
of wild Imaal,
From the greening plains of Mayo and the glens
of Donegal.

They are leaving pleasant places, shores with
snowy sands outspread;
Blue and lonely lakes a-stirring when the wind
stirs overhead;
Tender living hearts that love them, and the
graves of kindred dead.

They shall carry to the distant land a tear-drop
in the eye,
And some shall go uncomfited—their days an
endless sigh
For Kathaleen Ni Houlihan's sad face, until they
die.

Oh, Kathaleen Ni Houlihan, your road's a thorny
way,
And 'tis a faithful soul would walk the flints with
you for aye,
Would walk the sharp and cruel flints until his
locks grew gray.

So some must wander to the East, and some must
wander West;
Some seek the white wastes of the North, and
some a Southern nest;
Yet never shall they sleep so sweet as on your
mother breast.

The whip of hunger scourged them from the glens
and quiet moors,
But there's a hunger of the heart that plenty
never cures;
And they shall pine to walk again the rough road
that is yours.

Within the city streets, hot, hurried, full of care,
A sudden dream shall bring them a whiff of Irish
air—
A cool air, faintly scented, blown soft from other-
where.

Oh, the cabins, long deserted!—Olden memories
awake—
Oh, the pleasant, pleasant places!—Hush! the
blackbird in the brake!
Oh, the dear and kindly voices!—Now their hearts
are fain to ache.

They may win a golden store—sure the whims
were golden, too;
And no foreign skies hold beauty like the rainy
skies they knew;
Nor any night-wind cool the brows as did the
foggy dew.

They are going, going, going, and we can not bid
them stay;
The fields are now the strangers' where the
strangers' cattle stray,
Oh! Kathaleen Ni Houlihan, your way's a thorny
way!
—Ethne Carbery.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Marxism versus Socialism.

We are indebted to Dr. Simkhovitch for a certain clarification of Socialist theories hadly needed at a time of unusual economic incoherence. He reminds us that the Marxian predictions of a social revolution were based upon certain developments that he believed to be inevitable. Marx regarded Socialism, not as an ideal state or system, but as rendered necessary by existing conditions and the results of those conditions. In the absence of the conditions and of their results Socialism would be unheard of. For example, he foresaw a complete concentration of productive, agricultural, and commercial undertakings under capitalistic control. There has been no such concentration. He predicted the complete disappearance of the middle classes and a general proletarianization of the masses, whose misery would increase. Once more his prophecies have been falsified. He foresaw commercial crises of ever-increasing magnitude, and while there have been crises they have not been on the Marxian scale. These were the things that were to make Socialism inevitable, and these are the things that have not happened. Therefore, argues the author, Socialism has been rendered impossible by the theories of Marx.

The argument is an interesting one, if somewhat polemic and sanguine. It is true that Socialism has become tame and that the idea of a social revolution has now the same kind of inspiration as attaches to speculation on the battle of Armageddon. At the same time we can be by no means sure that discontent is decreasing or that there is any certainty of that slow convalescence that is so much more stable in its results than the drastic medicaments of the old-time Socialist. And it is the race between discontent and amelioration that society has to fear. At the same time the author presents us with a scholarly economic presentation that we should be sorry to have missed.

MARXISM VERSUS SOCIALISM. By Vladimir G. Simkhovitch, Ph. D. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Since Vaughn Kester's untimely death the public has never ceased to call for more of his works. The Bobbs-Merrill Company has endeavored to meet this demand and again is ready to present more of his productions—but these are absolutely the last of the wonderful productions of this author. This collection of short stories is published under the title of "The Hand of the Mighty."

Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels has nearly completed the manuscript for a biography of President Wilson and has arranged with an Eastern publishing house to bring out the book.

Coincident with the announcement that the Pope has taken exception to the doctrines of M. Bergson, Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. have to send his most significant work, "Creative Evolution," to press for the tenth time.

Admiral Dewey tells the story of his life in "The Autobiography of George Dewey, Admiral of the Navy," which is published by the Scribner's.

Holman Day, author of "The Skipper and the Skipped," himself a good and careful skipper, is commodore of the power-boat division of the Portland Yacht Club. Mr. Day spent part of the summer drilling his division and in cruising up and down the Maine coast in the *Dazy Jones II*, which has taken the place of its wrecked predecessor. He does not neglect his literary work, however, as a typewriter is part of his ship's stores. Mr. Day's novel, "Squire Phin," a story of Maine villagers, has just been republished in a new edition.

Well known as a South American explorer and archaeologist, Hiram Bingham has written in a new strain "The Monroe Doctrine: An Ohsolote Shihholeth." The book is published by the Yale University Press.

Vilhjalmur Stefansson's "My Life with the Eskimo" is among the publications scheduled for late October.

To Macmillan's Modern Fiction Library there have been added the following titles: F. Marion Crawford's "The Heart of Rome," Hamilton Drummond's "The Justice of the King," Zona Gale's "The Loves of Pellás and Etarre," and Jack London's "Adventure."

Sir Gilbert Parker, whose novel, "The Judgment House," was published a few months ago, is spending his vacation from his parliamentary duties in a visit to this continent. He is at present in Canada, and later will go to New York and Washington.

The Uncle Remus Memorial Association, which early this year purchased "The Wren's Nest" at Atlanta, Georgia, Joel Chandler Harris's home, which is to endure as a lasting monument to the creator of the beloved old ducky story-teller, the sagacious "Brer Rabbit" and the friendly old "Sis Crow," has just issued a charming thirty-eight-page booklet, written by Myrta Lockett Avery, giving a sketch of the author's life, and an account of the work of the memorial association. The demand for Joel Chandler Harris's books, of

which "The Bishop and the Boogerman" and "Told by Uncle Remus," published by Doubleday, Page & Co., are among the most popular, has not decreased with the years, and the generous support which the memorial association has received is just another proof that "The Wren's Nest" will ever be one of America's true literary shrines.

Harper & Brothers announce that they have put to press for reprinting: "The Standard of Usage in English," by Thomas R. Lounsbury; "Captured by the Navajos," by Captain Charles A. Curtis; "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," by John W. Draper; and "A Tramp Abroad," "Life on the Mississippi," "Following the Equator," "A Connecticut Yankee at the Court of King Arthur," and "The American Claimant," by Mark Twain.

New Books Received.

THE DOMINIE OF HARLEM. By Arnold Mulder. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.25 net. A story of the Michigan Dutch.

THE WILDERNESS CASTAWAYS. By Dillon Wallace. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.25 net. A story for boys.

CAPTAIN PROTHOROE'S FORTUNE. By Oswald Kendall. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A sea story of treasure hunting. FATIMA. By Rowland Thomas. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.35 net. A romance of Egypt.

THE CHILD'S BOOK OF AMERICAN HISTORY. By Albert T. Blaisdell and Francis K. Ball. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; 75 cents.

For boys and girls from eight to twelve years of age.

THE ADVENTURES OF JOHNNY CHUCK. By Thornton W. Burgess. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; 50 cents net.

Issued in Bedtime Story-Books.

THE ADVENTURES OF REDDY FOX. By Thornton W. Burgess. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; 50 cents net.

Issued in Bedtime Story-Books.

COLETTE IN FRANCE. By Etta Blaisdell McDonald. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; 60 cents net.

Issued in Little People Everywhere Series.

THE QUEST OF THE DREAM. By Edna Kingsley Wallace. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50 net.

A novel.

A LITTLE GREEN WORLD. By J. E. Buckrose. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

CIRCE'S DAUGHTER. By Priscilla Craven. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

AIRSHIP CRUISING FROM SILVER FOX FARM. By James Otis. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.50.

A story for boys.

DOROTHY BROOKE ACROSS THE SEA. By Frances Campbell Sparhawk. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.50.

Issued in the Dorothy Brooke Books for Girls.

DIAMONO CUT DIAMONO. By Jane Bunker. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

CAMP-FIRE GIRLS. New York: George H. Doran Company; 25 cents.

The third revised edition of the Camp-Fire Girls Manual for 1913.

REACHING UP AND OUT. By Amos R. Wells. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; 50 cents net.

"A hook of incentive for every one, especially young people."

THE QUEST OF THE BEST. By William De Witt Hyde. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1 net.

A book of suggestion and advice for all engaged in work with boys.

THE TASTE OF APPLES. By Jennette Lee. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

A FOOL AND HIS MONEY. By George Barr McCutcheon. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.30 net.

A novel.

MOSHIPMAN DAYS. By Roger West. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.

A story of adventure for boys.

THE STORY OF RICHARD DOUBLEDICK. By Charles Dickens. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 50 cents.

First published in 1854 as part of "The History of the Seven Poor Travelers."

THE PARADISE OF CHILDREN. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 50 cents.

A new edition with illustrations by Patten Wilson.

CAPTAIN BOLOHEART AND THE LATIN-GRAMMAR MASTER: HOLIOAY ROMANCE FROM THE PEN OF LIEUT. CO. ROBIN REDFORTH, AGED 9. By Charles Dickens. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 50 cents.

The third of four stories for children, written by Dickens in 1867.

THE THREE GOLDEN APPLES. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 50 cents net.

A new edition, with illustrations by Patten Wilson.

THE TRIAL OF WILLIAM TINKLING: WRITTEN BY HIMSELF AT THE AGE OF EIGHT YEARS. By Charles Dickens. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 50 cents net.

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LYRIC POETRY. By Ernest Rhys. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

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the development of the lyric idea in English literature."

LITTLE GIRL BLUE PLAYS "I SPY." By Josephine Scribner Gates. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 50 cents net.

An illustrated story for little girls.

THE CHANGING YEAR. Compiled by John R. Howard. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.50 net.

A book of nature verse.

THE WHITE DUCKLING AND OTHER TALES. Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1 net.

A collection of Russian fairy tales.

TREASURE MOUNTAIN. By Edwin L. Sablin. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.50.

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A novel.

THE NEW AMERICAN DRAMA. By Richard Burton. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.25 net.

A setting forth of the conditions which prevail relative to the stage in America at the present day.

HERE'S A NEW ONE. By Adolph Davidson. New York: H. M. Caldwell Company.

A book of after-dinner stories.

TRISTAN AND ISOLDE. By Oliver Huckel. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; 75 cents net.

Richard Wagner's dramatic poem freely translated in poetic narrative.

PRACTICAL SEWING AND DRESSMAKING. By Sara May Allington. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.; \$1.50 net.

With illustrations by Elizabeth Cleves Banks.

JOE, THE BOOK FARMER. By Garrard Harris. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1 net.

A story of making good on the land.

IN THE HIGH VALLEY. By Susan Coolidge. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Issued in the Katy Did Series. For girls of ten years and upwards.

THREADS OF GREY AND GOLD. By Myrtle Reed. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.

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WAR DEPARTMENT. Annual Reports, 1912. Washington: Government Printing Office.

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"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW."

The same lavish expenditure and good taste that presided over the production of "Electra" has been brought into play with that of "The Taming of the Shrew." Miss Anglin, made confident by success, is herself undertaking the staging of the three Shakespearean pieces in her repertory during her season, at the Columbia, and since this is the exercise of a new accomplishment, and one most competently employed, those present Monday night were specially emphatic in their recognition of the artistic beauty of the various scenes.

The courtyard of Baptista's house, with its antique fountain yielding the murmur and trickle of running water, the effect of opulent interiors hestowed by tapestried walls and rich furnishings, and the suggestion of light and splendor during the fête at Lucentio's house in the final act, where all the richly appareled gallants are gathered together to celebrate a sort of composite wedding festival, all unite to lead up to a gradual culmination of the generally striking pictorial effect.

"The Taming of the Shrew" lends itself to this sort of thing particularly well. Those opulent Italians who constitute its characters, if one may believe their statements of their means, are magnificently endowed. That ancient suitor, Gremio, in presenting his plea to his would-be father-in-law, says, in a speech that is probably one that Shakespeare deigned to "touch with gold"—for we must not forget that this play is merely Shakespeare's adaptation of a then familiar and popular stage theme:

My house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;
In ivory coffers I have stuffed my crowns;
In cyprus chests my arras counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needlework.

This suggestion of a taste for splendor is generally borne out in the production as a whole. The costumes are noticeably graceful and handsome, those of Bianca and Katherine being particularly so.

Miss Anglin makes her first entry in a vivid orange-colored brocade that seems to be a very fitting exponent of Katherine's temper. As in the Daly (was it?) production of a number of years ago, when Ada Rehan hounded in, a beautiful, copper-colored fury—for her aura of crisp, terra cotta hair matched her gown—so Margaret Anglin establishes a synthetic link between the fiery blonde of her curls and the burning hue of her robe. Her wedding-robe is of cloth of gold, and in the final scene, when Petruchio's hoisterous discipline has tamed Katherine's seemingly incorrigible spirit, the milder glimmer of silver brocade adapts itself harmoniously to Katherine's gentle expression of love, fair looks, and true obedience.

Miss Anglin is supported by a good company that is able to make the Shakespearean lines come trippingly from the tongue, something that many good modern players are by no means able to do. The greatest lack is that, unless we except Fuller Mellish, who only appears in the Induction, there are no high lights in the company beside the star. Mr. Mellish gives a legitimately conceived yet very amusing impersonation of Christopher Sly, but after the prologue is over we see him no more.

Ion MacLaren, the Orestes in "Electra," plays Lucentio with appropriately romantic spirit. Ruth Holt-Boucicault, who was Clytemnestra in "Electra," is versatile enough to give a strongly contrasting impersonation in her gentle and prettily spoken Bianca. Eric Blind, the Egisthos in "Electra," turns out to be a man of unusually fine appearance, tall, with a graceful, athletically built body, a handsome, well-featured, large-eyed face, a truculent stage moustache, and a tremendous voice. In looks he is a stage ornament and really an ideal Petruchio. He does not, however, inspire enthusiasm as his acting, as he has not that mysterious, intangible endowment of temperament which marks the true comedian. The mock Petruchio, in his wildest and most uproarious moments, should be so richly enjoying the joke with the real Petruchio that the audience perforce enters into the spirit of the thing and enjoys it with equal relish. But in spite of winks and roguish grimaces Mr. F. and tired his audience with his unmodulated, unvarnished noise much as he tired Katherine. Some toning down of the boisterousness and bluster of the part is needed, and a greater admixture of a discreetly con-

tained recognition of the joke would make his lively Petruchio a very good stock-actor impersonation.

Miss Anglin does not offer a single peg upon which to hang a scrap of criticism. All that vitality of temperament controlled by intellect which formerly ran to romantic emotionalism is now guided into the liveliest exhibitions of unbridled temper. I always wonder when I read or hear the "young hudding virgin apostrophe" if Katherine, harassed, fasting, and fagged though she is by the severe disciplinary system of her humorous spouse, is not beginning to dimly enter into the joke. At any rate, no matter how profound a Shakespearean gravity we may maintain through the decidedly elementary if lively humor of the comedy, this speech is always provocative of irresistible amusement.

A new reading, or rather construction (since the scene is given without words), is introduced in the wind-up of this roadside scene, following the whimsical apostrophe to old Vincentio. Katherine, clothed in rags and exhausted, is stretched, slumbering, upon the earth, her head pillowed on a log. Hortensio, with a look, asks for mercy for her. Petruchio, after inward movings of compunction, decides that the cure is not sufficiently complete, and with a crack of his whip rouses her from her slumbers. But, once he sees the woman he has chosen to wife staggering with slumber and fatigue, he yields to his gentler emotions, and, holding her in his arms, supports her from the scene. However, the spirit of this innovation may be said to have some warrant in the latter scene before Lucentio's house. Miss Anglin has allowed that scene to be given over entirely to Lucentio's and Bianca's affairs, but many will remember the final skirmish between Petruchio and Katherine, in which the bride yielded to her exacting proprietor a kiss that, though partly compulsory, is probably supposed to be indicative of the spiritual subjugation exercised upon "a woman, a dog, and a walnut tree" by such measures as Petruchio availed himself of.

Miss Anglin makes a charming final entrance, drawing the recalcitrant brides by the hand and giving us a taste of her old self in Katherine's invocation of the spirit of wifely submission. This closing scene, indeed, is quite a feast for the eyes, with all the gallants and the two fair brides, resplendent in their festival dress, struck into graceful poses of mute attention by the completeness of the cure wrought by Petruchio upon his submissive and suddenly eloquent wife.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

"THE LURE."

There are many people who consider that what has hitherto been unmentionable should not be mentioned. Fiction and the drama, however, reflect the conditions of the day and the topics of the times just as inevitably as editorials in the press. Hence "The Lure." This play is written by George Scarborough, a one-time journalist and later a member of the federal secret service, who therefore presumably knows what he is talking about. Whether he wrote it for mere gain, or in the same spirit as Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin," his friends know best, but just as the horrors of black slavery have been exploited in literature, so will be those of white slavery until it has been put an end to. Books like "The House of Bondage" and "My Little Sister," and plays like "The Lure" must therefore be judged dispassionately and according to the spirit which animates them.

There are, no doubt, many who will stay away from "The Lure" in disapproval of its theme, who will go willingly, even eagerly, to see plays that are sometimes subtly, often obviously, conducive to immorality. There is even now shortly due here a season headed by an actress known all over the country who always plays with openly salacious suggestion. Yet she has been honored in this city and church-goers go to her performances with perfect self-satisfaction and approving consciences; quite innocently, too, because she perverts by the power of suggestion.

To return to "The Lure." This play is a three-act drama depicting first a humble interior where lives "The Girl" with her mother; second, the interior of Mme. Lockwood's—or "The Madam," as she and her like are known—whence the girl is lured by a promise of better-paid work; and, third, a return to the scene of the first act.

This first act represents a conventional sick mother, a poor, benevolent but devoted old German doctor—possibly founded on some actual character and quite realistic—and an affectionate and solicitous daughter. The love story is introduced by the irruption of "The Special Agent," who justifies his intrusion by the necessity of placing a suspicious house in the neighborhood under closer surveillance.

The second act is the one that presumably will attract the prurient, but it is not they that Mr. Scarborough is trying to interest. His whole idea is to present the tragic side of his theme. There is no sensational scene of voluptuously handsome girls on parade. The only girls visible are two young, weedy, immature things who, filled with the horror of discovery, are trying passionately to escape. "The Politician" who owns the house is badly scared; he is anticipating trouble,

and threatens "The Cadet" with consequences perilous to his and all of their safety for having lured a girl away from dangerously influential people. "The Madame" by no means occupies a hed of roses. She is troubled with the remnants of a heart, and feels dangerous movings toward compassion for the trapped girls, who fly to her instinctively as to a fellow-woman in that duplicate of myriad hells all over the country. Besides, she shudders at the recollection of a girl who has killed herself upstairs, and to add to the thorns in her lot "The Politician," dissatisfied with her management of things, threatens her with the street; an unpleasant possibility from which "madames" are evidently not exempt.

This act is intensely dramatic, and therefore absorbing, but very painful in its after impression because we know so well that it is founded on fact. It is acted so realistically, save for a conventionally melodramatic scene between "The Girl" and "The Special Agent," that the players give one a curiously strong illusion of actually being what they impersonate. There is no appeal to vicious imaginings in this scene; quite the contrary. The light-minded theatre-goers, or he who goes in for theatrical sensationalism uninfused with moral indignation, had better stay away. For one is apt to come away with that old, familiar, uneasy feeling that "somebody ought to do something." And in the night, during a momentary wakefulness, one hears the hysterical cry of "The Other Girl," and sees on her face that pallid look of terror of something far more hideous than her worst imagining. In fact "The Lure" indicates terrible things that call for a remedy. It is not a beautiful nor a cheering play, but it seems to me that the only way to keep this sort of thing off the stage is to apply the remedy in the spirit of a true surgeon.

As to its technical merits, it possesses the unusual one of the action transpiring in just about the same length of time as that of actual representation. The dialogue in the sentimental scenes is rather stereotyped and conventional. In the second act, however, it has conciseness and reality. There is plenty of action and a satisfactory and soothing finale.

Those characters that seem so terribly real, that is "The Madame," "The Cadet," "The Politician," "The Maid," and "The Other Girl"—the latter much more so for some reason than the more important character billed as "The Girl"—are played respectively by Charlotte Granville, Leonard Ide, Harold Russell, Jean Temple, and Ruth Findlay. "The Girl" is well represented by Beatrice Prentice, "The Special Agent" in manly and authoritative guise by William J. Kelly, "The Doctor" as a clever character study by Adolf Ling, and "The Mother" by Enid Gray.

J. H. P.

On Sunday afternoon, October 26, Mme. Alda, one of the few younger artists who give promise of succeeding on both the operatic and concert stages, will make her appearance in this city. She will be heard in concert. Her California itinerary is now being completed.

Henry Miller's coming engagement at the Columbia Theatre will be limited to two weeks. He will present his latest success, "The Rainbow," and with him, in the leading rôle at the head of a splendid company, will appear Ruth Chatterton.

Sir Arthur Sullivan received \$50,000 in royalties from "The Lost Chord," and "My Pretty Jane" fetched \$10,000 a line; while the copyright of "For All Eternity" was sold for \$11,200.

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Scientific gentlemen who are devastating whole reams of nice white paper in a fevered effort to tell an unfeeling world, in language sufficiently academic, what laughter is and how it may affect the system, would find a veritable world of information at the Orpheum this week. The bill has more good fun in its make-up than this pleasure-giving playhouse has afforded for some time, and the gentlemen of science would find there a study worth while, for some thousands of theatre-goers have come away to conclude their merriment on the street. If laughter is the best medicine, certainly a goodly proportion of the public will require no medical attendance in the near future, and for this happy physical condition they are indebted to the Doctors of Mirth of the Orpheum stage.

All the new acts are unusually attractive, in addition to the hits which were held over.

Of course the really big thing of the menu is "The New Song Birds," which William Burress presents. Burress, it will be recalled, came out here a few years ago and played to joyous audiences a piece of the same name. Since then he has made many changes in the travesty, all for the better, and as he now presents it the offering is delightfully timely, considering the operatic situation in New York, and it is recommended to cure the most distressing attack of the blues. Himself a comedian of unusual ability, as attested by his former visit, he has brought some thirty people with him who know their business and, best of all, can really sing. In that cast is a voice or two which many would like to hear in solo parts. There is a tall basso, for instance, whose deep notes are heard rumbling like musical thunder, who attracts attention at once. As for that, the six who impersonate famous grand opera stars, all are very pleasing singers. Burress, made up to represent Oscar Hammerstein, would pass, as far as the stage appearance is concerned, for the impresario any time. Ben Mosche, as "Gagagagagazi," leader of the rival opera forces, is an able second to Burress in the fun-making, while Carrie Graham Burress is a capital reporter. Not a little credit is due to Arthur Pell, "the Conductor Bird," who is shown in the cast as Herr Campinouti.

"The Regular," the best piece yet written and acted by J. C. Nugent, in which he is seen to unusual advantage, assisted by Jule York, an attractive young woman who does her part with understanding, is a close second to "The New Song Birds" in popularity. It is a little story of human interest, and lighted by the quiet brand of Nugent humor proves an attraction that should be seen by all means. The act deals with the girl from Indiana on a visit to New York and her desire to see the "sights" of the night life. Nugent, a clubman, in a mellow condition, meets her, learns her story, and finally, after introducing much irresistible humor, preaches a homely little sermon, and "Lizzie" is ready to return to quiet Logansport, Indiana, without viewing the places that dazzle.

The programme opens with Carl Rosini, assisted by Mlle. Margaret. Rosini is an exponent of magic, and a good one at that. He does some new—almost startling—tricks which prove that the hand is quicker than the eye.

Then come Delmore and Light, announced to do "A Whirlwind of Ragtime," and they accomplish it. However, the piano-playing is the more interesting part of the act, and would be better if the player would forego his simpering smile.

"The Little Parisienne," a hold-over, headed by Valerie Serice, follows. More fun, more music, some pretty girls, ravishing costumes, an amusing old Scot who turns out to be Irish, and a whirlwind finish.

In Carl McCullough is found that unusual combination, ability to provoke audible smiles and sing in a manner worth listening to. McCullough is gifted with a clear, ringing voice. He also does some good imitations of well-known actors.

In "Odd Nonsense" Mullen and Coogan are at home. Their hilarity is of the extremely foolish order and keeps the house rocking. Their song, "Where Did You Get That Girl," is one of the best things they do.

Lane and O'Donnell do a tumbling act which affords them opportunity to introduce some novel features, and the audience is kept wondering how near these young men can come to death without breaking their necks.

The moving pictures of the golf tournament at Del Monte are unusually interesting, as they are not only clear, but show many familiar faces.

Miss Anglin's Second Week Roles.

The second week of Margaret Anglin's Shakespearean engagement at the Columbia Theatre will begin on Monday night, when the bill will be changed to "Twelfth Night" with Miss Anglin as Viola, which will continue up to and including Wednesday night. On Thursday night and for the remainder of the engagement "As You Like It" will be given with Miss Anglin as Rosalind. In each of these characters Miss Anglin has won the highest critical encomiums and the large audiences which have been in attendance during her performances of "The Taming of

the Shrew" are enthusiastically demanding reservations to see her in the other heroines of her repertory. Matinees are given on Wednesday and Saturday.

"The Lure" Continues at the Cort.

A second week of crowded houses, such as have been greeting "The Lure" throughout the past week at the Cort Theatre, will be inaugurated at that playhouse this coming Sunday evening, and special arrangements have been made to keep the piece for an extra Sunday evening, the only available extra time possible owing to its other California bookings. Its run at the Cort will therefore continue not only through this coming week, but also the play will be given on Sunday evening, October 5.

On Monday, October 6, Kitty Gordon, the statuesque beauty, will make her first San Francisco appearance in "The Enchantress."

After "Maritana" Comes "The Mascot."

"Maritana," Vincent Wallace's delightful romantic opera founded on the story of Don Cesar de Bazan, will be presented for the last times at the Tivoli Opera House this and tomorrow afternoons and evenings, and on Monday night "The Mascot," which has not been seen here for several years, will receive a capital production. This jolly comic opera by Audran, the talented Frenchman who wrote "Olivette" and many other big successes, is filled to the brim with fun, frivolity, and catchy melodies. Rena Vivienne will jump from the more serious music of "Maritana" to the light but tuneful airs allotted Bettina, the Mascot, and Sarah Edwards will be Fiametta. Henry Santrey should make an excellent Pippo, and Robert G. Pitkin will revel in the rôle of Lorenzo. Thomas G. Leary, the veteran comedian, has been especially engaged to play his favorite part, Rocco, and John R. Phillips will be Frederic, Prince of Pisa. Charles E. Gallagher will be the sergeant and Myrtle Dingwall, the dainty Tivoli favorite, will introduce a specialty in the second act. Comedian Pitkin, assisted by Marie Sherwood, will also introduce his Eastern specialty, "The Chicken and the Frog." The production, of course, will be up to the high standard established at the Tivoli.

"Giroffe, Giroffa," Lecocq's charming comic opera, will follow "The Mascot," after which the Western Metropolitan Opera Company will commence a brief season at the Tivoli Opera House.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum announces another great bill for next week with six entirely new acts.

Saharet, the beautiful Australian and Continental danseuse, has been specially brought from Paris by the Orpheum Circuit and will make her first appearance in this city. Her programme will include a Minuet, Danse Sarbaja, La Panaderos, and Tango Argentino. She will be assisted by Señor J. Florido, a dancer of international renown.

A company of ten versatile juveniles, headed by William J. Dooley, an admirable comedian, will present a musical comedy in review form called "The Lawn Party." A society girl conceives and executes a novel idea in the way of social function and invites her guests to come attired as their favorite players.

Frank Milton and the De Long Sisters will appear in J. A. Murphy's (Adam Sowerguy) skit, "Twenty Minutes Layover at Alfalfa Junction." The action takes place at an up-state railroad junction where a vaudeville "sister" team is awaiting train connections.

Jeannette Franzeska, the celebrated Dutch vocalist, and known as one of Holland's greatest operatic and ballad singer, who for six years was prima donna of the Amsterdam Grand Opera, will be heard in a splendid programme. Franzeska has 174 operas in her repertory and sings in four languages.

Jack G. McLallen and May Carson, America's representative roller skaters, who have recently returned to this country after a triumphal European tour, will appear in the act that has made them famous.

Frosini, the musical genius, and the greatest of all accordion virtuosos, will be heard in operatic and popular selections.

Next week will be the last of Mullen and Coogan, Carl Rosini, and William Burress and company in "The New Song Birds."

"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine."

"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" as it has been dramatized by Eugene Walter is a true and thrilling story of the mountains of Virginia, presented in the purity of its sentiment, the uplift of its moral, and the poetry of its romance, as the million and odd readers of Mr. Fox's delightful story remember June and her primitive ways. The story of romantic love is not exaggerated, neither does Charlotte Walker, who portrays the rôle of the delightful mountain character, accentuate it unnecessarily, but presents rather the beautiful rustic simplicity of the mountaineer's daughter as she sits beneath the lonely pine, awed by the sobs and sighs that comes from his branches as they vibrate in the mountain breeze and being roused to the verge of passion only when she realizes that the dense ignorance of her kinfolk has attributed baser motives to the tremendous love she bears

Jack Hale. Eugene Walter never wrote a better play and Miss Walker, it is said, never had a better part. Charlotte Walker will appear in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night, October 6.

Oriental Opens with "The Ringmaster."

The Oriental Theatre (formerly the Savoy) will open next Tuesday evening, September 30, with a stock company of merit appearing in "The Ringmaster," a comedy-drama of today by Miss Olive Porter.

The announcement of the inauguration of a stock season at the McAllister Street playhouse has attracted much attention, and there has been a heavy demand for seats, which were placed on sale Thursday morning.

"The Ringmaster," which has for its central figure the late J. Pierpont Morgan, abounds with comedy situations and is an excellent vehicle to display the ability of "The Oriental Players." The play enjoyed brilliant runs in New York and Chicago.

In the cast will be seen such well-known players as Walker C. Graves, Jr., Marjorie Cortland, Ada Nevil, Andrew Robson, Frances Carson, Vivian Blackburn, Dan Jarrett, Jr., John Stepping, Frank J. Gillen, and Egbert Munro. The play will be produced under the personal direction of E. F. Bostwick, who staged it in New York.

The theatre is being renovated and decorated under the supervision of General Manager Leon Kutner.

There will be two box-offices, so that those who make reservations will not be obliged to stand in the regular line when they arrive at the theatre. Every seat will be reserved both for evening and matinee performances. There will be matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays. Prices range from 25 cents to \$1.

Spectacular Philippine Carnival.

The date of the Philippine Carnival at Manila for 1914 has been fixed for February 7 to 15 inclusive. The carnival will be largely spectacular, with hippodrome, a sham battle, and athletics. A better carnival than ever is promised, according to information received from the Manila office of Thomas Cook & Son. The Philippine Exposition will be open for fifteen days instead of the usual nine, the dates being January 31 to February 14 inclusive. A particularly beautiful site has been selected, being the moat area between Bagumbayan and the Old City wall—extending from Calle Nazaleda to the Bridge of Spain. It is the intention to make the 1914 exposition the largest and best ever held in the islands. All the provinces and municipalities throughout the archipelago will contribute funds and furnish appropriate exhibits showing the products and resources peculiar to each.

Christine Nilsson, the famous Swedish singer, who by her marriage became the Countess de Miranda, recently reached the age of seventy years. She retired from public life about a quarter of a century ago and practically has not appeared on the operatic or concert stage since then, except on occasions for charity or the like. The countess is spending the summer, as is her custom, at her villa at Husaby, in the province of Smaland, Sweden, which was her birthplace. Her winter seasons she spends in the Riviera. She is in excellent health. Though she may never again visit this country, she has been a property-holder in Boston, having acquired many years ago real estate holdings in the business section.

Now that the lord chamberlain has given Sir Herbert Tree permission to produce Louis N. Parker's "Joseph and His Brethren," at His Majesty's Theatre, London, it looks as if all the banned scriptural plays that were ever written will be submitted for licenses. Among them there will be Laurence Houseman's "Bethlehem," and a play written by an Australian clergyman for Martha Harvey, entitled "Joseph of Canaan," both of which the censor at one time prohibited from public performance.

Albert de Courville, manager of the London Hippodrome and an author of considerable note, returned to London last week on the Lusitania, taking with him an option on "The Passing Show of 1913," with a view of producing this piece over there in November.

Harold Bauer has been engaged as soloist with eleven of the leading symphony orchestras of this country on his coming tour. He will journey direct from Paris to San Francisco, opening his American tour in this city on Sunday, November 2.

One of the early attractions at the Columbia Theatre is the elaborate musical success, "The Count of Luxembourg," with its famous staircase waltz. Another attraction for the leading playhouse is "Kismet," with Otis Skinner in the star rôle.

Schumann-Heink is announced for two recitals at the Cort, the dates being Sunday afternoons, November 9 and 16. She will give one concert in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse.

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MARGARET
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Audran's Famous Comic Opera.
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THE RINGMASTER
A Comedy Drama of Today by Miss Olive Porter.
Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.
Prices—Evenings, 25c, 50c, 75c and \$1. Matinees, 25c and 50c.

VANITY FAIR.

For some time past we have been unpleasantly aware of a certain feeling of revolt that has been permeating the male portion of the great German nation. We have read of special taxes upon bachelors and of the prompt removal of those impatient criminals to other localities where liberty and the pursuit of happiness have not yet been written into the penal code. We have read distressing reports of a falling birth rate, and of impious resistances to the scriptural command to increase and multiply. And now at last we hear of a piteous lament from the bachelors themselves, who have preserved an admirable and dignified silence under the assaults of the law and the taunts of the sociologist, but who strongly object to being hunted by the women themselves unless some special arrangements are made for a closed season or for some system of reservations and sanctuaries. These poor creatures say that they can not be continually upon the move nor ceaselessly upon their guard. The voracity of their enemies grows greater day by day and the pursuit more pitiless. One of these graceless bachelors has actually advertised publicly that he is a busy man, and that ladies are requested not to take up his valuable time by calls that have no other object than to display the charms of their daughters. If he should at any time feel the need of a wife he will whistle or make some other appropriate signal, but that in the meantime there are no vacancies. It is to be hoped that this particular bachelor will be reprieved for a wicked and cynical levity that may one day get him into serious trouble. Men have had their windows broken by gentle sylphs with hammers, they have even been slapped, for much less than this.

And now the London bachelors say that they, too, are tired of being hunted. One of them declares to a representative of the *Standard* that he prefers to remain in town, where he can hide, rather than go to any of the usual resorts, where he must be perpetually upon the run. Another of these chased ones says that there is no longer any comradeship between the sexes, that women are now frankly predatory, that they have no interest in any man except as a prospective husband. If he has money he is hunted. If he has no money he is snubbed. Some men get from fifteen to twenty invitations from the same house, and "that kind of thing puts a man off."

The *Standard* representative, being a man of a just and judicial mind and a credit to his sex, felt himself impelled to get a feminine opinion upon this point. So he went to see a well-known woman novelist, who was presumably as well known as she wants to be, since she refrained from giving her name. Perhaps she was afraid that Mrs. Pankhurst might toss a little bomb in her direction and tear her dress. But the woman novelist was disappointing. She said that both the German and the English bachelors were entirely right. She said that men were hunted until the poor, panting creatures could do no more than stagger along with their tongues out. She said that one of the most extraordinary features of the time "is the reversal of the code of manners once supposed to be the correct thing between men and women." Years ago it was not correct for a girl to ask a man to dance with her. It is now done every day. Ladies are often not allowed to buy tickets for a ball unless they buy also a ticket for a man, and she knew of one young bachelor who had six tickets offered to him by girls in one town. It is the girls who make up parties and who ask the men to escort them. And then the lady novelist asks if it is any wonder that men get spoiled? The stricken deer with the hounds in full pursuit must certainly be of opinion that he is wanted pretty badly. But we never suspected that it would make him conceited.

Now we may as well speak right out in meeting about this matter. Assiduous readers of this column may sometimes have noticed a suggestion of delicate rose-leaf criticism of feminine manners. Probably the word criticism is too strong for the occasion, but the language is notoriously poor for these subtle distinctions. Perhaps comment would be a better word. Perhaps the French word *critique* would better express the spirit of tender remonstrance that we have sometimes expressed. But here at least the women are innocent, and we hasten to snatch at the rare opportunity to say so. For there has been no change whatever in their policy toward men. They may have become a little more frank about it. They may have thrown off some of those delightful subterfuges, some of those transparent disguises that never deceived any one. Possibly they may be mistaken in changing the particular manner of their beguilements, in varying the methods of their enchantments. But underneath the thinnest of thin surfaces they have been constant to their primitive instincts as hunters. What they are doing now they have done from time immemorial. The only change of which they are guilty is the adoption of direct methods that ought to be welcomed as less deadly, and that at least give to the quarry a warning and a chance of escape. Surely it is better to be openly pursued than to be caught in a hidden

snare. Who would not rather be chased blithely along the hillside than be caught by the stealthy trap in the forest shade?

Bernard Shaw stated the simple truth about this matter years ago in his "Man and Superman." It seems a pity to give up any of this space to Mr. Shaw, and thus to encourage an inferior rival, but magnanimity has been always our long suit. He says that some of his friends have been shocked at his revelation of the unscrupulousness with which women pursue their ends, and then continues:

It does not occur to them that if women were as fastidious as men, morally or physically, there would be an end to the race. Is there anything meaner than to throw necessary work upon other people and then disparage it as unworthy and indelicate? We laugh at the haughty American nation because it makes the negro clean its boots and then proves the moral and physical inferiority of the negro by the fact that he is a shoeblack; but we ourselves throw the whole drudgery of creation on one sex, and then imply that no female of any womanliness or delicacy would initiate any effort in that direction. There are no limits to male hypocrisy in this matter. No doubt there are moments when man's sexual immunities are made acutely humiliating to him. When the terrible moment of birth arrives, its supreme importance and its superhuman effort and peril, in which the father has no part, dwarf him into the meanest insignificance; he slinks out of the way of the humblest petticoat; happy if he be poor enough to be pushed out of the house to out-face his ignominy by drunken rejoicings. But when the crisis is over he takes his revenge, swaggering as the bread-winner, and speaking of woman's "sphere" with condescension, as if the kitchen and the nursery were less important than the office in the city. . . . The pretense that women do not take the initiative is part of the farce. Why, the whole world is strewn with snares, traps, gins, and pitfalls for the capture of men by women. Give women the vote, and in five years there will be a crushing tax on bachelors. Men, on the other hand, attach penalties to marriage, depriving women of property, of the free use of their limbs, of that ancient symbol of immortality, the right to make one's self at home in the house of God by taking off the hat, of everything that he can force women to dispense with without compelling himself to dispense with her. All in vain. Women must marry because the race must perish without her travail: if the risk of death and the certainty of pain, danger, and unutterable discomforts can not deter her, slavery and swaddled ankles will not. And yet we assume that the force that carries women through all these perils and hardships stops abashed before the primnesses of our behavior for young ladies. It assumes that the woman must wait, motionless, until she is wooed. Nay, she often does wait motionless. That is how the spider waits for the fly. But the spider spins her web. And if the fly, like my hero, shows a strength that promises to extricate him, how swiftly does she abandon her pretense of passiveness and openly fling coil after coil about him until he is secured forever.

And so when we find on the one hand that men are increasingly unwilling to marry and on the other that women are openly exercising their right of initiative, we may even say of importunity, we may wonder very seriously which of the two is the disease and which is the remedy, which is the cause and which the effect.

It is only the unthinking who will laugh at the German emperor for his possession of three thousand uniforms. At least they are all of them more or less beautiful uniforms, and it is no small thing that some one should champion the cause of beauty in male attire. And with women's predilection for the hideous some one must champion the cause of sartorial beauty or it will become a lost art. Possibly if the men of our own country had some legitimate excuse for making themselves beautiful—of course, in dress—they would be less inclined to plaster themselves over with gaudy medals and bits of ribbon whenever they travel to some other town as members of some trumpery association or conference.

On one occasion, when the emperor's yacht, the *Hohenzollern*, was off the British coast, the officials stationed at Port Victoria to receive him sighted him through marine glasses standing on the bridge in the uniform of a German general. Great was their astonishment when, on landing barely ten minutes later, he greeted them dressed as an English admiral. He was escorted to his special train, wherein he disappeared for a few moments, walking into the saloon in the uniform of the First Royal Dragoons. Finally, upon arriving in London, he stepped off the train in the conventional frock coat and top hat of an English gentleman.

Among the treasures of the Duchess of Marlborough's jewels there is none so costly or so prized as the exquisitely beautiful pearl necklace which once graced the neck of the Empress Catherine of Russia, and which was purchased by the duchess's father, Mr. Vanderbilt.

According to an English publisher there are at least 2000 plays licensed every year in England by the lord chamberlain. Of these only a small proportion—perhaps 200—are actually produced.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

She was getting the supper for the children on Saturday night when a young woman came to her door. "I'm a collector for the Drunkards' Home," she said. "Could you help us?" "Come around tonight and I'll give you the old man," said the housewife as she went about her work.

The wayward young man, broken in health, was sent to the Southwest to recuperate. He was in jail in Arizona for stealing a hind quarter of beef. He wrote home: "Dear Father—I've picked up some flesh since I came here, but am still confined to my room. Please send me \$100."

One of the ushers approached a man who appeared to be annoying those about him. "Don't you like the show?" "Yes, indeed!" "Then why do you persist in hissing the performance?" "Why, m-man alive, I w-wasn't hissing! I w-was s-simply s-s-saying to s-s-sammie that the s-s-s-singing is s-s-s-superb."

Young Sandy returned home from the fair with a barometer which he had purchased and which he showed to his mother with much pride, explaining that it was "a machine for tellin' when it's gawn to rain." "Losh me!" exclaimed the good dame; "sic an extravagance. What for dae ye suppose a maircifur Providence gied yer feyther the rheumatism?"

Two suburban mothers met on the train one day, and the topic of their conversation was their daughters. "How did your daughter pass her examination for a position as teacher?" asked one. "Pass!" was the answer. "She didn't pass at all. Maybe you wouldn't believe it, but they asked that girl about things that happened long before she was born."

Politics were at the boiling point in the negro ward, and the lemon-colored henchman undertook to air his superior knowledge in the argument with the ebony-hued brother. "Yes, suh," he declared, speaking of a candidate, "he just a neophyte in politics, just a neophyte." "Why dat man done tole ouah club las' night he wuz strong 'Publican,'" excitedly declared the other. "When dat new pahty start up?"

A man with unusual ideas opened a boarding-house at Saranac Lake and advertised it as a winter resort. A guest went up there, and after a brief sojourn packed up, paid his bill, and said: "How can you have the nerve to advertise this place as a winter resort when the thermometer for the past week has registered eight below?" The landlord looked aggrieved. "Well, that's winter, aint it!" he exclaimed. "If eight below aint winter, I'd like to know what is!"

An old fisherman used to bring him a splendid salmon the first of every month, and he always gave the fisherman a tip. One morning he was very hussy, and when the old man brought the fish he thanked him hurriedly and, forgetting his tip, bent over the desk again. The old man hesitated a moment, then cleared his throat and said: "Sir, would ye be so kind as to put it in writin' that ye didn't give me no tip this time, or my wife 'll think I've went and spent it on rum."

The principal grocer of a small country town was chatting with several customers, when a discussion arose as to the wonderful sense of touch that the blind have. "Here comes old blind Henry Perkins now," said the grocer. "We'll test him." He took a scoopful of sugar and extended it to the old man. "Feel this, Henry," he said, "and tell us what it is." The blind man put his hand in the scoop, passed its contents through his fingers, and said in a firm, confident tone, "Sand!"

Dinah was a product of New Orleans, a big, plump "yaller gal" who could cook the finest dinners for miles around. One day a new butler appeared upon the scene, and Dinah's mistress noticed that she took a great interest in the man. At last her mistress could stand her curiosity no longer and asked: "Dinah, do you know that new man?" Dinah took another long and scrutinizing look and then slowly and reminiscently replied: "Well, I dunno, Miss Alice; but I think he was ma just husband!"

The teacher of the English class had suffered much from the baseball enthusiasm pervading her pupils. She resolved to turn this to account, so demanded that each member of the class write for the daily exercise a brief account of a baseball game. One boy sat through the period seemingly wrapped in thought, having no narrative to turn in at the proper season. After school the teacher called up the laggard. "I'll give you five minutes to write that description," she sternly announced. "If it is not ready for me then, you must stay in half an hour." The boy looked troubled for a moment, but promptly

concentrated his attention upon the theme while the teacher slowly counted the moments. At last, just in the nick of time, he scratched a line on his tablet and handed it to the teacher. The line read: "Rain—no game."

A certain schoolteacher was giving her class reading. It came to a part about a woman drowning herself. The teacher asked a boy to read again. He began: "She threw herself into the river. Her husband, horror-stricken, rushed to the bank—" The teacher interrupted: "Now, tell me why the husband rushed to the bank?" Quick and sharp came his answer: "Please, ma'am, to get the insurance money."

A traveling salesman died suddenly and was taken to his home in the West. His relatives telephoned to the nearest florist, some miles distant, to make a wreath; the ribbon should be extra wide, with the inscription "Rest in Peace" on both sides, and, if there was room, "We Shall Meet in Heaven." The florist was away and his new assistant handled the job. It was a startling floral piece which turned up at the funeral. The ribbon was extra wide and bore the inscription: "Rest in Peace on Both Sides, and if There Is Room We Shall Meet in Heaven."

An Irishman was fishing in a river when it began to rain heavily. Pat, not desiring to get soaked through, sought shelter under a railway bridge spanning the river, and here he plied his rod with true Waltonic zeal, utterly regardless of the trains that incessantly thundered to and fro overhead. Presently another individual appeared on the scene and politely asked Pat what he was doing. "Fishing," was the laconic retort. The stranger laughed. "Pray what is the use of fishing under the bridge while such an infernal noise continues?" "Oh, shut up, man," replied Pat, indignantly. "Sure, ye don't know these fish. They'll come under here to git out av the rain!"

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Inevitable.

HE—"Refused? Then ring the hell! I kill myself! Farewell!"

SHE—"He's gone! Alas! Alack! He'll never more come back!"

"Great Heavens! Who is this? He comes again! Oh, bliss!"

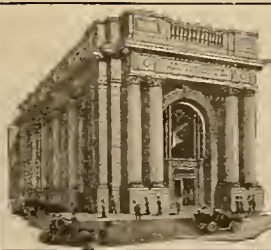
BOTH—"Oh, happiness! Oh, joy, A girl has found her boy!" —Life.

Slashed Skirts.

The reason they're worn by the daughters of Eve Would prove, if left to a jury, That the girls no doubt are inclined to believe That the men all come from Missouri. —The Boulevardier.

Elijah Brown's Ambition.

Elijah Brown, the cobbler, was enamored of the muse, And all his time was given up to stanzas and to shoes. He scorned to live a tuneless life, ingloriously mute, And nightly laid his last aside to labor at his lute. For he had registered an oath that lyrical renowna Should trumpet to the universe the worthy name of Brown. And though his own weak pinions failed to reach the heights of song, His genius hatched a brilliant scheme to help his oath along. So all his little youngsters, as they numerously came, Were christened after poets in the pantheon of fame, That their poetic prestige might impress them, and inspire A noble emulation to adopt the warbling lyre. So Virgil Brown and Dante Brown and Tasso Brown appeared, And Milton Brown and Byron Brown and Shaksperc Brown were reared. Longfellow Brown and Schiller Brown arrived at man's estate, And Wordsworth Brown and Goldsmith Brown filled up the family slate. Old Brown believed his gifted boys, predestined to renown, In time would roll the boulder from the hurried name of Brown. But still the epic is unsung, and still that worthy name Is missing from the pedestals upon the hills of fame; For Dante Brown's a peddler in the vegetable line, And Byron Brown is pitching for the Tuscarora Nine; Longfellow Brown, the light-weight, is a pugilist of note, And Goldsmith Brown's a deck-hand on a Jersey ferryboat; In Wordsworth Brown Manhattan has an estimable cop, And Schiller Brown's an artist in a Brooklyn harbor-shop; A roving tar is Virgil Brown upon the bounding seas, And Tasso Brown is usefully engaged in making cheese; The cobbler's hench is Milton Brown's, and there he pegs away, And Shaksperc Brown makes cocktails in a Cripple Creek café. —John Ludlow, in Puck.



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Total Resources..... 40,245,218.89

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June 30th, 1913:
Assets.....\$55,644,983.27
Capital actually paid up in Cash.. 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.. 1,757,148.57
Employees' Pension Fund..... 158,261.32
Number of Depositors.....62,134

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. David B. Jones of Lake Forest announces the engagement of his daughter, Miss Catherine Jones, to Mr. Edward W. Bennett. The wedding will take place October 18.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Walsh have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Madeline Marie Walsh, to Lieutenant Maxwell Sullivan, U. S. A., of Minneapolis, who is now stationed at the Presidio. The marriage will take place October 1.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Elsie Martin and Mr. Adelbert G. Westcott. Miss Martin is a niece of Mrs. John Bivens of San Mateo and a cousin of Mrs. Clarence H. Walker and Mrs. Henry Gaillard Smart of Honolulu.

The wedding of Miss Kate Peterson and Mr. Ward Mailliard took place Saturday at high noon at the home in Belvedere of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Peterson. The bride was attended by the Misses Wilmot and Brices Holton of Canada, Janet Moore of Redlands, Harriet Gerber of Sacramento, Metha McMahon, and Marian Lee Mailliard. The ushers were the Messrs. Somers Peterson, Baltzar Peterson, Ernest Mailliard, Frank Simmons, and Earl Miller.

A wedding of interest which took place recently in Los Angeles was that of Miss Alice Cline and Mr. Stanley Guthrie. Miss Emmeline Childs, daughter of Mrs. O. W. Childs of Los Angeles, was one of the bridal attendants.

The wedding of Miss Olga Schulze and Mr. Horace Clifton will take place Wednesday, October 29, in St. Luke's Church.

The wedding of Miss Ariadne Merritt and Mr. Philo Lindley of Los Angeles will take place Thursday, October 9, at St. John's Church. Miss Merritt is the daughter of Mrs. J. E. Merritt of this city.

The wedding of Miss Josephine Heinrich and Mr. Joseph Rosborough will take place Tuesday, October 21, at St. Francis de Sales Church in Oakland. Miss Heinrich is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Emil Heinrich.

Miss Claire Spaulding was hostess recently at a dinner in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Sheldon of Washington, D. C.

Miss Eleanor Landers will entertain a number of friends tonight at dinner and an informal dance.

Miss Gertrude Ballard gave an informal tea Monday at her home on Baker Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Oddie entertained a number of friends at an informal dance recently at their home on Broadway. The affair was in honor of Mr. John Polhemus, who leaves shortly for a six months' visit in South America.

Mr. Willard Barton was the guest of honor at a dinner Wednesday evening given by seventy members of the Bohemian Club.

Mr. E. Clinton La Montague was host Tuesday evening at a theatre and supper party in honor of Miss Cora Otis.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fennimore entertained a number of friends Tuesday evening at a dinner in honor of the Misses Harriet and Marian Stone.

Invitations have been issued to the dancings which are to be given Tuesday and Friday afternoons in the Colonial ball-room of the St. Francis Hotel. The patronesses are Mrs. William Delaware Neilson, Mrs. Christian de Guigne, Mrs. William Crocker, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. William Tubbs, Mrs. Robin V. Hayne, Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. William H. Taylor, Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mrs. Sidney Cloman, Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden, Mrs. Walter Martin, and Mrs. Arthur Chesebrough.

Miss Jennie Stone entertained a number of young people Wednesday afternoon at a the dancings at the Fairmont Hotel. The affair was in honor of Miss Dorothy Stone, who leaves soon for New York to enter Miss Spence's school.

Mrs. George T. Marye was hostess at a luncheon Friday at the Francisca Club in honor of Mrs. Alexander Sharpe, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Moore, Jr., entertained a number of friends at dinner Wednesday evening at their home in Piedmont.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was hostess at a dinner Tuesday evening at her home on Broadway. Later Mrs. Martin took her guests to see the performance of "Mary Magdalene" at the Tivoli Opera House.

Mrs. Ernest L. Hueter was hostess Thursday at a luncheon at her home in Mill Valley in honor of Mrs. John Baker.

Mrs. W. P. Hammon gave a tea yesterday in honor of Miss Florence Aitken, who has also been the guest of honor at affairs given by Mrs. Scott Hendricks, Mrs. Albert Vance, and Miss Ethelyn Carson.

Mrs. Marmaduke B. Kellogg has issued invitations to a reception Saturday afternoon, October 4, at the Century Club. The affair will be in honor of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. George Harding Whipple.

Miss Evelyn Carey and Miss Gertrude Greeley were the complimented guests at a luncheon given recently by Miss Harriet Pomeroy at her home on Clay Street.

Miss Doris Wilshire was hostess recently at a dinner in honor of the Misses Stone.

Miss Anne Miller gave a tea Thursday in honor of Miss Marjorie Mhoon.

Mrs. Henry Nichols entertained a number of friends at luncheon Thursday at her home in Piedmont in honor of Mrs. Harry East Miller.

Mrs. A. P. Whittell was the complimented guest at a luncheon Monday given by Mrs. H. M. A. Miller at the Francisca Club.

Miss Olga Schulze was the guest of honor this afternoon at a the dancings given by Miss Elizabeth Brice in the ball-room of the Keystone.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Van Sicken gave a dinner-dance Friday evening in honor of Miss Emily Harrold and her fiancé, Mr. Sheldon Milligan.

Lieutenant Charles Hines, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hines entertained a number of friends at a bridge party in honor of Captain Frank J. Hines.

Major Sherwood Cheney, U. S. A., was host at a dinner Tuesday evening.

Captain Malin Craig, U. S. A., and Mrs. Craig were the guests of Mrs. Craig's parents, General

Charles A. Woodruff, U. S. A., and Mrs. Woodruff at the Hotel Victoria.

Colonel William Lassiter, U. S. A., and Mrs. Lassiter entertained a number of friends at bridge Wednesday evening, September 24, at their home at Fort McDowell.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant and their daughters, the Misses Josephine and Edith Grant, spent a few days last week at the state fair in Sacramento.

Among others who visited the fair were Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Moody, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Morse, Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl, and Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baldwin have recently been spending a few days at Hobart Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Whitney and their two little daughters, Elizabeth Anne and Beryl Whitney, have returned from Monterey.

Count Montgals was the guest of the Misses Kathleen and Aileen Finnegan over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard O. Wayman have returned from a motor trip to Etna Springs.

Mrs. James Potter Langhorne is contemplating going East to visit her son-in-law and daughter, Lieutenant James Parker, Jr., U. S. N., and Mrs. Parker, who are established at Annapolis. Mrs. Richard Hammond (formerly Miss Maizie Langhorne), who is at present their guest, will return home with her mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Covington Pringle have moved into their new home, which has recently been completed in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Miss Leslie Miller, and Miss Gertrude Thomas left Saturday on the train de luxe for New York.

Among others going East the same day were Mrs. Richard Girvin, Jr., who will visit relatives in Detroit, and Masters Russell Wilson and Osgood Hooker, Jr., who returned to the Pomfret preparatory school.

Mr. and Mrs. Vere Ellinwood are settled in their new home on Filbert Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Geer Hitchcock, their son, Master Gordon Hitchcock, and their nephews, Masters Allen and Frank Drum, Jr., are spending a few weeks in the George W. Sperry house, which has been rented by Mr. Frank Drum. Mrs. John Gill, formerly Miss Sarah Drum, is occupying the Hitchcock home in Burlingame, where her two children are recovering from whooping cough.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye, Jr., left Wednesday for Washington, D. C., where they will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk have returned from Europe.

Mr. Warren Dearborn Clark has gone East for a brief visit.

Mr. Alden Ames has arrived from New York and has joined his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Pelham Ames, at the home in Woodside of his brother, Mr. Worthington Ames.

Miss Lansdale and Miss Rebecca Shreve will return next month from Europe, where they have been traveling during the summer. Miss Shreve, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Rodman Shreve, will be a debutante of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge Green returned Monday from Eagle Ranch, San Luis Obispo County, where they were the guests of the Misses Janet and Edith von Schröder.

Miss Kate Stone and Miss Dorothy Baker have concluded their visit in Christiana, where they have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Drummond MacGavin. When last heard from they were in Denmark after a week's stay in Stockholm. Their future plans include travels through Italy and Germany.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar A. Keithley have given up their house on Jackson Street and are established in the flat recently vacated by Mr. and Mrs. Ettore Avenali.

Mr. and Mrs. Junius Brown have rented the home in San Mateo of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Howard, who will return in October to their ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond D. Spilaval are temporarily located at the Hotel Bellevue, but will soon be settled in a house for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. George Fordecker have bought a home in West Clay Park, where they will reside in the future. For several years they have lived on California Street, spending the winters in town and the summers at their ranch.

Mrs. Chrystal Harrison is expected home next month from Cleveland, where she is visiting her sister, Mrs. Charles Hickox.

Mr. and Mrs. Millen Griffith and their little daughter, Constance Elizabeth, have returned from Ross, where they visited Mr. Griffith's mother, Mrs. Edward Griffith.

Mr. and Mrs. Horatio P. Livermore are making their plans to spend the winter in Europe. Mrs. Livermore has not been well for several months and it is hoped a complete change will restore her to her usual good health.

Mr. William Crocker left last week for Yale, where he will enter upon his senior year. He was accompanied by Mr. Samuel Lothrop of Boston, who has been spending several weeks with Mr. Crocker. Their departure was hastened by the Yale crew being called out a few days earlier than was scheduled.

Mr. George H. Howard, Jr., returned the same day to Harvard, and Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Jr., who will enter Yale for his freshman year.

Judge Marcel Cerf, Mrs. Cerf, and their children are again occupying their home on Vallejo Street, after having spent the summer in Los Altos and Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Frank S. Johnson was at last accounts in Paris with a coterie of friends from this city. Her son, Mr. Gordon Johnson, spent the summer traveling in Europe with her, but has returned to Groton, where he has resumed his studies.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Sloss have leased the residence on Laurel and Washington Streets of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, who spend the summers at their home in Ross and the winters at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope and their children and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy arrived in New York Thursday from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford returned Tuesday to their ranch at Pleyto, after a week's visit with Mr. and Mrs. Willard N. Brown in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Porter Bishop have returned from a motor trip through the northern part of the state.

Mr. Austin Tubbs has returned from Santa Barbara, where he spent several weeks with his mother, Mrs. Benjamin P. Brodie, who with Dr. Brodie has been residing the past four months at their country home. Dr. and Mrs. Brodie have decided to remain in Santa Barbara during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hobart have rented their home in San Mateo to Mrs. Edward Barron and her daughters, the Misses Marguerite and Evelyn Barron.

Mr. and Mrs. Norris K. Davis and Mr. and Mrs. H. McDonald Spencer have returned from a motor trip to the Yosemite Valley, where they went as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Coryell.

Mr. and Mrs. George Page and Miss Leslie Page have rented a house on Pacific Avenue for the winter.

Mrs. Henry A. Campbell (formerly Miss Marian Wright) has recovered from her serious illness at a hospital and has returned to her home on Baker Street.

Miss Enid Foster left a few days ago for Santa Barbara to attend Miss Gamble's school. She was accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Charles Jay Foster, who has returned to her home in Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. Graeme Macdonald are established in their new home on Lake Street near Twenty-Third Avenue. Mrs. Macdonald was formerly Miss Maria Bacon of Louisville, Kentucky.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Cheney have returned from Europe and have taken an apartment at the Kellogg.

Miss Josephine Redding was the guest last week of Miss Ethel Crocker at her home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Edith Coleman Blanding and her niece, Miss Henriette Blanding, will leave October 6 for New York, where Miss Blanding will join friends with whom she will travel in Europe.

Mrs. John Burke Murphy and Miss Virginia Murphy have returned from Fort Columbia, Washington, and joined Captain Murphy at Fort Mason.

Mrs. Martin Crimmins and her children have returned from the East and have joined Captain Crimmins, U. S. A., at the Presidio.

Lieutenant Henry Kent Hewitt, U. S. N., and Mrs. Hewitt (formerly Miss Floride Hunt) have gone to Annapolis, where Lieutenant Hewitt will be stationed for the next two years.

Major Sidney A. Cloman, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cloman sailed Tuesday for Australia and New Zealand, where Major Cloman has gone on official duty connected with the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

Major J. S. Brady, U. S. A., and Miss Brady spent a few days at the Hotel Victoria en route from the Philippines to Major Brady's new station in Boston.

Lieutenant John Greeley, U. S. A., arrived Sunday on the U. S. S. Logan. Accompanied by his sister, Miss Gertrude Greeley, Lieutenant Greeley left immediately for his new station at Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hopkins has been brightened by the advent of a son, who will be named Edward Whiting Hopkins after his paternal grandfather.

The home in New York of Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Douglas Whitman has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Whitman was formerly Miss Jennie Crocker.

The home in Berkeley of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Burns Rector (formerly Miss Gladys Brigham) has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel T. Messer has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Messer was formerly Miss Adelaide Dibblee.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Stoddard has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

The oldest theatre in Mexico, and indeed the oldest on this continent, is the Teatro Principal of the City of Mexico. There is nothing particularly distinctive about its architecture to testify as to its antiquity, however, for its two stories of repaired façade covered over with lurid posters corresponds in general style to the other playhouses of the city. Then, too, there is a certain animation about the crowds that pass in and out the entrance that is somewhat misleading to those on the outlook for the relics of the past.

Yvonne de Treville, the coloratura soprano, was born in Texas. Her mother was an American and her father a Frenchman, of Russian descent. Mme. de Treville was taken to Europe when very young. Her first vocal work was in French grand opera.

Mrs. Leslie Carter has canceled all arrangements in America for her road tour in order that she may carry out her contract with George Kleine, who has contracted to control all of her plays for photo-drama production.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Are you fond of a plunge?" "Races, Wall

Street, or ocean?"—*Town Topics.*

"Corkins is a hooze-fighter, isn't he?" "Not

now; he surrendered long ago."—*Livingston*

Lance.

Wife—Joho, I haven't a skirt fit to wear.

Husband—Well, that's the style, isn't it?—

Stroy Stories.

"That woman can do anything with figures."

"What is she, a hookkeeper?" "Naw. She's

a dressmaker."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

"What did you see in the Grand Cañon that

most impressed you?" "A mighty pretty girl

astride a hrowo mule."—*Chicago Record-*

Herold.

"Why is he so hitted at the girl he was

only recently engaged to?" "Because when

she sent the ring back she labeled the box,

'Glass—with care!'"—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

"Blanc is a devoted, conscientious, and con-

siderate husbaad, I understand." "Yes, when-

ever he is going to be home to dinner he al-

ways notifies his wife beforehand."—*Chicago*

Tribune.

"I don't know what I would have done if it

hadn't been for you," exclaimed the dis-

charged prisoner. "You'd have dooe time,"

was the dry comment of his attorney.—*Yon-*

kers Statesman.

Parvenu Hostess (to stableboy attired as

waiter for the occasion)—James, why do you

oot fill Mr. Gluttonne's glass? *James*—Lor',

mum, what's the use? 'E empties it fast as I

cao fill it.—*Truth.*

Father—You must know, sir, that my

daughter will get nothing from me until my

death. *Suitor*—Oh, that's all right, that's all

right! I have enough to live on for two or

three years.—*Puck.*

"Mandy, what did your husband say about

the scenery of New York City and its en-

viorns?" "Nothing; all he talked about was

the awfulness of the styles of dress the women

wore."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

"Do you think that the new motor delivery

business will ever displace the postmao?"

asked the conversational young mao, when

crossing the street, of his companion. "Cer-

tain to if it ever hits him."—*Boston Globe.*

First Negro—Say, what mean dis heah

word "nucleus"? *Second Negro*—Sumpin'

what odder things gether 'bout? *First Negro*

—Uh, huh. Den I was one las' week wen I

upot a heehive in de dahk.—*Baltimore Sun.*

"Whut is this here Continental Sunday I

see sumpin' about in the papers?" asked Si

Slocum. "I don't rightly know, but I reckon

it must be one of them new-fangled sodewater

drinks," said his wife.—*Birmingham Age-*

Herald.

"I say," called one oeighhor to aoother, "is

your daughter going to practice on the piano

this afternoon?" "Yes, I think so." "Well,

then, I'd like to horrow your lawo-mower.

I've got to cut the grass some time anyway."

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Husband (shoving)—Bother the razor! *Wife*—

What's the matter now? You're

dreadfully ill-tempered! *Husband*—The razor

is so aominably dull! *Wife*—Dull? Why, I

ripped up an old skirt with it yesterday and

it cut heautifullly.—*Punch.*

"I see where a hand of them starvio' Mexi-

can rebels give up when they was offered am-

nesty," observed Heory Cornfield, layiog down

the paper. "It sounds queer, but if it's fillin'

I guess it must 'a' tasted mighty good to 'em,"

responded his neighbor.—*Kansas City Star.*

"What does you understand by 'circumstan-

tial evidence'?" asked Miss Miami Brown.

"As near as I kin splain it f'm de way it has

been splaind to me," answered Mr. Erasmus

Pinkley, "circumstantial evidence is de

feathers dat you leaves lyn' around after

you has done et de chicken."—*Washington*

Star.

"This is the eod of my social career,"

moaned Reggy de Bacchus, sitting up in bed

the mornioo after. "I draok too much last

night at the hall and staggered into every-

body." "Ardly, sir, 'ardly," murmured his

valet, apologetically. "Hevery ooe's praising

you for inventing a new dance."—*London*

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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Chicago Pie-Counter.

The project of a coast-to-coast train connecting San Francisco directly with New York is not a new one. Away back in the day of Mr. Huntington it was talked about, only to be rejected because of practical difficulties which stood in its way. It was taken up again at a later time, again to be put aside under considerations of expediency. It was a favorite idea with Mr. Harriman, and it would probably have been realized before now if he had lived. Not long before his death he became interested in the New York Central system, and it has been said by those who knew him well that the primary motive for taking on this new responsibility was that he might establish train service without a break between the Pacific and the Atlantic oceans.

The difficulties are not physical. There is no more reason why a train should not run from San Francisco to New York than from San Francisco to Omaha. Nevertheless there is and has always been a break at some point or less delay. Under present conditions trains there is an enforced

halt on the part of the through traveler from nine o'clock in the morning until two-thirty o'clock in the afternoon—five and one-half hours which must be spent in idle waiting at a hotel or in still more idle wandering about a bulky but uninteresting town. On the return trip there is a break under present schedules of eleven and one-half hours. Now there may be persons to whom these delays are not irksome, but though the system has been in operation for something more than forty years none such has ever declared himself. The stop-over in Chicago is with everybody a grievous circumstance—a sheer loss of time, a mental and moral irritant sadly provocative of violence in speech and deterioration in character.

This whole unpleasant business grows out of the insistence of Chicago upon having a whack at every transcontinental traveler. Left to their own course the railroads would long ago have established a through line, thus cutting down the time from ocean to ocean anywhere from six to twelve hours. But Chicago has protested. Her hotels, her bus companies, her amusement managers—her pie-counters—have combined to put pressure upon every railroad which has seriously taken the project in hand. "Cut out Chicago," they say, "and Chicago will show her teeth in ways you won't like." And no railroad company has been bold enough to ignore this threat. And if any one or any two of them should undertake to do it they would surely feel the force of what we may style pie-counter resentment. The fact is not creditable to Chicago as a metropolitan city. Indeed it exhibits Chicago in a petty, dog-in-the-manger attitude. Nevertheless Chicago stands there, growls and shows her teeth, and so prevents a natural and legitimate development in transcontinental traffic.

The pie-counter has had its part before now in putting clamps upon the wheels of progress. The first line of railroad between New York and Chicago, as everybody knows, was formed of connecting links built and administered for several years by separate owners. There was, for example, a local road from Albany to Schenectady, another from Schenectady to Syracuse, and so on. When by connecting up several such local links there came into existence a continuous line from New York to Chicago it was for long found impracticable to operate through trains over them. Everywhere there was the local desire that passengers should be made to stop and see the wonders of the local city and incidentally pay tribute to their pie-counters. It required a world of negotiation and some diplomacy to overcome the objections of local vanity and interest. But in time the arrangements were made for through connection at every place excepting Erie, Pennsylvania. Here the pie-counter stood stubbornly in protest. It was held by the citizens of Erie to be a definite and legitimate right to hold up every traveler between New York and Chicago and exact tribute from him. The contention was a long and furious one. It ran into years and became a nuisance and a scandal. In the end the difficulty was compromised by payment on the part of the railroads of an enormous sum in the way of charges for street and station privileges.

Now Chicago is simply doing on a large scale and in connection with a large traffic what Schenectady, Syracuse, and Erie did in a small way. The difference is simply that between a petty hold-up and a colossal hold-up. Chicago ought to be ashamed of it. She ought to recognize that travelers have the same right to pass through Chicago without delay as through Omaha or Albany. She ought to be above imposing the interest of her pie-counter upon every man who travels between the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans.

A through ocean-to-ocean train service inaugurated under impulses set in motion by the Panama-Pacific Exposition is a fine even though a long delayed project, and it ought to be carried into effect. Common sense and the spirit of progress alike demand it. Chicago and her pie-counter ought to yield. And they would

better do it with a good grace than stand as they must in future time as a historic mark of the selfishness and littleness which may survive and flourish even in connection with some forms of greatness.

The New Sex Crusade.

It seems that Kansas City is up in arms, figuratively speaking, against a wave of immorality that threatens to engulf the youth of the city. There are horrible stories of juvenile excesses, and the women's clubs are "formulating their demands" and doing all the other things with which experience has familiarized us. The evil, we are assured, is due to the automobile, to joy riding, and to late hours, and laws must be instantly passed to correct a state of affairs that has become dangerous. A few weeks ago we were assured that a minimum wage for women was the one thing necessary to correct our manners and to restore the Garden of Eden. But as the guilty young people in Kansas City do not belong to the wage-earning classes it is evident that we must go farther afield for a remedy. No one seems to have suggested the abolition of the automobile or the extinction of human nature, so there seems nothing for it but the passing of a curfew law and a general closing of the streets to young people after a certain hour. This is precisely what Kansas City is proposing to do. The women and the preachers demand it, so that obviously there is nothing more to be said.

There will be no disposition anywhere to treat a terrible evil with levity or even with indifference. And it is a terrible evil. San Francisco has had her own experiences, and it is quite easy to believe that other cities are similarly situated. But unfortunately there is a disposition to resort to snap remedies and to treat the results rather than the causes. Nothing is so fatally easy as to pass a law. There is no more popular narcotic for an uneasy public conscience. But narcotics are not cures, and Kansas City will be likely to find that police control is the worst possible substitute for parental influences, and that even a curfew law can not take the place of those elementary duties that can be performed in the home and nowhere but the home.

But the neglect of parental duties is by no means the only cause for the apparent extinction of the moral barriers that were once so effective. The barriers of morality and convention are by no means so distinct as we like to suppose. Usually they supplement each other. During the last few years we have seen the almost complete destruction of those reticences upon sex matters that doubtless had their own attendant evils, but that did actually prevent far more evils than they caused. What we call plain speaking became a vogue and a fashion. Literature and the drama combined in what was said to be a moral crusade, but that was actually a financial crusade. And now the churches have followed suit. Nothing is too private for public discussion, no audience too young for admission and participation, no vital fact too explosive for reckless handling. Upon every side we see a gross familiarity at its deadly work. Here in San Francisco we are about to have what its promoters call a Purity Sunday. Countless sermons will be preached to audiences of young men and young women, and with their own sex relationships as a topic. Does any one with a sane knowledge of human nature suppose that even the most exquisite delicacy can neutralize the inevitable poison of those sermons? Is it not well known to even the tyro in such matters that here at least the most fatal and irresistible of all forces is that of suggestion, and that reason and prudence struggle in vain against it. The cure for this sort of evil is reticence and not publicity, mystery and not familiarity, the home and not the pulpit, the mother and not the school-teacher. To err in such a matter as this is to poison the rising generation. Indeed if we are to credit the hysterical exaggerations of the women's clubs the rising generation is already poisoned by a familiarity that pre-

experiment as a pleasing adventure in well-known paths.

Therefore it is time that we called a halt to the sex fanatics. They have been at their work for some years past, and now the air is becoming unbreathable. Every field of publicity has been invaded. They have almost persuaded us that sex is the one thing worth thinking about, and worth talking about. The results are sufficiently evil upon matured minds that have learned to govern themselves. Upon immature minds to whom self-government has hardly occurred it has been little short of disastrous. Every sacred mystery of life has been cheapened, coarsened, profaned. All the protective veils of mystery and sanctity have been broken down, and in their place we are offered statistics, hospital reports, and iodiform. It is these sex fanatics that are largely responsible for the juvenile immorality of the day. It is the sex newspaper, the sex drama, the sex novel, the sex reformer, and the sex pulpit that have created it. And it has been nourished by the apathy and the neglect of parents who are quite content that the policewoman and the delinquency court shall do the work that has been so shamelessly neglected by themselves.

Let us hope that we are nearly at the end of this particular epoch lest some worse thing befall us. It is bad enough that for years past our young people should have been forced to live in an atmosphere of public discussion comparable only with that of an open sewer. Things will have come to a pretty pass if we must now forbid our children to go either to school or to church for fear of the moral contamination that must ensue.

Our Policewomen.

The motive leading to the appointment of policewomen—if we except the politics of it—relates to the association of womanhood with certain phases of metropolitan life. The idea was analagous to that which led the railroad companies some time back to establish "matrons" in their leading stations and waiting-rooms. In keeping with this idea the policewoman should represent the feminine principle of sympathy rather than the masculine element of force—and this ought to be exemplified in dress and deportment. But we find that the authorities of the police department have rigged out the policewoman under quite another idea. She appears not in the garb of womanhood, but as a vulgar imitation of the male policeman—in boots, breeches, and helmet, and duly provided with the persuasive "billy." There is far more suggestion of militant suffragetism in her appearance than of womanly graciousness. And from observation thus far we judge that in the appointment of policewomen the effort has been to find candidates to match the uniform.

The railroad companies have done much better. The station "matron" is studiously feminine in every aspect. Her bonnet, plainly modeled after the sedate garb of widowhood, is a veritable invitation to confidence. She is not an "officer," but a sympathetic woman with the powers of police in her hands. She is an obvious friend to every woman in need of direction or counsel. This is what the policewoman ought to be. As a mere imitation policeman she is a vulgar burlesque, and of course must quickly degenerate into a coarse joke.

One has but to glance over the list of appointments thus far made to discover the usual political motives in the selection of policewomen. Miss Katherine Eisenhart, first on the list, might be regarded as outside the conventional lines if we were not further told that she is a daughter of Patrick M. Eisenhart. Père Eisenhart's Christian name lends timely aid to the proprieties. Verily Patrick has the right ring in connection with a police appointment. We are further told that Miss Eisenhart is "well known socially" and, more important still, "was an active worker in the recent municipal railway campaign" and "in other civic movements." Nothing more need be told. The next name on the list is that of Mrs. Kate O'Connor, which speaks for itself. There is further enlightenment in the statement that she is "known as a sociological worker" and "a leader connected with reform leagues." Evidently there were good and sufficient reasons here. The name of Miss Wood would seem to mark a departure from racial tradition, but then we never can know and it is perhaps a sufficient explanation of her selection that Miss Wood is "Secretary of the New Era League," whatever kind of a vote-inducer that organization may be.

It would seem to the rational mind that women of mature age would be best fitted for the duties of policewomen. But Commissioner Cook, with the judgment usual in police affairs, insists that the rule for police-

men which bars candidates above the age of thirty-five must be applied in the selection of policewomen. Thus women of mature character, of rounded experience in life, of developed womanly sympathies, are absolutely barred. And, if appointments are to be given for political considerations, and if the clothes are to be such as would shock any woman of common modesty, it is just as well that Commissioner Cook's idea should prevail.

The Income Tax.

Right or wrong, for good or for ill, the income tax has come to stay, since the exempted many will never give their votes in relief of the mulcted few. None the less there are grave fundamental objections to this tax, and it seems right even while accepting the inevitable to voice the protest which rises in the minds of thoughtful men. First of all the income tax is a tax upon thrift and prosperity; its demand is upon those who through special industry or special judgment or special powers exerted in some direction have in their fortunes risen above the common lot. That it is directed against those who can afford to pay is not to the point. This fact in no wise serves to justify a tax which in its application discriminates against one class as compared with others. The income tax is necessarily inquisitorial; it requires that every citizen whose income is above a modest sum shall submit to official and therefore to common observation facts and conditions wholly personal to himself and which he may have a natural and not improper disinclination to put before others. The income tax is an invitation to fraud; it puts a premium upon concealments and evasions. Long ago it was declared that to tax and to please was not given to man. Few there are willing to yield up their money except upon compulsion; and many there will be, we fear, who will seek ways of dodging the tax collector. When during the latter years of our Civil War and for some time after we had an income tax it was a prolific source of concealment, false swearing, and other forms of fraud.

In the assessment and collection of this tax there must surely develop many conditions and difficulties tending in the very nature of things to moral deterioration. The effect upon those who, themselves exempt, see a considerable part of the burden of government imposed upon others can not be wholesome. The effect upon those who see themselves unjustly used by a tax which is in its effect a special and class tax can not be other than demoralizing. The effect upon others who, really subject to the income tax, contrive to wriggle out of it—and there will be many such—needs not to be defined. The effect upon those who administer the government in having available an easy but inequitable means of supplying the public coffer is another serious phase of the matter.

As we have already said, the income tax is now a fixed fact in our system, one not likely to be abrogated. Its enactment is hailed with approval by those to whom any and every change in the system of government is regarded as a phase of social and political progress. None the less it is one of those incidents of progress out of harmony with the American idea of equality, apart from the common standards of equity, in contempt of a legitimate privacy with respect to individual affairs, tending in many ways to the destruction of individual moral fibre and a certain provocation to public extravagance.

The Rule of the People.

If there was actually any large demand for the referendum as a means to express the will of the people it must be admitted that the people are curiously indifferent to their blessings. The question of school bonds has been a large one for some time past in San Diego. It has been debated with some heat in the public press, and the reformers thanked heaven that the *vox Dei* was now so readily ascertainable by means of the *vox populi*. But the voice of the people has proved to be nearly inaudible. There are 25,000 registered voters in San Diego, and the actual number cast in the referendum election was 1372. The amount of money involved is \$250,000, that is to say an average of \$10 for each vote in the city and of \$400 for each vote cast. Can any one suppose that there is actually anything democratic about such a procedure as this, since we all know exactly how the result was attained? A small number of people knew exactly what they wanted and why they wanted it and who had leisure enough to vote put in an appearance at the polls. A vast number of other people who were wearied to death by elections and politics simply went about their business and ignored the whole thing. Nevertheless we are told that the people have

settled the bond question in San Diego. The recent election in San Francisco showed a good deal of the same kind of apathy, and it is an apathy that will increase rather than diminish. It is evident enough that the modern quackery of referendum, recall, and initiative is rapidly sapping the public interest in public affairs. Finding it impossible to keep up with the "questions" and "causes" and "appeals" that now have the power to submit themselves to the ballot at the bidding of a few noisy busybodies who can secure—or forge—enough signatures for the purpose, the average voter is turning his back upon the whole bag of nonsense. The result is that matters of tremendous importance are settled by a handful of voters who have the ambition and the leisure to organize themselves. That intricate and technical public questions should be settled by experts is, it seems, undemocratic and retrogressive. That they should be settled by a vote of a few hundred inexpert and more or less interested persons out of a constituency of 25,000 is democratic, progressive, and in every way satisfactory.

Editorial Notes.

President Wilson's theory that Mexico is to be brought out of her congenital barbarism and under the rule of the true and the beautiful in the sphere of politics by a process of moral suasion is even more than might have been expected from his temperament and habits of looking at things. But thorns do not yield grapes nor thistles figs—not yet awhile. In the so-called republic of Mexico there are somewhere between eighteen and twenty millions of people, every man among them under the terms of the constitution possessed of full political rights. Of this host some five millions are Indians—mere savages—who do not even speak the Spanish language. All the rest, with the exception of perhaps two millions, are peons. And of the approximately two million who represent Spanish or mixed blood only about one-half can read and write. Now these being the conditions it is idle, even childish, to look for anything approaching constitutional government. The expectation on the part of the President is utopian. He is merely dreaming, and the dreams he dreams are bound to pass through the ivory gate. There is but one way to pacify Mexico, and that is the way of the strong hand. To look for this consummation through any process of suasion is about as practicable as to seek for wealth at the end of the rainbow. All this has been said over and over many times. It is the common knowledge of all who have any acquaintance with conditions in Mexico. Yet there are forever those—including our well-meaning President—who seem never able to understand it.

The *Argonaut* has already expressed the opinion that it would be better to admit Mrs. Pankhurst without question than to give her the profit and the gratification of a cheap martyrdom. But to argue that Mrs. Pankhurst ought to be admitted because she has not been guilty of "moral turpitude" seems to display an order of intelligence suited to the museum of the alienist. If no moral turpitude is involved in setting fire to private and inhabited houses then moral turpitude has ceased to be a factor in human life. There is no longer any such thing as wickedness. Such a crime can not be defended even on the plea that Mrs. Pankhurst and her followers are at war with society, since even war forbids the burning of private houses. It is for just such deeds as this that the Bulgarians are now being held up to the execration of the world. In point of fact Mrs. Pankhurst's offenses are much on a par with those of the McNamoras, who had doubtless persuaded themselves that they were belligerents forced to the use of the only weapons within their reach. The *Argonaut* is still of opinion that it would be a mistake to fit Mrs. Pankhurst with a new halo at Ellis Island, not because she is not guilty of moral turpitude, for she is horribly guilty, but simply because her exclusion would do more harm than good.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PORTLAND, ORE., September 27.

I am not sure, in respect of the limited period of my visit hereabout and of the fact that my energies have been given primarily to other matters that I have the right to any "impressions" as to conditions brought about by the "new politics" which happens to be less new here than in any other part of the country excepting perhaps Oklahoma. Certainly I will not present what I have to offer as other than the chance observations of a casual visitor.

Oregon entered upon a con-

mentation under the progressive idea long before the word progressive had gained definite political meaning. The initiative, the referendum, the recall, and all the earlier features of the programme whose war cry is "rule of the people," were put into effect here some seven or eight years ago. Those who urged—or accepted—these innovations got control of the state government and have held it ever since, and there has now been a sufficient lapse of time to exhibit the system in some of its effects. Without having gone into a careful study of conditions, I yet find some things in such prominent view that they may not be overlooked. Taxes, for example, are everywhere higher than under the old régime. If government is no better, it at least costs more. I find, too, that professionalism in politics, while it has assumed new methods and developed new men, is essentially what it was before. The "bosses" have been driven from the field, but the "cranks" are in possession of it. They—I borrow the name from local usage—the cranks start every political movement, organize campaigns for it and manage it, if not in the same old way, at least in the familiar spirit of a fierce partisanship and in open contempt of opposing judgments and preferences.

In Governor West Oregon has its second chief executive chosen under the "rule of the people" system. Before he came into political notice Mr. West was a bank clerk at Salem, his services probably being fairly rated under the salary system at about \$100 per month. He is an amiable man of individual respectability and a reasonable diligence in minor matters, but wholly without the inspirations and the training of scholarship, wide observation of men and things, or political experience. I would say he was a very cheap little man but for the fact that in the sphere to which he normally belongs he is an entirely worthy man. The circumstance which exhibits the defects of his character is that he has been placed in a position for which he has no natural or acquired fitness.

Governor West is literally saturated with the Oregon idea. In other words he is impressed with the notion that public office is a personal possession, legitimately subject to any use the holder of it may choose to make of its powers. Obligations under the law as distinct from considerations personal and whimsical he does not respect at all. Public office with Governor West is not a private snap in the sense that he does or could employ it for individual gain; but he holds it as a private privilege in the sense that he has in office the right to do whatever chances to fit in with his own inclination without respect to the law. A single instance illustrates Governor West's idea. He is individually opposed to capital punishment and so he gave it out not long after taking office that there would be no hangings during the period of his administration—this in full knowledge of the law which prescribes the death penalty in certain definite circumstances. When finally it was borne in upon the governor that he was doing an outrageous thing in practically nullifying the law of the land he was induced to submit the matter to a referendum vote. And when in spite of his appeals to public sentiment his theory was voted down by a heavy majority he then petulantly named a certain Friday, the thirteenth of a specific month, and sent all the caged murderers in the state to the gallows at once to the end that the "bloodthirsty should have their fill." It was a petulant, nasty, contemptible business, only possible to a man of small calibre.

I could recite many other facts illustrative of the character of the man placed in the governorship of Oregon by the "rule of the people" propaganda. They are all to one effect; they exhibit Governor West as a man of small ability and no experience placed in a position whose responsibilities and duties are far beyond his conceptions and his powers. In other words, "rule of the people" has given to Oregon the rule of a small, whimsical, opinionated autocrat.

Measured by every test of public will in connection with national affairs Oregon is in sympathy with the general principles of Republicanism. It is indeed a Republicanism highly tinged with progressivism, but Republicanism none the less. But so confused are the methods of selection, so ill calculated the machinery to work out definite results, that the state is now represented in the National Senate by Democrats. Here is a state by interest, instinct, and habit fixedly Republican. But the Republican majority can find no way to elect men of their way of thinking. Under the system Republican candidates unfailingly kill off each other, leaving elections to the candidates of the minority. Nothing further from the ideals and pretensions of the rule-of-the-people scheme could possibly be conceived. Thus, under the Oregon system, rule-of-the-people in so far as it works out through the action of political parties amounts in practice to rule of the minority. It is interesting to note—I have the facts second hand—that since the new poli-

tics was inaugurated in Oregon no governor and no senator has in the election by which he was put into office had the support of a definite majority of the voting population.

I am glad to have a pleasanter story to tell with respect to the workings of the new politics in the city of Portland. Here there has been established a scheme of municipal government by commission. At the head of affairs is a mayor, who is practically the autocrat of the municipal system. True he has the assistance of several elected commissioners, but these serve in whatever place he may choose to assign them and are practically subject to his authority. The first election was some months ago, and the men selected by it are now in office. There were candidates for the mayoralty and for the commissionerships both good and bad—a veritable race of Blanche, Tray, and Sweetheart. And be it said to the credit of Portland, the best men won. When the self-appointed candidacies were fully developed there was gotten up a volunteer "conference" of one hundred citizens for the purpose of choosing from among the many candidates the most worthy. Representative men of all grades and types were members of this conference, and after a careful looking over of all the candidates in sight they gave formal approval to those whom they deemed the best—or perhaps I should say the least objectionable. The returns showed general public acceptance of this recommendation. The men approved by the convention were elected; none condemned by the convention were elected. The result was indeed a complete triumph for the new system in so far as such triumph could be illustrated by a single election.

And the result gives general satisfaction. There is not much flagrant work about Mayor Albee. He does not fulfill the old-time idea of a foremost citizen in the chair of mayoralty. But he is a capable and diligent man of business, a man of plain common sense and notable individual force, and he is giving Portland an admirable administration of her municipal affairs. The commissioners elected with him are men of character and all are coöperating in procedures which I find universally commended. Broadly speaking, it may be said that things are going well with the municipal life of Portland. Some evils in the administration of police have yet to be overcome, and the job is not easy, since here as elsewhere the schooling of the police has been bad since time out of mind. But the tendency is toward betterment even in this department of the city administration. Portland in truth is supplying an effective argument in support of the commission system.

At Spokane the other day I found quite another state of things. There, when it came to the election of commissioners, the better men were rejected and the inferior but more popular men were elected. My own notion is that the explanation lies in the difference between the two communities. Spokane is a very new city. My own memory goes back to the time when it was a four days' journey cayuse-back from the Columbia River to Spokane Falls and when the traveler had to camp out for lack of other accommodation. At that time Spokane consisted of a roaring cascade in a desolate wilderness, plus an Indian trader's store with a back room grog-shop annex. Today Spokane has perhaps a population of 110,000 and is in all ways a modern city. It goes without saying that a community thus sprung up in a night so to speak is made up of elements new to each other and lacking in the tendencies of coördination which exist only in long-established communities. Today there is not an active citizen of Spokane who did not come from somewhere. Men have not yet come to know each other in the sense of having grown up with each other. It follows in political as in other forms of community action that novel and unexpected tendencies and characteristics constantly exhibit themselves. The community may indeed work toward certain results, but the men of the community have not yet come to a common mutual understanding and to acceptance of common standards.

Now in Portland the condition is very different. Here community life was established three generations ago. The men of today in business, in politics, in society, in all things important, are the sons of earlier generations. New elements of population have indeed come in, for material progress has been rapid of late. But the old element dominates. It follows in Portland that everybody knows who's who and what he stands for. The city has developed a set of fixed and definitely recognized purposes and ways of doing things. In other words, Portland politically as well as in other ways is a community of thoroughly digested elements, of coördinated motives, and of established standards.

This writing has already grown long, but I can not leave the subject of the new politics in Oregon as it works out in practice without noting a fact which in my judgment is strikingly significant as illustrating the weakness of the system. Oregon, for reasons which need not be explained, has never been very hospitable

to schools of higher culture. No other state on the Pacific Coast—none other in the West I think—has been so niggardly in the promotion of advanced schools. The annual appropriation for the State University at Eugene is but a fraction of what California gives to its State University at Berkeley, for less than the appropriation made by the State of Washington to its university, even less than the allowances of Montana and Utah. The last legislature was as usual extremely close-fisted when it came to the university at Eugene, but it did, in the end, make the customary narrow provision in support of the Eugene school. But somewhat prior to this time a soap-box orator representing an extreme phase of socialistic labor unionism allied with anarchy demanded the privilege of exploiting his views before the students in the university auditorium. Very properly the authorities declined to permit the State University to be used as a field ground for class agitation. But the soap-boxer and his friends bided their time; and when the regular appropriation was made in support of the college there was organized a movement among the socialists and labor unionists to hold it up under the referendum principle. For a time it looked as if the university would have to close its doors pending determination of this matter. The incident would be trivial excepting that it exhibits the power of a class under a real or fancied grievance to stop the normal and wholesome operations of government by appeal to the new political devices. Any government operated under this principle and subject to the rules which go with it must of necessity suffer certain forms of weakness and incapacity. A. H.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

Mr. Bennett Thinks There Is Small Chance for Currency Legislation This Session.

WASHINGTON, D. C., September 26, 1913.

Passage of a currency bill at the present session of Congress is growing more and more unlikely. President Wilson has been confident that he would get the Owen-Glass bill through the present session, his idea being that it would act as something in the nature of a shortstop for any business depression that might follow the enactment of the low tariff bill. It is admitted now among the Democrats that the new tariff bill will seriously affect many important industries. Alvah B. Johnson, president of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, recently explained the situation when he said that while he manufactured a device on which there was no protection he dreaded free trade or anything approaching it. His idea is that while a lowering of the duties would enable him to buy his materials much cheaper and locomotives could be built at a greatly reduced price, all the other industries would be so affected that there would be a curtailment of the purchasing power, resulting in hard times, and finally in a falling off of the orders for locomotives.

This is the protection theory in a nutshell. The Democrats tacitly admitted that it is a pretty good doctrine. Recognizing the truth of the principle, but forced by heredity to go through with the business of putting the tariff on a revenue basis, President Wilson and the other Democratic leaders determined to put through the currency measure to give business men better opportunities for credit and to make the currency more elastic. Something more than 90 per cent of the business of the country is done on credit. Despite this fact the checking system is about the only elastic feature of our currency. The problem of the Democrats was to make the rest of the currency more flexible, and one of their plans was to permit the issuance of banknotes based on commercial paper. There is also a scheme in the present currency bill which is designed to make the banking system sounder by spreading money over a greater surface and keeping it from piling up in New York. This is known as the regional bank feature, but the bankers have protested very strongly that the requirement for the placing of 20 per cent of their resources in the different regional banks would keep too much money locked up.

The farther the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency gets into the subject, the more deeply impressed it becomes with the importance and intricacies of the problem of currency reform. Members of the committee who had forecast the early passage of the Glass-Owen bill are becoming dismayed at the outlook.

Quite a number of Democratic senators who are known as staunch supporters of the administration and favored the early passage of the currency bill because the administration had been urging it, are now reluctant to proceed in haste with this legislation.

Privately these men have discussed the matter among themselves, and while no formal plan of procedure has been outlined, there seems to be a tacit agreement among them that they will not be pushed into any hasty action with respect to currency. The prolonged discussion of the tariff has tired out many senators who, besides their work on the Underwood bill, have been compelled to attend to their customary senatorial duties, which include settlement of patronage contests and numerous errands for their constituents. Many senators regard currency as much more important than the tariff. If a currency bill is passed before the regular session begins in December it will come pretty close to being a miracle.

Complete revision of the administration bill v.

posed by Senators Reed, Hitchcock, and Bristow during the examination of Samuel Untermyer before the Senate Banking Committee. Reed and Hitchcock have vigorously assailed certain provisions of the House bill. Senator Reed advanced what he called the Hitchcock plan, which would entirely eliminate from the proposed system the whole scheme of regional reserve banks, and substitute a government issue of currency to individual banks on commercial paper backed by a 50 per cent gold reserve up to 75 per cent of the capital stock of each individual bank. That would be in addition to the present banknote issue.

Senator Reed in a long speech advocated the plan; criticized the regional bank plan as making the individual banks "subservient to a combination of banks." Mr. Untermyer opposed the Hitchcock plan as not offering enough security to the government for the issue of currency.

Frankly, the reason for the backing and filling of senators on the currency programme is that few understand the subject, and having no definite convictions sometimes feel that the latest argument brought to their attention is the best. As an example of the errors which have been made, Representative S. D. Fess, Republican, of Ohio, who was formerly a college professor, called the attention of the House to the fact that the Glass bill automatically repealed the parity provisions of the gold standard law of 1900 and provided for practically the free coinage of silver. The bill provided that the government shall redeem the notes of the federal reserve banks in "legal money," not specifying gold as the act of 1900 does. Silver is legal money. Since the bill repeals all previous legislation inconsistent with it, Mr. Fess believed that there was a possibility that the courts would hold that the measure repealed the act of 1900 through the redemption clause. In an interview Mr. Fess said: "The fact that the term 'lawful money' was put in it to secure Secretary Bryan's endorsement is conclusive of its purpose. In Bryan's interview, immediately following the first public announcement of the bill, he declared: 'The right of the government to issue money is not surrendered to the banks; the control over the money so issued is not relinquished by the government.'"

What is the significance of this utterance in the light of this bill? The government makes itself a bank of issue of an unlimited amount of notes redeemable in lawful money. When Bryan in 1896 contended for free coinage of silver he denounced the gold standard because it made impossible the needed money supply. His panacea of free coinage was to issue more money. He failed in 1896. Now we have a bill under his guidance that not only provides unlimited issue, not by the banks, but by the government, if we redeem by silver or by any other lawful money. How does this provision comport with the law of 1900 establishing the gold standard? When Mr. Glass's attention was called to this attempt to abandon the gold standard his reply was, "Nonsense."

Nevertheless, when the question was brought up on the floor of the House the day after Mr. Fess had made his discovery, the Banking and Currency Committee brought in an amendment which provides "that nothing in this act shall be so construed as to repeal the law of March 4, 1900, providing in effect for the maintenance of the parity of all moneys."

The amendment was adopted overwhelmingly and it was announced that Bryan had given it his approval. While Mr. Fess gave the Democrats credit for being over subtle and attributed unusual cunning to Mr. Bryan, the fact of the matter is that neither Mr. Bryan, Mr. Glass, nor the House leaders were aware of the supposed "joker." It was simply one of the errors characteristic of technical legislation framed by men who are not banking experts.

Senator Lodge of Massachusetts not long ago said that he believed there were but two men in the Senate who really understood the tariff with any degree of thoroughness. The men he had in mind were Senator Weeks of Massachusetts and Senator Burton of Ohio, both Republicans. Senator Owen since becoming chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency has worked long hours in an effort to master the subject and has succeeded pretty well, but even he has not been sufficiently grounded in the fundamentals of banking to warrant a description of him as an expert.

IRA E. BENNETT.

Sydney harbor, in the completion of the new government dock on Cockatoo Island, possesses the most unique ship berth in the world. It is hewn out of solid rock. The formation of the island was originally quite unsuitable for a dockyard, as the rock rose sheer from the water to a height of fifty to seventy feet. This was gradually cut back, first to permit the building of graving docks and later to make room for building slips and shops near water level. The work has been continued until at present two-thirds of the total area of thirty-three acres has been brought to a practically uniform level of about fifteen feet above high tide.

London's proposed postal tube is to be nine feet in diameter and six and a half miles long. It is to be fitted for two tracks, each two feet wide, carrying steel trucks operated by motors. The line proposed will be constructed throughout in the London clay.

At the railway stations in Russia books are kept wherein passengers may enter any complaint they wish to make.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

To all of us there comes the occasional opportunity to see ourselves as others see us, and the wise profit by it, while the foolish repudiate it. As a case in point we may take the plea uttered by Michael de Bernoff, the Russian sociologist, for a mitigation of the cruelties inflicted upon the immigrant in New York. "Justice and humanity to our fellow-men," says De Bernoff, "call out for a change in the methods of dealing with the immigrants who are unfortunate enough to be detained here on their arrival. Last week I saw a poor German woman and an Italian woman in the detention pen with arms outstretched, crying out in their native tongues, 'Oh, save me, save me. I have been shut up here for two weeks,' to a crowd of tourists who looked upon her and other sufferers as if they were at a hull-fight." We all know that the immigration authorities are humane men, and also that Brutus was an honorable man. The humanity of the officials may be taken for granted, and yet we may also take it for granted that the system is a cruel one in its insolent disregard for human rights and the dignities that belong inseparably to human beings. At the same time we may sorrowfully admit that nothing is likely to be done for people who have no votes and no friends, and who can not even ask for mercy in the English language. But we hardly expected to be reproached for our cruelty by an astonished Russian. It is to be hoped that Russia will not abrogate some treaty by way of protest.

It seems too bad that the victorious Greeks should now set themselves to work to persecute American missionaries. Surely the Greeks can hardly be aware that their triumph was mainly due to the intercession of their co-religionists in America and elsewhere who drew the attention of Providence to the unparalleled opportunity to exterminate the Turks, whom, as we all know, are hated by Providence. The Greek authorities at Koritza, in Albania, have seized the American mission school there, and when the housekeeper refused to hand over the keys the soldiers beat her mercilessly and carried her off to prison. The school in question is under the supervision of the Congregational Church and controlled by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. It would serve the Greeks right if the missionaries should henceforth decide to pray only for the Turks.

The recent verbal indiscretion of the King of Greece should serve as a reminder to all of us to weigh our words carefully in the event of an unexpected summons to any of the vacant thrones of Europe. It seems that the King of Greece was presented with the haton of a field marshal by the German emperor, and in the first flush of his gratitude he declared that the victories of the Greek armies "were due to the practice of the principles of warfare which I and my generals learned here in Berlin." And now the French are very angry in view of the fact that the Greek army was organized by French officers under the command of General Eydoux. The king is accused by Paris newspapers of an unpardonable breach of good manners, and it is freely predicted that when next he visits France his welcome will convey a sensation of the frozen north. In the meantime the Greek government has put forth an explanation of the incident, or rather a somewhat bald statement that nothing could be further from the king's mind than a reflection on the services of General Eydoux. But the fact remains that he did actually attribute the successes of his army to German influence.

It is nothing short of a public calamity that Mr. Jerome of New York was not allowed to complete his definition of the game of poker. It will be remembered that Mr. Jerome was spitefully arrested while in Canada on a charge of public gambling. When he was brought before the court he explained in his own defense that "poker is not a game of chance, and that therefore the complaint against me is faulty. Poker is based on the doctrine of probabilities and governed by the integrals of differential calculus. I therefore—" But at that moment the court interrupted. Probably it was unaware that at that moment Mr. Jerome was engaged in the making of history and that humanity may now forever be deprived of a definition that would have been immortal. Mr. Jerome might have even gone on to state the essential differences between the poker game that is lost and the poker game that is won. We can quite understand that when we win it is due wholly to the integrals of differential calculus. But our losses are in all cases due to ill luck. Every one knows that.

The Bulgarian authorities are advancing an ingenious theory to defend themselves from the charge of atrocities. They say that large numbers of Greeks and Armenians were murdered by the Turks, who then dressed the bodies of the victims in Turkish garb and displayed them as victims of the Bulgarians who arrived on the scene. They also mutilated the bodies in various fiendish ways in order to increase the dramatic effect. But it is unfortunate for the Bulgarians that their principal accusers are not Turks, but Greeks. The Greeks say that the pockets of numbers of their Bulgarian prisoners were filled with women's ears and fingers with rings still adhering to them, and that the Bulgarian soldiers wore necklaces made of babies' hands.

The expert who is actually expert is one of the rarest things under the sun. Every now and then we hear that some triumphantly successful novel was hawked fruitlessly around the circle of publishers before it could find a resting place and a welcome, and now comes Sir Herbert Tree, who makes one of those confessions that are said to be good for the soul and tells us that he refused "Peter Pan," and with it a fortune. And this is by no means the only colossal blunder to which Sir Herbert pleads guilty. He refused "Kismet," "Diplomacy," "The Prisoner of Zenda," and "If I Were King," and any one of these plays would have paved his path with gold. After so frank a confession it would be ungracious to

say anything harsh, but the temptation to crucify the expert, literary or dramatic, is a strong one. As a matter of fact the expert is very seldom expert. It is usually the man whose business it is to gauge the public taste who knows least about it. He is devoured by conservatism and caution. The magazine editor much prefers to accept drive from a well-known writer to even the perusal of the manuscript by the unknown genius. The statement so often made that merit is sure of recognition is undiluted falsehood. Magazine editors are not ceaselessly watching, as they pretend, for originality. They dread it. They do not spend their time scanning the skies for new literary lights. They carefully snub and avoid them. It is usually the literary and dramatic expert who stands rigidly and uncompromisingly between the public and novelty.

The excavation of the old harbor of Pompeii, now about to be undertaken, should result in a veritable treasure trove of relics of the great catastrophe. The harbor is now a long way from the sea, and the lava and the ashes that cover it are twenty-four feet deep, but the results would certainly justify the labor. Pliny tells us that large numbers of refugees laden with their household goods and valuables made their way to the sea front and there met the death that they were trying to escape. Doubtless they still lie where they fell with their pitiful treasures around them. The true position of the old harbor has only lately been found, and it is 4000 feet from the present shore line.

A discussion as to the personal appearance of Emily Brontë reveals the remarkable fact that no one knows anything about it, since there is no authentic portrait in existence. When Charlotte Brontë first saw George Henry Lewes she said that he was wonderfully like her sister Emily, but this is unfortunate for Emily, since Lewes was astonishingly like a baboon. Possibly the comparison was due to a sisterly candor that so seldom errs on the side of mercy. Thanks to photography, the historian of the future will not be in doubt as to the appearance of celebrities of the present generation, but he is likely to have his own opinion as to those worth knowing about.

When Mr. Edward Bok made the discovery that the average college graduate can not write good English he was speedily assailed by Mr. H. N. MacCracken, who pointed out that the English of Mr. Bok himself was by no means above suspicion. Then Mr. G. Nash Morton proceeded to demolish the English of Mr. MacCracken, and now comes a correspondent of the New York Evening Post, who wisely signs himself by initials and who says that Mr. Morton's English is quite capable of receiving a little additional polish. He makes his letter a short one. "Frankly," he says, "I'm afraid to write more, afraid that already I may have joined Mr. Bok, Mr. MacCracken, and Mr. Morton among the critics to be criticized."

American advocates of Mrs. Pankhurst—and practically all American suffragettes are advocates of Mrs. Pankhurst—are busy urging in her behalf that militant methods are absolutely necessary to secure an "attention" that could be obtained in no other way. It seems to be rather an unfortunate defense. Are we to understand that any one with a grievance, no matter how genuine, and who fails to secure "attention" to that grievance, is thereby justified in committing arson? And if women may commit arson in order to secure "attention" to one particular grievance, that of electoral disability, will they be equally justified in committing arson should they fail in any of their legislative schemes? And if not, why not? The placidity with which this reasoning is advanced augurs ill for the public peace as soon as the woman voter discovers that she has actually lost whatever political power she ever possessed. Agitation by arson has hardly yet taken its place as one of the recognized methods of government.

Hall Caine's hook and some half-dozen others have been excluded from certain public libraries in England, and it need hardly be said that their sale has been enormously increased. The usual discussion of the literary censorship is one of the more tiresome aspects of the incident, and it has broken out with something more than the usual acerbity. That a few respectable old gentlemen who happen to be at the head of a great public library should have anything like a power of literary veto is of course unthinkable, but that they have the obverse power to "hoist" an undesirable hook into a feverish popularity is unfortunately true. After all, why try to prevent people from reading what they want to read, especially in view of the fact that it can not be done? Now if we could only arrange for a censorship of dull hooks, and of merely silly hooks, how great a boon it would be. But since any kind of censorship merely increases the mischief why not abandon the whole absurdity? If a censorship had ever been a possibility we should none of us have been allowed to read either Charles Darwin or Herbert Spencer.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

China's famous Temple of Heaven, in which the new constitution is being drafted, was formerly visited once a year by the emperor to give an account of his empire and its affairs during the previous twelve months. This was set forth in writing, and the manuscripts were then placed in the furnace and in that way consigned to the emperor in heaven. The Temple of Heaven is one of the most beautiful and interesting sights of picturesque Peking. The walls enclosing the temple, the royal apartments, the altar, and the grounds are three miles in circumference, and the white marble structures with their blue and green porcelain tiles have to be seen to be appreciated.

The municipal authorities of Berlin have forbidden men to smoke while driving automobiles, ruling that many accidents have been due to the practice.

VIA S. S. EQUATORIA.

Murder and the Man Who Walked in His Sleep.

"Tomorrow," said the New York drummer, "we'll be in the Mississippi." It was a trite and obvious statement. Every one aboard the *Equatoria* knew that, having left New York on Saturday and being on schedule time, we were due on Thursday morning at South Pass, Louisiana, where the Father of Waters empties into the Gulf of Mexico.

But we were grateful to the drummer, nevertheless, for his platitude. It served to break a silence that was becoming oppressive in our corner of the smoking-room. On one side of me the New Orleans cotton broker rattled his remaining handful of chips with a mechanical regularity of sound. He had lost rather heavily; but he could afford it. Across from him sat the wizened Jewish druggist behind a big stack. He fingered his winnings softly and with noiseless, caressing touch now and then, and played a canny game. The other three players were middle-class tourists, mere fillers-in at the poker table.

We half-dozen pipe and cigar devotees with no inclination for cards were grouped about a corner table, puffing more or less solemnly. We had been politely and perfunctorily conversational at first, but gradually lapsed into silence. In another corner one man read and another played solitaire. It was the antithesis of the usual garrulous smoking-room crowd. Most of us were thinking of the steerage tragedy. A murder aboard ship is rather ghastly, especially when the murderer is uncaught. One knows that the few rods of available habitation which comprise one's temporary world contain both a corpse and a human being who has become as a beast. One can not get more than a few strides away from them: this man-beast and the lump of clay he has made of a fellow-being. And all around, in a great, dark, heaving, endless circle, is the sea.

It was the second night after the tragedy. In a bunk, below and forward, a Polish woman's body lay with a stab-wound in the throat. And somewhere aboard—fore or aft, above or below, no one knew—a criminal roamed at large. For all we could tell he rubbed elbows with us, sat at our table, made up our berths, or cooked our food.

There was no clue. The woman had come aboard alone at New York, and associated with no one afterward. Apparently she could not speak English. She was a singularly handsome woman, though past her first youth and of the peasant class. It was easy to suspect a jealous lover, but, according to the testimony of her neighbors, she had not even spoken or been spoken to. Her effects revealed nothing. They might have belonged to any other steerage passenger of the same sex. Her ticket, which read to New Orleans, was signed with an absolutely undecipherable name.

She had gone to bed at the usual hour three nights before. Toward morning the Frenchwoman in the berth under her was aroused by a slight tumult and swiftly departing footsteps. Heavy with sleep, she called out to ask what was the matter and, receiving no reply, slumbered again. It was not until after the breakfast hour that the Polish woman was missed. An investigation of her berth precipitated a panic among the steerage passengers. They had slept on the deck ever since.

An official investigation headed by the captain was practically barren of results. The night watch had noticed a light gleaming and moving about the lower forward deck at four bells after midnight. He had supposed that some one was ill in the steerage and descended to investigate, but found everything quiet.

A cabin steward reported that an unlisted berth had been slept in on the night of the murder. A paring knife was missing from the kitchen. But, strangest of all, the wireless connections had been cut just outside of the operator's cabin.

In human nature there is an element of analytical curiosity which makes a few great scientists and an army of amateur detectives. In the latter category might have been included the entire passenger list of the *Equatoria*. The women were more or less panicky, especially at night, but they were doing detective work just the same. Every man was a little brother of Sherlock Holmes. Even the poker quintet allowed an occasional comment on the steerage mystery to drift into the sacred jargon of jack-pots and draws.

But, as I have said, this was the third night the Thing had been our traveling companion, and among us stalked one, unsuspected, with the brand of Cain. It was a grewsome situation. No wonder we puffed at our pipes in silence and found solace in the monotonous but wholesome rattle of poker chips. No wonder the usually versatile young salesman was reduced to elucidation of the obvious.

The doctor from Troy, New York, traveling for pleasure, looked up from his contemplation of the neurotic professor from Philadelphia, traveling for health. "Yes," he said. "Thank the Lord, we'll reach port tomorrow. I'll be glad to see land again and get away from this tragedy that Fate has tied, like a tin can, to our tail."

"Is there anything further in the way of explanation or hypothesis?" queried the invalid pedant. Evidently the thing had got on his nerves more than on any one's else. The circles under his eyes had deepened during the past few days and he seemed more easily startled. Poor chap! The sea voyage wasn't bracing nerves as

it should have done—and doubtless would have under normal conditions. Perhaps the fact that the mysteriously occupied cabin was just across from his own helped to increase his nervousness.

"Nothing new," replied the physician perfunctorily. He had made the same reply so many times since the captain had asked him to examine the corpse and become one of the council of investigation.

"Did the wireless operator get New Orleans?" asked the New York editor.

"Yes," said the doctor. "We're to bring the body there for a coroner's inquest. It seems that this murder raises a new point in regard to coast vessels. It's pretty hard to tell just who has jurisdiction, but the New Orleans authorities have assumed it at the captain's request. They'll send a detective aboard with the pilot."

"What good will that do?" scoffed the Texas lawyer. "Is he going to line us all up and arrest the one who can't control his heart action? That's the latest scientific method of detecting culprits in the English schools, isn't it, doctor?"

"Something like that," Dr. Enslow answered absently. Just then a combination of breeze and the roll of the ship slammed the smoking-room door smartly. Professor Alvord jumped as though a live wire had been suddenly applied to his spine. It was grotesque as well as startling to see—for all the world like a jumping jack when its arms fly up at right angles and then flop, jerkily, down again.

The doctor arose in professional solicitude. "Good heavens, man!" he said. "You've got to take care of yourself. Aren't sleeping right, are you?"

"No," replied Alvord. His body still quivered and his tone was hardly above a whisper. "It's this cursed insomnia. I can't relax. I lie awake and my nerve centres throb and roar like the ship's engines. And, when I finally do fall asleep—" He broke off and a look of horror came into his eyes.

"You have bad dreams, of course," said Dr. Enslow. "Everybody has them now and then. They're a symptom of neurasthenia—but don't let that worry you. Forget this steerage affair. We'll be rid of it in the morning. Get off to bed with you now. I'll look in on you after a while, and if you are not snoring I'll give you a powder to settle your nerves."

So he coaxed the poor devil into his cabin by dint of much cheering-up and patting on the back. We were frankly relieved to be rid of him. It is not a pleasant spectacle to watch a nervous wreck when your own nerves are none too steady.

Halley's comet flamed high in the heavens that night and most of us went out on deck to watch it. The diversion of amateur astronomy and the approaching end of our voyage lifted the pall of our tragedy and loosened our tongues. We told stories, exchanged addresses, said good-nights and good-bys. One by one the voices ceased and the figures vanished from the deck until I was startled to note that I had outstayed them all. The night watch glanced at me suspiciously as he passed, but on his next time around he stopped to ask for a light and we chatted a while. I was talking with him about the light he had seen in the steerage on the night of the murder when he gripped my arm excitedly. I turned and followed with my gaze the direction of his shaking finger.

There, in the light of the newly risen moon, skulked a bent figure, half creeping, half walking toward the rail. There was something uncanny about it which held us both silent. Then, with beating hearts, we tiptoed after the nocturnal prowler.

Suddenly my companion gave a shout and rushed forward. The man ahead was climbing over the rail. It was nip and tuck, but the night watch caught him just as he got both feet over and dragged him back. I lent a hand and we soon had the would-be suicide sprawling on the deck. We dragged him under a light to look him over.

He was Professor Alvord.

Fortunately we didn't make enough noise to arouse many passengers. Some of the women stuck their heads out of portholes, but they were afraid to come nearer. Most of the men slept soundly and we hustled the professor into his cabin before the wakeful ones who were curious enough to dress could reach the deck.

Dr. Enslow was summoned as quietly as possible and seemed much astonished at the latest turn of events.

"The man was sleeping fifteen minutes ago," he said, perplexedly. "I went direct from his cabin to mine and hadn't more than undressed when you called me."

He worked over Alvord for some time before the latter grew rational. He appeared to be laboring under a sense of inordinate terror.

Dr. Enslow informed me that the invalid was apparently much exercised over a bad dream. "I think it has something to do with the murder," he said. "Naturally he'd dream of that. But the poor devil wouldn't tell me about it. Seemed to think it might lead to his being suspected. The man's more than half insane—on the verge of brain fever. He'll have to be watched till we get into port and then turned over to a hospital."

We sat in the little stateroom and talked in low tones, for the doctor had given his patient a soporific and he slumbered with twitching eyelids and spasmodic jerkings of limb that it made me nervous to see. After a time I took a turn on deck with my pipe for relaxation, intending to relieve the doctor on my return. When I entered the stateroom again I saw that the professor was awake. His great, round eyes were fixed

on mine with the same look of terror they had held before, but he did not move. The doctor, following my glance, arose.

"Well," he asked cheerfully, "how goes it, brother? Feel a bit rested, don't you?"

"Doctor," said the neurotic, "tell me this"—his claw-like hand clutched the physician's arm—"can they punish a man who has committed a crime—in his sleep?"

The doctor started. A thrill of vague, horror-laden apprehension shot through me. Was the mystery about to be solved?

"What do you mean?" asked Dr. Enslow, sharply.

"Answer my question," the professor demanded. "If you can't do it get the lawyer chap. I've got to know—now. Do you hear?"

He was becoming hysterical again. The doctor forced him gently back on his pillow. "Why of course he couldn't be punished," he returned, soothingly. "You don't need a lawyer to tell you that. Every one knows a man's not responsible for somnambulistic acts. Now lie still and rest. You'll feel better in a little while."

"No," said the professor, "I won't lie still. I've got to get this thing off my mind before it kills me. Now listen—" He glared at us as though to compel our attention. "Listen," he said again. "I walked in my sleep three nights ago. I've done it before. It's nothing new. But I awoke about dawn—in a strange cabin—with a knife in my hand!"

Dr. Enslow dropped the man's wrist. He took a step backward and wiped his forehead, mechanically, with the back of his hand.

"My God!" he said, almost in a whisper. "My God!"

We stared at each other aghast, the doctor and I. The thing seemed too awful, too incredible for belief.

"What did you do, then?" said the doctor, finally, turning to Alvord.

"I threw the thing away—overboard—and went back to my stateroom. It was just across the hallway."

"Did you look at the knife? Was there anything on it? Any stain?"

"I don't know. I was dazed with sleep. I think it was discolored, yes."

"And you remembered nothing—of what had taken place?"

"No, nothing. There was a sense of horror—but I have felt that before when awaking from somnambulism. Of course when I heard of the murder I recalled the knife. Since then every minute has been a nightmare, a living hell. What do you advise me to do? Will it be safe to tell my story to the police? Would they believe me?"

"I think so," said the doctor. "Let me work out this problem tonight. Think no more about it and compose yourself. You've got to relax now and get some rest. You've shifted a part of your burden. We'll straighten it all out and tell you what to do in the morning."

Weakly, the invalid caught the doctor's hand and pressed it. There were tears in his eyes—of gratitude and relief. We waited until he fell asleep again—more natural slumber than before—and then took a turn on the deck together.

"Poor devil!" said the doctor, compassionately. "Poor, poor devil!"

"What will you advise him to do?" I asked, curiously.

"God only knows," returned the doctor, wearily. "The police won't believe his yarn. Scientific and psychological evidence has been done to death lately. They're not likely to believe me, either. And if they put him in prison he'll go crazy or die. I think I'll keep him asleep till I get him into a hospital at New Orleans."

We stayed up the rest of the night. About two in the morning the pilot boat came alongside and two men got aboard. One was a plain clothes officer from New Orleans. He had a short conference with the captain and descended into the hold, accompanied by several deckhands and one of the mates. There they arrested a stoker named Tony Pollak, wanted in New York for murder. There was also a subpoena for the dead woman as a witness for the people. Pollak fought like a fiend. Afterward he broke down and confessed both the murder in New York and that aboard the ship. The woman had recognized him one day when he came on the forward deck, and he was afraid she might betray him. So he killed her and tried to incapacitate the wireless. Last week he paid the penalty of his crimes at Sing Sing.

As for the professor: a lengthy rest put him on his feet and he resumed his labors at college. It took hard work to convince him that he had done nothing worse than steal a dirty knife from the pantry during his somnambulistic vigil. However, the horror of that awakening has cured him of sleep-walking, and now, a little grayer but otherwise entirely normal, he teaches dead languages. But one mark remains of his dreadful experience. He abominates the sea.

LOUIS J. STELLMANN.

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1913.

No less than a trainload of ties, fifty cars to the train, are received daily by the Santa Fé system at Albuquerque, New Mexico, to be submitted to the "pickling" process. The ties are shipped by the Santa Barbara Tie and Pole Company from its Domingo hoom in the Rio Grande, and 250,000 more are at the boom awaiting shipment. The large number being cut and shipped from the company's forests in the northern part of New Mexico furnish employment for many experienced rivermen and lumber-jacks.

A FRENCH ENOCH ARDEN.

And Other Happenings in Theatrical Paris.

At the moment of writing Paris is, theatrically speaking, hovering between a season nearly dead and a season waiting to be born. True, the homes of vaudeville know no summer; if the natives are away at the seaside, there are always enough tourists of an inquiring turn of mind to make a paying audience for such resorts. But with the theatres it is different; it is a tradition that they must close when Paris is "empty" if only for the annual or the decennial renovation. Such is the case, for example, with the Comédie Française, which is not only undergoing a thorough cleaning, but is being adorned with a new ceiling from the brush of M. Bepard.

For the interval, however, the non-vacation members of the Comédie company is marking time at the Opéra Comique by varying their old repertory with a brand-new play by the veteran Paul Ferrier in collaboration with his daughter. Although M. Ferrier had his first play produced as far back as 1868, Jules Claretie assured him that his newest effort could only be staged in the dead season of the present year. But that did not deter M. Ferrier; he rejoined that his "Chez l'Avocat" was also produced in a dead season without detriment to its success. Hence the bargain that "Yvonic" should be given a trial during the occupation of the Opéra Comique.

Whether M. Ferrier has been justified of his confidence only his banker could say. The large audiences are hardly a test, for there is so much "paper" about in these vacation days. But for those who like to imitate their neighbors over the Channel in taking their pleasures sadly "Yvonic" is a whole banquet of delight. The story is that of Enoch Arden over again with a French twist. The scene, as befits a tale of the sea, is laid in a village on the shores of Brittany, where Kerhostin plies his craft as a fisherman. But, like Enoch, he has been away from home quite a while, detained on a prolonged fishing expedition to the Banks of Newfoundland. As the story opens, however, he has come home to find a difference in his domestic affairs.

For things have happened during his absence. His wife has succumbed to the wiles of a village Don Juan, with incriminating results. In brief, there is a new baby in Kerhostin's happy home, for which no juggling with the almanac can debit him with the responsibility. This has been foreseen by his daughter Yvonne, who, to save her mother from shame, assumes the motherhood of the infant just as its real parent is drawing her last breath. So Kerhostin's wrath is deflected from his wife to his daughter, and it makes no difference to the outraged father that Yvonne's lover divines the situation and declares he is still ready to keep his promise to make her his wife. Here, as will be imagined, are opportunities for many dramatic situations, countless tears, and ample heroics. M. Ferrier utilized them all to their last cent of value, and with Paul Moment as a stern Kerhostin and Mme. Lara as an appealing heroine the play seemed to give complete satisfaction.

Far more Parisian in its spirit is the new piece at the Vaudeville, a "comédie bouffe in three acts" by Gabriel Timmory and Jean Manoussi, entitled "La Dame du Louvre." A truer description would be "a farce in three acts," for the Lady of the Louvre has no connection with that treasure house of art from which she takes her name. On the contrary, she is a regular customer at the "magasins en face," not, however, as a purchaser, but as the punctual keeper of an appointment with her lover, Lucien Rivelot. One strange thing is observed about Mme. Odette; her husband notices that every time she returns from the Louvre she brings a fresh handkerchief with a new set of initials. This is not the result of kleptomania, as a friend suggests; Odette, remembering the catastrophe which befell a friend whose infidelities were exposed by the discovery of her own initialed handkerchief in a bachelor's flat, always carries with her to the Louvre a handkerchief bearing a misleading monogram.

Unconscious that his wife was so quick-witted, her husband has her shadowed to the Louvre by a detective, who is commissioned to pay for the handkerchiefs she is supposed to "lift," and the fact that Odette neither buys nor steals is made the occasion for some excellent fun. But when Odette, in the last act, is discovered with her lover in a week-end cottage, and the said cottage is thought by the husband to be a home for kleptomaniacs, even the limits of farce have been exceeded. Such a piece would hardly have been produced if the highbrow critics had not been on a vacation.

But there are better things in store for the immediate future. For example, when the Comédie Française company goes back to the House of Molière one of the first novelties of the season is to be a Gallic version of Shakespeare's "Macbeth" from the pen of Jean Richepin. If that brilliant Academician can not make a satisfactory version it would be hard to say who can. He is so saturated with the works of the immortal bard that he has had to ease himself by giving a course of lectures thereon at the Université des Annales, and in preparation for his tackling Macbeth he has made a recent pilgrimage to the desolate heaths of northern Scotland. One result of that expedition, so gossip avers, is that the scenery will include authentic mudhuts and other realistic details of Macbeth's encounter with the witches. As the dialogue is to be in French, M. Richepin has not needed to grapple with the difficulty of Scots accent.

Another promising announcement is to the effect that

Gabriele d'Annunzio is to oblige with a new play at the Ambigu, with Mme. Berthe Bady, M. le Bargy, and Henriette Rogers in the cast. "Le Fer," the title of the play, has been written in French prose direct, and is to be concerned with the case of a mature but still charming widow who has a morphia fiend for a lover. Being in financial difficulties, he confides his trouble to the widow, who has a wealthy married son. The lover is to get at this son by the strange device of paying court to his wife, but in the end the sham love-making is transformed into the real (French-stage) article, and when the offender is charged with his infidelity by the widow he retorts that it was all her doing. Of course there is nothing for the widow to do but shoot such a cogent logician. Such are the promises of the approaching season so far as they have been disclosed; on the surface they do not seem to be any more cheerful than M. Ferrier's version of Enoch Arden.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

PARIS, September 16, 1913.

Known as the Washington Inn, built and owned by George Washington, and further enjoying the distinction of being the only structure ever owned in the national capital by the first President, this time-stained pile will soon come down to make way for the new park that is to connect the Union station with the Capitol. It stands half a block north of the Capitol grounds, and years ago was known as the Kenmore house, and still earlier as the Hillman house. In its present form it is a reconstruction of two houses built by George Washington, and all but the lower portion retains the original walls. In December, 1798, Washington wrote a letter to William Thornton, an architect, "to proceed in laying in materials for carrying on my buildings in the federal city." In the same letter, which was written from Mt. Vernon, he said: "I saw a building in Philadelphia of about the same front and elevation that are to be given to my two houses, which pleased me. It consisted of two houses united, doors in the centre, a pediment in the roof, and dormer windows on each side of it in front, skylights in the rear. If this is not incongruous with rules of architecture, I should be glad to have my two houses executed in this style." The architects and builders carried out Washington's request. Washington paid \$936 for the two lots on which the house was built, and valued the houses at \$15,000.

The master clock in the general offices of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad at Topeka is conceded to be a real masterpiece in the clockmakers' art. This clock is fitted with a pendulum which carries thirty-two pounds of mercury in a large steel air-tight jar and is guaranteed to show not more than six seconds variation in a whole year, or one-half second in a month. It is connected with the main switchboard in the general telegraph office and automatically "sends time" daily from 10:57 to 11 a. m. (central time) to every telegraph office on the entire system. To Chicago, Galveston, Denver, El Paso, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. The cost of such a clock is \$1250. Train crews running trains through points where time changes have watches fitted with four hands, or one extra red hour hand. This saves the necessity of setting watches ahead one hour eastbound or backward one hour on their westward trip. One hundred and twenty-five local watch inspectors are required to inspect the watches of 4772 men.

Having made bows for the past twenty years, during which he has supplied archers in many parts of the world, F. S. Barnes, a Civil War veteran of Forest Grove, Oregon, declares that the yew tree of Oregon furnishes the best bow material in the world. He obtains his yews in the Cascades at an elevation of not less than 5000 feet, selecting young trees from eight to ten inches thick, which he cuts into three and a half foot lengths, splits into quarters, cuts out and throws away the heart wood, and brings the sticks out on pack horses. With one of these bows a deer was killed at a distance of sixty-two yards. Nearly 500 of the Barnes product are now in the hands of archery enthusiasts of America and Europe, and they cost from \$25 to \$100 each, according to the quality.

Baltimore is to be the scene of a unique exposition commencing October 22 and continuing for ten days, when the negroes of the country will show the world what they have accomplished since gaining their freedom. The exposition is also intended to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the emancipation proclamation. It is claimed that the exposition will represent more than 10,000,000 persons in the United States. Maryland has given \$25,000 toward the exposition, and one negro in the South who owns thirteen plantations and is said to be worth not far from \$750,000 has contributed heavily, while large contributions have been made by wealthy negroes in New York and other cities.

Ben Nevis, Scotland's highest mountain, may be commercialized to meet the demands of tourists. A project is under way looking to the erection of a hotel on the peak, to occupy the site of the former meteorological observatory. The plans embrace a railway nearly five miles long. In an ordinary season it is estimated that fully 15,000 people climb Ben Nevis.

A 90,000,000-candlepower searchlight, which illuminates every portion of the city, has been installed on the roof of a bank in Montevideo.

OLD FAVORITES.

Marmion.

Not far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troop array
To Surrey's camp to ride;
He had safe conduct for his band,
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide:
The ancient Earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfrey place,
And whisper'd in an under-tone,
"Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown."
The train from out the castle drew.
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu:—
"Though something I might plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your King's behest,
While in Tantalion's towers I staid;
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble Earl, receive my hand."
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:—
"My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open, at my Sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, how'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my King's alone,
From turret to foundation-stone:
The hand of Douglas is his own;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burn'd Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And—"This to me!" he said,—
"An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And, first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,
He, who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword.)
I tell the thou'rt defied!
And if thou said'st I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"
On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth,—"And darest thou, then,
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
Andapest thou unscathed to go?—
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms—what, Warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall!"
Lord Marmion turn'd,—well was his need,
And dash'd the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung.
The ponderous grate behind him rung:
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, razed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Nor lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim:
And when Lord Marmion reach'd his band
He halts, and turn'd with clench'd hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers,
"Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase!"
But soon he rein'd his fury's pace:
"A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name.—
A letter forged! Saint Jude to speed!
Did ever knight so foul a deed?
At first in heart it liked me ill,
When the King praised his clerly skill.
Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line.
So swore I, and I swear it still,
Let my boy-bishop fret his fill.—
Saint Mary mend my fiery mood!
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood,
I thought to slay him where he stood.
'Tis pity of him too," he cried:
"Bold can he speak, and fairly ride,
I warrant him a warrior tried."
With this his mandate he recalls,
And slowly seeks his castle halls.

—Sir Walter Scott.

"My Heart's in the Highlands."

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birthplace of valor, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer,
A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

—Robert Burns.

Persian native bread differs little from that used a thousand years ago. The Persian oven is built of smooth masonry work in the ground, usually about the size of a barrel; and many of those now in use have been used for a century. The dough is formed into thin sheets about a foot long and two feet wide and slapped against the side of the oven. It bakes in a few minutes and is set out to cool.

Said to be the first stone arch bridge erected in this country, the "Choate Bridge, Built by Town and County, 1764," as the inscription states, still stands, a monument to the builder, Colonel John Choate, at Ipswich, Massachusetts. It is seemingly as strong as ever.

NOTRE DAME DE THERMIDOR.

L. Gastine Gives Us a New Picture of Mme. Tallien, the Heroine of the Terror.

It is surprising how rapidly a spurious history will gather around the record of a beautiful woman. For many years we have looked upon Mme. Tallien as one of the heroines of the French Revolution and upon her attachment to her blood-stained husband as among the great romances of a sordid period. Doubtless Notre Dame de Thermidor had her human weaknesses, but they were of the attractive rather than of the repellent kind and certainly to be pardoned and forgotten in the light of the heroic part that she played in the overthrow of Robespierre. And now comes Mr. L. Gastine with a strong and pitiless searchlight to show us that the beautiful Theresia was not only a wanton, but that she was incredibly heartless, and that the whole of the revolutionary story that has gathered around her name is a myth of which she was quick to see the value and to employ to her own benefit. The end of the Terror meant that great numbers of people were free once more to come into the sunlight, to think, and to speak. They were eager to acclaim the new day, and questions regarding the authors of the tyrant's fall were upon every lip. They asked, "Who is this Tallien that dared to brave the Jacobin leader and who is the woman that inspired him to the deed?" The material for the myth was ready to their hand and it was quickly formulated and written into the history of the day. Mr. Gastine seems resolved upon its removal.

To review the whole of his analysis of the Tallien myth would be a lengthy operation, but a few examples may serve the purpose. Here, for example, is a page of "history" written by Le Lamartine himself and including a portion of the fable that the author seeks to overthrow:

In the Carmelite prison two steps led down into a dark and narrow cell which looked out through a small iron grill on to what had once been the monastery garden. In this cell lay three women who had been cast from fortune's pinnacle into one and the same prison. Never had the sculptor's art brought together in a single group three women whose beauty, grace, and charm were better calculated to soften the hearts of their gaolers. One of them, Mme. d'Aiguillon, bore an illustrious name; the scaffold was still reeking with the blood of those who were near and dear to her; the second was Josephine Tascher, the widow of General Beauharnais, who had paid with his life the penalty of the ill-fortune that had pursued him when with the army of the Rhine. The last and loveliest of the three was the youthful Theresia Caharrus, beloved of Tallien, whose crime was that she had tempered the representative's republican zeal at Bordeaux and had been the means of snatching innumerable victims from their doom. Deaf to her entreaties, the committee of public safety had just torn her from the proconsul, her protector, and cast her into the dungeon where she lay still suspected of influencing the mind of Tallien. Two of these women loved each other tenderly, notwithstanding that they had often been rivals for the admiration of the public and of the chief of the army and the convention. The one was destined for the throne, whither the youthful love of young Bonaparte was one day to exalt her; to the other it was given to overthrow the republic by inspiring Tallien with the courage to attack the committees in the person of Robespierre.

In support of this story there is the well-known inscription on the walls of the Carmelite Convent addressed to liberty and signed "Citoyenne Tallien, Josephine de Beauharnais, Daiguillon."

It seems now to be clear enough that Mme. Tallien was never in the Carmelite Convent and that she was not married to Tallien at that time. She was still Mme. de Fontenay. The inscription contains the word "enfermés," which is in the masculine, while all the signatories were women. The word Daiguillon is misspelled. Theresia and Josephine could not have "loved each other tenderly," seeing that they had never met. But there is another myth, and for this Houssaye is responsible. Perhaps from the sentimental point of view it is the more important. Houssaye says:

"At last," he tells us, "as though by miracle, she was granted permission to go down into the courtyard at the hour when the prisoners used sadly to behold the last rays of daylight fading from their eyes. The shadows of night were already gathering fast. Vainly the young woman asked to whom she owed this favor. The turnkey was silent as the tomb."

"The very first evening, as she was enjoying the air that was blowing cool and fresh after a shower of rain, a stone fell at her feet. She was of too romantic a disposition not to recognize in this something more than mere coincidence. She picked up the stone and found a note attached to it, a note consisting of two lines in an unknown hand. She would willingly have given two years of her life to read those two lines, but although the moon was bright she could not decipher them, she was obliged to wait for the light of day."

"She gazed at the roofs of the surrounding houses to see whence the token could have fallen, for she had thought herself forsaken by all, even by Tallien. She beheld nothing save closed and silent casements; not a gleam shone from any of those gables upon which she might gaze as on the beacon star of her deliverance. She listened, but in the vague murmur that reached her from without no voice found its way to her heart. That little stone which came perhaps to bring her tidings of good cheer had doubtless been thrown from afar. Or was it, she asked herself, but the untimely declaration of some unhappy prisoner fain to forget the prospect of coming to death in a dream of love."

"Mme. de Fontenay was at length compelled to return to her cell, for the dark chamber to which she had been transferred some days since was none the less a cell, only the straw was cleaner and the mice did not display quite so much familiarity as in her previous quarters."

"As soon as day broke she sat up on her pallet-bed and held the note, the thoughts of which had kept disturbing her slumbers, close to the bars of the grating. Though it was written in imitation of printed characters she joyfully recognized Tallien's hand. 'I am watching over you,' the missive ran; 'every night at nine o'clock you will go into the courtyard: I shall be near you.'"

The author shows that the whole story was invented by Madame herself in order to give verisimilitude to the myth that she found ready for her use, but that needed to be reinforced by false evidence and fiction. It would have been physically impossible for Tallien to

have reached the courtyard in question. No one could have communicated with Theresia without the fact being known to Robespierre. And the author allows himself so far to digress from the main line of his story as to give us Barras's story of a visit to the dictator:

Robespierre was standing up swathed in a sort of overall, half shirt, half dressing-gown. He had just been receiving the attentions of his coiffeur, and was without the spectacles he generally wore. Through the powder, which lent an added pallor to his naturally colorless complexion, two restless eyes peered at us with an expression we had never seen on his face before. He was gazing at us fixedly with an air that betokened astonishment at our appearance. We saluted him without constraint according to our wont and the unaffected fashion of the day. He paid no heed to our salute, but continued to look at himself, now in a mirror hung up at the window which overlooked the court, now in a little glass originally intended no doubt to adorn his mantelpiece. He next picked up his toilet knife and scraped away the powder with which his face was covered, taking great care not to disarrange his hair. He then took off his dressing-gown and threw it on a chair so close to us as to soil our clothes, making no apology nor so much as showing that he was aware of our presence. He washed in a sort of basin which he held in one hand, cleaned his teeth, spat several times on the ground where we were standing without paying any heed to us. It was nearly as bad as Potemkin, who, it will be remembered, never even troubled to turn away his head, but without heed or warning spat straight out in the direction of any one that happened to be in front of him.

Upon the fall of Robespierre Tallien found not only that he was the hero of the hour, but that public sentiment had associated his daring with the inspiration given to him by his mistress Theresia. Such an idea had never entered his head, but he was quick to see its advantages and fully resolved to live up to them:

On the 12th Thermidor then, Tallien quite unexpectedly and through no effort of his own found that he and Theresia were the idols of the hour. There was nothing for it; he was indissolubly and irrevocably bound to his mistress, the people would have that she was his "inspiratrice," and he had to accept the situation or come toppling down from the pedestal on which the popular imagination had perched him. In point of fact Theresia had not so much as entered his head, but now it was quite clear that she must not be suffered to remain a single hour longer in prison. So away he rushed to La Petite Force, doubtless concocting as he went along the story that we read in Houssaye, the story that was intended to exculpate him in his mistress's eyes for allowing her to languish in confinement until the 12th Thermidor. "I had," he said, "to gain a seat on the committee of public safety and wring from my colleagues their consent to your release." As to whether Theresia took in this story it is difficult to say. She may have done. At all events she afterwards found it necessary to give it currency in order to explain away her lover's too significant forgetfulness. After all, it was a harmless invention compared with the correspondence they afterwards concocted together in order to bolster up the story.

At fifteen, says the author, Mme. Tallien was a fully developed coquette, and while other children of her age were playing with their dolls she had already had one or two important "affairs":

When the 9th Thermidor came she had been a wife, a mother, and a divorcee. She had moreover almost been guilty of incest (at least in thought) and the men who had possessed her could have been counted by the dozen almost—and she was not yet twenty-one!

The marriage between Tallien and Theresia was one of convenience, and not of love. Tallien needed to explain his possession of the wealth that he had stolen, and there could be no better way than a marriage with a woman known to be wealthy. Theresia wished to establish herself in society, and for that purpose a husband and a household were necessities:

Neither love nor passion nor lust can be held to have brought about the marriage of Theresia Caharrus and Tallien. Gratitude is equally to be discarded as an explanation of the step. They cared not the slightest for each other. Each had had a most unsatisfactory past, each could throw mud at the other. Their attitude was one of mutual contempt.

Tallien was under no misapprehension regarding Theresia's morals. He knew that ever since she had arrived at womanhood she had always had an intrigue on hand, and he was quite aware he was not marrying a Penelope. He could hardly have deluded himself with the hope that he was going to make sure of her fidelity by means of a legal contract; he was too well versed in the ways of the typical light o' love to imagine such a thing as that. As a matter of fact, he knew perfectly well that Mme. Tallien would play him false. After all, it need cause us no surprise to find, in our lackey-legislator, something of the instincts of a pander.

Theresia is contrasted with the real heroines of the Revolution, who met death without a tremor rather than betray their comrades or their principles:

At Bordeaux white-haired women of gentle nature mounted the scaffold with head erect, preferring to die rather than do lip-service to the wreckers of their country; young women dowered with wealth and beauty followed unflinchingly in their footsteps; frail nuns came forth from the cloister's sheltering fold and passed to death with holy chants upon their lips rather than betray some aged priest whom they had hidden from his would-be murderers; even girls in their teens looked with serene, untroubled eye upon their executioners, and gazed without blenching and without a tremor at the dread instrument of death. But not so Theresia. To save her life and her beauty, to enjoy the continuance of that adulation which her coquetry assured her, she yielded, nay, she offered herself to the most ruthless murderer of them all. Painfully contrasting with the heroism around her, this ignoble compliance on the part of Theresia has branded her memory with the stigma of ineffaceable ignominy.

At Bordeaux she had at least the motive of fear to explain her unpardonable infamy. But in 1794, when she mated herself with Tallien, even that pretext was wanting, and she sank to the level of the basest of prostitutes.

Having once established herself in life, La Belle Tallien proceeded to cultivate the graces of hospitality and of charity. She gave dinner parties at which Tallien was wont to express his sympathy for suffering humanity, and his wife yielded to the delights of the dance and other delights that were by no means so innocent:

Mme. Tallien was tall, and her stature did not allow her to run the risk of incurring ridicule by dancing with men beneath her own height. This fact of itself suffices to explain how it was that Mme. Tallien was in the habit of dancing less frequently than other women, and how it came about that she sometimes refused to take part in a cotillon—when for example she would have had to join hands with some diminutive but important personage whom she would have offended

by a refusal. But with all the Spanish blood she had in her veins she was naturally far too fond of gayety not to be passionately in love with dancing or to forego without some very serious motive the pleasure of being encircled, embraced, and sometimes immodestly caressed by cavaliers whose sensual appetites the lascivious motions of her body must have whetted to frenzy. It is hardly to be supposed that the integrity of the conjugal bond would not suffer fatal consequences from gatherings where the ruling influence was the tempting loveliness of a young woman who had broken her troth with her first husband and deceived her lovers one after another (or sometimes two or three together), not even making an exception in favor of Tallien himself.

Napoleon had the greatest contempt for both Tallien and his wife. While his vengeance was heavy upon those whom he thought to be really dangerous, he never believed that the Talliens were worth powder and shot. Finding that Josephine was in communication with Theresia he wrote her a letter forbidding her to have anything to do with a woman whom he despised:

Josephine dropped her like a hot coal. Bonaparte, politely but inflexibly, insisted on keeping her at a distance. Thus repulsed, she fell heavily back on Ouvrard the army contractor—hardly the sort of lover to bring about a more cordial understanding for her with one to whom all army contractors were anathema.

And so beauty, display, elegance, and indecency had scored the last of their triumphs; and, like her, all the other wonts of the Directorate Court had been placed on the index.

Turquan appears to imagine that Mme. Bonaparte used to see her secretly, either at Malmaison or in the suite of rooms she had taken in 1800 at the corner of the rue Lafitte and the boulevards. This belief of his originated in Sophie Gay's stories and in a letter which Napoleon wrote to Josephine from Berlin in 1806.

"Mon amie," he says; "I have received your letter. I forbid you to see Mme. Tallien on any pretense whatever. I will have no excuses. If you value my esteem and wish to please me, never transgress this injunction. If she tries to gain access to you, if she comes to you under cover of night, tell your porters to keep her out. A poor wretch has married her with her eight bastards. Her I despise more than ever I did. She who was a gentle girl is branded, as a woman, with horror and infamy. I shall be at Malmaison soon. I tell you this because I don't want to find any lovers there by night; I should be sorry to have to disturb them."

Soon after Theresia had been divorced by Tallien—she was divorced also by her first husband—she married Count Caraman, and although she had thereby entered the ranks of the true aristocracy she was none the less heart-broken by the attitude of Napoleon and the necessary obedience of Josephine to his orders:

Henceforth Theresia's hopes were blasted. Josephine was too kind-hearted to disclose the terms of the letter in which the emperor had referred to her friend as a woman "d'horreur et d'infamie," and to her husband as a "misérable" for having married her with her eight bastards; but the imperial decision had been formulated in terms of such severity that the empress had no alternative but to give her friend plainly to understand that she could never receive her again.

We have by this time gained sufficient insight into Theresia's nature to know that this crowning veto of the emperor's must have been the cruellest blow of her whole career. Nevertheless in 1806 her vanity had not been completely curbed, since, instead of blaming herself alone for the fact that she was publicly treated as a pariah, she attempted for many years to come—almost indeed to the end of her days—to force her way into the higher realms of society, whose members, however, were just as determined to exclude her.

Theresia was now the cynosure of all eyes, but no longer because of her supposed heroisms. Boucher de Perthes describes an extraordinary scene that shook even her imperturbability:

One day, however, I saw her genuinely put out. It was at the Louvre. I happened to be making my way through the galleries when I encountered her leaning on the arm of Monsieur de Fontenay, her son by her first husband. On her other arm hung Mlle. Tallien, now our cousin, who, in turn, was leading the little De Caraman. The comtesse thus had with her a child by each of her three husbands. This had probably never struck her when she entered the building, but it struck the people who were there, and a buzz of whispering had quickly arisen. As soon as she saw me she beckoned me to come to her, and relinquishing her hold of Monsieur de Fontenay, put her arm through mine. We took a turn or two through the galleries, and then she begged me to conduct her to her carriage.

The public still stared, but it was not the stare of admiration. Theresia had been found out and her flaunting about with her children became a piece of provocative insanity that drew from the crowd the most cruel gibes:

"She was," says Boucher de Perthes, "so very much accustomed to the impertinent curiosity of the populace that she remained at first perfectly unmoved." We can picture her as she pursued her way through the press with a magnificent sangfroid, congratulating herself on the marked success of her *mis en scène*. Her aim she thought had been accomplished. What cared she for the look of amazement depicted on every face? What cared she for the disconcerting hum going on around her? People tumbled over one another to catch a glimpse of her; they harried her way, they grouped themselves about her as she walked, they hurried in from adjoining rooms. She might have been the centre of a revolution! But she merely smiled at it all; she had been through the same sort of thing many a time—at Bordeaux, in the Champs Elysées, at the Tuilleries, and at the Luxembourg.

But stay! What were those words that smote her ear? A question perhaps, a quip, an insult made her suddenly start back as though some one had struck her in the face with a riding whip. One can imagine the sort of remark: "The collection is not complete; where are Barras's and Ouvrard's bastards?" Then a sickening feeling would have come over the unhappy woman. Boucher de Perthes appearing on the scene, she called him over to her, left her children, and, clinging to him as a drowning woman might cling to a straw, fled from the room with her young companion, choking down tears of shame and mortification.

The author seems to have made out a full and complete case, even though he can hardly be complimented upon a judicial tone. He writes as an attorney for the prosecution, and while this gives an extraordinary energy to his narrative it is by no means impossible that it will provoke a defense of a woman who has been almost worshiped as a bright and particular star in the galaxy of French revolutionary heroines.

MADAME TALLIEN: NOTRE DAME DE THERMIDOR. By L. Gastine. Translated from the French by J. L. May. New York: John Lane Company; \$3.50.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Harlette.

When Duke Robert of Normandy, having disposed of his brother by means of poison and being hated therefore, happened to see Harlette, the daughter of Foulette, who nearly got himself hanged for poaching in the royal forest, he fell at once in love with the rustic beauty and won her in the way customary among the aristocracy of that day, but not until he had assured her honestly enough of his love. In due time Harlette bore him a son, and that son became William the Conqueror, the first Norman King of England.

All this is set forth vigorously by Miss Marion Polk Angellotti in her latest novel, *Miss Angellotti* in her latest novel. Miss Angellotti will be remembered as the author of "The Burgundian," which received and deserved much favorable notice at the time, and now comes this little story, which is even better than its predecessor. The author has not only the capacity for patient historical research, but she has also a narrative style that enables her to make exceptionally good use of her material.

HARLETTE. By Marion Polk Angellotti. New York: The Century Company; 75 cents net.

In the Shadow of the Bush.

A first glance at this formidable volume suggests a doubt if a single African race can repay so elaborate a study. But the doubt is speedily removed. The Ekoi are a people of peculiar interest. Far removed from the influence of the white man, their beliefs and customs have remained practically unchanged from the times of an immense antiquity. Indeed the author tells us that their beliefs are clearly linked with those of the ancient Phoenicians and the Egyptians, and that they have a form of worship that carries us back to the oldest known Minoan civilization. The Ekoi people are to be found on the boundary that separates the Cameroons from Southern Nigeria, and as it is hardly likely that they can remain for much longer undisturbed and uncontaminated by civilization it is well that so competent a hand as that of Mr. Talbot should undertake a record that will never be bettered.

Certainly there could be no more ample or competent account. Nothing seems to be omitted that an elaborate research could supply. Religion, laws, social customs, art, government, and folklore come in for full treatment and in a way so vivid and suggestive as to fascinate. To attempt a *résumé* of so large and so varied a work would be to spoil it, and it must therefore suffice to give it the warmest possible commendation alike for the thoroughness of its treatment and the vivacity of its style.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE BUSH. By P. Amaury Talbot. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$5 net.

A Prisoner in Fairyland.

It would be hard to speak with too much enthusiasm of this exquisite conception by an author whose name is already a guaranty of literary perfection. "A Prisoner in Fairyland" is not exactly a story, although it carries enough of narrative to give it hallast. Its central figure is the father of a family who is trying to write a play that shall bring humanity back to fairyland by its lessons of love and unselfishness. But the task is a difficult one. Shall the chief character be male or female? The difficulty is solved by the help of a cousin, and it is decided that the central figure must be a woman who shall be so much of a mother that all the unborn children of the world come under her guardianship. In fact the woman is a sort of universal mother who takes the universe into her charge, and so the play becomes a great success after it has been discussed in all its parts with a wealth of gentle and unobtrusive mysticism which may be said to be the charming novelty that pervades the whole book. It is hard to suppose that the author was drawing entirely upon what we call the fancy as a convenient term for something that we do not understand. Every line that he writes seems to suggest a fine purpose, an intention to produce a definite effect upon the minds of his readers. And those minds must indeed be impervious that fail to feel it and to respond to it. Mr. Blackwood has written a book that can hardly fail to leave a permanent impression upon those who are so fortunate as to read it.

A PRISONER IN FAIRYLAND. By Algernon Blackwood. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.35 net.

Round the Corner.

The world would be a far drearier place than it is but for the possibilities that lie "round the corner." But a too great reliance on those possibilities is likely to produce just such conditions as existed in the much too large family of the Rev. Francis Folyat, who lived first in Cornwall and then transferred himself and his progeny to one of the manufacturing towns of England.

Mr. Cannan's novel is so much of a success because we feel that we know all of his characters intimately and because they do just those things that they were certain to do. We are inclined to love the Rev. Francis, not for his intellect, for he has not much of it, but for a certain benignity of character which revives even the strain of his religion. We

see his family increase with an extraordinary rapidity, and with the exception of Serge, who leaves home while a boy and therefore escapes the stagnation of the domestic influences, we see all the children grow up in that rudderless state that seems to distinguish so much of the English middle class. Social position, money, and caste are the only stars on their horizon, and we watch them sink into nonentity without a quail of regret. They are all unrestful, querulous, snatching at the instincts of the moment for the lack of something better, unlovely because they have no conception of the true loveliness of life. But in Serge we have the swan among the geese. We like him because he is a vagabond and for his clear sight of the realities of life, which are always its sentiments and never its possessions. Mr. Cannan seems bent on showing us a complete picture of a typical middle-class English family strangled by its conventions and its utilities, and he does this, not to show how well he can do it, but rather for the purpose of asking his readers how they like it and what they propose to do in the matter. As a portrait of a social system it is an exceptionally fine piece of work and far more instructive than all the disquisitions on social science that have been published for a decade.

ROUND THE CORNER. By Gilbert Cannan. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

Social Idealism.

This appears to be one of the many able attempts to show that Christianity may once more take its place as one of the constructive or preservative forces of social evolution. The growing ethical sense of the day, failing to overcome the inertia of the older formulations of Christianity, has ended by ignoring Christianity altogether. That a reconciliation may still be effected by the surrender of those older formulations and by an alliance with the secular forces of reform seems to be the author's contention. He writes with full comprehension and with much suavity, but perhaps he fails to recognize the very tenable conviction that the weakness of the system is due to nothing so much as its failure to emphasize the importance of personal conduct as the one and only thing that matters. We may well doubt if the churches can in the least fortify their position by engaging either in hygiene or politics.

SOCIAL IDEALISM AND THE CHANGING THEOLOGY. By Gerald Birney Smith. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

The Pathos of Distance.

It is not easy, indeed it is impossible, to review a volume of isolated impressions that cover a lifetime of observation of men and things. But whatever has made an impression on Mr. Hunecker's mind is worth hearing, for it is a mind well trained to discriminate in its hospitalities. With some shrewdness Mr. Hunecker foresees that he will be charged with a lack of "general ideas" and he disarms criticism by saying that he does not believe in general ideas. But neither does he seem to believe in opinions, or in any definite attitude toward art or humanity. A benevolent mockery leaves much to be desired as a philosophy, but however carefully we search through Mr. Hunecker's pages we fail to find any authority for believing any particular thing. Perhaps we ought not to want authority, but we do. It is true, he tells us, that the line work of Matisse is marvelous, but he has nothing but a smile for the Cubists in general. He reserves another smile, a more extended one, for Bergson, whom he calls the "playboy of Western philosophy" and gently twits him for his inconsistencies, and even on the sacred subject of pragmatism he finds a difficulty in being serious all the time. We find some solid criticism in "The Later George Moore" and much that is suggestive in "Browsing Among My Books," but on the whole it would be well to go to Mr. Hunecker for entertainment rather than for a correction of those immature opinions or those "general views" that the average man is so persistent in forming.

THE PATHOS OF DISTANCE. By James Hunecker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2 net.

The Yoke of Pity.

This translation of Julien Benda's story, "L'Ordination," while it has extraordinary power, will be read in America rather as a curiosity than as the presentation of a practical problem. It relates a love adventure between a literary man and a young married woman, an adventure that is normal enough, but that would certainly bring the actors within reach of the law in a land that is so free as to be oppressively Puritanical. In due time the hero grows tired of his mistress, and after the usual agonizings that veil a very crude brutality he dismisses her, marries, and settles down to a life of intense literary activity. But the one child of the marriage develops a deformity, and so we reach the real problem of the story. We must determine whether the intellectual life at full pressure is compatible with love for a sick child, and whether it is not better to surrender the love rather than the intellectual pressure. It is decidedly a novel view and we must confess ourselves unable to solve it. And by way of being quite frank we may say that we are far more interested in the dis-

carded mistress, who is thrown away like a sucked orange, than we are in the ensuing wife and child. And for the hero we have nothing but an unmitigated contempt.

THE YOE OF PITY. By Julien Benda. Translated by Gilbert Cannan. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1 net.

The Upper Crust.

Mr. Charles Sherwin has given us one of those delightfully impossible stories that are so suitable for railroad journeys and other times of enforced leisure. The hero is the usual type of rich man's son whose mother implores him to marry and become a useful member of society, but who prefers to go off on a frolic and tramp through the country as a hobo. He ends up by visiting the country estate which his mother has bought but never visited, and there he finds the young woman who has been sent down as a housekeeper but who has very ingeniously turned the occasion to account by posing as the owner herself and living and running up hills in quite the grand style. She is a very attractive young woman for an adventuress, and there, we feel, that the novelist has the advantage over the average citizen, who must necessarily abhor such a little witch as Molly and all her devious ways, but who is now persuaded to applaud the hero for falling in love with her and condoning her many peccadilloes. It is all very amusingly told and may be confidently relied upon to beguile at least five hours in the railroad train.

THE UPPER CRUST. By Charles Sherman. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.20 net.

Briefer Reviews.

The Phoenix Press, Baltimore, has published a play by the author of "The Middle Class," entitled "The Quandary." It appears to embody some reflections on the causes of feminine immorality. And the chief cause, according to the author, is ignorance.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company has just published "The Man Without a Country," and other stories, by Edward Everett Hale. It appears in the Handy Volume Classics Series (35 cents per volume), a series that for its workmanship and scope is no less than a popular hoon.

One of the last manuscripts written by James Allen has been published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company under the title of "Foundation Stones to Happiness and Success" (50 cents net). It deals finely and sympathetically with some of the basic causes in thought that govern human fate.

The H. M. Caldwell Company has published a volume of after-dinner stories under the title of "Here's a New One," by Adolph Davidson. We are by no means sure that there are any new after-dinner stories, but a good many of these, if not actually new, are at least recent.

No stories are so wholesome for hoys as yarns of the sea. In "Midshipman Days," by Roger West, we have a capital story of Annapolis and of two young midshipmen who see some real service in Cuban waters on the outbreak of the Spanish war. It is published by the Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.

"Auburn and Freckles," by Marie L. Marsh (F. G. Browne & Co.; \$1 net), is a short story of a red-headed, freckle-faced boy who does most of the things usually done by that sort of boy and who is therefore distinctly of the human variety. The author seems to know a good deal of boy nature and to be able to convey her knowledge in a pleasing way.

There are various tiny independent states in Europe of which one never hears unless through the industry of such writers as Virginia W. Johnson. In her "Two Quaint Republics," just published by Dana Estes & Co. (\$1.25 net), she tells us of Andorra and San Marino, situate on the border land of France and Italy. The unknown is usually interesting, and in this case it is especially interesting through the author's vivacious style and careful research into history.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Poet's Gift.

I can not give you diamonds, dear,
Rich jewels from the mart;
Nothing but wistful dreams, I fear—
The treasures of my heart.
—The Admirer.

The Hard-Rock Man.

"Well," I says, "I'm done with minin',
An' I'll git a job on top,
Where the sun is allus shinin'
An' there aint no roof to drop;
Nix on minin', muckin', toilin',
I will quit an' git a wife
An' we'll keep the kettle boilin'
An' I'll settle down fer life."
Says a friend of mine to me,
"Honest, ho, you oughta see
This here tunnel we are drivin'—it's a stinger,
hully gee!
Yas, I know you've chucked the trade,
But you needn't be afraid
Fer to come an' look us over with the progress
we have made."

So they got me all persuaded
An' they led me to the spot,
An' their progress they paraded
In the headin' wet an' hot;
An' the drills was barkin', barkin',
An' the mud would spatter high.
An' I found that I was barkin'
With a teardrop in me eye.

An' I wanted to be hack
Where the mule car rolls the track,
Where you're fightin' rock an' water an' the roof
is like to crack—
They kin sing of "Mandelay"
An' the "wanderlust"—but say,
I kin feel the hard-rock fever just a-wastin' me away.

Now I aint a blame' bit happy
In my quiet little job,
I want drills a-barkin' snappy
To the air compressor's throb,
An' I want to handle powder
An' from job to job to roam,
Fer the hard rock's callin' louder
Than the longin' fer a home.

Here's a tunnel started new—
Out near Frisco there are two,
Oh, a hard-rock man can allus find a little work
to do;
An' I reckon I'm the lad
That has got the fever bad,
An' it oughta make me sorry—but it only makes
me glad!
—Berton Braley, in the Popular Magazine.

Song.

O we go wandering up and down
Athwart the teeming earth;
Leaf o' green and leaf o' brown,
Summer's smile and winter's frown,
Dreams of new and old renown,
For some a cross, for some a crown,
And that's the boon of birth!

It's you to fare and I to fare
Along the devious track;
Glints of sun or starry air,
Silk or motley for our wear,
Each with his pack of joy and care;
But from the hour we all must share
There's never a road leads back!
—Clinton Scollard, in New York Sun.

Ripples.

The Moon's bright hair lies on the sea,
Gilding each dusky hollow;
Spread like a maid's, unbound and free,
Over a velvet pillow;
And, crooning low a tender song,
The glad waves comb it all night long.
—Thomas Grant Springer, in Lippincott's Magazine.

The Twilight People.

It is a whisper among the hazel bushes;
It is a long, low whispering voice that fills
With a sad music the bending and swaying rushes:
It is a heartbeat deep in the quiet hills.
Twilight people, why will you still be crying,
Crying and calling to me out of the trees?
For under the quiet grass the wise are lying,
And all the strong ones are gone over the seas.
And I am old, and in my heart at your calling
Only the old dead dreams a-fluttering go,
As the wind, the forest wind, in its falling
Sets the withered leaves fluttering to and fro.
—Seumas O'Sullivan, in Philadelphia Ledger.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Lost Mameluke.

Mr. David M. Beddoe deserves credit for one of the best stories of Egypt that have yet been written. The period is before the French invasion, when the land was ruled by rival beys and their mamelukes, these beys in their turn being controlled by the Sheikh el Belled, who maintained his power for just so long as he was able.

Mr. Beddoe's hero is an English merchant of Cairo who grows tired of his ignominious position as a trader and a Christian and seizes an opportunity to enlist as a mameluke in the service of the Sheikh. Renouncing his religion, he himself is renounced by his wife, which troubles him not at all in the excitement of the new and strenuous life that opens before him. And the life is described with extraordinary vigor and accuracy. We see the desert encampments and the fierce sports of the mamelukes, their jealousies and enmities, as well as the milder life of the city with its mingling of Mohammedan and Christian and of the many peoples that were represented in the Cairo of that day before the shadow of Napoleon fell across the land. The story is written from the native point of view, with which the author seems to have much sympathy, and it commands admiration not only because of the accuracy of the picture and the extraordinary wealth of detail with which it is set forth, but also for a certain finished and polished workmanship rare enough in these days of hasty composition based on a still more hasty conception.

THE LOST MAMELUKE. By David M. Beddoe. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

Discovering "Evelina"

Mr. F. Frankfort Moore makes fairly good use of the old idea of the unrecognized genius whose novel takes the world by storm. But the genius in this case is Miss Fanny Burney, the unconsidered daughter of Dr. Burney, who appears to know nothing of music and who is therefore relegated to a position of drudgery in the household of her musical father. She is known to be fond of writing, but not until "Evelina" appears and its authorship is discovered does Fanny shine forth with her proper splendor. Mr. Moore makes the best use of the human material with which the epoch provides him. We have a clever picture of Dr. Johnson and a still more clever one of Garrick, while Mrs. Thrale is shown in her familiar activities. The story is a thoroughly readable one, but we are not sure if it is not a mistake to invent love affairs for historical characters who never actually had them. We can remember nothing to indicate that Fanny Burney was a victim of the tender passion.

DISCOVERING "EVELINA." By F. Frankfort Moore. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

George Bird Grinnell has collected a book of Indian legends which have never before been told in type. Of them he says: "The stories here told come down to us from very ancient times. Grandfathers have told them to their grandchildren, and these again to their grandchildren, and so from mouth to mouth, through many generations, they have reached our time." The book is published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

The publication of "The Way Home," a new novel by the author of "The Inner Shrine," has an unusual interest. It brings back the name of Basil King to the title-page of a book, where it has not appeared for six years. The increasing interest in the authorship of the three anonymous novels, "The Inner Shrine," "The Wild Olive," and "The Street Called Straight," has made it impossible for Mr. King to remain any longer in the background. Harper & Brothers are the publishers.

"A Line o' Cheer for Each Day o' the Year" is the title of John Kendrick Bangs' forthcoming book, containing optimistic verse for daily reading. It will be published by Little, Brown & Co.

J. W. Foley, whose book of verse, entitled "Boys and Girls," is from the press of E. P. Dutton & Co., has been a resident of Dakota and the West since 1878. His charming verse in the leading magazines has made his name familiar to readers everywhere. Aside from his work as a writer he has found time to be interested in state and other affairs, has been three times secretary of the state senate of his state, has been elected and accepted as the "poet laureate" of North Dakota, is a lecturer before the Free Lecture Association at Fargo, and has become a familiar and welcome figure on the lecture platform.

Strange surroundings furnish inspiration for some authors, while others find their best work is done at home. Among the latter is Louis Joseph Vance, who says he can do better work right in New York City than in any other part of the world—and he has tried England, France, the Bermudas, and Provincetown. He has returned home after a year's absence, just at the time his new novel, "Joan Thursday," is making its appearance. This story of a New York shopgirl who achieved success as a star actress marks a new departure for Mr. Vance, representing as it does

his most serious literary work. "Joan Thursday" is published by Little, Brown & Co.

Hulbert Footner, author of "Jack Chanty," is a Canadian himself, and knows the Northwest as do few white men. So far as known, he and his companion are the first whites to have penetrated some parts of Northern Alberta. He has made several exploring trips and has traversed by canoe practically the whole length of the great Peace River. It is in this country that "Jack Chanty" is laid. The book is from the press of Doubleday, Page & Co.

New Books Received.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF PEACE. By Henry Cahot Lodge. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

A sketch of the relations between England and the United States since the War of 1812.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By John Spencer Bassett, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50 net.

"The story of human achievement in what is now the United States, from the earliest traces of man's existence to the present time."

THE DUST OF THE ROAD. By Marjorie Patterson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.30 net. A novel.

THE MORNING'S WAR. By C. E. Montague. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.35 net. A novel.

THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER. By Clarence B. Kelland. New York: Harper & Brothers; 50 cents net.

The story of a vision.

MODERN AMERICAN SPEECHES. By Lester W. Boardman, A. M. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; 40 cents.

With notes and introduction.

PRINCIPLES OF BOOKKEEPING AND FARM ACCOUNTS. By J. A. Bexell and F. G. Nichols. New York: American Book Company; 65 cents.

A simple system dealing with the commodities and conditions of farming.

TOM STRONG, BOY-CAPIAIN. By Alfred Bishop Mason. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.25 net. A story of America.

HARPER'S AIRCRAFT BOOK. By A. Hyatt Verrill. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1 net.

Why aeroplanes fly, how to make models, and all about aircraft, little and big. Illustrated.

YOUNG ALASKANS IN THE ROCKIES. By Emerson Hough. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.25 net.

A story of the outdoor life.

SQUIRE PHIN. By Holman Day. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.25 net.

A "Down East" story.

THE GOLDEN RULE DELIVERERS. By Margaret Cameron. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1 net. A story.

SOURCE PROBLEMS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Fred Morrow Fling, Ph. D., and Helene Dresser Fling, M. A. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.10.

Issued in Harper's Parallel Source Problems Series.

THE HANDY BOY. By A. Neely Hall. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.60 net.

A modern handy book of practical and profitable pastimes.

DONALD KIRK, THE MORNING RECORD CORRESPONDENT. By Edward M. Woolley. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.20 net.

Issued in the Donald Kirk Series. For boys fourteen and upward.

DOROTHY DAINTY'S VACATION. By Amy Brooks. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.

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UNCLE DAVID'S BOYS. By Edna A. Brown. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1 net.

For boys and girls from twelve upward.

HARMONY WINS. By Millicent Olmsted. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1 net.

A story for little girls.

THE GIRL FROM ARIZONA. By Nina Rhoades. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1 net.

A story for girls.

HENLEY ON THE BATTLE LINE. By Frank E. Channon. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50.

Issued in the Henley Schoolboys Series.

NED BREWSTER'S BEAR HUNT. By Chauncey J. Hawkins. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.20 net.

A story for boys.

THE FRESHMAN EIGHT. By Leslie W. Quirk. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.20 net.

A story for boys.

JOAN THURSDAY. By Louis Joseph Vance. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.30 net.

A novel.

LADDIE, THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE. By Lily F. Wesschehoff. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.20 net.

For boys and girls, eight to eleven.

THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF DUBDIE. By Anna Chapin Ray. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50.

Issued in the Buddie Books.

THE PIPES OF CLOVIS. By Grace Duffie Bollen. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1 net.

A fairy romance of the twelfth century.

MOTHER WEST WIND'S NEIGHBORS. By Thornton W. Burgess. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.

For boys and girls six to eleven.

MERCHANTS FROM CATHAY. By William Rose Benet. New York: The Century Company; \$1.20 net.

A volume of verse.

NATIONAL SUPREMACY: TREATY POWER VERSUS STATE POWER. By Edward S. Corwin. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50 net.

A consideration of the competence of the national government in making and enforcing treaties

in relation to the reserved powers of the states. Also of the doctrine of national supremacy and that of the competing theory of State Rights.

SONNY BOY'S DAY AT THE ZOO. Verses by Ella Bentley Arthur. Illustrations by Stanley Clisby Arthur. New York: The Century Company; 90 cents net.

For children.

THE BROWNIES MANY MORE NIGHTS. By Palmer Cox. New York: The Century Company; \$1.50.

Verses and pictures for children.

THE OUTLAW. By David Hennessey. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

A story of the Australian bush.

THE PLAIN MAN AND HIS WIFE. By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company; 75 cents net.

A volume of four essays.

THE LAW-BRINGERS. By G. R. Lancelotti. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.35 net.

A story of the Northwest Mounted Police.

MADAME TALLIEN: NOTRE DAME DE THERMIDOR. By L. Gastine. New York: John Lane Company; \$3.50 net.

A biography.

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A novel.

SECRETS OUT OF DOORS. By William Hamilton Gihson. New York: Harper & Brothers; 50 cents.

Selected from the books and pictures of William Hamilton Gihson for home and outdoor reading and for supplementary use in the sixth, seventh, and eighth grades.

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THE TOWNSEND TWINS. By Warren L. Eldred. New York: The Century Company; \$1.25 net.

A story of a summer's outing.

BEATRICE OF DENEWOOD. By Emilie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe. New York: The Century Company.

A sequel story to "The Lucky Sixpence."

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A new story by the author of "Molly Make Believe."

THE HAND OF THE MIGHTY. By Vaughan Kester. Indianapolis: The Bohls-Merrill Company; \$1.35 net.

A volume of short stories.

HIS GREAT ADVENTURE. By Robert Herrick. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

THE BUSINESS OF LIFE. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.40 net.

A novel.

POEMS. By Wilfrid Earl Chase. Madison, Wisconsin: W. E. Chase.

A revised and enlarged edition.

HIN UND HER. By H. H. Frick. New York: The American Book Company.

A simple German reader for children.

THE THEORY OF SOCIAL REVOLUTIONS. By Brooks Adams. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

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CONSERVATION OF WATER. By Walter McCulloch, C. E. New Haven: Yale University Press; \$2 net.

Addresses delivered in the Chester S. Lyman Lecture Series, 1912, before the senior class of the Sheffield Scientific School, Yale University.

THE THIRTEENTH JUROR. By Frederick Trevor Hill. New York: The Century Company; \$1.20 net.

A novel.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE, AN OBSOLETE SHIBBOLETH. By Hiram Bingham, Ph. D., F. R. G. S. New York: Yale University Press; \$1.15 net.

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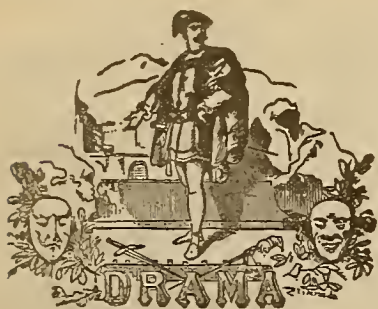
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"THE RINGMASTER."

On Tuesday evening the Oriental Theatre (new name of the Savoy) opened its doors with, metaphorically speaking, a fanfare of trumpets. A good-sized audience was assembled, many remaining out in the lobby for a time on that heavenly fall night to watch the newly arriving stream of décolleté ladies, to inspect the masses of congratulatory blooms, and to admire the Oriental style of the decorations.

Still, in spite of the novelty and good taste shown in the decorations of the foyer, nobody was quite prepared for the originality and beauty of the general scheme of decoration as revealed when guests entered the theatre proper. It is rumored that there is a tidy sum of money back of the management of the Oriental, and certainly the richness not only of general effect, but in detail, of the decorations shows lavish expenditure. The auditorium has been made to live up completely to its new name. Every inch of it is suggestive of Oriental, or more particularly the higher and choicer grade of Chinese and Japanese ideas of interior decoration: that is, as adapted to our Western standards.

The decorators conceived the admirable idea of furnishing a rich brown-black background as a relief to the gorgeousness of Oriental embroideries, lanterns, and gildings. Every electric light is sheathed in a beautiful Chinese lantern. The walls are divided into panels by strips of the same blackish-brown color, the panels themselves composed of gracefully dim and impressionistic views, outlined on that light, softly shaded gray background so favored by Chinese and Japanese artists. A trellis-like weaving of strips of bamboo, presumably, breaks the surface of wall and ceiling. There are masks, embroidered hangings, huge, silk-shaded lamps; a light gilded frame surmounting each central box; a pagoda-roof effect above the curtain; a gilded statue of Buddha placed in front of and below the stage.

The ushers are pretty, business-like girls in Oriental costumes, and a presiding genius costumed handsomely in embroidered silk, with a curved sword by his side, opens the doors of the guests' motors, and, later, contributes a presumably Oriental touch by salaaming to the amiable-looking Buddha, who acknowledges the attention with a few electric flashes from his gilded person. The gold-embroidered dragon on the curtain also lights up his single orb in profile as a sign of the general importance of the occasion, two costumed urchins solemnly bear away the big, standing lamps, and the show is on.

Following all this it wouldn't have been half a bad idea to have begun with a play of Oriental suggestion, say "The First Born" or "The Typhoon." The latter, probably, is not yet in the stock market. But the first would have been available. And are there not several Chinese plays by Chester Bailey Fernald that earned a New York success? At any rate all this Oriental atmosphere in advance would have made a very good preparation for an Oriental play. As it was the change of subject was rather sudden. I rather imagine, however, that "The Ringmaster" was selected as a play whose cast provided opportunity for a general introduction of the company.

"The Ringmaster," a comedy-drama of today, by Miss Olive Porter, is a play of finance. The author, in spite of her sex, has tackled her theme boldly, making of the protagonist a character which, it is announced, is modeled, from the financial point of view, on that of J. Pierpont Morgan. The feminine mind, however, no matter how competent it may be to follow up the intricate business of a group of financial magnates, apparently is nevertheless a little out of its bearings. The least interesting part of the play is in those scenes in which finance more particularly figures, and on the whole the play strikes one as intrinsically too light for the ability of the company.

It serves, however, to reintroduce the leading lady, Marjorie Cortland, already made familiar to us in "Baby Mine"; Walker C. Graves, Jr., who has the poise of the experienced leading man; Andrew Robson and Ada Nevil, both in character parts; the two juveniles, Frances Carson and Daniel Jarrett, Jr., whose light-comedy rôles are reminiscent of those of the same kind that always formed an important element in the Bronson Howard plays; Vivian Blackburn, who plays "Securities"; E. F. Bostwick, a good "heavy," and who also is an important member of the busi-

ness staff; Mr. John Steppling, experienced in character and comedy parts, and others.

These players have been before the public in many important companies and supporting many notable stars. If the management is able to secure plays commensurate with the talent of the experienced company secured the venture promises to be very interesting. More particularly from the fact that competition is the life of trade. With two stock companies in town things ought to hum.

San Francisco has always taken kindly to plays given "in stock." Stock work is an excellent preparation for the younger players. None better. And as for the more experienced ones, it keeps them mentally alert in the necessarily frequent changes of bills. These weekly changes lessen the opportunity for the fine polish that can be put on histrionic work, but, on the other hand, they entirely remove all danger of the deadening effects of long runs. Life may be strenuous to the player in stock, but it is also, and always, absorbingly interesting. Many stars have been evolved by this process of developing mental suppleness, versatility, adaptability, and physical endurance. McCullough and Keene will serve as instances from the old California Theatre company, James O'Neil from the popular stock company that held the boards so long in the Baldwin Theatre, Maud Adams, who began as a child in a stock company organized by James Herne and which played for several seasons in that same Baldwin Theatre; Clara Morris, Ada Rehan, and John Drew, from the Daly company, and now, in these later years, Blanche Bates from the Frawley company and Frances Starr from the Alcazar.

There are innumerable others whose evolution in the mental abilities of stock work have made them small stars, or near-stars: to offer a local example, Bessie Barriscale, who is now "featured" when she plays with the Alcazar company or at the Morosco Theatre in Los Angeles.

A stock organization is of further value to a theatre-going community because, during barren intervals when musical comedy and vaudeville or burlesque is absorbing the energies of the managers of the more important theatres, it offers to the real play-lovers his only opportunity to lose himself in actual drama. Women and girls are the real lovers of genuine drama. Whether as comedy, romance, or tragedy, they want the acted story. And for this they are often obliged to fall back on the faithful stock company which is so often a local fixture, the shrewd manager, however, being too wary not to change the personnel of his company often enough to satisfy the love of change and novelty inherent in the human breast.

And of late years the tendency is to introduce in stock companies an occasional run with the second-class star greatly stimulates the interest of theatre patrons. It needn't follow, either, that the second-class star is not a first-class player. Indeed that is generally what he or she is: a first-class stock player who has made good. His or her name has acquired a commercial value through the quality of their work, and the next step is to be "featured" and to see it shining with electric radiance above the portals of one of the theatres devoted to stock work.

Therefore, for all these and other reasons, the venture of the Oriental management opens auspiciously, and it is probable that it will be supported by the public, more particularly as the increase in our general population means a proportionate increase in the number of our theatre-goers.

Perhaps the Oriental management may develop some line of specialization: say the occasional revival of successful plays no longer on the boards in this age of dramatic ephemera, but that are too recent in date to be musty or obsolete and too good to be allowed to die. The titles of such plays figure constantly in printed allusions, which would thus have a tendency to make them appeal to public interest. Or there are plays by European authors about which our curiosity remains perpetually ungratified. Florence Roberts' success in D'Annunzio's "Gioconda" offers an instance of the support offered by women theatre-goers to an occasional matinee of a play which is "eaviare to the general." There are plays also by Galsworthy, Masfield, Maeterlinck, Hauptmann, Ibsen, Rostand, Hervieu, Lavedan, Schnitzler, the Irish dramatists, Tchekko, and others famed in Europe, which, ill adapted to the average American taste and therefore unsuited for night runs, might nevertheless be available for representation at a special "woman's matinee," given say once a quarter.

A special matinee given four times a year would not be a great tax on the energies of a capable stock company: such an institution would offer opportunities to the players themselves to follow up a new line of work, and would give a certain distinction and individuality to the playhouse which originated and maintained it.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Sarah Bernhardt will add Beau Brummel to her gallery of male characters this season. She will impersonate the English dandy in a new play which has been written for her by Maurice de Faramond. This will be the fourth French play having Brummel as hero.

The Career of Lou-Tellegen.

M. Lou-Tellegen, who is to produce Constant Lounsbury's dramatization of Osear Wilde's novel, "Dorian Gray," in London this season, is but twenty-eight years old. His parents were of gentle condition, his father a Greek, his mother a Spaniard, and he was born in Holland, where he received his early education in the dreamy old city of Amsterdam. As a boy of fourteen he ran away from home, and for three or four years led a nomad's existence all over the Continent. "That is how I picked up so many languages," he says. He earned bread in various ways—as a baker, a tailor, a carpenter, an artist's model—always studying his companions, pondering his surroundings—instruction of inestimable value to the future actor. Then when across the border of manhood he returned again to the love and comfort of his home, and was given the opportunity for study which his innate genius demanded. He became for a while a pupil under Rodin and Bourdelle, and showed such promise that he might well have striven for fame as a sculptor. But he became tired of the chisel, and suddenly astonished his people by winning the Laureate's prize at the Paris Conservatoire. Then, by accident, he became an actor. A friend playing lead in one of Ibsen's dramas developed serious illness, and Lou-Tellegen induced the manager to accept him as substitute. He was successful from the beginning.

Forty-three years on tour is the record which has just been achieved by the Carl Rosa Opera Company, which recently began its forty-third season with the performance of "Tanhäuser" at the Marlborough Theatre, London. It was in 1875 that Carl Rosa, the founder, first carried out his project of testing the fortunes of English opera in London, since when the original ideal—the production of the best operas in English—has always been followed, and there are several well-known singers who in a great measure owe their success to the training they received while members of the company. Equally interesting is the fact that Mr. van Noorden, who for fifteen years has been director of the company, should have received his musical training and experience as a conductor in England.

The site selected by Gordon Craig for his "School for the Art of the Theatre" in Florence, Italy, had a haloed history for centuries before it was finally purchased in 1818 by Luigi Gargani. From 1443 until the early part of the nineteenth century a convent stood on the site. Gargani purchased the place "with the view of founding there an establishment which should unite various kinds of decent diversions for every season of the year, his scheme comprising an arena, a closed theatre, gardens, billiard, and ball-rooms, and other places of amusement." It is this arena, designed and built by the architect Corazzi, which is now occupied by the School for the Art of the Theatre. The arena has accommodation for 1500 people.

"East Lynne," which is being produced as a picture play, has enjoyed a unique popularity both as play and novel. After being rejected by two publishers, it kept the printers of the third working night and day to meet the demand, and, what is more, made abundant work for foreign printers, too, for it was soon translated into most of the European and many of the Oriental languages. And it achieved fame in another direction by becoming the stock example of the defects of the English copyright system; for the many dramatic versions of the story, into which a comic policeman was introduced, never brought the author a single penny in royalties.

Mr. Lawrence Strauss, the tenor, will return after an absence of two years, during which time he has done considerable work with Jean de Reszke in Paris. Mrs. Strauss will be remembered as Miss Sallie Ehrman, a most gifted violinist who was a member of Greenbaum's Lyric Quartet for two seasons.

Any number of stars will be seen at the Columbia Theatre this year. Following Charlotte Walker comes Henry Miller, Julian Eltinge, May Irwin, Otis Skinner, Frank Moulin, Richard Bennett, John Drew, Grace George, Robert Hilliard, and William Collier.

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The modern baker doesn't wield the axe and saw and wear callouses in the palms of his hands; he doesn't bother about green wood, faulty flues, or winds that used to blow the smoke back down the chimney at times.

He operates a better bakeshop, brighter, cleaner, and lots more pleasanter to work in. He uses gas. Latterly crude oil has been tried somewhat, but when the owner of the average small bakeshop figured that he has to spend from three to five hundred dollars to set up his plant, he begins to figure costs and results.

It is interesting, therefore, to know that in the past year and a half seventy-one bakeries in San Francisco have been converted to the use of gas supplied by the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, and there is reason to believe that the number will be more than doubled in the coming year.

Equally interesting is the fact that the burner employed in this work is a home industry product—made in San Francisco—and consists of a swinging arm to which a small motor direct-connected to a small fan blasts the gas through a spray nozzle and heats the oven to a cherry red.

It requires about an hour to bring a big commercial oven to the necessary heat, and the cost of gas per day will average 75 cents. Large ovens used by French bread bakers, requiring greater heat for milk or steam bread, consume a little more gas.

When it comes to comparative costs between wood and gas, a careful baker can pay for the cost of the burner in a year in the saving on his wood bill. One pleased customer who conducts a commercial pie bakery told the writer that he had increased his output 50 per cent and saved from eight to ten dollars per month in his fuel bill. Another baker, who lives near Golden Gate Park, used to spend his afternoons splitting wood. The day the company installed gas in his oven he told his wife to get her hat and they spent their first afternoon in years in communion with nature in Golden Gate Park.

While the Pacific Gas and Electric Company is thus enabling the bakers to operate at lessened cost and in far more comfort than ever before, it is also helping along the Panama-Pacific Exposition. "Pacific Service" will be used exclusively at the exposition. The service includes furnishing all electric energy for the "pre-exposition" or construction period, for the "exposition" period proper, and for the "post-exposition" period, when buildings are being razed. It also includes furnishing gas for the entire area, also steam for such buildings as require heating, to the amount of 1000 boiler H. P.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Charlotte Walker at the Columbia.

All who have read John Fox, Jr.'s, fascinating story, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," and have followed the primitive mountain girl, June, along the lonely trail to the rugged, gaunt, lonesome pine that stood like a sentinel guarding Lonesome Cove, will be lost in happy bewilderment as they strike the same trail hewn by Eugene Walter, who has founded a play on the novel and for which Klaw & Erlanger have made a beautiful and massive production.

At the Columbia Theatre next Sunday night we will be introduced to June and to the man who means so much in her life at the very rise of the curtain. They meet in the shadow of the towering, whispering pine; Charlotte Walker as June, barefoot and garbed in the rugged homespun dress of a rough mountaineer's daughter, foreshadowing from the first glimpse she has of the manly young engineer the greatest of the miracles of girlhood, the dawn of love and true womanhood. In the end a feud is settled and June and Hale are married by Uncle Billy Bean, the old justice of the peace, beneath the lonely pine, ending a romance that begins at sunset and closes at sunrise. The engagement at the Columbia Theatre of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" with Charlotte Walker is for two weeks. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays. Evening and Saturday matinee prices, 25 cents to \$1.50. Wednesday matinee, 25 cents to \$1.

Kitty Gordon in "The Enchantress" Monday.

A beautiful woman is Kitty Gordon and a beautiful production is "The Enchantress," which comes to the Cort Theatre Monday, October 6. Miss Gordon, when she is not scintillating in wonderful frocks behind the footlights, is wearing just as original and artistic creations in London drawing-rooms as the wife of the Hon. Captain Henry Beresford. The fact that Miss Gordon is both a stage star and a "London hostess" may be two perfectly good reasons why so much interest is being shown in the engagement of "The Enchantress."

In "The Enchantress" Victor Herberth has provided Miss Gordon with some charming music to sing, and Joseph M. Gaites has given her one of the most artistic and richly costumed productions of the year.

The story concerns the love affairs of a young prince, Ivan of Zergovia. He has an army of princesses from whom to choose a wife, but he succumbs to the charms of an opera singer, Vivien Savary, the rôle taken by Miss Gordon, and in spite of warnings and pleadings wants to marry her, forfeiting his throne to bring about this. At a time when it seems that he will be cast out because Vivien is without a title it is happily discovered that Vivien is a princess by birth, and a series of interesting climaxes develop to make the story end happily for all.

Some of the musical gems in the piece include "The Land of My Own Romance," "Come, Little Fishes," "Rose, Lucky Rose," "All Your Own Am I," and "Art Is Calling Me" (I Want to Be a Prima Donna).

The Oriental Opens Well.

"The Ringmaster," which is the attraction for the opening week at the Oriental Theatre, continues to draw large audiences and the stock company of merit appearing in the comedy-drama is attracting most favorable attention. There are some strong situations, especially in the third act, in which high finance plays a prominent part.

Visitors to the McAllister Street playhouse are completely surprised at the wonderful transformation that has been made through the decorative scheme, and on all sides it is agreed that the Oriental is the most artistic show place San Francisco has to offer.

The management announces that owing to the mystic temple ceremonies patrons arriving after 8:15 o'clock will not be seated until the rise of the curtain, only a few minutes being required.

There are matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, and Tuesday will be the regular first night.

Rehearsals are on for "The Love Route," which will be produced next Tuesday evening. It is a pretty Western comedy-drama that scored heavily in New York and Chicago. Miss Odette Tyler and William Courtney had the leading parts when it was played in Chicago, while Guy Standing was seen in the principal rôle during the New York run.

"Girofle-Girofla" at the Tivoli.

"The Mascot," that jolly and melodious comic opera of Audran with its wealth of fun and catchy music, will be presented for the last times at the Tivoli Opera House this Sunday afternoon and evening, and on Monday night the last week of the light opera season will be inaugurated with a brilliant presentation of "Girofle-Girofla."

"Girofle-Girofla" is a genuine opera bouffe, and since its first production in 1874 has always held a large spot in the affections of comic opera lovers. The music is lively and full of snap and color, many of the numbers, including the famous drinking song, "See How It Sparkles," being familiar to all, while the story of the twin sisters who are so alike

that they can only be distinguished apart by different colored ribbons is one of the best that was ever accorded a musical setting. The composer, Charles Lecocq, also wrote "La Fille de Mme. Angot," "The Little Duke," and two score other successful works. Rena Vivienne will appear in the exacting and dual part of Girofle and Girofla, Robert G. Pitkin and Sarah Edwards will be the father and mother, Don Bolero d'Alcarazas and Aurore, and John R. Phillips and Henry Santrey will be Marasquin and Mourzouk, betrothed to the twin sisters. Myrtle Dingwall will have the jolly little part of Paquita, and Charles E. Gallagher will be the pirate chief. The large, comely, and high-voiced chorus will have much to do in the three acts, and of course the scenery, costumes, and general production, under the direction of Charles H. Jones, will be up to the high Tivoli standard.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

Charlotte Parry, one of the few players of sufficient versatility to successfully attempt the production of a protean playlet will head the Orpheum bill next week. She will present a psychological fantasy by Frank Lyman entitled "Into the Light," in which she assumes five widely distinct characters: a colored maid, an Italian, an Irish lassie, a grasping Yankee, and a young lady. "Into the Light" tells a pleasant and interesting story and Miss Parry scored an immense hit with it during her recent foreign tour.

Maude Lambert, the charming prima donna, and Ernest Ball, one of the most popular American composers, will present a number of their greatest successes. Mr. Ball is the composer of "Love Me and the World Is Mine."

Ed Wynn, "the Boy with the Funny Hat," has discarded the college boy type with which he was so long successfully identified and will be seen in a skit of his own writing called "The King's Jester," in which in the name-part he has made the greatest hit of his career.

Ted Lorraine and Hattie Burks, who sprang into prominence as the dancing feature of "The Kiss Waltz" and immediately were secured for vaudeville, will contribute a selection of songs and dances.

The Jungmann Family, two men and three girls, aerial artists from Germany, will perform on a tight wire eight feet above the stage.

Miss Martha and her two sisters will give a novel and astounding gymnastic exhibition.

Next week will be the last of William J. Dooley and company in "The Lawn Party." Frank Milton and the De Long Sisters, and also of the beautiful Saharet, who is creating the greatest terpsichorean furor this city has known for a long time.

THE MUSIC SEASON.

Programme for Miss Farrar's Concert.

Geraldine Farrar, the leading soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House, who will be heard in concert at the Cort Theatre this Sunday afternoon, October 5, at three o'clock, will have as assisting artists Alwin Schroeder, the eminent 'cellist, and Arthur Rosenstein, accompanist. Mr. Schroeder was for many years the solo 'cellist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the Kneisel Quartet, but has given up the routine work of the orchestra and chamber music to devote himself entirely to solo work in concert. The programme follows:

- 1. Solo for Violoncello—Variations Symphoniques.....L. Boellmann Mr. Schroeder
- 2. Songs—Wonneviller MaiGluck Mit einem gemalten Bände.....Beethoven Oh! had I Jubal's lyre.....Haendel AllelujaMozart Miss Farrar
- 3. Soli for Violoncello—Le CygneSaint-Saëns HymnusIver Holter L'AbeilleFr. Schubert Mr. Schroeder
- 4. Songs—Non t'accostar all'Urna.....Schubert HeidenrosleinSchubert Ach! Wenn ich doch ein Immenchen war.....Franz Der SchmetterlingFranz Der EdelkalkLoewe SylvainSinding ZueignungR. Strauss Miss Farrar
- 5. Aria from "Madama Butterfly"—Un bel di vedremo (by request).....Puccini Miss Farrar
- 6. Soli for Violoncello—Waldesrube (adagio)Dvorak Vito (Spanish dance)Popper Mr. Schroeder
- 7. Songs—Paix due SoirGretschaninow Le Train des Amours.....Grieg Ouvre tes yeux bleus.....Massenet I'm not like other lassies.....Hugo Wolff Believe me, if all those endearing young charmsStevenson The BluebellMacDowell Miss Farrar

The De Gogorza Concerts.

The sale of seats for the three concerts by that glorious singer, Emilio de Gogorza, will open next Wednesday morning, October 8, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's, where mail orders may now be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum. The first concert will be given Sunday afternoon, October 12, at Scot-

tish Rite Auditorium. The artist will be assisted by the young piano virtuoso, Henri Gilles.

For lovers of the old classics there will be Beethoven's immortal "In Questa Tomha," a charming "Serenade" by Mozart, and an air from Gluck's "Iphigenie en Tauride." German lieder will be represented by Brahms's "Feldensamkeit," Ruckauf's "Lockruf," and Schumann's "Widmung." The modern French compositions will be Debussy's "Mandoline" and Hue's "J'ai pleure en reve." A gem in English heard too rarely will be the old lullaby, "Sally in Our Alley." Other works sung in English will be Sullivan's "The Lost Chord," Huhn's "Invitus," and Sidney Homer's "Uncle Rome." In Spanish there is promised "La Partida," by Alvarez, and the concluding number will be the brilliant "Serenade of Mephisto," from "The Damnation of Faust," by Berlioz.

M. Gilles will be heard in Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata and smaller numbers by Grieg and Chopin.

The only evening concert will be on Thursday, October 16, at 8:15, when one of the special features will be a set of three tone sketches in Spanish entitled "La Maja Dolorosa," by Granados. The farewell concert will be given Sunday afternoon, October 19. Complete programmes are obtainable at both box-offices.

In Readiness for Grand Opera Season.

Everything is in readiness for the opening of the grand opera season at the Tivoli by the Western Metropolitan Opera Company, which will begin on Monday, October 13. The sale of subscription tickets with the coupon system has been very active during the week and the holders of coupons will have the privilege of selecting on Monday morning, October 6, their seats for the first season, and the sale of seats for the general public will begin at the Tivoli box-office Tuesday morning at nine o'clock. Judging from the inquiries and the mail orders it is easy to foresee that on these two days the box-office will be besieged by music lovers anxious to secure the best seats for the first week's engagement.

The season will open with Verdi's masterpiece, "Aida," in which will make their first appearance of Lucia Crestani as Aida, Fanny Anita as Amneris, tenor Umberto Chiodo as Radames, Luigi Montesanto as Amonasro, and E. Sesona as the high priest.

On Tuesday evening, October 14, "La Tosca" will be given with Carmen Melis in the title-rôle, supported by Lucia Botta, the lyric tenor from whom so much is expected and who will sing the part of Mario Cavaradossi.

On Wednesday evening "Carmen" will be given with Mme. Tarny, the splendid French singer who made so much of that part during the engagement of the French Opera Company. In "Carmen" will make his debut the famous tenor of Covent Garden, Pietro Schiavazzi, who is expected to thrill the audience with his great impersonation of Don Jose; and George Mascal, the popular French haritone of the Chicago Opera Company and the Tetrazzini tour, will sing the part of Escamillo. It will take, therefore, these three operas to present the whole company and a new set of artists will appear in each of the said three performances.

Among the singers are Carmen Melis, lyric soprano; Lucia Crestani, dramatic soprano; Maria Moscisca, a Polish soprano; Fanny Anita, mezzo-soprano; Mme. Andree Tarny, another mezzo; Pietro Schiavazzi, Umberto Chiodo, Lucia Botta, tenors; Luigi Montesanto and George Mascal, baritones.

Leoncavallo will be at the head of the orchestra, though Signor Nini Bellucci will be seen wielding the baton during some of the performances.

Among the Greenbaum attractions for 1914—the second half of his season—are such well-known artists as Kathleen Parlow, violiniste; Wilhelm Bachaus, the noted English pianist; Pavlowa, the dancer; the great Pederevski and Josef Hofmann, masters of pianistic art; the return of Clara Butt and Kennerley Rumford, appearances by the great Irish tenor, John McCormack, and the return after many years of Jean Gerardy, the world's greatest 'cellist, who will be supported by Gabriel Ysaye, the violinist.

Australia has been taken by storm by Clara Butt, the English contralto, and Kennerley Rumford, her haritone husband. Four additional concerts have been given in Adelaide, making eight in all in a city of 160,000 population, and crowded houses have been the unbroken rule. The Adelaide receipts alone have reached \$40,000. In Sydney, where Mme. Butt and Mr. Rumford were heard at the opening of their Australian tour, a return season has been arranged for the early part of December, when no less than six concerts will be added to the nine already given.

Although Rose Stahl has acted "Maggie Pepper" for three seasons, has given nearly 1000 performances of the comedy, and has taken it from ocean to ocean, yet she will act it this season in 116 places to which it will be new. Miss Stahl's hooking provides for her appearance in 132 cities, and sixteen of these already have seen her in "Maggie Pepper."

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VANITY FAIR.

Queen Mary is finding it by no means easy to reform the aristocratic coteries of England. So far she has made no effort to touch the unregenerate heart of the men. Probably she knows that nothing short of grace and a strong force of police could do much in that direction. But even the women are now in a state of organized and concerted rebellion against a royal influence that can only be described as mid-Victorian in the surprising limitations that it would place on feminine freedom.

Of this we get an example in the failure of the efforts to establish a women's club that should be so extraordinarily select as to bid eternal defiance to the parvenu. Some of the men's clubs are select enough in all conscience, but this new women's club was to outdo them all. Its membership was to be confined to ladies holding office in the various royal households of England or who had once occupied those august positions. We are not sure about the names of these offices, but presumably they include maids-in-waiting and maids who are tired of waiting and who are now otherwise employed, ladies of the hedgeshamber, the bathroom, the linen closet, and the hoot shelf. It was not stated whether the royal housemaids and scullery maids would be eligible, but presumably there was some well understood line that was drawn somewhere. The scheme seemed to be of the most promising kind, for not only did the specified classes fall over each other in their enthusiasm to join, but nearly all the royal ladies themselves graciously allowed their names to be placed on the membership list. It seemed certain that the new club must be an unqualified social success with Queen Mary at its head, with a whole galaxy of royal princesses behind her, and with a membership of such ultra-exclusiveness.

But Queen Mary had some ideas upon the point. Her membership was a conditional one. She allowed it to be known that there were two rules that must be enforced rigidly. There must be no card-playing and there must be no male visitors. Cards and men were the peculiar and chosen instruments of the devil and the club must have no traffic with either of them. If Queen Mary were to belong to the club it must be on the understanding that the other potentate was excluded. The secretary of the club, Lady Agneta Montague, notified the members of the extent to which they would be required to be good with the immediate result that 140 resignations lay upon her desk. As there were only 180 names upon her list it was obvious that the club had received its death blow. It had died from an acute attack of royal piety.

Now there is no reason to suppose that these 140 ladies had a hankering either for cards or men, but we may believe that they had a hankering for freedom, and that they resented a formal prohibition that placed them on a level with children. There are a great many things that we have no particular desire to do, but that we would certainly resolve forthwith to do if any one were so rash as to forbid them. That is a point usually overlooked by the law-makers, who fail to take into account that wholesome spirit of rebellion that inspires the average human being when confronted with a prohibition. But that women should rebel against a queen is certainly a little remarkable, and may be a presage of many things. Perhaps it might occur even to Queen Mary that moral influence is a matter of example and persuasion, and that it can never owe anything to coercion. And lest we get overheated in thanking God that we are not as others it may be as well to remind ourselves that there are thousands of would-be Queen Marys here in America who are now running around more like wet hens than anything else on earth, and clamorously intent on forbidding us all to do things that most of us do not particularly want to do but that we will most assuredly do as soon as we are formally forbidden.

When the chief of the Chicago police was giving his paternal counsel to the new police-women who were to become a part of his force there were two admonitions upon which he laid a peculiar stress. The first was to tell the truth, and the second was always to exercise compassion. Of course the chief of police was a mere man, and men, as we all know, have grievously abused the powers so exclusively conferred upon them. And yet this mere man found it necessary to impress upon his women officers the beauties of truth and compassion.

Miss Wilson, a daughter of the President found herself unable to persuade any man in the Pullman car between Cornish and New York to exchange herths with her in order that she might enjoy the conveniences of the lower accommodation. They knew the identity of the lady who asked this favor of them—although that does not much matter—but they met her request with a stolid refusal. It will be remembered that when Mme. Bernhardt was in San Francisco she asked a somewhat similar favor of a long line of automobilists who had precedence over her car at one of the ferries. Mme. Bernhardt is old

and she was on her way to keep a public engagement that was also a charity, but not one of the men would surrender his "right" in her favor. That there are very few men who will surrender a seat in a street-car to a woman is a matter of common observation, and this same brutal hoorishness is nearly as common in the East as it is in the West.

There must be a reason for this. There must always be a reason for sudden and marked changes in demeanor, and it is undeniable that ten years ago no woman was allowed to stand in a street-car, while a discourtesy to such a woman as Mme. Bernhardt would have been unthinkable and inconceivable. And the reason is not very far to see and it may as well be faced. We are confronted with a sex antagonism, and it is now far more deeply seated than most of us would like to admit. The suffrage is not its cause. It is merely a symptom of the cause. The cause is the practical abrogation by women themselves of their real privileges in favor of sham ones, their deliberate descent from a place of power that placed the earth and the fullness thereof in their hands. That this is no excuse for a brutal discourtesy is evident enough. Nothing excuses it or ever can excuse it. The unsexing of women is no reason for the unsexing of men, nor should the had example of women be allowed to deteriorate the manners of men. But that there is a dangerous and increasing antagonism between the sexes is evident enough, and it is only those who know how men are talking among themselves who can appreciate how deep it is and how rapidly it is growing.

The Marchesa Hoge San Girmano, who was formerly Miss Virginia Hoge of Kentucky, is so good as to give us a fresh light on the much vexed question of the international marriage. The marchesa is about to ask for a divorce on the ground that she can not live with her husband any longer, although she was once equally persuaded that she could not live without him. She was asked by a New York correspondent of the London *Standard* whether American girls should marry their own countrymen or foreigners, and the marchesa replied promptly that one was as bad as another. But although it seems that all husbands are equally intolerable they are intolerable for different causes, and we are so much more willing to palliate the offenses with which we are familiar than those that strike us with a sense of novelty.

The American husband has his faults, but they are faults to which we are used. For example, says the marchesa, "the American girl marrying at home is often the victim of a drinking husband, but drunkenness she may understand, even though she does not approve. The American man drinks to excess frequently, the foreigner seldom or never, but the foreigner's peculiar code makes a happy marriage with an American woman impossible."

The peculiar code to which the marchesa refers is a laxity in affairs of the so-called heart. American wives can not understand how their noble husbands can love more than one woman at the same time, and the noble husbands can not understand why their American wives should care what they do. It is a radical difference of view. An open and unashamed polygamy is so strange in American eyes that the wife can not tolerate it, whereas if it were a matter of a familiar failing like drink she might hold it in detestation, but it would not contain the elements of mystery or surprise. So there you are.

But are we not hearing a good deal too much about the international marriage? The average scribe always writes as though marriages between Americans were the invariable prelude to perpetual domestic bliss, while the union of foreigners was equally invariably followed by disillusionment and disgrace. And yet there are several well authenticated cases of unhappy marriages between Americans—at least so we have been told—while it would be easy to enumerate some scores of international marriages that seem to have been veritably made in heaven. For one disastrous marriage between foreigners there are a score that have proved to be all that they should be.

Two women were talking over the phone, says the New York *Evening Post*, which ought to know better. "You are surely coming this afternoon, my dear, aren't you?" said one, who lived a little way out of town and owned no automobile, to her friend who lived in town and did own a car. "And do bring your violin, for I want mother to hear you play. And, oh, by the way, will you bring me a lettuce and a quart of peaches from somewhere? Is that too much to ask? You might bring me a cake from the bakery, too, if you have room, and a dozen rolls. You see there's no delivery today, and I can't get to town. I'll see you this afternoon, and don't forget your violin, dear."

"Alphonse," the American girl asked her titled husband one evening, "why have you been so strange and cold of late?" "Didn't you tell me last week that your father was failing?" "Yes—physically failing," she replied. "Oh!" and his look brightened. He heaved a sigh of relief. "Oh," said he, "that's all right, then! I thought it was something serious."—*Princeton Tiger*.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Duncan Macpherson was playing golf. Going out he drove brilliantly over a stream in a hollow. "My, but you wis a fine drive owe the honny wee hurn," he remarked to his caddie. Coming home he had to play over this same "burn" for another hole and drove right into it. "Gang ye an' fish th' ha' oot o' you dirty sewer," he growled.

A Massachusetts minister was making his first visit to Kentucky several years ago. He had to spend the night in a small mountain town where feuds and moonshine stills abounded. Engaging in conversation with one of the natives, he said: "My friend, this is a very bibulous state I hear." "Lord!" replied the man; "there haint twenty-five Bibles in all Kentucky."

The perfect baby had reached the age when he could coo, an accomplishment in which he indulged himself most of the time when not otherwise engaged. "He is the most welcome visitor I ever had," said the mother, proudly. "He just lies and talks to me by the hour." "Isn't that nice," replied the caller. "So unlike most visitors—they just talk and lie to you by the hour."

A few days after the new farmer had purchased a horse from a thrifty Scot he returned in an angry mood. "You told me this horse had won half a dozen matches against some of the best horses in the country. He can't trot a mile in six minutes to save himself. You lied to me!" he denounced. "I didna lie. It was in plowin' matches he took sax prizes," calmly replied Sandy.

In a suburban electorate the candidate was being raucously heckled, and, though an amiable man as a rule, he was provoked to the suggestion that the conduct of one man in the meeting at least was asinine. "If I am an ass," roared the interjector, "there's two of us here. Ha! Ha!" "I've noticed you," said the candidate quietly. "I've heard you bray—but I don't see your friend."

What happened to his order couldn't he understood outside the peculiar convolutions of a restaurant kitchen, but he spent half an hour sitting there staring ahead of him. At last it came. As the waitress put the order before him he started from his deep study, as if he had forgotten he had an order coming. Then, looking up at the fair transporter of edibles, he said: "You don't look a day older!"

After the summer vacation season the chorus girls were once more gathered together. One said she had spent the time at fashionable Newport, another had toured Norway in an automobile, a third had spent the time studying Shakespeare up in Canada, and another had just "bad fittings by Redfern all summer long." "And what did you do, dearie?" they inquired of the girl who had said nothing. "I? Oh, I worked in a manicure shop, too."

An old Georgia negro was charged with stealing a pig and the evidence was absolutely conclusive. The judge, who knew the old man well, said reproachfully: "Now, uncle, why did you steal that pig?" "Because mah pooh family wuz starvin', yo' bonnah," whimpered the old man. "Family starving!" cried the judge. "But they told me you keep five dogs. How is that, uncle?" "Why, yo' honnah," said uncle, reprovingly, "you wouldn't 'spect mah family to eat dem dogs?"

An insurance agent out in Kansas drove up to an uninviting farmhouse in the midst of a rather desolate appearing field. The woman who came to the door was as uninviting as the general air about the place. However, he was not interrupted in his speech, ending with, "And now, madam, is your husband carrying any insurance?" "Is his life insured? Is that what you mean?" "Yes, ma'am." "It is, sir. But don't make the mistake of thinkin' he's doin' the carryin' of the same. I'm doin' that myself. And I'm carryin' all he's worth. Good-morning, sir."

Two men were on an expedition to the colonel's henroost one dark night. Mose had planted the ladder, climbing up to where the chickens were roosting, and was passing them down to Ephraim, who put them in a bag. Suddenly Mose stopped. "What's de mattah, Brudder Mose?" inquired Ephraim anxiously. "It's just heen thinkin', Brudder Ephraim, how me and you is membahs ub de church, an' wedder it's right to take de cunnel's chickings." "Brudder Mose," said Ephraim, "dat am a great moral question which you an' me aint fit ter wrestle wid. Pass down anudder chicking."

A traveler in London was set upon by an importunate Irish beggar, a shiftless-looking fellow, but with the blarney-wagging tongue of one gifted. The beggar followed the traveler mouthing sweet nothings and lies. "An' sure, your rivenice, it wasn't that I was ever

like this," he said. "It's often I've heard me mother say that we was noble by rights, and that one of the family once wore a crown of Ireland, sir." "Well, what do you want?" asked the traveler. "Would you have the crown back? I can't give it to you." The Irishman sidled a bit closer. "Half a crown 'd do, sir."

Among the anecdotes told about the late David Popper is an interesting one relating to Liszt. It is well known that many of the pages attributed to Liszt were really written by the Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein. The most flagrant instance was the insertion by her in one of his books of some pages attacking the Jews and advising their deportation in a body to Palestine. Liszt was greatly annoyed at this, for such sentiments were entirely foreign to his character, and many of his best friends were Jews; among them David Popper, the famous violoncellist. Not long after the appearance of the book referred to Popper made a call on Liszt, who was delighted to see him, and asked when he came and where he was going. "I am on the way to Palestine, dear master, in accordance with your wishes," was the prompt answer.

Of his old days at the Lyceum Theatre in London with the late Sir Henry Irving, Forbes-Rohertson tells many interesting anecdotes. Among others is one of William Terriss, physically the handsomest actor of his day: "Irving was very fond of Bill Terriss, and was mightily amused by the unconscious impertinence with which Terriss treated him. Irving had a grillroom (called the Beefsteak Club) just off the stage, near his own dressing-room. One night Terriss smelled the savory odor of appetizing cooking. 'Fine smell, that, guv'nor!' he said to Irving during a wait in the wings. 'Yes, very good,' agreed Irving, and added: 'You must come along some time and have supper with me, my boy!' 'Nothing would please me better, guv'nor,' said Terriss, to which Irving replied: 'Well, when would you like to come?' 'Tonight,' responded Terriss promptly. Irving was delighted with the businesslike acceptance of his invitation."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Little Wanted.
Man wants but little here below,
But when it comes to dress
A walk abroad will quickly show
That woman wants still less.
—London Opinion.

A Difference.
"Did he build his cottage on the cliff?"
I asked of one to sneer inclined.
He said, with quite a cynic sniff:
"No; most of it was built on wind."
—Town Topics.

Force of Habit.
When Dorothy was making bread,
In maiden days long years ago,
Her rolled-up sleeves showed arms of snow,
Dimpled and round; her cheeks aglow,
She never quite so happy seemed
As when her hands were in the dough.

Dear Dorothy is older now,
But habits cling to friend and foe;
While hunchy sleeps she, lying low,
Will through his hulging pockets go,
And never quite so happy seems
As when her hands are in the dough.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Eugenic Love Song.
Stick out your tongue, my love, and let me see
Once more its pink, uncoated loveliness.
Eugenia, healthy maid, each day I kiss
The hour when first you felt the pulse of me!

Behold the birthday gift I bring to thee:
A brand-new stethoscope! Ah, nothing less!
But oh, my dear, it gives me great distress
To see you eat hot muffins with your tea!

Loved one, I know no other dame or maid
Whose hony conformation equals thine!
And when thine adenoids are cured next year
And my rheumatic ghosts have all been laid,
Eugenia, love, the doc will make you mine;
But pray be careful of your diet, dear.
—New York Sun.


The Wise Saint.
De dehlie see St. Peter sneak into heaben's gate;
He holler: "What's yo' hurry? Wait dar, Peter!
Wait!"

De saint pull in de latch-string, an' holler: "Now,
you go!
I'll sic de houn' dawg on you de fustest t'ing you
know."

"I speaks you like a ge'man," de dehlie up an'
say,
"And yere you shets me out, sah! Fer shame!
to ack dat way!"

"Don' argify," say Peter. "You leads fo'ks into
sin.
Aint shettin' you out, nohow; I's shettin' mah's'e
in."
—Herman Da Costa, in the Century Magazine.

"Ellen, I'm tired of your neglect and care-
lessness. Just look at all that dirt lying
about on the furniture. It's six weeks old
at the very least." "Then it's no fault of
mine. You know very well, ma'am, that I've
been with you only four weeks."—Harper's
Magazine.



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June 30th, 1913:

Assets.....	\$55,644,983.27
Capital actually paid up in Cash.....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	1,737,148.57
Employees' Pension Fund.....	158,261.32
Number of Depositors.....	62,134

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American Bay and Argonaut.....	\$4.20	Littell's Living Age and Argonaut.....	9.10
American Magazine and Argonaut.....	4.50	Mexican Herald and Argonaut.....	9.20
Argasy and Argonaut.....	4.75	Munsey's Magazine and Argonaut.....	4.75
Atlantic Monthly and Argonaut.....	7.15	Nineteenth Century and Argonaut.....	7.40
Blackwood's Magazine and Argonaut.....	6.35	North American Review and Argonaut..	6.80
Calder and Argonaut.....	7.00	Out West and Argonaut.....	4.50
Callier's Weekly and Argonaut.....	5.25	Overland Monthly and Argonaut.....	4.50
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TWO CLUB RATES WITHDRAWN

Beginning November 10th the management of "Cosmopolitan" and "Harper's Bazar" will withdraw from all combination offers. "Argonaut" subscribers who are now receiving the benefit of club rates with these publications are kindly requested to note the change.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Dr. Jennie Nesbitt of San Jose announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Chetanna A. Nesbitt, to Naval Constructor Le Scott Border, U. S. N. The wedding will take place in November at the home in Santa Rosa of Miss Nesbitt's aunt, Dr. Elizabeth Laine.

The wedding of Miss Florence Aitken and Lieutenant William Fitzhugh Lee Simpson, U. S. A., took place Wednesday evening at St. Luke's Church. Mrs. George Bainbridge was the matron of honor and the maid of honor was Miss Evelyn Palmer. The bridesmaids were the Misses Belle Hechtman and Gladys Boston of this city and Ethelyn Carson and Georgia Off of Los Angeles. Lieutenant William H. Simpson, U. S. A., attended his brother as best man. The ushers were Lieutenants J. W. Simons, Jr., U. S. A., Thomas Hunter, U. S. A., Wiley Conway, U. S. A., and Captain William Simons, U. S. A.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest H. Palmer have issued invitations to the wedding of their daughter, Miss Dorothy Palmer, to Lieutenant George Alexander Speer, Jr., U. S. A., Saturday evening, October 10, at the family residence. Miss Palmer's only attendant will be her sister, Miss Evelyn Palmer.

The wedding of Miss Gertrude Upshur and Lieutenant Simon Willard Sperry, U. S. A., took place Thursday, September 25, at St. Paul's Church, Seattle. The bride is a daughter of Mrs. John Upshur of Astoria. Lieutenant Sperry is a son of Mrs. James Sperry of Sausalito and a brother of Mrs. Clarence Carrigan and Mr. James Sperry. Mr. and Mrs. James Calhoun Drake have announced that they will entertain their friends at a tea Wednesday, November 26, at their home on Hoover Street, Los Angeles, and in the evening they will give a dance at the Hotel Alexandria. These affairs will be in honor of their daughter, Miss Daphne Drake, whom they will formally introduce to society.

Dr. William R. Cluness and Mrs. Cluness entertained a number of friends recently at a dinner and reception at their home on Union Street in Alameda. The affair was the celebration of their golden wedding. They were assisted in receiving by their daughters, the Misses Minnie and Mabel Cluness, and their son and daughter-in-law, Dr. William R. Cluness, Jr., and Mrs. Cluness.

Mrs. Joseph B. Coryell gave a luncheon Wednesday at her home in Menlo Park in honor of Miss Margaret May and Mrs. John Baker, Jr., of Chicago.

Mr. Paul Fagan entertained a number of friends Saturday evening at a dinner-dance at his home on Broadway.

Miss Margaret Perkins has issued invitations to a dance, Saturday evening, October 11, at the Sequoia Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin will give a dance tonight at the home of Mrs. Martin's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, in Burlingame. The affair will be in honor of Miss Polly Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Johnson, Jr., gave a dinner Monday evening at the Palace Hotel in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Harry East Miller.

Mrs. Ernest S. Simpson entertained the members of the Spinners' Club Tuesday afternoon at her home on Duboce Avenue.

Miss Helen Wright was hostess yesterday at a tea at her home on Sacramento Street. The affair was in honor of Miss Olga Schulze.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hastings gave a dinner Monday evening at their home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker entertained a number of friends recently at a theatre and supper party.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hamilton Brown entertained their friends at a masquerade dance last evening at the Claremont Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Gregg entertained a number of friends recently at a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Luther Wagoner was hostess at a tea Monday afternoon at her home on Union Street in honor of Mrs. Frank Morrison.

Judge Harry Melvin and Mrs. Melvin entertained a number of friends at dinner Tuesday evening at their home on Scott Street in honor of Mr. Frederick Greenwood.

Mrs. William Lamartine Breyfogle and Mrs. Raymond Rees have issued invitations to a luncheon and bridge party October 14 at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Franc Pierce was hostess at a luncheon Friday in honor of Miss Florence Aitken and her two guests, Miss Ethelyn Carson and Miss Georgie Off of Los Angeles.

Mrs. William H. Brown has issued invitations to a bridge party October 18 at the Colonial Hotel.

Miss Josephine Heinrich will be the guest of honor Wednesday, October 7, at a dinner which Mr. and Mrs. William Thornton White will give at their home in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick entertained a number of friends at dinner Saturday evening in honor of Mrs. McCormick's sister, Mrs. Horatio Laurence.

Mr. and Mrs. Julian Thorne gave a theatre and supper party Friday evening.

Miss Marian Zeile has issued invitations to a dance, Saturday evening, October 11, at the Menlo Park Country Club. The affair will be in honor of her sister, Miss Ruth Zeile.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was hostess at a dinner Thursday evening in honor of Le Duc et Duchesse de Richelieu.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott entertained a number of their friends recently at a theatre and supper party.

Miss Marie Louise Harrington was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Miss Marie Russell at the St. Francis Hotel.

Mrs. Philip King Brown entertained a number of friends Thursday afternoon at a tea at the Town and Country Club in honor of the Misses Wilnot and Brices Holton.

Miss Eleanor Landers entertained a number of friends at a dinner-dance Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Mary Gayley gave a dance Friday evening at their home in Piedmont. The affair was in honor of Miss Kate Bennett.

Mrs. Grayson Dutton was hostess Thursday afternoon at a luncheon and bridge party at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Walter Findley gave a bridge party Thursday at her home in the Presidio.

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Flood entertained a number of friends at luncheon recently at their home, Linden Towers, in Menlo Park. The affair was in honor of Le Duc et Duchesse de Richelieu.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Fenwick gave a dinner Friday evening at their home on Steiner Street. The affair was in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Harry East Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Clark entertained a number of friends Sunday at a tennis tournament on the courts of their place in San Mateo.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. James Potter Langhorne is planning to go East to visit her son-in-law and daughter, Lieutenant and Mrs. James Parker, Jr., who are settled in their new quarters at Annapolis. At present they are entertaining Mrs. Richard B. Hammond, who was formerly Miss Maizie Langhorne.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Henry Kent Hewitt moved last week to Annapolis, where they will reside for two years. Mrs. Hewitt was formerly Miss Floride Hunt of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Lawrence Murphy have rented the Sheldon house on Clay and Locust Streets, where they will reside upon their return from Palo Alto.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Walsh of San Rafael will spend the winter in town, having taken a house on Steiner Street.

The Misses Genevieve and Hazel King spent the week-end at their ranch near Alma, where they are building a bungalow and planning a model farm.

Mrs. Thomas B. Eastland has sufficiently recovered from her recent illness to return to her home in Burlingame.

Judge and Mrs. Carroll Cook are established in a flat on Divisadero Street near Green.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hobart of San Mateo will come to town for the winter months and will reside on Vallejo Street near Steiner.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin will leave October 6 for New York for a two months' pleasure trip.

Mrs. Herbert Jones has been spending the past week with friends in Los Angeles.

Mrs. William Holmes McKittrick arrived early in the week from Santa Barbara, and has since been a guest at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Theodore Tomlinson has sufficiently recovered from her recent severe illness to be moved to San Mateo, where she is visiting her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Willard C. Chamberlin.

Mrs. Alfred Holman has returned from Los Gatos, where she has been spending a week.

Mrs. John Drum has gone East to meet her mother, Mrs. J. J. Spieker, who has been spending the summer in Europe. Mrs. Drum was accompanied by Miss Virginia Jolliffe.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lawson will return next month from London, where they have been for the past eight months. A home is in the course of construction at the end of Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice J. Sullivan sailed Wednesday for Honolulu, where they will remain until December. They have taken their automobile and are anticipating many trips to the various places of interest. Mrs. Sullivan was formerly Miss Gladys Wilson of Oakland.

The Messrs. Gordon and Raymond Armsby have rented the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Rodman Shreve in San Mateo, where they have decided to spend the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Shreve and their daughters, the Misses Rebecca Elizabeth and Agnes Shreve, will occupy a house on Steiner Street near Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Hamilton Stone Wallace has returned from Santa Barbara, where she went recently to place her daughter, Miss Marie Louise Winslow, in Miss Gamble's school.

Mr. Edward L. Eyre, Jr., has returned from Europe, where he has been traveling since June. Mr. Eyre has joined his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lilburn Eyre, at their home in Atherton.

Mrs. Fletcher Ryer and her daughter, Miss Doris Ryer, are at present traveling in Russia, where they will be presented at court. They will return home in November, when Miss Ryer will be introduced to society. She has been attending Mme. Payen's school in Paris during the past two years.

The Misses Ruth Zeile and Ruth Winslow have been spending a week in Woodside as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard.

Mrs. Atholl McBean is rapidly recovering from an illness at the Adler Sanatorium.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Rawlings have returned from Europe and are visiting Mrs. Rawlings' parents, Dr. Alexander Warner and Mrs. Warner, at their home on Franklin Street.

Miss Merritt Reid has returned to her home in San Mateo after a two months' visit in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian de Guigne, Jr., will leave Monday for a visit in the East.

Mr. Michel Weill has returned from Europe, where he has been spending the summer with relatives.

Miss Alyce Warner of Monterey has recently been the guest of Miss Jane Hotelling at her home on Franklin Street.

Miss Lucy Baneroff will leave shortly for Europe, where she will spend the winter.

Miss Mauricia Minter and her brother, Mr. Lucio Minter, will remain in San Rafael until after the holidays, when they will come to town for a few months. They are occupying the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Monroe Pinckard.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe will close their home in Menlo Park November 1, and will occupy the residence on Pacific Avenue of Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson during the winter season.

Mr. Jeremiah Lynch has arrived in New York after a year's absence in Europe and Egypt.

Mrs. Walter Remington Quick has come from her home in New York to visit her aunt, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge.

Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing has returned from Santa Barbara, where she has been spending a week with Dr. Benjamin P. Brodie and Mrs. Brodie.

Mrs. James Cunningham and her daughters, the Misses Sara and Elizabeth Cunningham, left Monday for their home in New York, after having spent the summer at their country home in Woodside.

Mrs. William H. Crocker has gone East with her daughter, Miss Helen Crocker, who has returned to St. Timothy's School at Catonsville. Mrs. Crocker will remain in New York, where she will be joined by Mr. Crocker and Miss Ethel Crocker, who are planning to take their departure Monday. Miss Crocker will spend the winter in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. George Delatour have rented for the winter the home on Pacific Avenue of Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Johnson.

The Misses Helen Garritt and Evelyn Carey of Portland have returned from a visit with Miss Beatrice Nickel at Rancho Los Banos.

The Misses Harriet and Marion Stone have gone to Vancouver to spend a month with their cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Brooks. Their mother, Mrs. Egbert Stone, has gone East with Miss Dorothy Stone, who will attend Miss Spence's school in New York.

Mr. Charles N. Black and his daughter, Miss Marie Louise Black, have gone East for a few weeks' visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lent have returned from New York, where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Welch.

Miss Erna St. Goar has recently been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Melville Erskine in Sonoma County.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Findlay Montague have rented a house in Berkeley, where they will spend a few months with their son, Mr. Kenneth Montague, who is attending the University of California.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schlacks are residing in the home on Broadway of Mrs. Sheldon Kellogg, who has moved to Berkeley. Mr. and Mrs. Schlacks have recently given up an apartment at the St. Regis.

Mr. Charles Fee and his daughter, Miss Elizabeth Fee, have gone East to spend a few weeks. Mrs. Fee and Miss Marcia Fee are at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Temple Bridgman and her little son have returned to their home in Tennessee after having spent the summer in Belvedere with Mrs. Bridgman's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Mailiard.

Miss Katherine Mellus has returned to her home in Los Angeles. She has been spending the past two weeks with Mrs. Avery McCarthy and Miss Aileen McCarthy.

Mr. and Mrs. Covington Pringle have moved into their new home in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lucas have rented the home on Jackson Street of Miss Frances Jolliffe.

Mrs. William J. Dutton is contemplating a visit to her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Waterman, who are residing in San Salvador.

Bishop William H. Moreland and Mrs. Moreland have gone to New York to attend the Episcopal convention. They were accompanied by their daughter, Miss Helen Moreland, who has returned to Bryn Mawr.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye, Jr., left Tuesday for Seattle en route to Washington, D. C. They will return to this city before the holidays.

Mrs. Charles B. Raymond has arrived from Akron, Ohio, and has opened her winter home in Santa Barbara, where she will be joined next month by Mr. Raymond. They will spend several weeks in this city before the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Johnson, Jr., have returned from Sacramento, where they were the guests of Governor and Mrs. Johnson.

Captain Thomas D. Woodson, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty with the army transport service and will proceed to Fort Leavenworth for duty.

Major George G. Bailey, Quartermaster Corps, U. S. A., stationed at Schofield Barracks, Hawaii, is in San Francisco on leave of absence.

Admiral Richardson Clover, U. S. N., and Mrs. Clover, accompanied by their daughters, the Misses Eudora and Beatrice Clover, will visit San Francisco on their way to the Orient next month.

Lieutenant Burton Strait, U. S. N., and Mrs. Strait arrived in San Francisco Wednesday on the City of Sydney. Lieutenant Strait has been ordered to an Asiatic station and will sail on the U. S. S. Logan October 6.

Mrs. Ernest A. Garlington, who has been visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Lieutenant Harry Chamberlin, U. S. A., and Mrs. Chamberlin, in the Philippines, has gone to China. Mrs. Garlington will join her husband, General Garlington, U. S. A., at Jefferson Place in October.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick R. King are the guest of their son and daughter-in-law, Midshipman Thomas Starr King, U. S. N., and Mrs. King, at their home at Fort Monroe.

Captain William Brackett, who has been in command of the marines at Guam, is now at Mare Island.

Captain Thomas Emerson, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty in the Canal Zone and been ordered to San Francisco.

Captain Edward A. Shuttleworth, Second Infantry, U. S. A., now on leave of absence, is detailed as inspector-instructor of the organized militia of Connecticut, and will proceed to Hartford for duty.

Lieutenant Thomas E. Hunter, U. S. A., has been promoted to the captaincy in the Twenty-Sixth Infantry.

The home in Cleveland, Ohio, of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Hickox has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Hickox was formerly Miss Martha Calhoun.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hart has been brightened by the advent of a son.

Sir Alfred East, president of the Royal Society of British Artists, died the first of this week in London. He was born in 1849, and received his education in Glasgow and Paris. Italy recognized his rare ability by making him a Cavalier of the Order of the Crown, and he also received honors from France, England, Belgium, and Japan. One of his paintings, "The Morning Moon," is in the Art Institute, Chicago. In addition to painting, Sir Alfred had the happy faculty of expressing himself in a literary way, and was the author of "The Art of Landscape Painting in Oil."

Among the notable deaths of the week was that of Mrs. Beaver, widow of the late George W. Beaver.

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INDIVIDUALITIES.

Edmond Rousset, recently decorated with the Legion of Honor, is a Paris police officer. He has saved twenty-eight lives during his services on the water-front, and received the distinction for his heroic acts.

William Hayne Leavell, who will be the next minister to Guatemala, is a Presbyterian clergyman. His home is at Carrollton, Mississippi, where he has been successful in the pulpit. He has taken considerable interest in public affairs, and is well known in his state.

J. O. Davidson, who will execute the bust of Ambassador Page, is an American sculptor whose work has attracted marked attention in the last few years. Sittings will begin this month. Among the busts Davidson has done are those of Harry Payne Whitney and Emily Grigsby.

Dr. Sidney Gulick, who in a recent lecture on "The New Japan and the California Japanese Problems" declared that education is ousting militarism in Japan, is a professor in the Imperial University, of Kyoto, and has lived in Japan for more than a quarter of a century.

The Misses Gerda Pedersen, daughter of the Danish minister of agriculture, and Keiser Nielsen, daughter of the minister of education, have engaged as housemaids in London, that they may learn the English language, customs, and manners, and generally broaden their outlook. They expect to remain at their work for a year.

Lieutenant Charles Svenson, who was recently appointed chief pilot of the Canal Zone, was for years engaged as a navigator in Alaskan waters, and later became a naval pilot for the government in the Puget Sound district. He will probably direct the naval fleet in its passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific when the canal is formally opened.

Dr. David Tully of Media, Pennsylvania, as far as known the oldest active minister in this country, has just celebrated his ninety-fifth birthday. Since he passed his nineteenth birthday Dr. Tully has organized and built up a new church near his home, and the congregation has loyally and appropriately taken his name; so that even now it is known as the Tully Memorial Church. He is a Presbyterian.

Ernest Solvay, who recently gave more than a million dollars to educational and charitable institutions and the employees of his firm, is the discoverer of a process for the manufacture of soda. The gift was made in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the discovery. The Universities of Paris and Nancy each received \$100,000. Many scientists, representing all nations, attended the jubilee celebration.

F. J. Ouimet, the sensational young golfer who recently won for America the open golf championship against England's best, is a six-foot youngster of twenty years, a native of Brookline, Massachusetts. His father is a French-Canadian and his mother is of Irish descent. Ouimet was a caddy at the Brookline Country Club for four years, and has been a salesman in Boston for the last three years.

Cecil Cimenti, who has been promoted to the position of colonial secretary in British Guiana, has been in the British diplomatic service since 1899. Last year he was awarded the Cuthbert Peak Grant in recognition of services rendered to the science of geography by a journey in 1907-8 from Kashgar to Kowloon, a distance of nearly four thousand miles, accomplished without a European companion or native surveyor.

Professor A. M. Tozzer, the new president of the International School of American Archaeology and Ethnology, has been a member of the Harvard faculty since 1905, and is one of the most prominent archaeologists in this country. He is a native of Lynn, Massachusetts, and a graduate of Harvard. Important work has been done by him in Mexico, and among his writings there stands out prominently "A Comparative Study of the Mayas and Lacandones."

Mme. Chaminade, whose name has been added to the French Legion of Honor, is said to be the first woman so honored because of her success as a musician and composer. She came to this country in 1908, making a concert tour of the Eastern States, and at that time she had already been honored by Turkey and England, Queen Victoria having given her the insignia of the jubilee herself. Mme. Chaminade is in her fifty-second year, and has devoted her life to music.

Count J. J. Tolstoi, the new mayor of St. Petersburg, is one of the most popular and respected members of society in the Russian capital, and while minister of education distinguished himself by the liberalism and broadmindedness of his views. He is vice-president of the Imperial Archaeological Society, in the labors of which Emperor Nicholas takes so much interest; president of the Imperial Bibliographical Society, and rector of the University of St. Petersburg. For the last two years he has been acting as chairman of the commission formed for discovering means of combating and curing leprosy while at court he holds the honorary office of

master of the ceremonies. He is about fifty years old, and a nephew of the late Count Leo Tolstoi, the novelist.

THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Arthur R. Coulson, a Market Street bird store man, has been charged by a coroner's jury with the murder of William Acker and George Kovack in an Oak Street garage on September 19. Mrs. Gallagher, with whom he had been living and who was also shot at the time of the double murder, gave vague testimony at the inquest, but did not accuse Coulson of the shooting. His preliminary hearing began on Wednesday.

Sutro baths, the largest of its kind in the world, and one of the famous landmarks of San Francisco, is to be sold at public auction on November 20. After years of vain effort on the part of the heirs to dispose of the property to this city, they have decided that the baths must be sold, whether the purchaser be an individual or corporation. The voters last year refused to permit a bond issue covering the purchase of the baths and the Sutro property at the ocean. The property covers approximately eight acres of ground. The museum in the baths also will be sold. The baths were completed in 1896, two years before the death of Adolph Sutro. It took several years to build them, and the total cost was about \$800,000.

Henry M. Platt, who pleaded guilty to the embezzlement of \$29,000 from the California Pacific Title and Trust Company, by whom he was employed as bookkeeper, was denied probation and has been sentenced to two years in San Quentin by Superior Judge Lawlor. Several weeks ago Platt pleaded guilty and his attorney made a motion for probation. It was argued that Platt had not only returned the embezzled amount, but also \$50,000, which he had made by investing the \$29,000.

The Southern Pacific Company has granted the free transportation from New York to San Francisco of the Verdi monument, which the Italian colony of San Francisco has presented as a gift to the city and which is to be erected and unveiled in a few weeks, either at the Golden Gate Park or in the Civic Centre. It was made by Professor Grossoni of Milan, one of Italy's foremost sculptors, under the supervision of the Milan Royal Academy of Art.

The annual convention of the German-American League of California was held the first of the week at the German House, Turk and Polk Streets. Delegates from more than 250 state branches, including large bodies in Los Angeles, Sacramento, Santa Rosa, Petaluma, San Diego, and Vallejo, were present. The convention was the largest ever held by the organization.

The trial of the eight Western Fuel officials has been postponed until December on request of Special Prosecutor Matt Sullivan.

As a result of Supervisor Adolf Koshland's making the assertion that he had gathered facts and figures warranted to show that the city was about to pay an exorbitant price for the lithographing of the municipal railroad bonds, the board of supervisors has re-referred to the supplies committee a resolution which, had it passed, would have awarded the lithographing contract to the Mysell-Rollins Company.

With the solemn and impressive military service Brigadier-General Edward Moale, U. S. A. (retired), who died in this city early Saturday morning, was laid to rest in the National Cemetery at the Presidio of San Francisco Monday. General Moale was probably the best-known retired officer residing in San Francisco and his funeral was largely attended by civilians, friends of the family.

The first step out of the tangle into which the San Francisco Opera House project has become involved was taken Monday afternoon, when the board of supervisors passed an ordinance, presented by Supervisor Payot, dedicating a block in the Civic Centre for that purpose and authorizing the public welfare committee to complete the arrangement with the donors of the proposed \$1,000,000 fund. The ordinance dedicates the block between Larkin, Hyde (extended), Fulton, and Grove Streets for the opera house.

Judge Frank H. Dunne of the superior court Wednesday refused to dismiss the felony indictments against four of the five former policemen now serving nine months' terms in the county jail for misdemeanor conspiracy with the Italian bunco ring. The four who appeared in court were Joseph L. Droulette, John H. Sullivan, William F. McHugh, and Charles Joseph.

As a result of Tuesday's primary election the following incumbents have been reflected: City Attorney Percy V. Long, Treasurer John E. McDougald, Recorder Edmond Godchaux, Public Administrator M. J. Hynes, Police Judge Edward P. Shortall, Supervisor Andrew J. Gallagher. Sixteen candidates are left to contest for eight vacancies on the board of supervisors.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Two heads are better than one." "Not
the morning after."—*Washington Herald*.

"He told me he had a leaning towards the
church." "Was he sober?"—*Town Topics*.

Lody (at piano)—They say you love good
music. *Youth*—Oh, that doesn't matter.
Pray go on.—*Le Rire*.

Wife—Yes, in a battle of tongues a woman
can always hold her own. *Husband*—Perhaps
she can—but she never does.—*Denver News*.

"The question is," said the young M. D.,
"how long can we keep him alive." "And
sick," added the elder M. D., correctively.—
Life.

The Optimist—I hear Brownsmith is going
to be married. *The Pessimist*—Serves him
right. I never did like that fellow.—*Lippin-
cott's Magazine*.

Old Lody—Does your horse ever shy at
motors? *Cobby*—Lor' bless yer, no, lady; 'e
didn't even shy when railways trains fust
come in.—*Punch*.

Lawyer—The cross-examination did not
seem to worry you. Have you had any pre-
vious experience? *Client*—Six children.—
Kansas City Star.

Sunday-School Teacher—What is con-
science, Tommy? *Small Tommy*—It's what
makes a fellow feel sore when he gets found
out.—*Milwaukee News*.

Wife (over phone)—John, have you time
for just a word? *Husband (looking at watch)*
—I've got ten minutes. Let's hear the first
syllable.—*Livingston Lance*.

Excited Smoll Boy (late at night)—Hey,
Mr. Tanks, there's a burglar crawlin' up your
front steps this very minute! *Mr. Tanks*—
Poor devil, the missus'll think it's me.—*Syd-
ney Bulletin*.

"I think the missus do have her eye on one
av thim Eyetalian counts," said Bridget.
"What makes you think so?" said Mary. "I
heard her say last night that she admired
Verdi."—*Puck*.

Mohooole—Next toime Oi pass wid a lady,
Mulligan, ye've got to take off yer hat and
show ye're a gentleman. *Mulligan*—An' sup-
pose Oi refuse? *Mohooole*—Thin, bedad, ye've
got to take off yer coat.—*Livingston Lance*.

"What will you do with the twenty thou-
sand if you get a verdict in your breach-of-
promise suit?" "I guess," said the dear girl,
"I'll marry the lawyer. It's such an awful
lot of money to let get out of one's hands."—
Puck.

"This picture," he said, stopping before one
of his early efforts, "is one I painted to keep
the wolf from the door." "Indeed!" replied
the woman, "then why don't you hang it on
the knob, where the wolf can see it."—*Hous-
ton Post*.

She (ot the boll game)—Who is that man
that all the players are standing around ar-
guing with? *He (answering the 99th ques-
tion)*—Oh, that's the fellow who's keeping the
score. *She*—And won't he give it up?—*The
Club Fellow*.

"Pa," said little Tommy, "you know Jim
and Horace? Well, pa, Jim and Horace say
their prayers every night and ask God to
make 'em good boys." "How nice," said the
father. "How very nice." "But He aint done
it yet, pa," the urchin added.—*Boston Herald*.

"There's just room in the corner of your
trunk for this Bible, John," said Mrs. Billus.
"I'd like to take it," he replied, as he put
the book regretfully aside, "but I can't con-
scientiously do it and leave that box of
cigars. They would be such a temptation to
Johnnie."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

Mrs. Newed—I am in an awful fix, mamma.
Mrs. Eaglebeek—What is the matter? *Mrs.
Newed*—I went through George's pockets last
night to hunt for change, as you advised me
to, and I found some letters which I gave
him to post last week, and now I don't dare
scold him about the letters.—*Puck*.

"Supposing I decided to let you have the
money, how do I know that I shall get it back
at the time you mention?" said Spiffkins. "I
promise it, my boy, on the word of a gentle-
man," replied Bifkins. "Ah, in that case I
may think better of it. Come round this
evening and bring him with you."—*Princeton
Tiger*.

"King Lear is a great character," remarked
the friend. "Yes," answered the actor; "I
suppose you remember my performance last
season?" "No, I must confess I have never
seen you in the part." "Indeed!" was the
rejoinder in a tone of gentle surprise. "Then
bow on earth did you know it was a great
character?"—*Liverpool Mercury*.

Mr. Cohen—De modern sgool-teachings are
no goodt. Dose bupils hai to forget schoost
about halluf vot dey learns ven dey goes into
peesness. Here's Ikey learnin' percentage at
von, two, dree, four, fife, undt six per cent,
ven be'll neffer haf to use less dan sefen ven
he goes into peesness. *Little Ikey*—Yes,
fadder; but it'll come in handy ven you saddle
mit your greditors.—*Puck*.

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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Andy Gallagher.

Among several significant "lessons" of last week's primary election there is one which the *Argonaut* feels it a duty to define, well in advance of the prospective event. The vote cast was small at the point of numbers—less than one-fourth of the registration. Almost everybody was too busy with his or her business, his or her pleasures, his or her distractions, or too indifferent, to take the small trouble of going to the polls and voting. But there was one element that did take pains to vote, and it voted "solid" for the man it has picked out to make mayor in the election of 1915—only two years ahead. The element is that which sustains the organized labor movement in San Francisco and in particular the man is Andrew Gallagher, laborite leader and present member of the board of supervisors. The backers of Gallagher were out in force, with the result that his vote ran nearly 50 per cent above the average candidate for supervisor. Now it is as plain as anything can be that this is a first and a long step toward making "Andy" mayor of San Francisco. The same

forces which gave him a preponderant vote in the primaries will support him in further political ambitions. The returns exhibit him as a "winner," and the fact will have its due weight with respect to future political action. And unless other elements of the community shall assert themselves in the only way where assertion counts—namely, at the polls—Mr. Gallagher will gain a tremendous practical lead in his now open candidacy for the mayoralty.

Of course San Francisco could probably stand another laborite mayor. We have suffered earthquake, fire, pestilence, graft and anti-graft, Ruef, Schmitz, Rudolph Spreckels, Frank Heney, Jimmie Phelan, Pat McCarthy, and Jimmie Rolph, and doubtless we would continue to prosper after a fashion and to hold carnivals and Portolas as usual even with Andy Gallagher in the mayoralty. But it would be ten thousand pities and it ought not to happen. And it will not happen if the responsibility and respectability of San Francisco shall have regard to their opportunities and their obligations.

Revised Downward.

The Republican party in 1908 promised the country to "reform" the tariff, but when it came to action it moved the scale up instead of down; and upon this performance it claimed approval on the score of good faith. Even a worthy President, after having in terms condemned the action of Congress, was induced first to give it official sanction and later to commend it. The country, which is not easily fooled, saw that a trick had been played upon it and it smashed the party which had promised it bread and given it a stone. And there are few to say that the Republican party did not get precisely what was coming to it on the score of a broken promise.

The Democratic party in 1912 similarly promised to revise the tariff and, profiting by the misconduct of its rival, specified that the revision should be downward. The tariff law which came into effect on Friday last is the outcome of this promise. In one sense at least the new law is justified. It marks the fulfillment of a definite pledge and thus gains for the Democratic party the honorable distinction of having kept faith with the country at a point where the Republican party broke faith.

But while the Democratic party has kept faith there is in the fact small assurance that it has acted properly or wisely. It has in truth revised the tariff—revised it downward—but it has done it under political as distinct from economic motives and by political as distinct from economic methods. The plea is made that this is the only method by which tariff revision could be accomplished at all, and this plea is both specious and weighty. None the less a tariff scheme thus devised and enforced is more than likely to have serious effects in relation to the welfare of the country.

The fact that one effect of the new scheme will be to reduce public revenues the *Argonaut* does not regard seriously. The largeness of our revenues in recent years has been the mother of many follies. A public purse too full is a temptation to many forms of indiscretion and a prelude to certain forms of degeneracy. A country, like an individual, is better off when it must consult prudence in its financial policies than when it may scatter money with a reckless hand. It will be good rather than bad for the government and for the country if as the result of this tariff law there must follow a careful checking up of public expenses with elimination or curtailment at many points.

Any change—particularly on the side of reduction—in tariff schedules adjusted in relation to large schemes of industry and production is bound to create business disturbance and business hardship. The mere prospect of change has already put a check upon business activities throughout the country. Now that the scheme is defined and in force there will be recovery in some quarters and decline in others. California, which hitherto has been notably a child of public favor with close upon

a hundred industries protected to a greater or a less extent, must suffer heavily under the new scheme. All our forms of semi-tropical production hitherto protected have suffered cuts and will have to be adjusted to them. And since the political rather than the economic idea has controlled the cutting process, not all the changes have been made wisely. Time only can tell the story, but it is certain that many lines of our local industry built up under assurances of tariff protection must be grievously damaged if not annihilated. So in many parts of the country where industries have been established in the faith of a sustained protective policy there is likely to be very considerable loss and some distress. For a long time industry and business will feel the effects of a policy applied in many respects untimely and in many details unwisely.

The Democratic party has indeed kept faith with the country, but we suspect that it has done the country much more harm than good economically. There will inevitably be a period of readjustment, and experience proves that such processes are hard on everybody. Democratic policy is certain to become the mark of business criticism, and in all likelihood the party instead of gaining favor by its good faith in reducing the tariff schedules will lose by it. This has followed every attempt to reduce the tariff in recent years, and we see no reason to expect a more fortunate outcome of this latest venture.

From now until the next presidential election the country will be subject to a tremendous amount of grossly partisan slang-whanging on the score of the tariff. There will be multitudes who, knowing nothing of the tariff, and really caring nothing about it, on the one hand to approve and on the other to condemn. We have seen the like of it before, and discreet men will know how to estimate it at its real value. But there ought to be in the country a considerate and thoughtful element so understanding the difficulties of tariff readjustment, so knowing the necessities for it, so sympathizing with the environments of those who have achieved it, as to stand opposed to hasty, frivolous, and partisan judgment. The new law may not be wise in detail; it may not be honest in all its purposes, but it represents at least an attempt to do what must be done if we are ever to correct a system marked by many faults and some gross wrongs.

Frankly we have small hope for the practical success of a measure formulated by politicians under political motives and to political ends. But we do respect the hardihood which has kept faith under difficult circumstances—which has revised the tariff according to the pledge and, likewise according to the pledge, has revised it downward. The result of this performance of a solemn pledge is entitled at least to a sufficient measure of time for the working out of its practical effects. And we believe that thoughtful and patriotic men of all parties will be disposed to wait before pronouncing judgment.

How It Was Done.

Mr. Armstrong's letter on another page presents interesting details illustrating the means by which the Underwood tariff bill—or perhaps we should call it the Wilson tariff bill, since the whole thing was done at Mr. Wilson's dictation—was put through Congress. There were many features of the bill objectionable to many Democratic congressmen. Under normal conditions there would have been within the party a considerable and very positive opposition. But the President, following an illustrious if not worthy example, took the game in his own hands. He characterized the bill as a party measure, which in verity it was, and called upon every Democrat to support it. And whenever he found a dissenter he put upon him such pressure as lies at the hand of the administration. Those who know anything about the operations of the government know how far-reaching this sort of influence may be. And it was exercised by President Wilson for all time.

worth. Appointments desired by the dissenters were held up; appointments to which they objected were made; appropriations for government work within their districts were denied. In fact everything that could be done was done to thwart, browbeat, and harass the Democrats who declined or hesitated to stand in. One by one they were brought to their knees until at the end only a mere handful stood opposed.

It is for the country to judge of this method of political action. Constitutionally, morally, by all the standards of propriety and good manners, it is plainly wrong. Yet on the other hand it is argued that there is no other way. Is the country willing to accept this theory, to concede that the real powers of legislation should be transferred from Congress to the Presidency and that members of Congress should be the mere instruments of executive purpose for the execution of projects to which the executive belongs?

It is for Democrats to decide how the system of government by a dictator in the President's chair accords with its traditional theories. There was a time when Democracy, even more than any other party scheme, meant strict construction of the constitution, with rigid separation of the several departments of the government, each independent and supreme in its own sphere. Is the Democracy of today another thing, working upon another theory and to other ends? Is the Democracy of today reduced to a mere progressivism, cherishing no memories, faithful to no traditions, seeking only to get ahead by whatever methods may bring immediate success?

The Fruit of the Tree.

The San Francisco newspapers of Monday morning printed the pitiful story of Beatrice Eaton, a child of eight, cast adrift in a great city by the neglect, the irresponsibility, and the inhumanity of her natural guardians. The father, a drunkard divorced from the child's mother, had sent her to relatives at Stockton, both unwilling and too poor to sustain a burden where they felt no propensity and had no obligation. The mother, married hastily a second time, had ceased to feel any sense of duty toward the child and had not even kept her informed as to where she (the mother) might be found. A stepmother and a grandmother, equally indifferent and incapable, were each in a way related to the case. The child was put on board a steamboat at Stockton with a ticket for San Francisco and with a promise that she would be met by her father upon arrival. The father was not there—was not indeed expected to be there, as the story developed—and the child, after wandering about the streets, was finally picked up by a kindly policeman.

The story, while in essentials commonplace enough, has in it special elements of the sordid and the pathetic. Yet its counterpart or something worse is met with almost daily by the police and by the charitable agencies which take upon themselves the sad function of looking after our social wreckage. Not very often indeed are young children actually cast adrift; it happens more frequently that they are held in vulgar associations and subjected to ten thousand gross and demoralizing influences. Something worse than abandonment is the ordinary fate of the Beatrice Eatons.

Beatrice Eaton is a sample product of a system which, variously disguised and speciously presented, finds many champions among us. It is a system compounded of elements which minimize individual responsibility, develop little or no spirit of self-control, vulgarize human relationships, minimize human sympathies, break down self-respect, and pauperize the generation which comes out of it. Beatrice Eaton's father is a natural outcome of the system which puts no responsibility upon young manhood, places such hopes as it has upon demands for community help, makes marriage a joke and a farce, looks to divorce as an easy and legitimate expedient, and takes no account of the duties of parenthood. Beatrice Eaton's mother is the female of this species. No doubt the two came together at a skating rink or at a "select nickel dance." Under the scheme of life followed by this sorry pair natural affection, ordinary human sympathy, the simplest instincts of parental responsibility and of self-respect inevitably die the death. In it there is nothing of the spirit of determination, nothing of the fibre of character out of which normal and wholesome men and women are made. Duty they know nothing of; its obligations if conceived at all are rejected. Even for the most appealing and the most sacred of human relationships they have no sensibility, no comprehension.

Here is a type produced by conditions to be found in every modern city, and especially in communities like

San Francisco, where ten thousand tomfools are forever seeking to promote a devil-may-care carnival spirit as against the normal spirit of manly and womanly duty. It is a product of the kind of agitation which preaches in season and out of season the "rights" of men and women as against their duties. It is a product of the lewd newspaper, the vulgar story-book, of the gross stage spectacle, of the cheap "movies," of "beach" vulgarities, of Portola shows, and of every activity devoted to sensual entertainment. In the compounding of the type there enters the influence of the sensational preacher, the boss politician, and the liberator-of-woman agitator. When young men are taught to look to society for their private advantage on the one hand and to yield to the labor organizer on the other; and when young women, trained to no useful labor, are taught to respect no obligations and to regard themselves as subordinated and abused by the social system; and when above all the spirit of levity is presented under high sanctions as the *maximum bonum* of life, it is no wonder that we have wretches like Beatrice Eaton's father, irresponsible creatures like her mother, and poor little drabs of childhood like this pitiful bit of human wreckage.

More Dynamite.

The arrest in New York of George E. Davis, a union iron worker, on a charge of dynamite outrage, is evidence that we are not yet out of the woods in regard to this particular variety of crime. The extent of the prisoner's guilt and that of the criminal circle to which he belongs may partly be judged from his own confession. He shared in the conspiracy that included the McNamaras and the other criminals convicted at Indianapolis and still at liberty, to the shame of the law. During the McNamara trial he was asked to aid in the production of a number of simultaneous explosions at various points throughout the country, including San Francisco. He was further invited to assassinate Walter Drew, the attorney for the National Erectors' Association, and of some of the detectives engaged in the case, and was offered a reward of \$5000 for the crime. He belonged to an organization formed for the purpose of assaulting non-union laborers, while the production of explosions was a part of his normal daily work. That his confessions have involved a number of other men not yet arrested may serve to dissipate the pleasant delusion that the Indianapolis and Los Angeles trials marked the end and the destruction of this particular cycle of crime.

Of course the cycle is not ended. It is not likely to end so long as its incidents are regarded as commonplace news items and on a par with the ordinary crimes of individual greed or passion. There has been a series of dynamite outrages in connection with the present electric strike in California, a strike that is never mentioned in our farcical newspapers. The criminals are evidently well supplied with money and they are working in concert and under skilled direction. But of these crimes we learn practically nothing in the daily newspapers, shivering with dread as they are lest they lose a labor-union nickel. A new bride or a baseball game commands column after column of space. An organized and nation-wide series of crimes that threatens to bring the whole social system to the ground is dismissed in ten lines or not noticed at all. The publicity game was never played quite so low as it is today. It was never quite so venal nor so abject.

An adequate sense of news values would speedily convince us that there are no events of the day so vital as these. Tariffs, elections, laws, the whole gamut of politics, important as these things are, contain no threat to the vital stability of the nation. They hold no menace of social destruction. But we can be by no means so comfortable with regard to these dynamite crimes. It is evident that we have in our midst a vast organization with unlimited resources and determined to use those resources relentlessly and murderously. We see that organization at work in the legal immunity of labor unions for crimes that are punishable in every one else. That may be called the kid glove, the aristocratic, functions of the organization. At the other end of the scale we see that same organization at work in the deliberate assassination of inoffensive citizens, as at Los Angeles, and in murderous assaults plotted and planned just as one plans a business venture. We see that same organization offering rewards for assassination, as in the case of Mr. Drew, upon whose head a price of \$5000 was placed. We see the same fell activities at work in a thousand places through the agency of thugs and pickets. It has thrown a network of crime over the country. No city anywhere is exempt. No

individual life that may become inimical to labor unionism is safe. Society will have to devise some means to exterminate this Mafia, or society itself must dissolve.

It is evident enough that the existing law, or the administration of the existing law, is inadequate. Every one of the criminals convicted at Indianapolis is at liberty, a purchased liberty. Most of them have been reelected with acclamation to their official union positions. They swagger among us as though they were martyrs to a cause and fully entitled to the cheers and applause accorded to them by the verminous persons who sustain them. Does any one doubt the nearly irresistible forces that are now at work on their behalf? Those same forces were strong enough to browbeat Congress and to inveigle the President. Does any one doubt that their continuing immunity gives heart of grace to the felons that are still at work undetected? Those felons have been busy enough in California during the last few months. There is no other country in civilization that would allow these men to be at large, that would thus permit delay after delay to efface the memory of their iniquities from the public mind. Their immunity is a direct encouragement to the I. W. W., to Syndicalism, to Anarchy, and to all those other baleful forces that are feeding and growing fat on the public folly that disregards them. The merchants and bankers of New York have just petitioned Washington for a force of soldiers as a precaution against "mob tumult." They may well do so in view of the respectful deference paid by the law, by society, and by the newspapers to a criminal organization that has no parallel upon earth and that with the same effrontery publicly coerces Congress and secretly offers a reward for the murder of a public officer. The day can not be far off when it will be too late to take the precautionary measures demanded by the elementary laws of national self-preservation.

Central Pacific Segregation Again.

Attorney-General McReynolds, it appears, has decided to pursue the demand for dismemberment of the Southern Pacific properties. He will insist that those parts of the Southern Pacific system held under the name of Central Pacific shall be segregated and disposed of—presumably to the Union Pacific. In all the talk in promotion of this plan there has been nothing tending to justify it from the standpoint of plain common sense. The real inspiration, we suspect, is on the part of the Union Pacific, which has a not unnatural wish to take unto itself the Central Pacific connection with California. That the Attorney-General is conscious of influences tending to this project we do not believe; but he is a professional prosecutor with the tendencies of a prosecutor, plus the ambitions of a politician, and is eager, after the manner of his kind, to achieve something striking and spectacular. The Southern Pacific, it is announced, will resist, and most certainly it ought to. The Central Pacific line to Ogden is California's most direct and natural Eastern connection. It is historically and otherwise an integral part of the Southern Pacific system. It is essentially California's line, and there is every reason from the Californian standpoint why it should be administered from San Francisco rather than from Omaha. When this project of segregation was sought to be enforced nearly a year ago our State Railroad Commission by the timeliness and justice of its interposition saved the day, and we trust that either this agency or some other will sustain and enforce the right of the Southern Pacific to this essentially complementary part of its system. It would indeed be a blow to every interest in California dependent upon transportation if the Southern Pacific were forced to give up that particular part of its system which makes California's quickest and easiest connection with the East.

Chicago to the Rescue.

A circular from the "Illinois Vigilance Association," and dated from Chicago, reminds us that virtue as well as vice can be commercialized. The association in question seems to be composed mainly of an assortment of the "Protestant Ministers of Chicago," who are much exercised in their minds over the depravities of San Francisco and anxious for some assurance that the virtue of visitors from Chicago and elsewhere will be duly safeguarded during the exposition. The president, the treasurer, the secretary, the thirty-nine vice-presidents, and the thirteen members of the executive committee of the Illinois Vigilance Association—whom it would be a pleasure to name if space permitted—may set their minds at rest in this matter. Their morals and the morals of their friends and protégés shall not be

contaminated in San Francisco, which is already a civic model of the proprieties that they are so eager to champion. Frail human nature shall not be exposed to an undue strain in California. The primitive purities of Chicago and New York shall be duly and amply preserved and protected. It is a peculiar pleasure to convey this assurance to the fifty-five officials of the Illinois Vigilance Association so that they may now feel free to direct their undivided energies, their salaries, revenues, and emoluments, and the weight of their distinguished and much advertised names to a home field that can surely find scope even for such ministrations as theirs. It is easy to believe that a crusade for the redemption of San Francisco has a certain efficacy in the extraction of subscriptions and advertisement from hypocrisy and credulity. None the less it would be a public misfortune if the imaginary needs of San Francisco should be allowed to divert a remunerative enthusiasm from Chicago and New York, where it may still be possible to find some lingering traces of libertinism and vice.

Good Example in Dress.

There seems to be no occasion for the loud laugh that shows the vacant mind in the announcement that 340 of the girl students constituting the student body of the San Francisco State Normal School have decided to set a good instead of a bad example in the matter of dress to the seven or eight hundred children in an affiliated elementary school. It has been said, and with some justification, that a sense of public responsibility is not usually to be found among the feminine virtues. Duty, from the woman's point of view, is not supposed to extend beyond the domestic circle. The boundaries of the family have too often been the boundaries also of feminine obligations, and these convictions have often been a large factor in such opposition as there has been to an extension of womanly activities. It is now evident that this particular factor must disappear if the action of these 340 young women can be regarded as typical or representative, or even as prophetic. It is inevitable that the children in the elementary classes should imitate those who are older than themselves and who are in some sort of authority over them. Imitativeness is essentially a characteristic of young life, and indeed of undeveloped and dependent minds of all ages. Responsibility recognizes this to be a fact, and irresponsibility disregards it. The student body of the normal school have thus given evidence not only of character, but of an executive capacity from which many good things may be augured. They acknowledge the force of good example and they have the courage to use it.

In matters of dress it is wholly irrelevant to argue as to the innate proprieties or improprieties of any particular fashion or costume. There is no such thing as innate impropriety in dress apart from the public custom or opinion that passes judgment upon that dress. The manner of dressing has changed from age to age and will doubtless continue to change. It has passed through all variations from nearly complete nudity to the most elaborate and exaggerated coverings. Women contestants wore no clothing at all in the public games of Athens, and they injured neither their character nor their caste. In some Oriental countries of today we find that a face covering is the supreme requisite, and that the woman who exposes her face and only her face is guilty of an indelicacy. There is no universal standard to be found, no general acceptance of any gauge of modesty or immodesty in dress. The woman who offends the public judgment has violated the proprieties. The woman who defers to it has not violated them. Propriety, in other words, depends upon convention, and convention is usually the application to practice of the ethical principles grouped under the prevailing basic ideas of right and wrong. It is only shallow-minded people who needlessly disobey the conventions, and we should save ourselves much labor of analysis by a recognition that convention is supreme in matters of dress and that it is usually founded upon the necessities of the day.

Therefore there is nothing essentially modest or immodest about any particular style of dress, unless indeed it be deliberately adopted for a base purpose. That is not at all the question that we have to determine. What we actually have to ask ourselves is the judgment that will be passed by the public upon an unusual costume, and the kind of character that the public will impute to those who wear such a costume. There is nothing wrong in the smoking of a cigarette or the drinking of a cocktail, but we all know the verdict that we pass upon the woman who does these things in public. We

assume that they are indicative of something unseen and undesirable. The verdict may be an unjust one. Sometimes it is. But it is the fact of the verdict with which we have to do, and that such a verdict is passed constitutes the act an immodest one. In the same way the woman who adopts the present "exposive" style of dress may be in every way a good woman, but the public will not believe it. She places herself in the position of one who is indifferent to a grave misjudgment in a matter of morals, and such indifference is in itself immoral. The public believes—often wrongly it may be admitted—that such a dress is an index both to mind and manners, and that the woman who is sartorially conspicuous is at the same time expressing some sort of moral laxity. That the public may be mistaken does not matter at all. Modesty in dress is a deference to the conventions of the day, whether those conventions are liberal or the reverse. And they are usually a practical working code of ethical expediences and therefore to be observed as ethical or moral duties.

Most of the good girls who offend in the matter of dress are lacking both in a sense of responsibility and also in the power of imagination. They fail to realize that there is always some one who will try to imitate them, and who may be so situated by environment or otherwise that imitation becomes fatal. They lack the power of imagination which would show them how they themselves would feel should they ever see their own daughters inviting the comments and the sneers to which they think themselves immune or indifferent. For these and for other reasons of a like kind it is no small matter that 340 young women who are destined to be teachers in matters of the mind should thus assert their capacity and their willingness to be teachers and exemplars also in the domain of morals.

Editorial Notes.

As to the diplomacy of Mr. Ahearn's retort in the matter of the projected railroad station at Third and Townsend Streets, opinions may differ. But there can hardly be more than one judgment as to the equity of his position. His company—the Southern Pacific—asks leave to build a new station which calls for certain privileges in the matter of public streets. Those who are negotiating in behalf of the city insist upon vexatious and onerous conditions. It is demanded, in addition to joint use of tracks by the projected municipal railway system that switching arrangements be maintained for municipal cars at all times and free of charge. Mr. Ahearn's point, that this would not only be an interference with the facilities essential to the operation of the trains of his company but that it would involve a heavy expense, would seem to settle the matter so far as common sense and equity are concerned. Now because in this matter the city has the Southern Pacific in the door is no justification for unreasonable demands. The new station ought to be built before the Exposition, and whatever concessions are necessary on the part of the city ought to be made, not grudgingly and meanly, but in the spirit of a decent coöperation. In times past we have complained of the aggressive selfishness of the Southern Pacific; now when the tables are turned, let us not ourselves exhibit the qualities we have so severely censured.

For the first time the government catch of sealskins, foxes, and other Alaska furs will be sold through St. Louis, instead of London as in the past. At the present time St. Louis is the largest primary fur market in the world, and it is estimated that three-fourths of all the furs trapped on the North American continent are shipped to St. Louis houses to be sold. Since Alaska was purchased the revenue from the seal islands alone—rough, barren, forbidding spots that comprise but an infinitesimal area of the Alaska map—has been \$15,000,000, more than twice the sum paid for the entire territory. This area comprises the Pribilof Islands, discovered in 1786 by the Russian navigator whose name the islands bear. It is the seat of the most important fur seal colony in the world. Next in importance is the Commander herd owned by Russia, while the Kuril herd, owned by Japan, comes third. During the first year of United States possession, the catch was about 200,000 to 300,000 seals.

Japan at present operates 1189 miles of international railway, largely in Manchuria. The first American railway—of forty-five miles—was built in Japan in 1882 under the supervision of a Pennsylvania railroad engineer and two young Japanese graduates from the Troy Polytechnic School.

The forests of Corsica, the little island upon which Napoleon was born, are managed by the French government. They produce lumber, firewood, and turpentine, and all parts of the tree are far more closely utilized than in America.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

How the Tariff Bill of 1913 Became a Law.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, October 6th.
EDITOR ARGONAUT: In reading Democratic comment upon the passage of the Underwood-Simmons tariff bill one is reminded of the statement of Frank Granger:

The popular will is a convenient legal fiction by which those who, for the time being, have got hold of the machinery of government give color to their actions.

For, judged by the presidential vote, the vote by congressional districts, or the vote in 1912 for members of the Senate, it is impossible to maintain that the present tariff law is an enactment of a popular mandate.

President Wilson, whose signature placed upon the statute books this law, based upon the principle of tariff for revenue only, received in November of 1912 a million and a third (1,311,064) votes less than the combined vote for the candidates of the Republican and Progressive parties, both of whom were pledged to the protective principle. This was but the final step upon the part of this minority President who, with an unwonted practice of executive leadership, urged with insistence the enactment of the tariff pledges of the Baltimore platform of the Democratic party.

In enacting the tariff programme of the Democratic administration the Democratic organization in both House and Senate had adequate majorities. Yet the majority of one hundred and forty-five in the House did not register the vote of a majority of the electorate in favor of the proposals of the Democratic party. For in the greater number of the congressional districts there were both Republican and Progressive candidates, both pledged to protection, and in seventy-seven of these districts this split of the protectionist vote resulted in the election of the Democratic candidate, although the combined vote of the Republican and Progressive nominees exceeded that of the successful Democrat. With these minority Democrats displaced by protectionists, representing the majority of electors in their districts, the Democratic party would have been in the minority in the House of Representatives and a Democratic revision of the tariff of course would have been impossible.

In like manner arose the Democratic majority of six in the Senate, for Senators Hollis, Lewis, and Walsh represent minorities from New Hampshire, Illinois, and Montana respectively. The change of these three seats would have left the Senate evenly divided, and had the secession of the Louisiana senators been balanced by the votes of the Republican La Follette and the Progressive Poindexter, the vote of the Vice-President would have been necessary to the passage of a Democratic tariff bill. In such an event the passage of this particular bill is unthinkable.

The briefest analysis of the vote in the triangular contest of 1912 shows that a minority of the voters elected President Wilson and gave a majority to the Democrats in House and Senate. It is consequently clear that a majority of the voters did not, then, vote for a Democratic tariff revision. The present strength of the Democratic party with the electorate is of course problematic, and there seems no immediate prospect of a referendum vote, either upon the new tariff law or upon the principle embodied therein. But a desire to adapt opinions to the present status of our politics should not preclude a remembrance that the present tariff law was enacted at every stage by representatives elected by a minority of the electorate. A more general appreciation of this fact would make less possible such a ridiculous comment as that in a recent issue of the usually careful London Times:

The passage of the Underwood tariff bill was something more than a triumph for economic sanity; it is a triumph for self-government. It marks the first time that the American electors, having voted at the polls for a reduction of the tariff, have seen their wishes translated into legislation by their representatives.

This is, indeed, ridiculous enough.
EDGAR E. ROBINSON,
Professor of American History.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

Mr. Armstrong Discloses Some of the Means by Which the Tariff Bill Was Put Through.

WASHINGTON, October 4, 1913.

Expectations that the administration of the school-master from Princeton would be of the dilettante or theoretical style have not been fulfilled. Not since Mr. Roosevelt went out of office on March 4, 1909, with his coat collar turned up and a frown on his face has Washington witnessed anything quite so practical as the leadership of President Wilson in handling the unwieldy majority in the House of Representatives and the hair-breadth majority in the Senate. There was a story going the rounds in Washington, for which I can not vouch, but which has gained credence in many quarters. It concerns the manner in which Senator Walsh of Montana was induced to vote for the tariff bill. Had he voted against it the bill might have been defeated, because several other Democratic senators stood ready to follow his lead.

Here is the story: There is a great irrigation work going on in Montana. Army engineers are in charge, and the farmers of the state are greatly interested, because they believe they will be benefited. About the time that Walsh began to wobble on the tariff the work on the irrigation project in Montana was halted. Walsh paid no attention to this until he received a great many letters from the farmers of the state urging him to see why the project was being held up. He went to the War Department, but received little satisfaction. He then went to the White House, where he received less satisfaction. Somehow or other the information was conveyed to Walsh that it was probably due to the fact that he was uncertain as to how he would vote on the tariff bill that the irrigation work had been delayed. It was not long before the White House received word that Walsh would vote for the tariff bill. The administration took no chances, however, but held up the work until the vote in the Senate had been taken. Walsh voted for the tariff bill. The next day work on the irrigation plant in Montana was resumed.

This story may or may not be true. The fact remains that it has been discussed in the cloakrooms of the Senate, and has been told to some of the members of the House.

This much is certain. Patronage has been used as a lever for forcing the tariff bill through the House. As an example of the way it works, Representative Mel Donohue of Philadelphia had endorsed a measure

John O'Day for the office of internal revenue collector in his own city. Mr. Donohue obtained for his man the additional endorsements of all the Democratic representatives from Pennsylvania, as well as the approval of Representative A. Mitchell Palmer, national committeeman from Pennsylvania, a close adviser of the President. It was announced that his man would be appointed.

When the tariff bill came out of the Democratic caucus Donohue found that the duties on textiles had been reduced to such an extent that great injury would be inflicted upon the many mills in his district. He represents a large textile centre, and while he had run upon a Democratic platform he had assured his constituents that the Democrats would do nothing to injure legitimate business and would revise the tariff in a deliberate manner, schedule by schedule. He exercised his independence, and when the bill came to a vote, although he was absent through illness, he was paired against the measure.

As a spokesman for the administration, Representative Palmer gave out a statement announcing that Donohue's man, O'Day, had been turned down as internal revenue collector, and that another man would be appointed. "It seems to me," said Mr. Palmer, "that Congressman Donohue is not in a good position to demand that his recommendation should have more weight than that of the Democratic state chairman, for he is the one Democratic member of Congress from our state who refused to vote for the chief measure in the Democratic programme—the tariff bill. Having voluntarily taken his stand in opposition to the Democratic tariff measure he can not hope to have that influence with the administration which he would have had if he had loyally supported the Democratic programme." What plainer announcement could there be of the fact that the Wilson administration is willing to use the club of patronage over the heads of the party in the House and Senate?

Politics, however, is a practical business. Under our present system, in which the tariff is made the football of politics every four years, it is but natural that the members of Congress devote themselves to log-rollings when a great revenue measure is introduced on the floor of the House.

It meant everything to Representative Garner of Texas, for instance, to get mohair on the dutiable list. Made famous by the poem read in the House during the tariff debate last May by Representative J. Hampton Moore, Garner's goat has never ceased to be one of the leading features of the present Democratic tariff legislation.

Garner of Texas is a Democratic member of the Ways and Means Committee. He did not mind wool going on the free list, although there are lots of sheep in Texas, but he could not stand for free mohair, a product of the Angora goats which are raised in such large quantities in his own congressional district. He appealed with tears in his eyes to his Democratic colleagues, with the result that the goat was saved with a duty of 20 per cent *ad valorem*. This remarkable achievement was forever fixed in history and literature by Mr. Moore's poem, which read in part:

Of all the creatures in the land, of pedigrees supremely grand,
There is none that does respect command,
Like Garner's Goat of Texas.

So while you kick the wool off sheep, and heef and mutton
make so cheap,
Protective tariff now will keep,
Garner's Goat of Texas.

The Senate dashed Mr. Garner's hope to earth when it ruthlessly free listed mohair. It could not see why the products of all other congressional districts should be hit, and Garner's goat escape.

Then Mr. Garner went to work again. He button-holed senators on the conference committee. He told them mohair was a luxury, being used for upholstering expensive furniture and making expensive clothes. It bears the same relation to wool as silk does to calico, he explained, and urged that the duty be retained "for purposes of revenue." And he won his fight. In conference the Senate compromised on 15 per cent *ad valorem*, and this was retained in the bill when it passed.

The Democrats are famous for quarreling among themselves, but they fight with equal zeal with their friends on the Republican side. Mr. Mondell of Wyoming recently called attention to the manner in which the Democratic party was framing all legislation in secret caucus, and he added: "I plead with you in the name of representative government, in the hope of restoring the prestige of the House, in the faith of good legislation, to remove the shackles from the minds and the wills and the consciences of members, and give us a fair vote on this amendment."

The reply made by Representative Stanley of Kentucky, whose florid style is much admired in the House, deserves to be ranked with the classics. "There is nothing on earth," he said, "so necessary to the dignity of the House as the absolute independence of its members. While I respect that love of independence as voiced by my friend Mr. Mondell of Wyoming, it grieves me beyond measure to see it made a mockery and a travesty on the floor of the House. Better have some crimson courtesan lead modest maidens in paths of purity; better some escaped convict pose as the arbiter and censor for honest men, than to learn of freedom from this the most object apostle and most subservient slave 'Uncle Sam' Cannon ever had." (Applause from the Democratic side.)

PAUL ARMSTRONG.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Mr. Le Sueur in his new hook on Cecil Rhodes reminds us that we have not yet heard the last of the Boer Raid and that there are many mysteries about it that have still to be revealed. The author says that Rhodes would often chuckle over the abortive attempt and say: "Aha, but it was very nearly a success." He blamed Jameson for not riding straight on to Johannesburg and arranging for a couple of hundred men "with knobkerries" to go to Pretoria and seize Krüger, the members of the Raad, and the arsenal. Then, he said, the whole thing would have been over. The Boer resistance was always a surprise to Rhodes, who thought that Krüger "would not be such an ass as to resist to the end." Incidentally Mr. Le Sueur removes the impression that Rhodes was a woman hater. He was told by "the old man" that he liked women, "but I don't want them always fussing about." Naturally Rhodes had a large collection of documents in reference to the Raid, but he ordered that after his death all these documents should be destroyed unread, and this was done. Whether the destruction of these papers will forever prevent the disclosure of the whole story remains to be seen.

Most American newspapers have recorded the bald fact that the English suffragettes have tried to burn down Penshurst Place. But the *Daily Chronicle* reminds us that they could hardly have chosen a mansion more richly stored with memories of historic English names. Apart from Sir Philip Sidney, whose reputed birthplace it is, Edmund Spenser, the friend of Elizabeth's "chief jewel," here wrote the "Shepherd's Calendar," and the fame lingers round the ancient walls of the unhappy Algernon Sidney, and of Waller's heroine, Saccharissa. But the most memorable literary relic is Ben Jonson's tribute to the beautiful creature reared within the walls of Penshurst, Sir Philip Sidney's sister:

Underneath this sable bearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death! ere thou hast slain another,
Learned, and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

Mr. Hall Caine will doubtless be able to explain his extraordinary use of distinguished names in connection with the publication of his new book, "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," but the least that can be said is that the explanation is badly needed. The persons who have been advertised in various ways as giving their warm praise to the hook include the Bishop of London, Archdeacon Wilberforce, T. P. O'Connor, Rev. Father Jay, Sister Mildred, Rev. R. J. Campbell, and Rev. J. E. Rattenbury. Now comes a letter from the secretary of the Bishop of London, who says that the bishop has given no sign of his approval and has not even read the hook, although Mr. Caine speaks of "collaboration on and about it." Dr. Meyer, whose name was also given, says that he is "consternated," and that he not only did not commend the hook, but that he wrote "in a contrary sense." The Rev. R. J. Campbell says he has not read a word of the hook and that the use of his name is "quite unwarrantable." Most of the other persons whose names have been used write in a similar sense. They gave no such authority and are amazed. So far the only reply from Mr. Caine himself is to the effect that all his papers are in the Isle of Man, that he will get possession of them as soon as possible, but that he has used no names without a belief that he was justified in doing so. It is certainly a surprising situation, and one that seems to call loudly for explanation. No doubt we shall hear more of it later on.

The practice of suttee, or widow-burning, seems still to survive in some parts of India, in spite of the efforts of the authorities to suppress it. This is evidenced by an Indian law report which states that: "A final judgment has still to be passed on the men who were charged with aiding and abetting in the immolation of a Hindu widow on her husband's funeral pyre at Mainpuri, in the United Provinces. There was an appeal to the Allahabad High Court, and Mr. Justice Ryves, while of opinion that the sessions court took too lenient a view, has preferred to leave the decision to a bench of two judges after the vacation. Meanwhile the prisoners have been called upon to show cause why the original sentences should not be enhanced. Mr. Ryves has directed particular attention to the evidence that one of them sprinkled ghi (clarified butter) on the woman after she had ascended the pyre." Contrary to the general opinion, the practice of widow-burning is not enjoined in any of the authoritative religious hooks of India. It is a Brahmanical invention grafted on to the sacred law.

An unusually large number of women have been scheduled to take part in the present meeting of the British Association. Nearly every branch of learning is represented, the most prominent departments being botany, geology, zoology, morphology, geography, foods, folklore, Egyptology, and anthropology. It need hardly be said that Mme. Curie is the most illustrious representative of her sex at the association meeting. She is also the most modest. "Please do not write so much about me in your paper," she said to the *Chronicle* representative. "Why should you want to? Yes, I discovered radium, but you are in too much of a hurry. Wait and see what the next ten years have in store." Mme. Curie is described as speaking unimpeachable English and as short and slim in stature. So far from desiring any attention for herself, she begs her friends to keep their eyes on Dr. Rutherford, professor of physics at Liverpool University. She says that: "His work in radio-activity has surprised me greatly. He is the one man living who promises to confer some inestimable boon on mankind as a result of my own discovery of radium."

Mr. Bryan seems indisposed to accept the munificent offer of the *New York World* of a salary of \$8000 a year if he will pledge himself to give no more public lectures while he

holds the position of Secretary of State. Indeed he is said to be much annoyed, although it is hard to see for what reason. It gives him a distinction never before conferred upon a human being, for certainly the pages of history will afford no other example of a man whose silence could command so high a price. We have waited a long time for proof of the old adage that speech is silver but silence is golden, and here it is at last.

A helief in the diving rod seems hardly to be a such a crass superstition as has been supposed, since a scientific commission is now sitting in Germany in order to determine the facts of the case. The dicta of some of our own scientists is certainly amusing. They frankly admit that they have made no investigations and have no personal knowledge of the question, but they are none the less certain that the practice of water diving is a farce and a delusion. The genuine unscientific spirit is never to be found in quite such full flavor as among scientists.

Alexander Siloti, once the pupil of Liszt and Rubinstein, has published some of his recollections of his great masters. Speaking of Liszt, he says: "Liszt did not give lessons in the way generally attributed to him. He either sat near his pupil or stood in front of him, while his face expressed the most delicate nuances of meaning which he wished to convey. Lucky was the pupil who could read these nuances; if he couldn't, he did no good." Of Liszt's admiration of Chopin Siloti says: "He regarded Chopin as the only poet of the piano and said that every note from Chopin was a pearl from heaven. He would add, 'We were great friends; he had such a refined, shy mind.'"

We have heard a good deal of the German emperor as a patron of the stage and a friend of dramatic art, but now comes a disturbing voice from Hans von Hulsén, who is the son of the general manager of the royal operas and theatres. Herr von Hulsén says that the emperor is not only indifferent to the progress of the stage, but that he is its chief enemy and obstacle. He never visits any theatre except the Royal Opera and the Royal Theatre, where he himself dictates the bill, and he cares for nothing except his military plays that are full of glittering uniforms and drum beatings. Nothing pleases him but the dramas of the time of Frederick the Great, that as a result the repertory of the Royal Theatre has steadily declined, as well as the ability of the actors and actresses. Dramatic art in the opinion of the emperor consists of the rattling of the sabre and extravagant decorations that other German theatres discarded ten years ago. Curiously enough, Professor von Liebig has something of the same sort to say about German science. Germany, he declares, has been surpassed in research work by France and England, and the cause is a system of education that inculcates an extraordinary admiration for the past with a consequent neglect of the present and the future.

The engineers in charge of the new Ritz-Carlton Hotel in Philadelphia have discovered that the city is resting on a floating island and that it may at any moment be engulfed. Tidal water was discovered forty-five feet below street level, the water ebbs and flows just like the ocean. But it seems a pity to make the fact known. Philadelphians might leave the city.

Mrs. Pankhurst is not coming to America in order to convert American women to the cause of suffrage. She herself says that they do not need conversion. She is coming in order to collect funds to be used for crime, and it is the kind of crime that is forbidden even by the rules of war, crime against private life and private property. Every dollar that is paid as the admission price to her lectures will be so paid in support and encouragement of crime. This is hardly likely to dissuade any of Mrs. Pankhurst's supporters, since they have no instinctive objections to crime, but it is a point that may as well be placed upon record.

The Liverpool Town Hall was built two hundred years ago, but the body of Mayor Gaynor was the first ever to lie there in state. Reports from Liverpool say that the city never witnessed a more impressive spectacle than the thousands of people who stood in line, indifferent to the rain, to see all that remained of the man who appealed to the English mind as one who had been conquered by his own conscience. There are very few men now alive who could be assured of such a tribute as was paid in Liverpool to William J. Gaynor.

A correspondent of the *New York Sun* says that the great majority of the people are in favor of the release of Harry Thaw, which is certainly true. He goes on to ask ironically how it is that the people are not allowed to rule in this matter according to the precepts of the new democracy. The *Sun* correspondent should have patience. Rome was not built in a day. There was a time when the people were actually in control of the judiciary, and when they said, "Release unto us Barabbas," their orders were obeyed on the spot. No doubt those days will return. They seem to be on the way.

Mr. Owen Johnson, returning to America after a long stay in Europe, says that the only American news printed in European newspapers is "freak stuff—marriages by moonlight and so on." As a result "people are being taught that we are a nation of Jack Johnsons and Harry Thaws." It is evident that these misguided Europeans have been reading American newspapers, which are largely made up of items such as he describes. For example, and just to see how it works out, suppose we take almost any San Francisco daily newspaper. Study its front page and then realize the audacity of its claim to represent the average citizenship of today. The foreigner naturally supposes that the claim is a good one. His own newspapers are representative of the people who buy and read them and he supposes that ours are the same.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

IN THE CONFESSIONAL.

The Penitent Who Waited for Abbe Faber.

One evening last winter the Abbé Faber was struggling painfully up the Rue Mouffetard, fighting against a hurricane with his open umbrella, on his way to the parish church. Feeling sure that he had come for nothing, he could not help regretting in his secret heart the good fire he had left in his little lodgings in the Rue Shomond, and the Bollandiste folio that was lying open on his table with his spectacles upon it. But it was a Saturday evening, a day when the old widows who eked out their small incomes in the boarding-houses roundabout were wont to come for absolution, to prepare themselves for the communion on Sunday. So that the good priest could not do otherwise than install himself in his oaken box, and, like a punctual cashier, open his little window, where those devotees who look upon confession as a sort of spiritual savings bank might come and pay in their weekly installments of petty sins.

The Abbé Faber was not very well pleased to have to go out that particular Saturday, as it happened to be a pay day, and the Rue Mouffetard was crowded, and the crowd was one that looked unfavorably upon his cassock. It was not very pleasant for the holy man to have to lower his eyes at their unfriendly glances, and to shut his ears to the insults that assailed him as he passed. There was a certain wine-shop that the abbé especially dreaded—a wine-shop flaming with gas and sending out fumes of alcohol from its open door, through which one saw a long vista of bottles marked absinthe, bitters, Madeira, vermouth, etc. Then, standing around the counter there was always a band of boon companions, in long blouses and high caps, who called insolently, "Caw! caw!" after the poor abbé as he hurried along the pavement.

This evening, however, the bad weather had turned the streets into a desert, and the Abbé Faber reached his church without let or hindrance. He dipped his finger in the holy water, crossed himself, bowed to the high altar, and then turned to his confessional. At any rate, he had not come for nothing; there was a penitent waiting for him.

A male penitent! A rare and exceptional thing at Saint-Médard. The Abbé Faber could distinguish, by the red light of the lamp hung to the pointed arch of the chapel, and the man kneeling there wore a short white smock frock and thick hob-nailed shoes, and he took him for some workman who had kept his peasant faith and habits of religious observance. The confession he was about to hear would probably be as interesting as that of the cook in the Rue Mouge, who, after acknowledging she had pilfered her masters' bread, cried out against the least hint of restitution. The priest smiled to himself as he remembered the summary formula used by one of the "faubourgiens" on the occasion of his wanting a certificate of confession when he was going to be married: "I have neither murdered nor stolen. Absolve whatever else there is." So the vicar went very calmly into the confessional, and after waiting first to take a good pinch of snuff, drew back the little green serge curtain that covered the window.

"Monsieur le curé," stammered a rough voice stifled to a whisper.

"I am not a curé, my friend. Say your *confiteor*, and call me 'my father.'"

The man, whose face the Abbé Faber could not see—for it was veiled in shadow—slowly repeated the prayer, which he seemed to have some difficulty in remembering, and then he continued, in muffled tones:

"Monsieur le curé—no, father—forgive me if I do not speak as I ought; but I have not been to confession for five and twenty years—not since I came up from the country. You know how it is; a man in Paris—and then I was no worse than the rest, and I thought to myself: the good God is surely kind. But today I have something on my conscience that is too heavy for me to bear alone, and you must hear me, monsieur le curé—I have killed a man!"

The abbé jumped in his chair. A murderer! It was no question here of inattention during service, of slandering neighbors, and such like old wives' cackling that he was accustomed to listen to half-absently, and to absolve readily. A murderer! This head that leaned so close against his own had conceived and brought forth the thought of a crime; these hands, clasped together on his confessional, still bore, perhaps, the stain of blood! In his emotion, not unmixed with terror, the Abbé Faber could only answer, mechanically:

"Confess, my son. The mercy of God is infinite."

"Hear the whole story," said the man, in tones that vibrated with deep pain. "I am a mason, and I came to Paris more than twenty years ago with a man from the same village. We had been friends from childhood. We had gone bird-nesting, and had learned to read at school together. He was almost a brother. His name was Philippe; my name is Jacques. He was a tall, handsome young man; I was always heavy and ill built. There was not a better workman than Philippe—while I am but an awkward hand—and so good, and brave, and open-hearted. I was proud to be his friend, to walk by his side; proud when he slapped me on the back and called me a great stupid. I loved him because I admired him. When we came here by good luck we were engaged by the same master. In the evenings he left me alone generally; he used to go out and amuse himself with his pals. It was natural enough at his age. He was fond of pleasure; he was free: he had no burdens. I could not do as he did; I was obliged to be

careful, for I had an infirm old mother at home, and at that time I used to send her my savings. It was on that account I boarded with a green-grocer's widow in the house where I lived, who used to cook dinner for the masons. Philippe did not dine there; he went elsewhere, for, to tell the truth, the cooking was nothing wonderful. But my landlady was a widow, and unfortunate, and I saw that my custom was a help to her; and then, to be frank with you, I had fallen in love at first sight with her daughter. Poor Catherine! You will know, by and by, monsieur le curé, all that came of it. I waited three years before I was able to tell her of my affection for her. As I told you, I was only an indifferent workman, and the little I earned was hardly enough for me and what I sent to the mother; I could not dream of marrying. But at last my good old mother went to heaven. I was not quite so pinched; I was able to lay by a little money, and when I thought I had enough for us to keep house together I spoke to Catherine. She said neither yes nor no at first. *Parbleu!* I never supposed she would jump at the offer; I was none so fascinating. Catherine spoke to her mother about it; she considered me an industrious workman and a steady man, and the marriage was settled. Ah! I have had some happy weeks. I saw that though Catherine had accepted me, she was not really attached to me; but she was a kind-hearted girl, and I thought I should get her to love me some day. Of course I had told Philippe all about it; I saw him every day at the workshop, and when Catherine was engaged to me I wanted him to know her. Perhaps you have already guessed what followed, monsieur le curé. Philippe was handsome, very merry, very pleasant, everything that I was not, and, quite unconsciously, without any intention on his part, he made Catherine fall in love with him. Ah! she has a frank and honest heart, has Catherine; and as soon as she knew what it was she felt she told me. But then, all the same, I shall never forget that moment! It was Catherine's birthday, and I had got her a present—a gold chain that I had done up nicely in a box of cotton-wool. We were alone in the back shop, and she had just poured out my soup. I took the box out of my pocket, and opened it and showed her the jewel. Then she broke out crying.

"Forgive me, Jacques," she said, 'and keep that for the woman you marry. I can never be your wife now. I love another. I love Philippe.'

"I had sorrow enough then, monsieur le curé; I had my share. But what could I do, when I loved them both? Only what I thought was for their happiness, *pardi!*—let them marry. And as Philippe had always been fond of amusing himself, and had no money put by, I lent him my little nest-egg to buy the furniture with.

"So they were married, and all went well in the beginning. They had a little boy, to whom I stood godfather, and whom I named Camille, after my mother. Soon after his birth Philippe took to wild ways. I had been mistaken in him; he was not for married life; he was too fond of pleasure and frolics. You live in a poor district, monsieur le curé, you must know the sad story by heart—the workman who drifts away, little by little, into idleness and drunkenness, who goes on the spree for two or three days at a time, who does not bring home his wages, and only comes home, worn out with his orgies, to quarrel with and beat his wife. Well, in less than two years Philippe had sunk down into one of these wretches. At first I used to lecture him; and sometimes, when he was ashamed of his conduct, he tried to turn over a new leaf. But it did not last long; and by and by my remonstrances irritated him; and when I went to see him, and he caught me looking sadly around the bare room, and at poor Catherine—she had grown pale and thin with sorrow—he used to grow furious. One day he even dared to make a show of jealousy of me and his wife—who is as pure as the Holy Virgin—reminding me that I had been in love with her in former days, and accusing me of being so still. Such folly and such infamy as I should be ashamed to repeat. Ah! that day we were ready to strangle each other. I did what I ought to have done; I gave up seeing Catherine and my godson; and as for Philippe, I only met him now and then, by chance, when we happened to be walking in the same yard.

"Only, you see, I was too fond of Catherine and little Camille; I could not lose sight of them altogether. On Saturday evening, when I knew Philippe would be gone with his companions to drink away his wages, I used to prow about in their quarter, and meet the child, and get him to talk; and if times were very hard at home he did not go back empty-handed, you may be sure. I think that wretched Philippe knew I helped his wife, and winked at it—it was convenient. But I must pass over all that, it is too sad. Years have passed since then. Philippe sank lower and lower in vice; but Catherine, whom I helped as much as I could, brought up her son decently, and now he is a fine boy of twenty, as good and as brave as his mother. He is not a workman; he has educated himself. He learned to draw in the night schools, and now he is with an architect and earns pretty good wages. Though his home is saddened by the presence of the drunkard they are getting on better, for Camille is very good to his mother. And the last year or two it has gladdened my heart to meet Catherine—she is a good deal changed, poor woman!—arm in arm with her boy, and he dressed like a gentleman.

"But yesterday evening, as I came away from dinner, I met Camille; and when I shook hands with him—oh, he is not proud; he is never ashamed of my blouse stained with plaster—I thought he looked very strange. 'What is the matter?' I asked.

"'I drew yesterday in the conscription,' he answered, 'and I drew the number ten, one of those numbers that send you out to die of fever in the colonies, with the marines. At any rate, there I am now bound for five years, and I shall have to leave my mother alone, with the father—and he drinks worse than he ever did, and is more violent. And she will die, godfather. Oh, what a curse there is upon the poor!'

"Ah! I spent a fearful night! Just think, monsieur le curé, all that poor woman's twenty years of struggling wasted in a moment by the folly of a mere chance, because a child has put his hand into a bag and pulled out a bad number! After a sleepless night I came out bowed like an old man, to go to the house we are building in the Boulevard Arago. One has to work all the same, whatever trouble one may have. So I climbed up there on the scaffolding—we have got the house up to the fourth floor already—and I began to fasten my beams. All at once, some one struck me on the shoulder. It was Philippe! He only worked by fits and starts now—he had probably come to do a day's work to earn money for drink. But the master, who had a forfeit to pay if the building was not finished by a certain time, took on every one he could find.

"I had not seen Philippe for a long time, and I could hardly recognize him. Burnt and dried up with brandy, with his gray head and trembling hands, he was quite an old man—a ruin.

"'Well,' said I, 'so the son has drawn a bad number?'

"'What of that?' he answered in a hoarse voice, with an angry look. 'Are you going to begin bothering me like Catherine and Camille? The boy will do like the rest, he will serve his country. *Parbleu!* I know what they have in their minds—my wife and my son. If I was dead he wouldn't have to go. But, worse luck for them, I am strong enough yet, and Camille is not a widow's son.'

"A widow's son! Ah, monsieur le curé, why did he say that unlucky word to me? The evil thought came to me at once, and never left me all the morning as I worked side by side with that unhappy wretch. I thought of all she would suffer, poor Catherine, when she should no longer have her boy to support and protect her, and when she would be left alone with this miserable drunkard, who had grown utterly degraded, fierce, and capable of anything. A neighboring clock struck eleven, and the other workmen went down to their breakfast. We were the last, Philippe and I. As he got on to the ladder to go down in his turn, he must needs look jeeringly at me, and say with his hoarse, drunken voice:

"'You see, I have not lost my sailor's footing. Camille is none so near being a widow's son.'

"I was beside myself with rage! I seized the bars of the ladder with my two hands, Philippe holding on to them and crying 'Help!'—and with one push I sent it backward into space!

"He was killed on the spot. It was supposed to be an accident; but now Camille is a widow's son, and he won't have to leave her.

"That is what I have done, monsieur le curé, what I wanted to tell you and to tell God! I repent and I ask for pardon, that is certain—but I must not see Catherine go by, in her black dress, so happy on her son's arm; I should be ready not to regret my crime any more. To avoid that I am going to emigrate; I shall go to America. As for the penance—here, monsieur le curé, here is the gold chain that Catherine refused when she told me that she loved Philippe; I have always kept it in remembrance of the only happy days I have known in my life. Take it, and sell it, and give the money to the poor."

* * * * *

Did Jacques rise absolved by the priest? What is certain is that the old priest has not sold the gold chain. After putting the price of it into the poor-box of the church he hung up the jewel as an *ex voto* on the altar of the chapel of the Virgin, where he often goes to pray for the poor mason.—*Adapted for the Argonaut from the French of François Coppée by Mlle. Bouchier.*

In New York's Potter's Field more than five thousand bodies are buried in the course of a year. New York's pauper dead make it necessary that as many as eighty workmen and half a dozen keepers be maintained at Potter's Field all the time. The "field" is on Hart's Island, at the entrance to the Sound, eighteen miles up the East River, and the gravediggers, drivers, and general caretakers are prisoners from the workhouse force on Blackwell's Island, with a head keeper and several assistants, not prisoners, to supervise them.

The Nevada opal field has been very slightly developed, but has probably yielded over \$20,000 worth of rough gems. A few superb specimens worth several hundred dollars apiece and many fine gems worth \$50 to \$200 apiece have been obtained, and the prospects of the field as a producer of valuable opal are bright.

A certain German street-car line operating between cities in Rhenish Prussia charges only about half the regular passenger rates to those who stand. The round-trip rate from Elberfeld to Werden, about ten miles, costs 50 cents if the passenger has a seat, while those who remain standing pay only 25 cents.

The North German Lloyd Steamship Company has under active way and in contemplation new steamship tonnage aggregating 136,000 tons.

"MARY GOES FIRST."

A Henry Arthur Jones Satire of English Provincial Life.

When in his anecdote mood Henry Arthur Jones delights to tell a conversation he once overheard in a railway carriage during the run of his "Rebellious Susan." "Who wrote that play?" asked one passenger. "That man Henry Arthur Jones," was the rejoinder. "I hate that fellow," exclaimed the questioner; "he's always educating people." Mr. Jones declines the compliment. It is true he holds that the drama and popular amusement are two distinct things, and that he admits the theatre exists for the purpose of giving pleasure, but he is as tenacious in his conviction that if the theatre is to instruct and educate it can do so only as the other fine arts do, and never with any set purpose. He would be the last, then, to admit that his latest comedy, "Mary Goes First," is anything more than an attempt to paint the truth of human nature rather than the facts, yet there will be plenty of playgoers who will interpret it as, for one thing, a satire on the selling and buying of social honors for political purposes.

And perhaps it is. But its wider purpose is to depict the unloveliness of the class hated of Matthew Arnold. For "Mary Goes First," which has made a highly successful start at the Playhouse, is a broadly painted picture of the Philistine element in English middle-class life, not the less middle-class, by the way, because several of the comedy's characters are on the verge of passing into the "upper circles." The venue of the play, a provincial town, Warkinstall by name, where the chief industry is the making of saddles, is Mr. Jones's most familiar ground. Himself a provincial, born near Birmingham, he is always at his best when dealing with the petty social or religious or political ambitions of the suburban type.

With an Ibsen-like parsimony of setting, the four acts are all passed in one scene, the drawing-room, to wit, of the aspiring young solicitor, Felix Galpin. Just before the story opens one of the wealthy manufacturers, Thomas Dodsworth, had been knighted as a reward for his generosity in building the town a sanatorium, and Mr. Galpin, with an eye to business, determined to celebrate the occasion by giving a dinner party. Of course he was obliged to invite Mary Whichello and her husband, for up to that unhappy evening Mary had been the leader of society in Warkinstall, "going first" on every occasion. And Mary was not at all disposed to cede her precedence to the newly made Lady Dodsworth. She told Mr. Galpin as much in accepting his invitation, relying, no doubt, on the fact that the said Galpin was engaged to her sister. The host, however, could not flaunt social manners to the extent of promising to take Mary in first to the dinner; he compromises by sending her the bouquet he had ordered for Lady Dodsworth.

But Lady Dodsworth herself provides Mary with an opportunity of revenge. It is not merely that she is helpless before Mary's verbal assaults, her "my-ladying" her at every sentence, and her sweetly malicious compliments, but that her "loud" attire and her obvious wig and powdered face prompt Mary to exclaim that her ladyship looked "like an impropriety." Of course the remark was overheard on the spot by its object; in any case, she would soon have been acquainted with the satire, for the next day the epigram was in circulation all over Warkinstall. Sir Thomas and his partner were furious; such a remark was libelous; unless Mary Whichello signed a written apology there would be an action for slander.

Now Mary's husband is an easy-going male who lives for golf and his wife, and his first thought is to give the desired apology and end the matter. But that is not Mary's way. "Never!" she exclaims. "Go in second after that woman all my life? Never! I'll go into court, and I'll make her produce that wig and dress!" And events happen which cause a stiffening of Mr. Whichello's attitude. He and Dodsworth had quarreled over the local cemetery and other matters, one of which concerned the granting of a hill for the extension of his beloved golf course. If Dodsworth would consider his attitude on those matters he would offer the apology. But when Dodsworth refused he became as obstinate as his wife. Nay, he agreed to become a Liberal, to stand for Parliament, and to give such a donation to the Liberal party funds as would purchase him a baronetcy.

That equalized matters from the political point of view, for Sir Thomas was a light of the Conservative cause. It also provided Mr. Jones with an opportunity to pen one of his best scenes. The Whip of the Liberals comes down to Warkinstall to arrange the price of the baronetcy, and there is a delightful scene in which he discovers that Mr. Whichello hates the Nonconformists and Socialists more than Mary hates Lady Dodsworth, and that the prospective candidate is wholly ignorant of every article in the Liberal gospel. Whichello, indeed, is so disgusted with the whole business that he is about to break off the negotiations and apologize to the Dodsworths when Mary intervenes again with a new scheme. It is that young Galpin shall become the candidate, that her husband shall pay his expenses, and that that said husband can still get the baronetcy by presenting the town with a cemetery in which to bury the patients killed at his rival's hospital.

And now it seemed that nothing could prevent the action for slander, especially as Galpin had been formally instructed for the defense. But the action never reached the law courts. Conscious at last that her action might have justified Mary's epigram, Lady Dods-

worth and her husband drop their bluff and cancel the suit. More than that, Lady Dodsworth, unable to face defeat and take second place to Mary once more, runs away from Warkinstall. Yet that is not the end; by some means she is persuaded to return, and even to accept an invitation to Galpin's dinner party in honor of the Whichello baronetcy. It is by means of this climax that Mr. Jones has once more proved false to his best convictions and provided that "happy ending" demanded by the majority of playgoers. For when Galpin, at Mary's entreaty, refuses to lead Lady Dodsworth first into dinner, Mary herself, now Lady Mary and a grade higher in social rank, grasps her late rival by the arm that on that occasion there might be no question of either "going first."

Such is the play, a little anecdote of provincial England, slight in texture but bulked out by Mr. Jones's skill into a rippling entertainment, and, if you will, an excellent moral. It is delightful fun all through, for the Mary was none other than Marie Tempest, who reveled in a unique exhibition of feline cruelty. Whether she were scratching her rival or beguiling her husband or Galpin she was equally inimitable. It was a triumph for Miss Tempest the actress, yet whether it will be a permanent triumph for Mary may be open to some question. There is no denying the gentle pleasure of seeing the play and taking each quip as it came; but it does not leave so enjoyable a memory on reflection. There is a probability, in fact, that the playgoer may come to sympathize just a little with Lady Dodsworth, for there is no obvious reason why all the victory should rest with Mary.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, September 23, 1913.

Nearly a quarter of a century ago the domestication of the black fox on Prince Edward Island began. Fox pups found in the woods and others were successfully bred in captivity in the vicinity of Kildare, Prince County, at the western end of the island. In the London market royal black fox pelts have brought all the way from \$1500 to \$3000. One sale is on record where a black foxskin brought \$3800. In buying, furriers classify simply as "silver" all shades of furs from light silver-gray to deep black. Pure-bred animals are not easily purchased, owners having none too many at best, and when a sale is effected the price is often more than is paid in other latitudes for blooded horses and cows. It is not uncommon for a pair of royal blacks which have demonstrated unusual fertility to bring \$12,000, while \$15,000 has been paid. Wild fox pelts, while valuable, are not held in as high esteem as the island-bred variety, the island ranchmen having a great advantage in experience as to feeding and breeding for fine pelts, and in addition to being able to kill at the correct season without mutilating the skin. The difficulties encountered in maintaining the vitality and prepotency of the black fox are precisely those incident upon inbreeding any character of fine stock to produce and maintain fancy breeds. Ranchmen having at the outset only one or two pairs of pure-bred foxes, perhaps brother and sister or parent and offspring, are forced to breed closely related animals. This process is successful and even desirable from the standpoint of developing and maintaining a fine strain, and some of the animals which have been inbred to the point of degeneracy bear the very choicest fur. There has been no systematic attempt to estimate the number of ranches on the island. Probably there are not more than fifty ranches of any size with pure-bred animals; but the number of places where from one to four or five pairs of some variety of foxes are kept would probably be above 300. Much effort is still expended to envelop fox-farming with an element of mystery. The total value of all the fox ranches on the island is popularly computed at over \$4,000,000. In adjudging the soundness of the present position of the fox industry on Prince Edward Island it should be borne in mind that the community is an intensely conservative one, composed of Scottish and English farmers.

Probably there is no London inn so romantic in the matter of sliding panels and concealed doors, secret rooms, and underground passages—one of these reputedly leads to the Tower—and thick walls richly carved as the Crooked Billet, said to be the oldest wine and spirit shop in London. There is every reason to believe that the old inn which stands so sturdily on Tower Hill dates from the time of Henry VIII. Often has it been threatened with destruction, but recently it was granted a new lease of life, and is now in the hands of the decorators, who happily, however, instead of "improving" it, are merely restoring its pristine beauty. There is a tradition that Oliver Cromwell once lived at the Crooked Billet. The place was known in those days as "the old house at the bottom of the Minorities."

No other country in the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific has the distinction of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. For fifty years it has stood as the richest farming county in the land. The tillers of the soil try to raise better crops each successive year. McLean County, Illinois, now stands second to Lancaster, with Los Angeles County, California, a close third and Whitman County, Washington, fourth.

The Patent Office has reported a partial list of nearly 500 patents issued to negroes, among them twenty-seven to Granville T. Woods of New York for electrical devices, many of which are in use throughout the country, one of particular value having been adopted by the Bell Telephone Company.

INTAGLIOS.

Song.

Amarantha, sweet and fair,
Ah, hraid no more that shining hair!
As my curious hand or eye
Hovering round thee, let it fly.

Let it fly, as unconfin'd,
As its calm ravisher, the wind,
Who hath left his darling, th' east,
To wanton o'er that spicy nest.

Every tress must be confest,
But neatly tangled, at the best;
Like a clew of golden thread
Most excellently ravel'd.

Do not, then, wind up that light
In ribbons, and o'ercloud in night,
Like the sun's in early ray;
But shake your head, and scatter day!
—Richard Lovelace.

Julia.

Some asked me where the ruhies grew,
And nothing did I say,
But with my finger pointed to
The lips of Julia.

Some asked how pearls did grow, and where,
Then spake I to my girl,
To part her lips, and shew me there
The quarelets of pearl.

One asked me where the roses grew,
I had him not go seek;
But forthwith hade my Julia shew
A hud in either cheek.—Robert Herrick.

A Vision of Beauty.

It was a heauty that I saw,
So pure, so perfect, that the frame
Of all the universe were lame,
To that one figure could I draw,
Or give least line of it a law!

A skein of silk without a knot!
A fair march made without a halt!
A curious form without a fault!
A printed hook without a blot!
All heauty!—and without a spot.—Ben Jonson.

There Is a Garden in Her Face.

There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies blow;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow;
There cherries grow that none may huy,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do inclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which, when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rose-hued filled with snow;
Yet them no peer nor prince may huy,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still;
Her brows like hended hews do stand,
Threatening with piercing frowns to kill
All that approach with eye or hand
These sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.
—Richard Alison.

The Bride.

The maid, and thereby hangs a tale,
For such a maid no Whitson ale
Could ever yet produce;
No grape that's kindly ripe could he
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on, which they did bring;
It was too wide a peck;
And, to say truth—for out it must—
It looked like the great collar—just—
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light;
But oh, she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison
(Who sees them is undone);
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Cath'rine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red; and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her chin,
Some hec had stung it newly;
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her words her teeth did break,
That they might passage get;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.
—Sir John Suckling.

Segitera Temple, in the province of Ise, Japan, is the scene each July of a peculiar rite dedicated to the worship of Acalanatha, the faithful servant of Buddha. The rite is known as a "goma" (a corruption of Sanskrit "homa"), or "burning." Buddha taught that the cause of suffering is desire, and therefore the priests of the Shingon, a Japanese sect of Buddhism, kindle a fire to consume all human desires, at the same time offering prayers to Acalanatha. In one matter the rite may be said to defeat its own ends, for it attracts a crowd of farmers full of desire to obtain embers or ashes from the fire which is supposed to have consumed all desires. The tradition is that the possession of an ember or ashes from the sacred fire insures a farmer good crops the next autumn.

THE LIFE OF ADMIRAL DEWEY.

The Famous American Commander Describes Some of the Chief Incidents of His Career.

Admiral Dewey tells us that he undertook his autobiographical work with some reluctance. After the battle of Manila he prepared a complete account of his command of the Asiatic squadron from the time he hoisted his commodore's pennant until his return home in 1899. He intended that it should be published after his death. But now fifteen years after the battle he has yielded to the arguments of his friends, not only to publish it, but to write his recollections of his career before Manila Bay brought him into prominent public notice. Curiously enough, he seems to have had a sort of presentiment of the feat that was eventually to make him famous. In 1873 he was in the Gulf of California when he received word of the *Virginius* affair. Resentment against Spain was so strong that war seemed inevitable. Going into the wardroom he found his officers sitting about in various attitudes of despondency. He asked them why they were so blue, and they replied that if there was to be war with Spain they felt that they would be out of it. "On the contrary," said Dewey, "we shall be very much in it. If war with Spain is declared the *Narragansett* will take Manila."

Among the author's early recollections is his Mediterranean cruise in the *Wabash* in 1858. The *Wabash* was in the harbors of Italy during the war between France, Italy, and Austria, and there they heard of the victory of Solferino. Napoleon was then in the zenith of his power, and the author finds it hard to realize what a small figure posterity has made of him:

In spite of the diplomatic officiousness of Lord de Redcliffe at Constantinople, any memory of this Mediterranean cruise would not be complete without some mention of our pleasant relations with the British navy. It has been a rule that wherever a British and an American ship meet their officers and their crews fraternize. The two services speak the same language; they have a common inheritance of naval discipline and customs. Exchanges of visits which are ceremonial where other navies are concerned become friendly calls in a congenial atmosphere. When the Twenty-Eighth Regiment of British Infantry passed out of the Bosphorus on H. M. S. *Perseverance*, I remember that we gave them a hearty cheer; and as we left the Bay of Naples we played the British national air in honor of the British ships at anchor and they answered with ours.

Curiously enough, it was the summer of 1859 that the celebrated "blood is thicker than water" incident occurred. Flag-Officer Josiah Tatnall, who had won fame by a brilliant exploit at Vera Cruz in the war with Mexico, and won more later as a Confederate officer, witnessing the heavy fire which the British chartered steamer *Toey-uan* was suffering from the Chinese forts in the Pei River, could not keep out of the fight. Turning to a junior officer he exclaimed, "Blood is thicker than water," and ordered his boat manned, and with his own crew took the place of fallen British gunners in firing on the Chinese.

It is natural that the author should have a good deal to say about Farragut. The *Mississippi* had seen only the dreary monotony of blockading until Farragut began the campaign which was to lay New Orleans under the northern guns:

Farragut has always been my ideal of the naval officer, urbane, decisive, indomitable. Whenever I have been in a difficult situation, or in the midst of such a confusion of details that the simple and right thing to do seemed hazy, I have often asked myself, "What would Farragut do?" In the course of the preparations for Manila Bay I often asked myself this question, and I confess that I was thinking of him the night that we entered the bay, and with the conviction that I was doing precisely what he would have done. Valuable as the training of Annapolis was, it was poor schooling beside that of serving under Farragut in time of war.

Commander Smith took command of the *Mississippi* before the advance on New Orleans. The author became executive officer, but he was so young for the position that Farragut brought the matter to the attention of the captain, who said: "Dewey is doing all right. I don't want a stranger here." Smith had a pronounced character, absolutely fearless, and not unlike that of Farragut himself:

In action he became most energetic; but in the periods between action he was inclined to leave all detail to his executive. His hobby, except in the matter of cigars, was temperance. I recollect that he saw me take a glass of champagne that was offered to me when I was in the house of a Union officer after the troops had taken New Orleans. He was puffing at a cigar as usual.

Dewey, do you drink champagne?" he asked.

I had not tasted any for months, and very hard months they had been.

"Yes, I do when it is as good as this. I don't very often get a chance these days," I answered.

"If I had known that," he said, very soberly, "I do not think that I should have had so much confidence in you."

Farragut's methods were always simple. There was a saying that his principal place for filing papers was his coat pocket. Generally he wrote his orders himself, perhaps with his knee or the ship's rail as a rest. The author recalls that one day when he was writing he looked up and said, "Now, how in the devil do you spell Appalachianicola? Some of these educated young fellows from Annapolis must know":

A man who had such an important command could hardly have been more democratic. One night I had given orders for a thorough cleaning of the ship the next morning. I was awake very early, for it was stiflingly hot. Five o'clock came and I heard no sound of the holy-stones on the deck. So I went above to find out why my orders were not obeyed, and my frame of mind for the moment was entirely that of the disciplinarian. There was no activity at all on deck. I looked around for the officer of the deck. He was an old New England whaler, brown as a huccaneer, who had enlisted for the war from the merchant service. I recollect that he wore small gold rings in his ears, a custom with some of the old-fashioned merchant sailors who had traveled the world over. I found him seated up in the hammock netting where it was cool, with Farragut at his side.

"Why aren't you cleaning ship?" I asked.

"I think I am to blame," said Farragut, with his pleasant

smile. "We two veterans have been swapping yarns about sailing-ship days."

The old whaler did not see how he could leave Farragut when Farragut wanted to talk, and inwardly, perhaps, he did not fail to enjoy his position as superior to the young executive officer's reprimands.

Making a long jump in these interesting memoirs, we find ourselves at Manila Bay. A search of Subig had failed to disclose the presence of the enemy, and this was much to the admiral's relief, since Subig had many strategic advantages for the enemy over Manila. The distance from Subig to Corregidor was thirty miles. It was decided to run past the batteries under cover of darkness, and all the commanding officers were signaled to come on board the flagship and were told, "We shall enter Manila Bay tonight, and you will follow the motions and movements of the flagship, which will lead":

There was no discussion and no written order and no further particulars as to preparation. For every preparation that had occurred to us in our councils had already been made. I knew that I could depend upon my captains and that they understood my purposes. My position in relation to my captains and to all my officers and crews was happy, indeed, by contrast with that of the unfortunate Montojo, who tells in his official report of how, upon arriving at Subig Bay on the night of April 25 with six of his ships, he found that none of his orders for the defense of the bay had been executed. The four 5.9-inch guns which should have been mounted a month previously were lying on the shore; yet in landing-drill our men have often mounted guns of equal calibre on shore in twenty-four hours. Aside from the planting of the mines which have been mentioned and the sinking of three old hulks at the eastern entrance of the bay, nothing had been done.

The orders were carried out to the letter. Confidence, says the author, was expressed in the very precision with which the dun, war-colored hulls of the squadron followed in column behind the flagship, keeping their distance excellently. There was no break in the monotone of the engines save the mechanical voice of the leadsmen or an occasional low-toned command by the quartermaster or the roar of a Spanish shell:

The misty haze of the tropical dawn had hardly risen when at 5:15, at long range, the Cavite forts and Spanish squadron opened fire. Our course was not one leading directly toward the enemy, but a converging one, keeping him on our starboard bow. Our speed was eight knots and our converging course and ever-varying position must have confused the Spanish gunners. My assumption that the Spanish fire would be hasty and inaccurate proved correct.

So far as I could see, none of our ships was suffering any damage, while, in view of my limited ammunition supply, it was my plan not to open fire until we were within effective range, and then to fire as rapidly as possible with all of our guns.

At 5:40, when we were within a distance of 5000 yards (two and a half miles), I turned to Captain Gridley and said: "You may fire when you are ready, Gridley."

While I remained on the bridge with Lamberton, Brunby, and Stickney, Gridley took his station in the conning-tower and gave the order to the battery. The very first gun to speak was an 8-inch from the forward turret of the *Olympia*, and this was the signal for all the other ships to join the action.

At about the time that the Spanish ships were first sighted, 5:06, two submarine mines were exploded between our squadron and Cavite, some two miles ahead of our column. On account of the distance I remarked to Lamberton:

"Evidently the Spaniards are already rattled."

However, they explained afterward that the premature explosions were due to a desire to clear a space in which their ships might manœuvre.

At one time a torpedo-launch made an attempt to reach the *Olympia*, but she was sunk by the guns of the secondary battery and went down bow first, and another yellow-colored launch flying the Spanish colors ran out, heading for the *Olympia*, but after being disabled she was beached to prevent her sinking.

The plan of the battle was an eastward and westward run in front of the Spanish ships and three of such runs were made from the east and two from the west before the ascertained depth of water allowed of a closer range:

There had been no cessation in the rapidity of fire maintained by our whole squadron, and the effect of its concentration, owing to the fact that our ships were kept so close together, was smothering, particularly upon the two largest ships, the *Reina Cristina* and *Castilla*. The *Don Juan de Austria* first and then the *Reina Cristina* made brave and desperate attempts to charge the *Olympia*, but becoming the target for all our batteries as they turned and ran back. In this sortie the *Reina Cristina* was raked by an 8-inch shell, which is said to have put out of action some twenty men and to have completely destroyed her steering-gear. Another shell in her fore-castle killed or wounded all the members of the crews of four rapid-fire guns; another set fire to her after orlop; another killed or disabled nine men on her poop; another carried away her mizzen-mast, bringing down the ensign and the admiral's flag, both of which were replaced; another exploded in the after ammunition-room; and still another exploded in the sick-bay, which was already filled with wounded.

When she was raised from her muddy bed, five years later, eighty skeletons were found in the sick-bay and fifteen shot holes in the hull; while the many hits mentioned in Admiral Montojo's report, and his harrowing description of the shambles that his flag-ship had become when he was finally obliged to leave her, shows what execution was done to her upper works. Her loss was one hundred and fifty killed and ninety wounded, seven of these being officers. Among the killed was her valiant captain, Don Luis Cadarso, who, already wounded, finally met his death while bravely directing the rescue of his men from the burning and sinking vessel.

A message to the admiral that there remained only fifteen rounds per gun for the 5-inch battery caused a temporary cessation of the battle, although as it afterwards transpired the message was incorrectly transmitted. But it soon became evident that the fight was practically over and that the Spanish ships were in distress. Some of them were on fire and others were seeking protection behind Cavite Point, while the fire from the batteries had ceased entirely:

Feeling confident of the outcome I now signaled that the crews, who had had only a cup of coffee at four a. m., should have their breakfast. The public at home, on account of this signal, to which was attributed a nonchalance that had never occurred to me, reasoned that breakfast was the real reason for our withdrawing from action. Meanwhile, I improved the opportunity to have the commanding officers report on board the flag-ship.

There had been such a heavy flight of shells over us that each captain, when he arrived, was convinced that no other

ship had had such good luck as his own in being missed by the enemy's fire, and expected the others to have both casualties and damages to their ships to report. But fortune was as pronouncedly in our favor at Manila as it was later at Santiago. To my gratification not a single life had been lost, and considering that we would rather measure the importance of an action by the scale of its conduct than by the number of casualties we were immensely happy. The concentration of our fire immediately we were within telling range had given us an early advantage in demoralizing the enemy, which has ever been the prime factor in laval battles. In the War of 1812 the losses of the *Constitution* were slight when she overwhelmed the *Guerrière* and in the Civil War the losses of the *Kearsarge* were slight when she made a shambles of the *Alabama*. On the *Baltimore* two officers (Lieutenant F. W. Kellogg and Ensign N. E. Irwin) and six men were slightly wounded. None of our ships had been seriously hit, and every one was still ready for immediate action.

Nothing now remained but to sweep up the debris and to make sure that the abandoned Spanish ships were actually harmless. The order to capture or destroy the Spanish squadron had been executed to the letter. Not one of its fighting vessels remained afloat, although the city of Manila was still nominally unsubdued:

Consul Williams was sent on board a British ship moored close inshore near the mouth of the Pasig River, with instructions to request her captain to be the bearer of a message to the Spanish captain-general. This message was taken ashore at two p. m., in the form of a note to the British consul, Mr. E. H. Rawson-Walker, who, after the departure of Mr. Williams, had assumed charge of our archives and interests, requesting him to see the captain-general, and to say to him, on my behalf, that if another shot were fired at our ships from the Manila batteries we should destroy the city. Moreover, if there were any torpedo-boats in the Pasig River they must be surrendered, and if we were allowed to transmit messages by the cable to Hongkong the captain-general would also be permitted to use it.

Assurance came promptly that the forts would not fire at our squadron unless it was evident that a disposition of our ships to bombard the city was being made. This assurance, which was kept even during the land attack upon the city, some three months later, led me to drop anchor for the first time since we had entered the bay. From the moment that the captain-general accepted my terms the city was virtually surrendered, and I was in control of the situation, subject to my government's orders for the future. I had established a base seven thousand miles from home which I might occupy indefinitely. As I informed the Secretary of the Navy in my cable of May 4, our squadron controlled the bay and could take the city at any time. The only reason for awaiting the arrival of troops before demanding its surrender was the lack of sufficient force to occupy it.

In his war proclamation the Spanish captain-general had declared that the North American people were "constituted of all the social excrescences," and he had assured his hearers that "they shall not profane the tombs of your fathers, they shall not gratify their lustful passions at the cost of your wives' and daughters' honor":

The author of this proclamation, I was told, was not the captain-general himself, but the Archbishop of Manila, who as the head of the church in the Philippines was *ex officio* a member of the general council of the colony. Some months later I had the pleasure of entertaining him on board the *Olympia*. In his honor I had the ship's company paraded. As he saw the fine young fellows march past his surprise at their appearance was manifest.

"Admiral, you must be very proud to command such a hody of men," he said finally.

"Yes, I am," I declared; "and I have just the same kind of men on board all the other ships in the harbor."

"Admiral, I have been here for thirty years," he concluded. "I have seen the men-of-war of all the nations, but never have I seen anything like this" (as he pointed to the *Olympia*'s crew).

In view of the language of the proclamation, I considered this generous admission very illuminating.

But better than winning the esteem of foreigners was winning that of our own people. They could have had none too great confidence in their navy at the outbreak of the war, or else there would not have been such a popular cry to have the Atlantic coast guarded against possible ravages by Cervera's squadron.

Admiral Dewey's little difficulty with the German commander of the *Kaiserin Augusta* is delicately referred to. The German ship *Darmstadt* was also in the harbor with fourteen hundred men as relief crews for the German vessels, although no effort was made to transfer them:

As my rank was inferior to Vice-Admiral von Diedrichs', I made the first call, in the usual exchange of visits. In the course of conversation I referred to the presence of the large German force and to the limited German interests in the Philippines (there was only one German commercial house in Manila), and this in a courteous manner, amounting to a polite inquiry which I thought was warranted, particularly in view of the fact that six days had elapsed without the *Darmstadt* transferring her men. To this the vice-admiral answered:

"I am here by order of the Kaiser, sir"; from which I could only infer that I had expressed myself in a way that excited his displeasure.

The surrender of the city was of course a mere matter of form, but it was duly carried out. The American flag was hoisted by Flag Lieutenant Brunby and two young signal boys who had to push their way through the crowded streets and enter a citadel filled with Spanish soldiers not yet disarmed to accomplish their task:

At 5:43 I saw the Spanish flag come down and then our own float in its place. The guns of all our ships thundered out a national salute, while the band of one of our regiments, which happily chanced to be passing the citadel, played the "Star-Spangled Banner," the troops saluted, officers uncovered, and the Stars and Stripes, as it was raised for the first time over Manila, was greeted with all the honor so punctiliously given the flag on ceremonious occasions both by the army and the navy. The next morning the foreign men-of-war were officially notified that the city had been occupied and the port was open. Of all the foreign commanders, only Captain Chichester acknowledged the notification by firing the national salute of twenty-one guns with the American ensign at the main.

Admiral Dewey is to be congratulated on an autobiography that is marked by good taste and discrimination and that is a record not only of a distinguished career, but of a vital page in the national history.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GEORGE DEWEY, ADMIRAL OF THE NAVY. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.50 net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Way Home.

Basil King, author of several good novels, of which "The Inner Shrine" is perhaps the best known, has now given us another story of exceptional merit, and one that is a veritable oasis in the midst of a desert. There are now very few novel writers that have the courage to take a distinct and definite moral idea for a theme, and especially an idea of the old-fashioned religious kind. The author shows that it can be done without any departure from an energetic and virile style, and certainly without loss of literary grace. "The Way Home" is the story of Charlie Grace, whose father is rector of an Episcopal church in New York. The boy thinks that he, too, will enter the church, but circumstances combine to produce a complete change in his character. He awakes to the fact that those who profess Christianity are just as brutally selfish as those who are outside the church, and so he decides to enter business and to make money at all costs to his own conscience and to his fellow-men. He joins a railroad corporation easily identified as the Canadian Pacific and ruthlessly treads under foot every one who stands in his way. The object of the story seems to be to show that the conditions created by selfishness are a necessary bar to the happiness aimed at and that nature herself is the guardian of the moral law and the vindicator of its precepts. The man who deliberately chooses self-interest as the guide in life can hardly exclude the same poison from his domestic relations, while the increasing number of his enemies must eventually prove ruinous. The author not only presents a profound ethical truth, but he does it without a suspicion of cant and in a strikingly human and convincing way. If he is anywhere guilty of an overemphasis it is in his picture of the selfishness of modern business methods. We feel that Charlie Grace is hardly typical in his frank brutality. Modern methods are bad enough in all conscience, but they none the less contain a certain code of honor that the author overlooks. For example, we find Grace asserting that he would not hesitate to take advantage of the man who was not only related to him but who had given him every opportunity that had ever come to him. Certainly that is not the principle that animates any section of business life. Commerce itself would be impossible without both honor and kindness. But the defect is a small one, and the story remains as one of the most worthy that has been given to the world for a long time. It is admirable not only from the ethical point of view, but from the literary and artistic.

THE WAY HOME. By Basil King. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.35 net.

Schools of Painting.

Miss Mary Innes has laid the art world under a heavy debt by a book that not only shows the ripe and thorough nature of her knowledge, but that is also written with such an admirable simplicity as to be profitable to those wholly without technical knowledge. Such, indeed, was her object. Mr. Charles de Kay, who edits the work and contributes some additional matter, tells us that a certain combination of modern forces, specialization and the like, has produced a divorce between ordinary and professional language and that the artist has gradually come to live in a world of his own, neither understanding the public nor understood by them. The public, on the other hand, has developed a certain hostility to anything labeled art as belonging to a world apart, and one with which they have no concern. None the less art is an absolute necessity to the average mind, even though it may not know it. An interpreter is needed to explain not only the meaning and intention of art, but to show how it has actually expressed the spirit of the ages in which it has flourished and also to explain the part that it can play in the life of today.

The author has certainly done her work well. Her book is in no sense a catalogue of pictures, but rather a readable history of art with a description of art works and an explanation of the reasons why they are art works. In addition we have a chapter on American painting and also a section devoted to painting in France from the competent pen of the editor. The work as a whole is a mine of fine knowledge, finely presented, and one not to be missed either by the student or by the general reader.

SCHOOLS OF PAINTING. By Mary Innes. Edited with additional matter by Charles de Kay. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50.

A Fool and His Money.

This may be described as one of those Zenda stories that need peculiar care in the writing, and it is a care that Mr. McCutcheon does not always give to his work. In this case he tells the story of a wealthy American who buys an ancient castle in Europe under the impression that it will prove to be a nice tranquil place for his literary labors. He finds that it is, anything but tranquil. Gaining access, after much opposition from the painters, to a distant part of his property, he finds it in the possession of a beautiful woman who confides to him that she is one of those international brides who leap first and then look. In point of fact she has

been very unhappily married and has now defied the law by abducting her child and hiding both from the law and her husband in the recesses of the castle. Naturally the hero pledges himself to the succor of his fair countrywoman in distress, and equally naturally things begin to happen in the most approved way. The story is amusingly told, but the author would do well to avoid both the impossible and the hurlscue. Of course all such stories are impossible, but they need not seem so, and their attraction is always in proportion to their verisimilitude.

A FOOL AND HIS MONEY. By George Barr McCutcheon. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.30 net.

The American Spirit.

This important volume contains twenty-three essays and addresses by Mr. Oscar S. Straus covering a very wide area of the national life. Many of these addresses were delivered upon social and ceremonial occasions, and therefore we look somewhat anxiously for those conventionalities of speech usually associated with a desire to please. But they are nowhere to be found. Mr. Straus speaks always with a careful deliberation that suggests first an extraordinary conscientiousness, then a knowledge of the facts and of all the facts, and finally an enviable power of forcible expression. To review a book of such varied contents would be difficult and need hardly be attempted. It may suffice to say that his essay on "The United States and Russia," dealing specially with Russia's claim to a traditional friendship with America, is a valuable and little known piece of history. It shows that the friendship is one of those diplomatic myths that need not be taken seriously, that Russia has entertained enmity rather than friendliness for America, and that that enmity has sometimes shown itself by insult. Another useful page of history is contained in the address on "The First Settlement of the Jews in the United States," while as representing the more ethical spirit we have the addresses on the "Humanitarian Diplomacy of the United States," "Religious Liberty in the United States," and "The Peace of Nations and Peace Within Nations." Indeed there is nothing in the volume without its own special kind of mental or moral stimulant, and certainly nothing that fails of its impressive testimony to the sturdy benevolence of its author.

THE AMERICAN SPIRIT. By Oscar S. Straus. New York: The Century Company; \$2 net.

The Story of My Heart.

Richard Jefferies describes his work as an autobiography, but it is an autobiography of the mind alone. He tells us of his extraordinary struggles to commune with the life of nature, struggles that sometimes ended in a very passion of ecstasy. "I hid my face in the grass," he tells us. "I was wholly prostrated. I lost myself in the wrestle, I was rapt and carried away." There is much of this sort of writing, and to the uninitiated it will be incomprehensible.

Sometimes we feel disappointed by a certain arrogant egotism that irritates. Jefferies did not believe in evolution, but he avows his disbelief too strenuously. "Nothing is evolved," he says, "no evolution takes place, there is no record of such an event; it is pure assertion." And elsewhere: "There is no evolution any more than there is any design in nature. By standing face to face with nature, and not from books, I have convinced myself that there is no design and no evolution." He would like to see the ruins of ancient Egypt swept away, since most superstitions originated in Egypt. Let the efforts of all the ages be now concentrated upon the human body. All else can perish. Expressions of this sort seem to be sheer extravagances dominated by an irritable intolerance. Fortunately they can not dim the almost dazzling brilliance of the author's style nor the charm with which he presents his speculations into the meanings of nature. The book contains eight illustrations in color by E. W. Waite.

THE STORY OF MY HEART. By Richard Jefferies. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50 net.

Scott's Country.

We are not sure whether Mr. Charles S. Olcott is the more to be congratulated on the delightful way in which he secured the material for this fine book or upon the literary skill with which the material is used. Nothing more eloquent of the Scott country or calculated to give a greater zest to the reading of the Scott novels has ever been given to the world.

Mr. Olcott's plan was to visit every scene described by Scott, and so far as was possible to reconstruct for himself the pictures that inspired the novelist's pen. He tells us that he read every novel and poem, as well as many works of reference and biography, and that he then prepared a map, marking all the places to be visited. The resulting journey led him into nearly every county of Scotland, as far north as the Shetland Islands, and through a large part of England and Wales. In short he visited every spot mentioned by Sir Walter or connected with his life.

Now while such a volume could hardly fail to be interesting, it might easily have been much less interesting in less capable hands.

Into better hands it could hardly have fallen. The author's plan has been to deal with each of Scott's works separately, to recall its scenes and landscapes, and to describe those same scenes and landscapes as they are to be found today. A statement of such a procedure is necessarily bald. The book itself must be read in order to appreciate how much the author has saturated himself with the spirit of Scott and the extent to which the great past is still alive in a hundred ancient monuments and in the face of a nature that has so little changed. No one can read his book without an impulse to renew his acquaintance with Scott himself, and perhaps even a still more ambitious prompting toward a pilgrimage of such extraordinary interest. Mr. Olcott has finely illustrated his book with photographs taken by himself.

THE COUNTRY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT. By Charles S. Olcott. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$3 net.

Jena to Eylau.

Field Marshal von der Goltz has given us a study in military history that may well prove fascinating to the expert and that certainly can be read with pleasure by the civilian with a taste for historical detail. He tells us that his main object is to provide a general and non-technical account of events between the double battle of Jena-Auerstedt on the 14th of October, 1806, and the next great decision in arms at Preussisch Eylau on the 8th of February, 1807. In the first of these battles the Prussians were worsted, but their opportunity for retrieval came at Eylau, and came in the most brilliant and honorable form. It was here, says the author, that the old army vindicated itself before the tribunal of history. The author describes these two engagements in the course of his 330 pages, and he does it with a clarity and vigor that entitle his work to a place among the popular histories of that troublous time. The volume contains no less than sixteen maps.

JENA TO EYLAU: THE DISGRACE AND THE REDEMPTION OF THE OLD PRUSSIAN ARMY. By Colmar, Freiherr von der Goltz. Translated by Captain C. F. Atkinson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50 net.

Robert Browning.

We may doubt if it can be said of any poet in particular that he has a message for humanity. All poets have a message, and it is always the same message. The art of the poet, as well as the painter, consists in a power to see the realities instead of the semblances of life, and to express them, to show the movements of life toward perfection, and therefore the beauties that are present and implied in everything. Therefore it seems superfluous to say that Browning had "a message of life, of hope, of spiritual realities." It is enough to say that he was a poet.

But we can not sufficiently appreciate the skill with which Mr. Foster translates for us the Browning philosophy. Without any attempt to present his work in its completion he shows us some few examples of the great moral ideas set forth in the more notable poems. Thus "The Boy and the Angel" teaches the significance of small duties. The tragedy of genius is expressed in "Andrea Del Sarto," the immortality of love in "Evelyn Hope," and the occurrence of eternal moments of life in "The Statue and the Bust." In all there are ten chapters devoted to as many ideas or concepts, each set forth in a style of charming simplicity and making the best of good reading. We should have liked to see an additional chapter devoted to "Paracelsus," a poem that is indeed mentioned, but not adequately.

THE MESSAGE OF ROBERT BROWNING. By A. Austin Foster, M. A. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

Briefer Reviews.

The American Book Company has published a new and enlarged edition of "Essentials of Physics," by George A. Hoadley, C. E., Sc. D. The illustrations are numerous and many of them new. Price, \$1.25.

Boys who are interested in airships or who would like to build an airship or the model of one should possess themselves of "Har-

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The Famous American Commander describes the chief incidents of his illustrious career, beginning with boyhood. Clear, concise, a welcome addition to American history.

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per's Aircraft Book," by A. Hyatt Verrill (Harper & Brothers; \$1 net). The book explains "why aeroplanes fly, how to make models, and all about aircraft, little and big." It is illustrated in a thoroughly practical way.

"Young Alaskans in the Rockies" is a capital story of adventure for boys, by Emerson Hough. Very few writers know so well how to gratify the juvenile literary taste as Mr. Hough, and here he seems to be nearly at his best. The story is published by Harper & Brothers. Price, \$1.25 net.

"Field and Forest Friends," by Clarence Hawkes (Chicago: F. G. Browne & Co.; \$1.25 net), is a pleasantly written description of how a boy discovered the beauties of wild life in the woods and of some of his investigations into the mysteries of fur and feather. The illustrations are by Charles Copeland.

The Houghton Mifflin Company has published "A Book of Fairy Tale Bears," by Clifton Johnson (75 cents net). Mr. Johnson has collected about twenty of the best fairy stories about bears from the folk-lore of all nations and now gives them to us in neat volume form with illustrations by Frank A. Nankivell.

Among the so-called inspirational hooks of the day comes a little volume by Amos R. Wells entitled "Reaching Up and Out." We are not sure that all these assurances of possibilities are by any means justified by facts, but when we have made all allowances for exuberance there will be enough left to stimulate and encourage us.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company has published three new volumes by that prolific writer, Dr. J. R. Miller. "Glory of the Commonplace" (\$1 net) is a collection of illustrations drawn from every-day life and so used as to teach a lesson or give an inspiration. "Things That Endure" (\$1 net) is a book of religious reflections, and "The Secret of Love" (50 cents net) is best described by the sub-title, "The Art of Living Together."

Russian fairy tales owe their distinctiveness to the fact that they are based on the primitive myths of the old Slavonians and therefore preserve the wonder stories of that race. Under the title of "The White Duckling" we have a collection of these stories as translated by Nathan Haskell Dole and published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company. The volume is enriched by a number of colored illustrations by Bilihin. The price is \$1 net.

"The New Testament Period and Its Leaders," by Frank T. Lee (Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.35 net), is otherwise entitled "How Christianity was prepared for, inaugurated, emancipated from Judaism, and became universal." It seems to be a somewhat crude piece of special pleading written without historical perspective or accuracy. At the same time it may prove of value to those who cling to an "orthodoxy" which is usually numbered among the things of the past.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Because of Jane.

Mr. Buckrose seems to be at his best when dealing with life in the back street and with the genteel poverty that so often produces heroisms. The characters of his latest story belong to what in England are called the upper middle classes, the classes in whom the proprieties are always supreme, and whose souls are correspondingly starved and attenuated. And the story itself is somewhat thin and colorless. It concerns the love affair between Beatrice and Martin and the way in which that love affair is interrupted by the sudden incursion of a wife who is supposed to be dead. For the time we are afraid that there will be no way out of a somewhat tense situation except by the actual death of the superfluous lady, and we should be sorry for this, as we grow somewhat to like her as well as her vulgarities that are in such pleasing contrast to the irritating primness of the rest. But the author is merciful. He finds a way to let her live, and as the way is a quite unsuspected one the ingenuity that devised it may be considered as a success.

BECAUSE OF JANE. By J. E. Buckrose. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

Human Confessions.

This little volume contains a large number of fugitive essays by Frank Crane, most of them about a page in length, and there are few good ideas that can not be placed on a single page. It must be admitted that Mr. Crane deals somewhat in the commonplace, but there are enough shining spots to tempt us to continue the search to the end. For example, one of these little essays is devoted to heredity and to the people who think that marriages ought to be arranged by the board of health. Mr. Crane says:

For as a cold, unscientific fact the best stock of the human race is the scrub. For some reason when the Great Man arises he always grows out in the woods-pasture and never in the hot-house. Instances: Napoleon, Lincoln, Wagner, Beethoven, all the artists from Giotto to Whistler and all the writers from Homer to Kipling.

We can improve roses and create navel oranges, and by selection get cows that give amazing milk, but old Bill Jones's boy down on the Okaw bottoms still has a way of intellectually, morally, and physically surpassing Isaac Newton 2d and John Wesley 3d.

The thing called greatness remains the property of the "Common Herd."

Mr. Crane is rich in common sense, and his little essays are worth all the time that they take to read.

HUMAN CONFESSIONS. By Frank Crane. Chicago: Forbes & Co.; \$1.

Greek Literature.

This volume contains a series of lectures delivered at Columbia University by various lecturers with special reference to the universality and permanent power of Greek literature. There are ten of these lectures devoted to "The Study of Greek Literature," "Epic Poetry," "Lyric Poetry," "Tragedy," "Comedy," "History," "Oratory," "Philosophy," "Hellenistic Literature," and "Greek Influence on Roman Literature."

GREEK LITERATURE. New York: The Columbia University Press; \$2 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Paul Elder & Co. (San Francisco) will publish in time for the coming holiday season "Some World-Circuit Saunterings," by William Ford Nichols, Bishop of California. These are travel notes of a churchman's journey around the world, during which he visited the Holy Land at Easter tide and returned over the Transsiberian road to the Orient and then across the Pacific. The book will be ready by the 1st of December.

Frederick Trevor Hill's "The Thirteenth Juror," published by the Century Company, is his first book of fiction since "The Accomplish." Mr. Hill has practiced law at the New York Bar for twenty-three years. He has spent the summer in Switzerland, working on a life of Washington soon to appear.

Albert Edwards is no armchair traveler. When he writes of Panama or of Russia, or, as is the case in his new book, "The Barbary Coast," of French North Africa, he writes out of his life and of his own abundant experiences. It is published by the Macmillan Company.

Harper & Brothers announce that they have put to press for reprinting: "Alexander the Great," "Josephine," "Marie Antoinette," and "Nero," by Jacob and John S. C. Abbott, and Volumes I and XXII of "The American Nation: A History," edited by Albert Bushnell Hart.

In Elijah R. Kennedy's new book, "The Contest for California in 1861," is a full description of the secession movement which was agitated on the Pacific Coast at the time of the Civil War. It is published by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

While Stewart Edward White is traversing the wilds of the African interior his second book dealing with the Dark Continent, published by Doubleday, Page & Co., has received almost instantaneous acknowledgment from the hands of severe experts as a

committee of big game hunters. In other words, the Literary Honors Committee of the Campfire Club of America has unanimously conferred its highly commended certificate upon "African Campfires."

On October 28 the Princeton University Press will publish in three volumes the Stanford Little Lectures, which Mr. Cleveland delivered at Princeton in 1900, 1901, and 1904. The titles of the three volumes are "The Independence of the Executive," "The Venezuelan Boundary Controversy," and "The Government in the Chicago Strike of 1894."

The demand for Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's new novel, "Westways," exhausted the second printing on the fourth day after issue of the book.

Miss Lucy Furman, the author of "Mothering on Perilous," one of the new Macmillan publications, is a teacher in a settlement school of Kentucky. Following the example of Myra Kelley she has made a book out of her many funny experiences with her young charges.

"O Pioneers!" Willa Sibert Cather's novel of the Middle West, which was published a few months ago by the Houghton Mifflin Company, is now in its second printing.

Oliver Madox Hueffer, author of "A Vagabond in New York," which the John Lane Company has just published, has just been appointed editor of *The Onlooker and the Throne* (London).

H. J. Ford, whose fairy drawings have so much enhanced the value of the Andrew Lang Fairy Book Series, which started with "The Blue Fairy Book" (Longmans), has provided twelve colored plates and a wealth of black and white illustrations for the "Strange Story Book." This volume was planned by Mr. Lang and was in type before his lamented death, but the proofs did not receive his revision. It will be the last of the twenty-five books issued under his editorship in this famous series.

Horace Fletcher has just written a new book which is to be published immediately by the Frederick A. Stokes Company. The new book is entitled "Fletcherism: What It Is." It is a compact statement of the gospel of Fletcher.

The prose romances of William Morris will soon be accessible in a cheap form, as Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. announce that they intend to issue them in their well-known Pocket Library.

"The City of Purple Dreams," the story just brought out anonymously by the Browne & Howell Company, Chicago, is stirring up wide discussion as to the identity of the author. The Chicago *Daily News* says it suggests Robert Herrick; the *Club-Fellow*, New York, argues at length that it can be none other than Joe Medill Patterson; and *Town Topics* fastens it on Herbert Chatfield-Chatfield-Taylor. Whether or not these guesses are in the right direction the publishers decline to say.

Helen Keller's new book, "Out of the Dark," has just been published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Rowland Thomas, author of "Fatima," is the son of the Rev. L. J. Thomas, a Congregational minister. He was born at Castine, Maine, in 1879 and graduated from Harvard (summa cum laude) in 1901. Immediately afterwards he went to the Philippines to teach and there gathered his first material for story writing, winning the \$5000 Collier prize from 30,000 competitors with his short story "Fagan." Recently Mr. Thomas returned from an extensive trip through Japan and Egypt.

Announcement is made by the Longmans that the first volume of "A History of England," by Edward P. Cheney, A. M., LL. D., professor of European history in the University of Pennsylvania, is nearly ready. There are to be two volumes of this work, which will cover the period lasting from the defeat of the Armada to the death of Elizabeth, and will contain an account of English institutions during the later sixteenth and earlier seventeenth centuries.

George K. Stiles, author of "The Dragoon," admits that his ambition is to enter the consular service. He recently declared that "for the purpose of studying emigrant conditions I have crossed the ocean several times in the bottom of transatlantic greyhounds." Once just as the ship was about to sail there was a riot in the steerage, and Mr. Stiles, after being lifted across the gangway by a professional strong man, was seized by French marines, who handled him very roughly. Since then he says he has fore-sworn further investigations.

For the first time the complete works of James Whitcomb Riley will be published in full, and the volume will include 220 poems which have never appeared in book form. The poet himself suppressed 180 poems of the 400 collected. In addition all of Riley's poems will be included, as well as a sketch, largely in the poet's own words, of his life and literary career; elaborate notes giving the circumstances attending the composition of the poems, their first publication

and subsequent history; a bibliography of all the books of Riley poems previously issued and all articles in print about him; indexes by titles, subjects, and first lines and refrains, and many interesting photographs of the author, his most notable manuscripts and scenes of his boyhood in and about Greendale, Indiana, his birthplace.

New Books Received.

BROADWAY JONES. By George M. Cohan and Edward Marshall. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company.

Novelized from the play by George Cohan.

SWIRLING WATERS. By Max Rittenberg. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

THE COUNT OF LUXEMBOURG. By Harold Simpson. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company; \$1.25 net.

Novelized from the play of George Edwardes.

HER HEART'S GIFT. By Oliver Kent. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

THE VISION SPLENDOR. By William MacLeod Raine. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

THE DESTROYER. By Burton E. Stevenson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.30 net.

A novel.

THE WHIMSY GIRL. By Charlotte Canty. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; 75 cents net.

A story of a girl.

HISTORY OF THE CHEMICAL BANK. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The story of a great institution.

SEX, ITS ORIGIN AND DETERMINATION. By Thomas E. Reed, M. D. New York: The Rebman Company; \$3.

A study of the metabolic cycle and its influence in the origin and determination of sex, the course of acute disease, parturition, etc.

OUT OF THE NORTH. By Howard V. Sutherland. With a foreword by Joaquin Miller. New York: Desmond Fitzgerald.

A volume of verse.

THE STORY OF WAITSTILL BAXTER. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.30 net.

A novel.

SIMPSON. By Elinor Mordaunt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

THE COUNTRY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT. By Charles S. Olcott. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$3 net.

Illustrated with photographs by the author.

THE BOY EDITOR. By Winifred Kirkland. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.

A story for boys and girls.

A CONFEDERATE GIRL'S DIARY. By Sarah Morgan Dawson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2 net.

With an introduction by Warrington Dawson.

A BOOK OF FAIRY TALE BEARS. Edited by Clifton Johnson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Selections from favorite folk-lore stories for children from five to twelve.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF ART. By Eleanor Rowland. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.

A discussion of sculpture, the minor arts, painting, music, and nature.

LINCOLN AND SLAVERY. By Albert E. Pillsbury. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 75 cents net.

A historical sketch.

WONDERFUL ESCAPES BY AMERICANS. Arranged and edited by William Stone Booth. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Stories from American history.

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE NIGHT AND OTHER STORIES. By James Hopper. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A collection of short stories.

APPIAN'S ROMAN HISTORY. In four volumes. Volume IV. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

With an English translation by Horace White, M. A., LL. D. Issued in the Loeb Classical Library.

THE EFFICIENT AGE. By Herbert Kaufman. New York: George H. Doran Company; 75 cents net.

"A guide to self-mastery and success."

CICERO, LETTERS TO ATTICUS. In three volumes. Volume II. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

With an English translation by E. O. Winstedt, M. A. Issued in the Loeb Classical Library.

PETRONIUS, with an English translation by Michael Heseltine, and SENECA'S APOCALYPTOSIS, with an English translation by W. H. D. Rouse, M. A., Litt. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

Issued in the Loeb Classical Library.

DIRK, A SOUTH AFRICAN. By Annabella Bruce Marchand. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

THE TERRIBLE TWINS. By Edgar Jepson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

HEIDI. Translated by Helene S. White. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.50 net.

A new holiday edition, with sixteen illustrations in color.

SONGS OF THE SERAGLIO. By Granville Bantock. Boston: Oliver Ditson Company; \$1.25.

A cycle of four songs for high voice.

MONTEZUMA. By H. J. Stewart. Boston: C. W. Thompson & Co.

A music drama.

THE BODLEY HEAO NATURAL HISTORY. By E. D. Cuming. New York: John Lane Company; 75 cents net.

With illustrations by J. A. Shepherd. Volume I: "British Birds. Passeres."

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Telephone Traffic

The average telephone subscriber has only a vague idea of what telephone traffic is and what a multitude of complex problems are encountered in handling telephone calls. Modern usage of the telephone has developed and grown so rapidly that although the invention of the telephone dates back but thirty-seven years there are today over 8,500,000 telephones in the United States, or about 67 per cent of all the telephones in the world.

It will undoubtedly astonish the great majority of our readers to learn that in the year 1912 the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company handled over its own lines more than 900,000,000 local and 15,000,000 toll calls. Its operations extend throughout the states of California, Oregon and Washington, Nevada and a part of Idaho, covering an area of approximately 400,000 square miles and reaching over 4000 cities, towns, and villages. It owns and operates over 500,000 telephones connected with approximately 600 exchanges, and in addition there are about 100,000 telephones operated by connecting companies within the same area. This immense volume of business requires the employment of over 14,000 persons, over 50 per cent of whom are engaged in the actual handling of telephone calls.

The operators are a carefully selected and trained body of young women who are given a thorough course in an operating school before they are permitted to engage in the actual work of operating. Their working surroundings have been planned with every attention to efficiency and comfort; all the complicated equipment of the operating rooms, even to the chairs in which they work, has been engineered with the idea of permitting the operators to furnish the best service with the greatest possible ease. Light, spacious operating rooms, comfortable retiring rooms, lunch rooms where wholesome meals may be obtained at cost, sick rooms where simple first-aid remedies may be administered to those suddenly ill, have all been provided for the welfare and comfort of these young women.

The nature of the telephone business is such that it is necessary to promptly complete each call as it is received, whether it is by day or night, and there is no opportunity to permit the calls to accumulate and be completed at the convenience of the company so as to evenly distribute the loads throughout the twenty-four hours. It is also necessary that this service shall be uniform and efficient each hour of the day and each day of the year, and switchboards, trunks, toll circuits, and operators are required to handle the maximum traffic at any period in a given day or for the busiest days.

To fully realize the many interesting and intricate features of telephone operating a visit should be made to one of the exchanges of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company, which are open to the public during business hours.

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"TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE."

If the spectator at "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" happens not to know that Eugene Walter is Charlotte Walker's husband, he will be apt to think that his eyes are playing him tricks when he sees the name of that ruthless realist given as the author of the play version of John Fox, Jr.'s popular novel. But once he learns it, he realizes that our advanced dramatist has succumbed to some marital coaxing, and influenced by woman's wiles, has departed widely from his usual standards, for the play, like the book, is a bit of artificial romanticism; the kind of thing that there is no doubt a big part of the public likes. It has qualities that please the city multitudes, that are tired of tricks and mortar, and the all-of-a-piece types of humanity that go with them.

City people are fond of rural plays, and not a little attached to the primitive types of humanity that flourish in the wilds. It seems to soothe their nerves to see green landscapes on the stage, and the leafy solitudes of far vistas pictured on the canvas sets; but being tarred with the mark of the metropolis, they want those solitudes to be numerously peopled, and exciting dramas to play themselves out against the cool, green background.

The book itself is, or has been, so popular, that the title alone gives the play a good start, and Eugene Walter being Eugene Walter, it follows that it has all the scenic setting, the mountain atmosphere, the picturesque dialect, and the appropriate characterization requisite to suitably convey those elements which make the charm of Mr. Fox's story. But Mr. Fox having taken these Blue Ridge mountaineers on their more spectacular side, or, at any rate, Eugene Walter having more particularly developed that side, the devotee of realism is all out of it. The players seem to need the idealism of distance to convey the romantic charm needed. I would say that even of Charlotte Walker herself, who is signally successful in suggesting the artlessness, the dreaminess, and the primitive simplicity of June's character. A downy-cheeked stripling of a girl would be more appropriate physically, young and attractive woman though Miss Walker is, but, like Juliet, the character calls for experience to suitably represent inexperience.

I tried to imagine myself looking down upon these staged mountaineers from the top gallery of the old Grand Opera House. Perhaps by distance they might have gained some suggestion of romantic reality, but as it was, except Miss Walker, they all seemed like stage automatons. Uncle Billy was a good actor with a remarkably fine voice, showing what he could do with an unctuous rôle. Old Hun's waspishness was purely of the stage and her pipe an effective bit of stage property. Judd Tolliver's gun play, vocal rumblings, and menacing attitudes couldn't fool the realist, or the modern into yielding the responsive thrill. Charlotte Walker compelled the continual hut calm comment: "How well she does it!"

In fact, to surrender one's self to the illusion of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" one has to possess that faculty of self-hypnosis which causes us to willingly accept stage artificialities for potential realities. The play, in fact, is old-fashioned. Eugene Walter worked for another public than that to which his better work is addressed. This mountaineer play, cleverly though it is put together, represents for its mainspring a combination of marital compliance and pot-boilerism.

No doubt it makes the pot boil merrily, too. The first night's house was completely sold out. But the play, good piece of craftsmanship though it is, merely testifies to the ability and versatility of the dramatist without adding to his reputation. Money has been spent on the play. The manager recognizes its drawing possibilities, and in the first and last acts, which contain a duplicate setting except for a few minor departures, gives a picture of the trail that winds past the "lonesome pine," the tree itself, and vistas of the mountainous regions thereabout, that is particularly appealing to tired city eyes. Rocky declivities are built up, the trail winds close to an actual waterfall, around which spring clumps of wildflowers. In the distance the mountain slopes tower or fall away to the blue depths of "the gap." They even supply a whiff of piney fragrance and perfumes—the latter not entirely convincing—which purport to come from the "lowers." If it were not for Charlotte Walker, I should say that this setting plays the star rôle in the piece.

They have, however, a company entirely

suitable to the work in hand. Messrs. Bancroft and Forrester, two nice-looking young men of the everyday type, play the rôles of Jack and Boh. ("Mr. Boh," by the way, quite forgets to weaken his athletic voice when he is wounded during the inconvenient demonstrations attending a mountain feud.) Miss Lillian Dix is a peppery and sentiment-resistant "Old Hun." Mr. W. S. Hart, as Judd Tolliver plays that Cooperesque personage in a spirit entirely suitable to the rôle. So, too, does Willard Robertson as his feudistic nephew.

In the very beginning of things portents of the feud darkly lower, and in the third act—a very melodramatic affair—the guns begin to pop and somebody gets hurt. Strange to say, it is not the romantic hero, who no doubt keeps the romanticists harrowed up a good deal by making a very good target of himself, in the final act, on the declivities surrounding the "lonesome pine." However, he has to keep a tryst with June, who comes along hare-footed and clad in rags, as in the first act, and, disappointing the shrewd ones who prognosticated her early death at the foot of her favorite pine, the author supplies an appropriately romantic if somewhat stereotyped wind-up.

It may seem blasphemous to admirers of the book, but in its play form it is just a bit of commercialism; a retrogression to that form of dramatic composition which includes melodramatic shivers and suspense, and prettiness, and sentimentality. True the play possesses the virtue of giving an approximately correct picture of one of the particularly interesting and individual sections of this big, widely variant country of ours. It is strongly infused with local color and local spirit; and it makes an honest attempt to convey the ever-charming spirit of genuine romance. But somehow it is not genuine art.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

"THE ENCHANTRESS."

It is very evident that in the theatrical world it is quite an event to have sent Kitty Gordon out here to the Pacific Coast. She is, it seems, an actress who leaped into success with her first appearance on the stage, for the reason, no doubt, that she is a woman of parts, possessing beauty of face, statuesque perfection of form, a vocal endowment backed with knowledge and training, and intelligence. With all these possessions she has, besides, personality; and then she, or her manager, has a press agent who, if he is paid according to his deserts, must draw a large and luscious salary. Any one who reads the *Gordonian*, a publication devoted entirely to exploiting Miss Gordon's face, figure, beauties, clothes, experiences, and opinions, is sure to want to see her on the stage.

We were obliged, however, on the opening night of "The Enchantress," to wait for that pleasure fully an hour past schedule time, on account of the train being late. For the performers to be pitchforked on the stage before they had time for a proper amount of the repose that should follow a transcontinental trip of several thousand miles means that we saw them at a disadvantage. The opening princess chorus was really a fizzle. It was all out of key, and out of harmony. Although Miss Gordon is the only vocalist of standing in the company, it is a good one, and the performance, except for this and succeeding choral sins, went very smoothly.

Kitty Gordon herself, as far as we could see, did not allow her prized and cultivated serenity to be in the least impaired. She swam on the stage in a silver-glittering gown that sheathed her sculpturesque shape as the scabbard its sword. She sang well, her voice rather lacking in inner resonance, but an unusually good one for the comic-opera stage, and manipulated with that rare discretion and self-command with which the lady coddles and protects and cherishes her beauty.

In spite of Rodin's reputed verdict that Kitty Gordon is the most beautiful woman on the American stage, it strikes me that, handsome and distinctive though she is, her figure outshines her face. Tall, superbly moulded, languorous and undulating in movement, she has the aspect of a rather sinister and dangerous Circe. In appearance she would make a good Bella Donna, her stage physiognomy and mien failing to quite suggest the haughty impeccability of the heroine of "The Enchantress." She ought to call herself Zeld, or Cleopatra, instead of Kitty. She is altogether too exotic for that caressing diminutive.

Miss Gordon, it seems, would like to go in for acting, pure and simple, as opposed to musical comedy. Having seen her in the romantic banalities of "The Enchantress," under the disadvantageous conditions already mentioned, having heard her intelligent and rather stately and individual delivery of the dialogue, marked her talent for slow and graceful pose and gesture, for dignity and impressiveness of manner, I find myself confident of her ability and desirous of seeing her shine in more legitimately histrionic fields. Although not particularly magnetic, she has too much presence and individuality to waste on musical comedy. She is "different."

Victor Herbert, by the way, calls "The En-

chantress" *opera comique*, which means a symmetrical plot, with more romanticism and less fun in the story. The piece is put on very gorgeously. There are several fine-looking men in the cast, who are imposing in the splendid regalia of court dignitaries. Arthur Forrest will be remembered by San Franciscans as having supported Mrs. Fiske and Mansfield. Both he and Sydney Deane are men of stately presence and manner, and the court costumes are worn by them with distinction.

Gustave Werner of Vienna, as the young prince, is also highly decorative in his white uniform. The eight or ten ladies who represent princesses of various nationalities, although collectively imposing in their tiaras and court trains, individually possess but one beauty in the lot. There is a coronation scene in which the action is stately and dramatic and a generally romantic color to dialogue and plot. Walter Catlett is the chief comedian, but his abilities far exceed his opportunities. He shines particularly as an eccentric dancer and tumbler, and in an all too short scene in which he appears as a secret service agent disguised as a woman he had the entire audience grinning widely in about two seconds by the clock. His dancing is exceptionally light, spirited, and accurate; if he had been born in Russia he could have been one of the famous hand attached to the service of the crown. But fun as well as thistle-down lightness resides in his mercurial heels, and with his apparently involuntary slips and stumbles he woos spontaneous and refreshing laughter from all sides.

There was some other comedy of a rather mechanical brand from other players, a short dancing scene in which the affable prince gives each of the yearning princesses a turn at a whirlwind waltz. There are about a dozen musical numbers scattered through the piece, and the rest is stately sentimentality presided over by court etiquette.

As usual, there is one musical number upon which the composer has particularly expended himself. This is "Land of My Own Romance," and is supposed to be a sort of *leit motif* for Vivien's secret dreams. It is melodious and pleasing, but in spite of the wealth of eulogy expended in the *Gordonian* aforesaid, it strikes me that Victor Herbert composed the music of "The Enchantress" mechanically and too much to order. Some of it is signally lacking in melodic appeal, to the point of being downright displeasing; for instance the opening number and the "sly little girl" song. The dialogue, too, lacks the sparkle that we look for in a Harry B. Smith libretto, although we should recognize that Messrs. Herbert and Smith were both in serious mood. However, the opera serves to show off Kitty Gordon, who, as Vivien Savary, the court singer, moves like a glittering enigma among the diademed ladies and gold-embroidered gentlemen of the court of Zergovia.

Miss Gordon makes a great point of her costumes, and they are beautiful indeed. In the first act she is all sheathed in silver glitter, in the second in a similarly suit-of-mail effect in pale green, and in the last, if we may trust her press agent, she wears a magnificent cloth of gold creation which, melted down, would pan out some two thousand dollars' worth of precious metal. She wears huge, spreading, plumed head-dresses, and with her graceful, gliding walk, languorous poses, and clinging robes looks rather Egyptian and mysterious. She has large, weary eyes, a striking line of feature, a faulty mouth, and beautiful teeth. Her figure one studies calmly, as if it were a work of art. The moulding of her arms, the curves of her back and throat, the tapering form of wrist and hand draw the eyes and challenge the admiration involuntarily. They are almost too beautiful to be seductive, and one can conceive a wooer of this woman dropping his love-making and lingering over her flawless contours with the calm, critical appreciation of an artist.

J. H. P.

For the best poem or words for the song embodying the spirit and glories of Southern California a prize of \$500 will be awarded by the Boosters' Club as a preliminary to the contest for the \$2000 prize which will be given to the successful composer. The contest for the poem will close November 1, 1913. Immediately upon the decision of the judges, the poem receiving the award will be given the widest possible publicity in this country and abroad and the composers of the world will be invited to prepare music to fit the winning poem and chorus, and thus compete for the two-thousand-dollar music prize.

Schumann-Heink will appear here soon. The famous contralto is now on a tour which will bring her to this city early in November, when she will appear as the first soloist with the Symphony Orchestra, and then give two recitals here and one in Oakland. Will Greenbaum will manage the Schumann-Heink tour.

Ehen D. Jordan, president of the Boston Opera Company, has been made an honorary director of the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, London.

Sir Arthur Pinero's next play, it is said, will be for a man—as distinctly as his last was for a woman.

Electric Field Broadens

Gradually the field for the use of electricity continues to broaden, and among the newer notes of interesting progress made by the pioneer in the field, the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, are the following:

A contract has just been signed with the San Francisco Bridge Company providing for the furnishing of power for the purpose of operating the large suction dredger owned by the bridge concern at various points on San Francisco Bay and hodies of water adjacent thereto. This company has decided to use "Pacific Service" electrical power after having had several years' experience with a steam-operated dredger.

The Pacific Gas and Electric Company is also furnishing current for operating the motor generator for the street-car recently installed at Easton, near Burlingame, which is operated from storage batteries.

The Pacific Gas and Electric Company has closed a contract with Jacobsen & Bade, contractors for the Stockton Street tunnel, and all motive power used will be operated electrically. A 200-horsepower induction motor driving an air compressor is located at the corner of Pine and Stockton Streets, and will furnish all the air for the air-drills and other purposes where air is required. About 20 horsepower will be used for saw-mill and other small machinery; a 30-horsepower locomotive is delivering the materials from the tunnel to the auto trucks.

Recently a 1000-horsepower motor generator was put in operation at Alto powerhouse by the Northwestern Pacific Railroad Company to supply current to its third-rail system. Power to drive this set is furnished by "Pacific Service."

The Pacific Gas and Electric Company has renewed its contract with the state for supplying electric energy for the operation of 1000 horsepower in motors and lights at San Quentin Prison.

At the grounds of the Panama-Pacific Exposition "Pacific Service" is seen everywhere, the contract for light, heat, and power having long ago been awarded to the Pacific Gas and Electric Company. This service is now supplying electric energy for construction work on the exhibit palaces in course of erection. The rules of the Department of Works forbid the use of coal, oil, or other fuel during construction of buildings, on account of the smoke nuisance and fire risk. For this reason electricity is used for compressing air, which in turn is used in ordinary steam-hoisting rigs on the erecting derricks. Compressed air is also used for drills and other tools. Motors are also used for driving circular and band saws used in the mills for framing timber. In fact in the Exposition grounds there is a notable absence of power apparatus—other than electric—the single exception being the pile-driver engines.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Philip Bartholomae did an interesting piece of work when he wrote "Overnight," which abounds in good comedy situations, and it is being played this week with all the attention to detail which marks the work of the players at the Oriental, the McAllister Street playhouse which recently changed its name from the Savoy. It is a matter of some regret to playgoers that "Overnight" was not selected as the opener at the Oriental instead of "The Ringmaster," for it is by far the happier of the two and is handled to better advantage by the interesting company which is striving with good effect to make the old Savoy a popular theatre. As the two brides, Frances Carson and Vivian Blackburn appear in well-fitting rôles, and Eugene Shakespeare and Walker Graves, Jr., as the husbands who are strikingly in contrast owing to size, give very agreeable renditions of their parts. In the rôle of the hotel clerk Frank J. Gillen is interesting, and E. F. Bostwick, the stage director, gets much from his part. Marjorie Powers has not a great deal to do, but does it well. A feature of the Oriental is a stringed orchestra, and if novel, it is none the less productive of an excellent quality of soft-voiced music.

Second Week of Miss Walker at the Columbia.

To the star, author, and producer of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," which has been presented at the Columbia Theatre throughout the current week, are theatre-goers of San Francisco certain to feel a certain sense of gratitude. "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" with Charlotte Walker as June, the little mountain heroine, is having a successful engagement, for the pleasure Miss Walker and her company has afforded is marked, and will continue next week—the last—to attract large audiences to the Columbia. Among the players, beside Miss Walker as June, are W. S. Hart, Lillian Dix, George Bancroft, Willard Robertson, George Woodward, all of whom created the rôles which they are now portraying in the production. Matinees are given at the Columbia on Wednesday and Saturday. The midweek matinee is given at special prices ranging from \$1 to 25 cents; the evening and Saturday matinee prices range from \$1.50 to 25 cents.

Kitty Gordon Continues at the Cort

Kitty Gordon, the much-heralded, she of the gorgeous gowns and dazzling beauty, won the audience at the Cort Theatre last Monday night. She found the same favor in the eyes of San Francisco's theatre-goers as she did with the Gothamites and her admirers across the Atlantic. "The Enchantress," which is the fair Kitty's medium of introduction locally, is an opera comique with a real plot and some genuine characterizations. In the title-rôle the star has a part that fits her as perfectly as her wonderful gowns. Victor Herbert is responsible for the music of "The Enchantress," and the score represents the prolific composer in a very happy mood. The ingenious book is the work of Fred de Gresac and Harry B. Smith. The second and final week of the engagement begins with Sunday's performance. On Monday, October 20, comes William Faversham's elaborate presentation of Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar," with R. D. MacLean and Constance Collier in addition to Faversham himself.

"The Confession" at the Oriental.

The Oriental Theatre Players will produce "The Confession" next week, commencing Tuesday evening, and it is sure to arouse great interest, as few plays of recent years have occasioned so much discussion. "The Confession," which is by James Halleck Reid, has received the endorsement of the leading dignitaries of the Catholic Church as well as prominent city officials and church organizations. The play abounds with strong situations, and in the hands of the capable stock company should draw large audiences to the McAllister Street playhouse, formerly known as the Savoy. Thomas Bartlett, a ne'er-do-well of the Bartlett family and his brother, the Rev. Father J. J. Bartlett, a parish priest, are the principal characters. The scene of the first act is laid in the rectory of Our Lady of Mercy Church at Gloucester, Massachusetts, to which Father Bartlett has just been assigned as pastor. One of his first duties is to receive the confession of Joseph Dumont, a French Canadian, guilty of murder, and for which crime Thomas Bartlett stands accused. Father Bartlett is called as a witness at the trial, but as he can not divulge the secrets of the confessional, is obliged to see his brother condemned to death for a crime of which he is innocent. The scenes that follow in the prison and at the office of the governor of the state are of absorbing interest. The rôle of Father Bartlett will be in the hands of Walker C. Graves, Jr., while E. Fleet Bostwick will be Thomas Bartlett. Frances Carson will play Patsey Moran, a fourteen-year-old boy picked up in the slums of New York by Father Bartlett. Ada C. Nevil, Vivian Blackburn, Andrew Robson, John Steppling, Frank J. Gillen, and Dan Jarrett, Jr., are others in the cast. "Overnight," the great farce-comedy by

Philip Bartholomae, is the attraction this week and is scoring a success. It will continue until Monday evening. There are matinees Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at the Oriental, with bargain matinees Wednesday.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

Lulu Glaser, the favorite comic opera star, will head the Orpheum bill next week. Her offering will consist of a play with music entitled, "First Love," which was written by Raymond W. Peck. The lyrics are by Melville Alexander and the music by Anatol Friedland. Miss Glaser has never had a superior in her particular type of sparkling comedy. With Miss Glaser is Tom Richards, the young American baritone, who has adorned more than one musical tour. Swor and Mack will present their realistic impressions of Southern negroes. They sing a number of good negro songs, and the eccentric dancing of Mack is highly diverting. Swor does a burlesque impersonation of a negress. The Langdons, Rose, Harry, and Tully, will submit their original spectacular travesty, "A Night on the Boulevard." The Langdons dash on the stage in an automobile and the fun immediately begins. They agreeably relieve their dialogue with medleys of songs and clever dances. Klutzing's Entertainers, consisting of trained pigeons, rabbits, cats, and dogs, will instance their sagacity and training by the performance of novel and remarkable feats. Emily Darrell and Charley Conway will appear in the little comedy, "Behind the Scenes," which abounds in extraordinary complications and is rich in wit and humor. Next week will be the last of Maude Lambert and Ernest Ball, Ed Wynn and company, and Charlotte Parry in her protean act, "Into the Light."

"The Count of Luxembourg" Coming.

The attraction at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks beginning Monday evening, October 20, will be Klaw & Erlanger's production of Franz Lehár and Glen MacDonough's musical romance, "The Count of Luxembourg." The charm of "The Count of Luxembourg" has been heralded across two continents for the past two years. Londoners, Parisians, and Viennese have raved about its tuneful melodies and fascinating story. Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger have provided an elaborate scenic environment and costume equipment. The story deals with the adventures of a young Count of Luxembourg, whose romantic fancies lead him into numberless interesting difficulties, and interwoven with his leading love story are several others of poetic as well as human interest, a wealth of bright comedy, and at least twenty-two musical numbers, and the famous waltz number in which the count and an opera singer glide up and down the long staircase to the catchy strains of the Lehár music. The cast includes about one hundred people, the principal members being Mildred Elaine, Maude Gray, Fern Rogers, Helen Gilmore, George Leon Moore, Frank Moulan, Fred Walton, Harold J. Rehill, F. C. Jones, Edward Kirby, Paul Frenac, and George Krueger. An orchestra of thirty, under the direction of Watty Hydes, will furnish the music. Matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday. Sale of seats opens on next Thursday morning.

THE MUSIC SEASON.

De Gogorza to Open Greenbaum Season Sunday. This Sunday afternoon, October 12, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, Emilio de Gogorza, the eminent Spanish baritone and one of the finest male concert singers living, will inaugurate Manager Will Greenbaum's season of 1913-14. The assisting artist will be Henri Gilles, a Parisian piano virtuoso of whom great things are predicted. The complete programme, and it is a most important, beautiful, and varied one, will be as follows:

In Questa Tomba.....	L. von Beethoven
Serenade.....	W. A. Mozart
De noirs presentiments.....	C. Gluck
(Iphigenie en Tauride)	
Feldeinsamkeit.....	J. Brahms
Lockruf.....	A. Rueckauf
Widmung.....	R. Schumann
Piano solo—	
Sonata Appassionata.....	L. von Beethoven
Allegro assai—Andante con moto—Allegro ma non troppo—Presto.	
J'ai pleure en reve.....	G. Hue
Mandoline.....	C. Debussy
Sally in Our Alley.....	(17th century) Old English
The Lost Chord.....	A. Sullivan
Piano solos—	
Nocturne.....	E. Grieg
Polonaise Op. 53.....	F. Chopin
Invictus.....	B. Huhn
Uncle Rome.....	S. Homer
La Partida.....	F. M. Alvarez
Serenade de Mephistopheles.....	H. Berlioz
(The Damnation of Faust)	

The only evening concert by these artists will be given next Thursday night, October 16, when the programme will include works by Lully, Gluck, Fauré, Debussy, Chausson, Widor, Hattton, and Leoni Rummel. The farewell programme, which will be entirely different and will include the arias from "Le Roi de Lahore," "Barber of Seville," and "The Indian Queen," will be given Sunday afternoon, October 19. Tickets are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's, and on Sunday

the box-office will be open at the hall after ten a. m.

Grand Opera Season Opens Monday at Tivoli.

The very successful season of light opera at the Tivoli Opera House will be concluded this afternoon and evening, when "Girofle-Girofla," Lecocq's charming comic opera, which has made such a great hit, will be presented for the last times. On Sunday the Tivoli will be dark and devoted to rehearsal, and on Monday night the Western Metropolitan Opera Company will inaugurate a season of grand opera. This organization is made up of artists of rare ability, and their advent has created a stir throughout the entire musical community. The chorus includes sixty young and well-schooled voices, the orchestra numbers fifty master musicians, and there will be in addition an excellent ballet. The repertory for the opening week has been chosen with a view of displaying the various principals at their best. Verdi's masterpiece, "Aida," has been chosen for the opening and will be repeated at the Wednesday matinee and on Saturday night, with Lucia Crestani in the titular rôle, Fanny Anitua as Amneris, Umberto Chiodo as Radames, Luigi Montesanto as Amonasro, and Emilio Sesona as the high priest. "La Tosca," Puccini's wonderful work, will be given Tuesday and Thursday nights and at the Saturday matinee, and will serve to introduce to San Francisco the celebrated soprano, Carmen Melis, and Luca Botta, the young Italian lyric tenor, who has achieved fame during the last two years. For Wednesday, Friday, and Sunday nights that most seductive of operas, "Carmen," will be given with Mme. Tarny, the prima donna who created such a sensation here during the season of the Tivoli Opera Company, as the cigarette girl. Pietro Schiavazzi, the magnetic tenor who achieved success at Covent Garden, London, last year, will sing Don José, and Giorgio Mascari, the French tenor so well known here, will be the Toreador. The prices for this season of grand opera are most reasonable and the advance sale of seats promises a very prosperous engagement.

Orchestra Season Unusually Promising.

The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra opens its third season on Friday afternoon, October 24, at the Cort Theatre. The season promises to be a most brilliant one, the programmes comprising works of the standard and modern composers, and being the most important attempted by the orchestra. There will be symphonies by Franck, Schubert, Mozart, Brahms, Beethoven, Stanford, Mendelssohn, Tschaiakowsky, Chadwick, and others. Modern music will be further represented by Macdowell, Rachmaninoff, Reger, Humperdinck, Debussy, Loeffler, Strauss, Rabaud, and Hadley. A symphonic poem by Strauss entitled "Macbeth" and one by Sibelius will be given for the first time here. The assisting artists are Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink, contralto; Clarence Whitehill, baritone; Josef Hofmann, pianist; Fritz Kreisler, violinist; Jean Gerardy, 'cellist, and others of equal importance will appear. Several subscribers did not avail themselves of their privilege to purchase the locations held last season, and the seats are now open to the general public. The season ticket sale will continue until Saturday night, October 18. The sale is materially larger than last season and the only way to secure the best seats is to purchase a season ticket.

The Berkeley Musical Association will give the first concert of its fourth season on Tuesday evening, October 14, when Emilio de Gogorza, the Spanish baritone, will be heard. He will be accompanied by Henri Gilles, pianist. The concert will be given in Harmon Gymnasium, and doors will be opened at 7:30 o'clock. No tickets will be sold at the door, and there will be no reserved seats.

Theatrical People to Give Benefit.

The nineteenth annual benefit in aid of the sick and charity fund of San Francisco Lodge, No. 21, Theatrical Mechanical Association, will take place at the Tivoli Opera House, Tuesday afternoon, October 21. The "T. M. A." benefit is always an event of unusual importance, as the members of this organization, composed of actors, musicians, men behind the scenes, and those who make the theatrical business their livelihood, always see to it that their entertainments are of a high order of merit. The programme, which will be continuous, will include acts from all of the first-class theatres in San Francisco, and the stage

will be under the direction of John Morrissey and Fred Butler.

Lillian Russell will soon be at the Cort at the head of her Big Feature Festival, which is under the management of John Cort. The company travels by special train. Mr. Cort has surrounded Miss Russell with a lavish production.

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(Sutter and Van Ness)

De Gogorza

The Spanish Baritone

This Sunday aft., Oct. 12, at 2:30
Next Thursday eve, Oct. 16, and
Sunday aft., Oct. 19

Tickets on sale and complete programmes at box-offices at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's. Prices, \$2, \$1.50 and \$1. Steinway Piano.

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Evening prices 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats \$1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and Holidays) 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone Douglas 70.

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Klaw & Erlanger's Massive Production of
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with
CHARLOTTE WALKER
By Eugene Walter. From the Novel
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Monday, Oct. 20—The Joyous Musical Romance,
"THE COUNT OF LUXEMBOURG."

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2d and LAST WEEK STARTS SUNDAY
Jos. M. Gaites Presents
The Beautiful Pride of Two Hemispheres
KITTY GORDON
In Victor Herbert's Best Comic Opera
THE ENCHANTRESS
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Wednesday Mat.
Commencing Monday, Oct. 20—William Faversham in "Julius Cæsar."

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Philip Bartholomae's Great Farce Comedy.
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This Afternoon and Evening Last Times of
"GIROFLE-GIROFLA."
Commencing Monday, Oct. 13
Western Metropolitan Opera Company
Repertory for First Week—Monday, Wednesday Mat. and Saturday, "AIDA," with Crestani, Anitua, Chiodo, Montesanto and Sesona. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday Mat., "LA TOSCA," with Melis and Sesona. Wednesday, Friday and Sunday, "CARMEN," with Tarny, Schiavazzi, and Mascari.

Prices—\$2 to 50c. Boxes, seating 8, \$20. Mail orders filled. Send funds to W. H. Leahy, Tivoli Opera House.

VANITY FAIR.

It seems hard to believe that the pundits of the British Association could ever descend to frivolity. But the reports of some of their recent proceedings are strangely suggestive of it, unless the volatile reporter has taken it upon himself to make good what seems to him to be a deficiency. For example, we find a long discussion on the causes of beauty among women and of ugliness among men. Furtively glancing at ourselves in a convenient mirror, we wonder if we are actually so very ugly, but finding no reassurance from that faithful and candid surface we revert unwillingly to generalities. Women, says Dr. Henry Campbell, are beautiful because men, having a sense of the beauty that they themselves do not possess, have always insisted upon beauty in their mates. Women, on the other hand, having no sense of beauty, have been willing to accept "any old thing," and therefore men have neglected to cultivate a loveliness for which there was no demand. It seems reasonable enough if we can only swallow a few of the theories that happen to be diametrically opposed to the facts.

In the first place women are not more beautiful than men. It might be asserted with safety that there are more handsome men than beautiful women. The director of one of the great historical pageants with which England recently amused herself said that he found it easy to secure handsome men, but that beautiful women were far more scarce. Then again, so much depends upon our conceptions of beauty. An authentic portrait of Helen of Troy shows a singularly unattractive female, and certainly the Venus de Milo in the flesh would not attract attention by the beauty of her face. A second fallacy is to be found in the prevailing idea that men prefer beautiful women to plain women. Undoubtedly every one likes to look at a beautiful woman, but it is an obvious fact that the plain ones are married just as rapidly as their supposedly more fortunate sisters. At the point of happiness the beautiful woman is probably at a disadvantage. Certainly beauty does not conduce to those inner graces that are the only source of felicity. The beautiful woman is far more likely to be spoiled than her plainer sister, and far more likely to be married for her beauty alone and so to meet with disaster. There is therefore no reason why nature should develop beauty among women as a desirable thing, for we may greatly question if it is desirable, and whether the honestly unattractive face is not far more conducive to happiness. Therefore the scientific theory seems to break down wholly when confronted with the facts, by no means an uncommon event with scientific theories.

It is certainly true that women are not attracted by male beauty. Nor are they attracted by male intelligence, which is a very fortunate thing for a male humanity that is rapidly becoming wholly brainless outside the sphere of commerce. Of course the selfish woman is attracted by money. That goes without saying, but the averagely unselfish woman is probably more susceptible to the charms of deference than to anything else. And deference is by no means the same thing as worship. Deference implies a desire to appreciate the woman's standpoint and to value it. That is why the European is often so acceptable to the American woman. He has been trained in deference, and that the woman can not always see that it is a matter of training is her misfortune. The European is trained to converse with the woman as though her opinions were matters of importance to him, and so to lead the conversation that she may the most easily express them. It is often a pose, but it is a good pose. The American man adulates the woman, but he is not disposed to treat her with deference. He is at no pains to find those topics of conversation that shall place them on an equality of knowledge. It is very seldom that he has any topic of conversation at his command. Still less does he show the woman that her opinions are matters of weight to him. The man who wishes to excite the interest of the averagely good woman will find that his automobile and his theatre tickets will count for very little in comparison with the delicate deference that never varies. Was it not Tom Paine who boasted that he could easily make himself irresistible with women in competition with wealth and good looks and by the simple means of a power of conversation that lay in its implied deference? Perhaps all of this screed might be epitomized by the simple suggestion that women are won by courtesy. But then courtesy itself needs the most elaborate definition nowadays.

One is inclined to wonder why a peer should advertise in a London newspaper that he "has a vacancy for one gun in a shooting party in Kent." Even peers should not find any difficulty in providing themselves with a sporting companion. But the mystery is solved by an advertising agent who handles this class of trade. It seems that it is a matter of business pure and simple. There is a fee to be paid, and the fee varies according to the aristocratic nature of the party. For example, a day's sport "with a county family with two politicians among the guests" costs \$500. They seem to think more of politicians

in England than we do here, but perhaps the county family is the antidote to the poison of the politicians. Another party includes "a foreign notability and a wealthy American woman." Once more we wonder which is the drawing card, the notability or the woman. Personally we should require further particulars before parting with our good money. We should want to know the identity of the notability and the age, wealth, personal appearance, and previous condition of servitude of the woman. So much depends upon these things. Still another shooting party offers "two society beauties and an Oriental of rank." We are not particularly keen on Orientals of rank, but it is just possible that the two society beauties were worth the \$2000 asked. But it would be a serious risk, and for only one day. The society beauties might turn out to be otherwise engaged, or we might not consider them to be beauties at all. But the highest price of all is asked for a day's shooting with a "party of peers." Just think of that. Peers in the mass, so to speak. Peers by wholesale. How gladly would we pay the \$5000 demanded just to be able to say in that offhand manner that we have cultivated for such occasions that we have been for a day's shooting with "a party of peers." The advertising agent says that he has secured even higher prices than these. He does not say the nature of the goods offered, but probably it was for some job lot of empresses and queens.

With that keen desire to be of service which is the animating principle of our lives, we hasten to make known a new fashion in things feminine that is announced from Biarritz by the special correspondent of the New York Sun. If it came from any less authentic source we should be disposed to pass it over as unreliable, but we all know that whatever appears in the Sun is so. Never before, says the correspondent, have women looked prettier nor more graceful than this year, but there is one fashion that strikes a discordant note in the harmony, and that "can only be described as an atrocity." But we will let him speak for himself:

I am now alluding to the growing tendency in Paris in certain circles to alter the outline of the figure below the waist; to give it that peculiar and most unsightly curve outward which was adopted last summer by one or two Parisian actresses and which became a sort of fashion.

Last summer it was rather the thing in some circles to stand in a loose, dislocated pose, to throw out the stomach—for I am obliged to use the real word—and to throw in the back. It was absurd, but as a passing fad people laughed good-naturedly at it. But this autumn it is unfortunately true that some of our leading Parisian dressmakers are trying, and trying hard, to make this horrible and ridiculous outward curve a permanent fashion. They are even going so far as to pad the corsets in order that the figure may seem to curve outward below the waist line in front. . . .

I protest against this new, so-called, "fashion." I shall never cease to protest against it. The woman who accepts a corset which has been designedly fashioned into an outward curve in front below the waist line deserves to be hooted in the streets. The persons who hooted her would have all my sympathy.

Now we are inclined to deprecate this undue harshness of speech. The writer is evidently lacking in that subtle insight into feminine manners that never fails to disclose the good, the beautiful, and the true even under the most repellent exterior. Now we ourselves possess that subtle insight to an unusual degree, and therefore we are inclined to see something more in that "outward curve" than may meet the eye of inexperience. It is by no means a novelty, as the Sun correspondent seems to suppose. If he will take the trouble to read some good history of the French Revolution he will find that the same fashion was in vogue immediately after the Reign of Terror. It was intended as a delicate expression of the fact that although the population of France had been seriously diminished by the excesses of the Revolution the loss was by no means irremediable, and that the good women of France could be trusted to play their modest and inconspicuous part in repairing the ravages of war: in fact that they were already playing it. Now we have not heard of any war at Biarritz, but we have heard of race suicide, which amounts to pretty much the same thing. Is it not then evident that what appears to be a freak of fashion is actually a subtle assurance of better things to come, and that these delightful Frenchwomen are trying to convey a sense of reassurance to the authorities who are so sadly perplexed by the waning birth rate? We would recommend the Sun correspondent to think before he speaks, and so to refrain from thus ignorantly casting a slur upon noble and disinterested motives. In fact no one ought to be allowed to be a correspondent unless he is married.

A tipsy Scotchman was making his way home on a bright Sunday morning, when the good folk were wending their way to the kirk. A little dog pulled a ribbon from the hand of a lady who was leading it, and as it ran from her she appealed to the first passer-by, who happened to be the inept, asking him to whistle to her poodle. "Woman!" he retorted, solemnly, "woman, this is no day for whistlin'."

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

He was straight from the country, and he stood, his feet wide apart, his hands in his pockets, in the middle of the asphalt. "Hi!" called a newsboy, "if you don't move, the first thing you know you'll have your hip pocket full of street-cars."

Invited out to dinner, mother stood before the mirror, and, having made her yellow locks a trifle yellower, she proceeded to apply the pencil to her eyebrows. The little daughter stood by and wondered. Finally she asked: "Mother, what are you writing on your face for?"

A musician once wrote that to hear Strauss's "Elektra" or his "Domestic Symphony" always made him think of the old Scotch piper who said: "Ah, there's a nee nicht I sall ne'er forget. There were nineteen pipers beside myself a' in a wee bit parlor, a' playin' different tunes. I just thoct I was in heaven!"

A drill sergeant was drilling the recruit squad in the use of the rifle. Everything went smoothly until blank cartridges were distributed. The recruits were instructed to load their pieces and stand at the "ready," and then the sergeant gave the command: "Fire at will!" Private Lunn was puzzled. He lowered his gun. "Which one is Will?" he asked.

In Paris when a street-car is full they put up a sign, "Complet" (Full), and afterwards they won't let anybody else get aboard. Jay-hawker had just returned home from the Ville Lumiere, and a friend asked: "Did you see a good deal in Paris, my boy?" "Yes, sir," said he. "I saw every place but one, and that was Complet. Every time I tried to get out to Complet, the durned cars were full."

A prominent American woman who was seated in the saloon of the Rotterdam spoke French so fluently that a Chicago woman ventured to congratulate her. "It is a fact," said the former, "that we Americans as a rule either speak no French at all or else we speak it very badly. 'Where did you learn French?' a Parisian asked a New York woman at the Ritz. 'From a native,' was the proud answer. 'Ah!' said the Frenchwomen. 'A native of what?'"

Two ladies, during a friendly meeting on the street, got to quarreling about their ages, and used very strong language toward each other. At last, as if to end the dispute, one of them turned away and said in a very conciliatory tone of voice: "Let us not quarrel over the matter any more. I, at least, have not the heart to do it. I never knew who my mother was; she deserted me when a baby, and who knows but that you may have been the heartless parent?"

James MacNeill Whistler and Oscar Wilde did not love each other over much. Constantly they met in London drawing-rooms where each enjoyed a reputation as a wit, and it was not unnatural that jealousy sometimes fanned the fuel of their hate. On one occasion Whistler made a particularly apt remark that won applause even from Wilde. "By jove, Whistler," he exclaimed, "I wish I had said that!" "Never mind," said Whistler nonchalantly, "you will."

Two farmers happened along a road where an automobilist had had a breakdown and was busy making repairs on his car. They stopped to see what was doing, when Farmer No. 1 remarked to Farmer No. 2: "Them fellers that make such a noise 'goin' up my hill—they ought to be shot." Whereupon Farmer No. 2 replied: "Well—a little. 'Course, you livin' on a hill 'at goes up—you got the disadvantage. Them 'at lives on a hill 'at goes down got the advantage. Automobiles don't smoke and snort a-goin' down hill."

The various dishes in the Hungarian restaurant were numbered for the convenience of the waitresses and the benefit of the patrons. A young couple entered. The orchestra struck up the "William Tell" overture. Turning to her escort, the young woman said: "That's familiar—what is it?" The man glanced up at the orchestra and saw the number three displayed. Then, with the air of one who is accustomed to café life, he looked up number three on the bill of fare. "That," he replied, when he had located it, "is 'Filet Mignon,' by Champignons."

An English inspector once visited the infants' department of a school, and among the many questions he put to the children was one regarding the number of pippins an apple usually contained. The children were quite unable to answer his question. Turning to them, he said: "My dear children, if you do not notice the small things in life you will grow up into great, big idiots!" During recreation a few minutes afterwards one or two little mites began to play "school," as most children do. A little girl of six years took the part of the inspector. Putting on a

very serious air, and looking very sternly at her small class, she remarked, "Now, little children, if you don't notice the little fings in life, you will grow up great, big idjuts!" Fixing her eye on a small boy, she asked with severity, "Now, you tell me 'ow many fevvers 'ave an 'en?"

A friend of Sir Edwin Landseer, who accompanied him to Kensington Museum on the first occasion of its exhibition by gaslight, relates that Landseer stopped short before his large picture, "A Visit to Waterloo." "I must have been mad," said he, "when I painted that." And, walking up to the picture, he placed his hand over the part which had attracted his criticism. An attendant policeman shouted his polite caution: "Now, then, take your 'ands off there!" "My good man," said Sir Edwin, "I was merely remarking how bad that was." "Then why don't you go and do better?" said the policeman, who had no idea to whom he was speaking.

The village stood in Tennessee, but one night the river went on a bender and next morning the landing was in Arkansas. The half-dozen residents crawled out of bed, amazed and scarcely able to realize that they were now in another state. Finally a steamboat came along. "What in blazes has happened?" called out the captain. "This new cut-off has moved us into Arkansas," answered the spokesman of the villagers. "Bad, bad!" and the captain shook his head. "Oh, I aint so sure about that," was the retort. "We've just figured up that we've jumped Tennessee debts amountin' to 'bout eight hundred dollars."

A popular doctor was not long ago much pleased with a certain aerated water, and by his assiduous recommendations procured for it a celebrity it justly deserved. The doctor acted solely in the interests of humanity generally, and expected no return. To his surprise there came one morning an effusive letter from the company, saying that his recommendations had done them so much good that they "ventured to send him a hundred —" Here the page came to an end. "This will never do," said the doctor; "it is very kind, but I could not think of accepting anything." Here he turned the page and found the sentence ran: "of our circulars for distribution."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Not Over-Particular.

She took my hand in sheltered nooks,
She took my flowers, candy, books,
Gloves, anything I cared to send—
She took my rival in the end.—Puck.

On the Level.

Of all the folks in all the world who go to picture galleries,
Add lustre to the varnishings of all the spring-time shows,
Who wave lorgnette and eyeglass while the artists earn their salaries
By emulating Masters in the manner of their pose;
I wonder, in this earnest throng, how many of the knowing ones
Who murmur, "Too much foreground!" "There's brutality and pith!"
"Distinctive drawing!" "See this Splash—he's ranked among the growing ones!"
Can tell a Whistler moonlight from an Autumn scene by Smith?

Of all the folks in all the town who go to see Grand Opera,
Go gadding after Gadski and are flooye o'er Farrar,
Who fill the Diamond Horseshoe with each bright tiara-topper—a
Bejeweled glare quite dimming the effulgence of the Star—
Who rave about *leit motifs* till there's really no use hindering;
I wonder, of these connoisseurs who never give us peace,
How many, O how many, when they go a-Koenigs-kinding
Know half as much of music as the pretty Goose Girl's geese?

Of all the Leading Citizens who shine at dedications most,
Who're always laying cornerstones for Homes of Higher Thought,
Who make commencement speeches, give advice in their orations most
And hold best pews in churches where salvation can be sought;
How many, O how many of these idols-to-be-mollified,
These models whose approval gives Success its proper stamp,
If gauged by moral measure, would be any better qualified
To stand upon the pedestal than Dusty Jones, the tramp.

In fact, if Doc Diogenes should put his X-ray clinical
Upon the inner workings of us humans in a chunk,
He'd get a diagnosis that would make us all so cynical
We'd join our hands fraternal in the Brother hood of Bunk.
One priest said, "Omnia vanitas!" the world's pretenses summing well—
Too harsh, perhaps, his judgment—but this fact to me appears:
If all the Humbugs in the world a-while should cease their humming—well,
We might enjoy some echoes from the music of the spheres.
—Life.



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Capital actually paid up in Cash.. 1,000,000.00
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Hammond have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Edwina Hammond, to Mr. Frank B. King, son of Mr. and Mrs. Homer King. Miss Hammond is a sister of Mrs. Welbore Burnett, Mrs. Norman Whiteside, Miss Daisy Hammond, and Mr. Leonard Hammond. Mr. King is a brother of the Misses Genevieve and Hazel King.

News comes from Ireland of the engagement of Mr. Richard D. Burke and Miss Theila Geoghegan of County Galway. Mr. Burke, who resides in Grove Park, County Tipperary, is the father of Miss Edith Burke and of Mr. Richard Burke, Jr., who married Miss Genevieve Walker. The wedding will take place the latter part of this month at the Geoghegan estate in Ireland.

The wedding of Miss Maisie Coyle and Mr. Lewis A. Dougherty took place Saturday evening, October 4, at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Marianna Coyle, on Jackson Street. Mr. Dougherty is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Dougherty of Pleasanton.

From Pomfret, Connecticut, comes the announcement of the wedding of Mrs. Eleanor Goodrich Campbell and Captain Charles Thompson Davis of the British Army, Indian Division. Mrs. Davis is the daughter of Rear-Admiral Caspar Goodrich, U. S. N. (retired). Captain Davis and Mrs. Davis will sail next week for India.

The wedding of Miss Ariadne Merritt and Mr. Philo Lindley of Los Angeles took place Thursday, October 9, at St. John's Presbyterian Church. A reception following the ceremony was held at the house on Third Avenue of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Merritt. Mrs. Alan Macdonald was the matron of honor and Miss Jean Howard was the flower girl. Mr. Lindley was attended by his cousin, Mr. Curtis Lindley, and his brother-in-law, Mr. Augustus Kuecht. After the wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Lindley will go to Los Angeles to reside.

The wedding of Miss Barbara Stephens and Lieutenant Randolph T. Zane, U. S. N., will take place Tuesday, November 5, at the home in Los Angeles of Miss Stephens's parents, Congressman W. D. Stephens and Mrs. Stephens. Lieutenant Zane is a relative of Mrs. A. H. Loughborough of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott entertained a number of young people at a dance Saturday evening at their home in Burlingame in honor of Miss Polly Mills. Mrs. Walter S. Martin gave a dinner preceding the affair. Miss Mills was also the complimented guest at a dinner and theatre party given Monday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee.

Mrs. Bertha Simpson was hostess at a luncheon recently at the St. Francis Hotel. The affair was in honor of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Andrew Simpson.

Mrs. Henry L. Dodge was hostess at a tea at her home on Franklin Street complimentary to her niece, Mrs. Walter Remington Quick, of New York, who has been spending several weeks in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hamilton Brown entertained a large number of guests at a dance Friday evening at the Claremont Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Millen Griffith gave an informal dinner Monday evening to celebrate the first anniversary of their wedding.

Miss Margaret Casey was hostess Thursday evening at a theatre party.

Mrs. A. P. Hotelling and Miss Jane Hotelling entertained a number of friends Saturday evening at dinner at the Claremont Country Club.

Miss Lucille Johns gave a tea Wednesday in honor of Miss Marie Louise Harrington of Colusa, who will spend the winter with relatives in Washington, D. C.

Mr. Henry Hadley was the guest of honor Thursday evening at a dinner given by forty members of the Bohemian Club.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl entertained a number of friends Tuesday evening at a dance at the Burlingame Club. The affair was to celebrate the tenth anniversary of their wedding.

Mrs. Harry Weihe gave a bridge party Monday evening at her home in Alameda. The affair was in honor of Miss Ila Sonntag of this city.

Miss Gertrude O'Brien entertained a number of friends Friday evening at a bridge party at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Theresa Harrison will be hostess at a dance next week at her home on Washington Street.

Passed Assistant Surgeon Howson W. Cole, U. S. N., and Mrs. Cole entertained a number of friends recently at a dance at their home at Mare Island in honor of Miss Alice Jones of Birmingham, Alabama, and Miss Johnson of Los Angeles.

Civil Engineer George A. McKay, U. S. N., and Mrs. McKay gave a dinner Saturday evening at their home at Mare Island.

Miss Sadie Murray gave a tea Thursday at her home at Fort Mason.

Miss Ruth Hascal was hostess at an informal dance at her home at Mare Island.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe and their family will spend the winter months in town, having rented the home on Pacific Avenue of Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson.

Mrs. A. P. Whittell and her daughter, Mrs. Kirk Albert, are established in the R. P. Schwerin house in San Mateo, where they were joined this week by Mr. Albert, who has been visiting in New York. Mrs. Albert spent a few days last week with Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell at their home in Woodside.

Mrs. Harry N. Stetson is recovering from an operation for appendicitis at the Adler Sanatorium, where she has been very ill.

Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith has been spending a few days in Stockton as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank West.

Mrs. Hannah Neil Hobart is again occupying

her cottage in Burlingame, after a visit in San Rafael with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Lilley.

Mrs. Edith Blanding Coleman and Miss Henriette Blanding left Monday for New York. They were accompanied by Miss Mauricia Mintzer, who will visit relatives in the East.

Miss Gertrude Jolliffe has recently been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Warren S. Porter at their home in Ross, who have given up their town house with the intention of spending the winter in the country.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden and Mrs. A. N. Towne are again occupying their apartments at the Fairmont Hotel after having spent the summer in Monterey.

Miss Genevieve Harvey has returned to her home in Galt after a visit of several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Warner at their home on Presidio Avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Warner moved this week to Green and Devisadero Streets, where they have rented the W. J. Gunn house.

Mr. and Mrs. William Alexander left Thursday for their home in Washington, D. C. They have been spending the summer with Mrs. John Bidwell at her ranch in Chico.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Abecassis have returned from Southern California to their home in Woodside. They were away two months, during which time they motored to the many places of interest.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schlacks are established in the home on Broadway of Mrs. Sheldon Kellogg, who has gone to Berkeley to reside.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis Pillsbury and their daughter, Miss Olivia Pillsbury, will sail October 22 for Europe and expect to be home to spend the Christmas holidays in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. David R. C. Brown and their little son will arrive early next month from Aspen, Colorado, to spend the winter here.

Mr. and Mrs. Eyre Monroe Pinckard have returned to their home on Gough Street after a month's visit with Mr. Pinckard's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinckard.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch and their two little daughters left Saturday for New York for a few weeks' visit. They will return before the holidays and will spend the winter in their country home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. George Delatour have closed their home in Rutherford, Napa County, and are established for the winter on Pacific Avenue, where they have rented the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Johnson.

Dr. Philip King Brown and Mrs. Brown will return tomorrow from Santa Barbara, where they have been spending several days.

Miss Ethel Crocker will sail October 14 for Paris, where she will resume her vocal studies. She will spend the winter with her uncle and aunt, Prince André Poniatowski and Princess Poniatowski.

Lady Balfour, who has been visiting her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Balfour, in Burlingame, will sail October 15 for her home in London. She will be accompanied by Miss Polly Mills, who has been spending the past year with Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard C. Chamberlin left a few days ago for Portland, expecting to be away about two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl are entertaining Mrs. Kohl's mother, Mrs. Godey, of Washington, D. C., who is visiting them at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mr. Robert Rathbone is recovering from an operation for appendicitis.

Mrs. William Holmes McKittrick, who has been spending a week at the Fairmont Hotel, has returned to her home in Bakersfield.

Mrs. William F. McNutt has returned from Aspen, Colorado, where she spent several weeks with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. D. R. C. Brown. Mrs. McNutt will remain at the home on Washington Street of Mrs. McNutt Potter, who has gone East to visit friends in Boston and Annapolis.

Mrs. Mason and her daughter, Miss Winifred Mason, have returned to their home in San Rafael. They have been spending the summer in Trinity County.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gwin have taken a house on Pacific Avenue, where they will soon be installed. Their daughter, Mrs. James Follis, and her little son, Gwin Follis, will reside with them.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dean and Miss Helen Dean have returned from Lake Tahoe and are again at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Millen Griffith have returned from Ross, where they have been making an extended visit with Mrs. Edward Griffith.

Mrs. Truxton Beale and Miss Alice Oge have delayed their departure for the East on account of the recent illness of their mother. They will soon join Mr. Beale in Washington, D. C., and will probably spend the winter abroad.

Mr. Stanford Gwin has gone East, where he will visit relatives before making his permanent home on a plantation.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin left Tuesday for New York, where they will remain about six weeks.

Paymaster Grey Skipwith, U. S. N., returned a few days ago with his ship, the *Pittsburg*, which is at present at Mare Island.

Mrs. Theodore Tomlinson has returned to her home in New York after a month's visit with her mother, Mrs. Charles McIntosh Keeney.

Mrs. Maymie McNutt Potter has gone East to visit friends in New York, Boston, and Annapolis. During her absence Dr. and Mrs. McNutt will reside with their little granddaughter, Miss Marie Louise Potter.

Dr. Herbert C. Moffitt, Mrs. Moffitt, and their children have given up their apartment in Munich and are at present in Vienna. They will return home in November.

Mrs. James Potter Langborne left Tuesday for Annapolis, where she will visit her son-in-law and daughter, Lieutenant James Parker, Jr., U. S. N., and Mrs. Parker.

Mrs. William Denman also left for the East Tuesday. She will spend a few weeks in Boston with her sister, Mrs. John T. Taylor.

Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett met with a painful accident Saturday evening, when she fell on the stairs at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott in Burlingame.

Miss Margaret Williams is home again after a year spent in European travel.

Mrs. James Otis, Miss Fredericka Otis, and

Miss Ernestine McNear will arrive in New York from Europe October 23.

Mrs. John C. Breckenridge and her little son left last week for the East, where they will spend the winter.

Mrs. Kirby Barnes Crittenden has arrived from Newport, Rhode Island, and is the guest of her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Fay. Mrs. Crittenden will later join her husband, Lieutenant-Commander Crittenden, U. S. N., who has been ordered to the U. S. S. *Colorado* at Bremerton.

Miss Jessie Miller, who has been in Berkeley visiting her father, Rear-Admiral Miller, U. S. N. (retired), has returned to the Puget Sound Navy Yard, where she resides with her brother-in-law and sister, Paymaster George Brown, U. S. N., and Mrs. Brown.

Captain Thomas S. Rodgers, U. S. N., at present director of naval intelligence, and also a member of the general board of the navy, has been placed in command of the U. S. S. *New York*, now nearing completion at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Passed Assistant Surgeon Henry W. B. Turner, U. S. N., who has been at the Yerba Buena station for the last two years, is to leave shortly for Bremerton, where he has been ordered for duty.

Colonel C. J. Bailey, U. S. A., now in command at Fort Worden, Washington, has been appointed brigadier-general to fill the vacancy caused by the retirement of Brigadier-General Marion C. Maus, U. S. A.

Colonel Charles Phillips, U. S. A., who has been stationed at Fort Winfield Scott, has been ordered to the Philippines.

Mrs. Florence Cole left Monday for Arkansas with her daughter, Mrs. Horatio Laurence, who has gone to join her husband, Captain Laurence, U. S. A., at Fort Logan H. Roots.

Lieutenant-Commander Clarence Kempff, U. S. N., and Mrs. Kempff have returned to Mare Island after having spent several weeks at Lake Tahoe.

Professor T. J. J. See, U. S. N., stationed at Mare Island, has gone to Montgomery City, Missouri, to spend a month with his mother.

Mrs. John W. Ellicott and Miss Priscilla Ellicott, who have been spending a month visiting friends in San Francisco and Berkeley, have returned to Mare Island, where they will occupy the home of Mme. Irwin for the next few months.

Ensign G. L. Woodruff, U. S. N., has been detached from the U. S. S. *Pittsburg* to temporary duty on the U. S. S. *Intrepid*.

The home of Dr. Chester Roadhouse and Mrs. Roadhouse has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Roadhouse was formerly Miss Christine Judah.

The home of Dr. Otto Schulze and Mrs. Schulze has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Schulze was formerly Miss Edith Currey.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Field has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

The Pacific Coast Women's Press Association has issued invitations to a reception in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill, Monday, October 13, from three until five o'clock.

The most important product of the Verdi centenary will be the publication of his correspondence. For sixty years (1840-1900) he habitually made sketches of the more important letters he wrote. These sketches, bound in five volumes, have been in care of his niece, Mme. Carrara, since his death. She has also placed at the disposal of the publishers thousands of letters, telegrams, and cards sent to Verdi, including many by famous contemporaries. Among the treasures hoarded by Mme. Carrara is a "King Lear" libretto. During the last years of Verdi's life there were occasional rumors that he was writing a "Lear" opera; but in truth he never got beyond the libretto, which he arranged himself. The oldest among the Verdi manuscripts is a "History of the Popes."

It is said the late Michael Mayhrick, who wrote under the pen name of Stephen Adams, offered his song, "Nancy Lee," to a publisher for \$100, and was refused. Not long afterward the same publisher offered him \$500 for the same composition, which was declined in turn, and the upshot of the matter was that the publisher eventually paid Mayhrick thousands of dollars in royalties for a song which he might have had for almost nothing. Eighteen months after it was brought out seventy thousand copies were sold.

Welshmen from all parts of the world will come to San Francisco the first week of August, 1915, to attend the International Exposition Eisteddfod, the scope and magnitude of which will surpass anything heretofore attempted in the annals of eisteddfodau. There will be \$25,000 distributed in prizes, of which \$10,000 will be given in the chief choral contest; all competitions are open to the world.

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INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. H. A. Boomer, who has just been created an honorary associate of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem by King George of England, has been president of the National Council of Women. Her home is in the province of Ontario, Canada.

Alexander M. Thackara, who was recently promoted from consul-general at Berlin to consul-general at Paris, graduated from Annapolis Naval Academy in 1869 and resigned from the service in 1882 to take charge of a manufacturing business. He was appointed consul at Havre in 1897 and consul-general at Berlin in 1905. Mrs. Thackara is a daughter of General William T. Sherman.

Alban Jasper Conant, for whom Abraham Lincoln sat for a portrait before he became President, recently celebrated his ninety-third birthday in the New York studio which he has occupied for more than thirty years. Active in mind, he still enjoys fairly good health, and every day finds him busy with his brush. During the Civil War he was commissioned to paint many celebrated officers and notables of the day.

Dr. Yamato Ichihashi, who will teach courses in Japanese history and government at Stanford University, is the first of his race to be so honored in the West. He has been in this country for twelve years, and graduated from Stanford in 1907. From 1908 to 1910 he instructed in economics in Stanford. He has also carried on advanced studies at Harvard. Funds for the endowment of the new courses have been supplied by wealthy California Japanese merchants.

George F. Baer, president of the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad and also president of the Philadelphia & Reading Coal and Iron Company, recently celebrated his seventy-first birthday by working at his desk. He began life as "printer's devil" in the office of the *Somerset Democrat*. In August, 1862, he went to the war as captain of a volunteer company. He was admitted to the bar in 1864. For years he was the confidential adviser in Pennsylvania of the late J. P. Morgan.

Senator Alexander Caldwell, one of the few surviving soldiers of the Mexican War, although eighty-three years of age, is active and still engaged in business in Kansas City, Kansas. He is president of the First National Bank of that place, and can be found at his desk regularly. He, at the age of seventeen, joined the army and accompanied his father in the Mexican campaign, taking part in all the notable battles. Later in life he was a member of the United States Senate.

Washington Gardner, the newly elected commander-in-chief of the national G. A. R., enlisted for service in the Civil War when he was sixteen years old, and after three years' service returned to his home in Michigan on crutches. He went back to school and became a professor in Alhion College. He served five years as secretary of state of Michigan and for twelve years was a representative in Congress. Since his retirement from Congress he has been engaged in editorial work for a Chicago publishing house.

Captain Robert Wringe, who seems likely to command Sir Thomas Lipton's challenger, *Shamrock IV*, when she races for the America cup a year hence, gained first-hand knowledge of the American coast conditions when he was skipper of the *Mineloa* for August Belmont in 1900. He also added to his knowledge of Atlantic coast currents, tides, and winds as skipper of the challenge sloop *Shamrock II*, when he sailed that craft for Sir Thomas Lipton in the international races in 1903. He was in an advisory capacity aboard the *Shamrock I*.

Peter Lohengula, eldest son of King Lobengula of Matabeleland, has just received the right to vote in England. Twenty years ago he was fighting the British forces, and was a notable figure at the great peace indaba at the foot of the Matoppo Hills. Now, after a varied career, he having been an actor in the Hippodrome exhibition and then a coal miner in the Midlands, the one-time prince is dying of tuberculosis. He receives a small weekly stipend from the insurance act, and the British government gives him a little more, the latter being the result of the pact that he should never again go farther into Africa than Capetown.

Daniel Crawford, who has spent twenty-two years in Africa as a missionary without furlough and without pay, becoming known to passing African travelers as "private secretary" to the powerful chief, Mushidi, is now in this country. He is a Scotchman who went out to Africa without the backing of any mission board, simply presented himself to the natives as their guest, and when they cared enough for him to entertain him, he remained and lived with them, helping them in their building and agriculture, and at the same time endeavoring to spread the gospel. The achievement, which he is proudest is the rendering of the Bible into the complicated idiom of the Bantus.

The Rev. Dr. Moses Hyamson, who has been called to New York to take the place of rabbi of the Congregation Orach Chaim,

was the rival candidate for the office of chief rabbi of Great Britain, to which office the Rev. Dr. Joseph H. Hertz was elected. Dr. Hyamson was born in Suwall, Russia, on August 25, 1863, and was educated at University College and Laws College, London, graduating with the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1882. He also holds the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. He is one of the recognized Hebrew scholars of the world, being the author of many essays and treatises. Among his best-known works is a volume of sermons, published by the Oxford Press under the title "Collato Mosaicarum et Romanarum Legum."

CURRENT VERSE.

His Song for Her Waking.

'Tis dawn in the sky of the world,
'Tis dawn in the sky of my heart,
And earth is the hush of a rose
Whose petals are trembling apart;
So I come to your door in the dawn,
And I breathe you my life in a word.
You would smile, you would lean from your window,
My queen,
If you heard—if you heard.

The air is all throbbing with fire,
And I am a pulse of the flame.
All breathless the universe heats
Like a heart that is tuned to your name,
As the stars in their courses last night
Kept time to each breath that you drew. . . .
But our passion is dumb—O, my love, you would come
If you knew—if you knew.

You would glow in the flush of the dawn
You glitter so coldly above;
You would lean like a rose to his cry
Who yearns to the lips of your love;
You would raise him who faints at your feet
To a height that his hope never dared;
You would warm the poor clod in your arms to a god,
If you cared—if you cared.
—*Amelia Josephine Burr, in London Bookman.*

The Open Road.

As the homeless long for home, I am weary for
The sight of it,
The swerve of it, the curve of it, the shadow-dappled white of it;
The moonlight, the moonlight, the pine-dusk fragrance dim;
The ring of frost-touched highway,
The hush of leaf-strewn hyway.
And the patteran that hearkens to the far horizon's rim.

As the homeless long for home, I am heartsick at
The call of it,
The lure of it, the lure of it, the thorny miles and all of it;
The star gleam, the far gleam of heechland-kindled fire;
The dim hills distant lifting,
The gray mists shadow-drifting,
And the calm of pine-breathed uplands on the ache of old desire.

As the homeless long for home, I am hungered for
The touch of it,
The length of it, the strength of it, the steel and velvet clutch of it;
The known ways, the lone ways, from clustered towns apart;
The scent of rain-sweet heather,
The cloud-white wander-weather,
And the hawk-free, gipsy will of it, to still a vagrant heart!
—*Martha Haskell Clark, in Ainslee's Magazine.*

London Town.

Oh, London Town's a fine town, and London sights are rare,
And London ale is right ale, and hrisik's the London air,
And husily goes the world there, hut crafty grows the mind,
And London Town of all towns I'm glad to leave behind.

Then hey for croft and hop-yard, and hill, and field, and pond,
With Bredon Hill before me and Malvern Hill beyond.
The hawthorn white i' the hedgerow, and all the spring's attire
In the comely land of Teme and Lugg, and Cleat, and Clew, and Wyre.

Oh, London girls are brave girls, in silk and cloth o' gold,
And London shops are rare shops, where gallant things are sold,
And honnily clinks the gold there, hut drowsily hlinks the eye,
And London Town of all towns I'm glad to hurry by.

Then hey for covert and woodland, and ash and elm and oak,
Tewkesbury inns, and Malvern roofs, and Worcester chimney-smoke,
The apple-trees in the orchard, the cattle in the byre,
And all the land from Ludlow town to Bredon church's spire.

Oh, London tunes are new tunes, and London hooks are wise,
And London plays are rare plays, and fine to country eyes,
But craftily fares the knave there, and wickedly fares the Jew,
And London Town of all towns I'm glad to hurry through.

So hey for the road, the west road, by mill and forge and fold,
Scent of the fern and song of the lark by brook, and field, and wold,
To the comedy folk at the hearthstone and the talk beside the fire,
In the hearty land, where I was bred, my land of heart's desire.
—*John Maschfeld, in the Living Age.*

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Peveril Ker, a roving Englishman, posing on his arrival as Lord Alastir Robert Innes-Ker, was deported on Thursday by the immigration office, which ordered him returned to Australia on the steamer *Willochra*, which brought him to this country. The step was taken on the ground that he might become a public charge. He registered at the St. Francis on arrival, and issued a check which led to investigation. He then confessed that he was an imposter.

Judge Seawell on Monday threw out of court a suit by Freida R. Major and Kate O'Connell on behalf of themselves and all other creditors of the defunct California Safe Deposit and Trust Company to recover from J. Dalzell Brown, David F. Walker, and the other directors a total of \$6,500,000. The case has been on the court calendar for six years. Judge Seawell hased his decision on the contention that the depositors had not shown to the satisfaction of the court that they were creditors of the former institution.

Arthur G. Fisk, postmaster of San Francisco, has announced that he will soon resign to undertake the management of the estate of Anita Baldwin McClaughry, heiress of the late "Lucky" Baldwin. Fisk's salary as postmaster was \$6000 a year. In his new position he will receive at least \$10,000 a year.

The hoard of public works adopted a resolution on Wednesday calling upon J. P. Horgan, chief building inspector, to prepare plans and estimates of cost for the removal of about 150 shacks remaining in the fire limits since 1906 within ten days. The commissioners announced that a contract will be let by the city for the removal of all that are left, as probation has ended.

H. A. Van Coenen Torcbiana, resident commissioner to the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, has been appointed consul-general of the Netherlands in San Francisco by Queen Wilhelmina, according to a cable dispatch received Wednesday morning from Dr. Jhr. John Loudon, the new secretary of foreign affairs of the Netherlands, formerly the Dutch minister at Washington. The new consul-general has resided in California for twenty-three years. In 1910 he moved to this city, engaging in the law. He organized last year the Holland-American Chamber of Commerce for the Pacific Coast states and became its first president.

First Loring Club Concert on Tuesday.

The first concert of the thirty-seventh season of the Loring Club, on Tuesday evening, October 14, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, promises to be an exceedingly interesting one. On this occasion the club will have the assistance of Miss Georgiana Strauss, a contralto who on her first appearance in San Francisco two years ago made a most favorable impression. Miss Strauss will be heard in the great Beppe arias from Mascagni's "L'Amico Fritz" and in a novel group of songs.

A special feature on the programme will be four folk songs, two being Swedish, one Irish, and one English. Chadwick's "Credo," which has only once before been heard in San Francisco, will be sung, as will also Gernsheim's cantata, "Salamis," Brambach's "Evening on

the Rhine," and Arthur Sullivan's "The Long Day Closes."

Two compositions which will be given their first San Francisco hearing in this concert are George Jerrard Wilkinson's setting of the "Choric Song," from Tennyson's "Lotus Eaters," and the stirring "Forge Chorus," from Alberto Randegger's dramatic cantata, "Fridolin."

Mr. Frederick Maurer will be the pianist, and the concert will be under the direction of Mr. Wallace A. Sahin, the regular conductor of the club.

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1913.
(Seal) HUGH T. SMITH,
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"They say Ella's fiancé has money to burn." "Well, he has met his match."—*Town Topics.*

Moid—There's a man called with a hill, ma'am. Mistress—Tell him we have some already.—*London Opinion.*

"Do you think that Senator Buck is open to conviction?" "Yes; and liable to conviction, also."—*Kansas City Star.*

Classic Doncer—Doctor, I want you to vaccinate me where it won't show in my dance. Physician—Hum! I'm afraid you'll have to take it internally.—*Livingston Lance.*

"That man we just passed started twenty years ago with a dollar. Now he's worth half a million." "How did he make it?" "An uncle left him \$499,999."—*Houston Post.*

"It has just been announced by the imperial geologists that the German deposits of potash salts will last no more than 600,000 years." "Heavens! And then!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Liz—But Bill 'll get savage if I go and dance with you! Jerry—That's all right. Bill's gorn. I told 'im there was a hoke over at the puh standing drinks all round.—*Sydney Bulletin.*

"Don't you think man is influenced by his environment?" "Not always. I once knew a man who drove a sprinkling cart for nine years and died of acute alcoholism."—*Boston Transcript.*

Lock—I hear that Mabel is an occasional contributor to magazines. Edith—Judging from the quantities of powder she is purchasing I should think she is the chief of ordnance.—*Town Topics.*

Mosieur—The muscles of your neck need attention; you should turn your head rapidly, say fifty times, night and morning. Chestmoy—But I do. I walk up and down Fifth Avenue twice a day.—*Life.*

"Ma," inquired Bobby, "hasn't pa a queer idea of heaven?" "Why do you ask that?" "Cause I heard him tell Mr. Nayhor that the week you spent at the seaside seemed like heaven to him."—*Punch.*

"What advantage do you claim for the reference book which you have bought?" "I never knew of another book from which one could find out so quickly what it does not contain."—*Buffalo Express.*

"Remember," said the preacher, "St. Bernard said: 'Nothing can damage me but myself.'" "Yes," replied the man on crutches, "but St. Bernard never had to dodge an automobile."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"What new dishes have you had since you have had your new French cook?" "Oh, a whole new dinner set and several pieces of cut glass, and she's only been with us about a week."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Mrs. Flutterby—That's a stunning new frock of your wife's, Mr. Grumly. It holds her up so smartly and makes her look so trim. Grumly—Yes, and it's a trim and a hold-up for me, too.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

The Music Teacher—Johnny is improving daily in his violin playing. Johnny's Mother (groined)—Is that so? We didn't know whether he was improving or we were just getting more used to it.—*Winnipeg Town Topics.*

She—And your father gave five hundred pounds for that picture. Just to show how much you care for art, I suppose? The Son and Heir—No. Just to show how much we don't care for five hundred pounds.—*Sydney Bulletin.*


"What is this, dear?" asked the young husband at breakfast. "Minced veal, dear," replied the bride-wife. "I think it needs something." "Well, I don't know what it can be. I put everything in it I could find."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"For weeks and weeks after my husband died I was unable to sleep." "I hope you are all over that now?" her sympathetic friend replied. "Yes. The lawyers finally found his insurance policy in a safety deposit box that he had never told me about."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

"So you think, doctor," said the anxious patient, "a little whisky would be good for me? How much and how often am I to take it?" "Well, about a spoonful once a day would perhaps—" "Oh, pshaw! I'm goin' to get up and go down to the office."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"But you don't speak the language of the country in which you desire a diplomatic position." "Well," replied the determined applicant, "a man isn't nearly so liable to make indiscreet remarks if he has to get a lexicon and look up the meaning of every word he utters."—*Washington Star.*

Agent (for gas company)—I'm sorry you think this bill is too large, sir. Would it not be a good idea if you learned how to read your own meter? Whittier—It might be if my doctor hadn't told me that I had something the matter with my heart and I must avoid all excitement.—*Life.*



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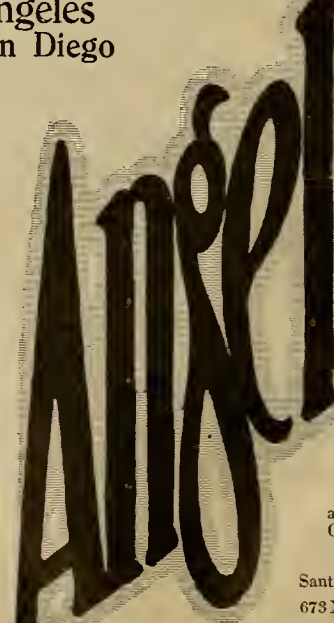
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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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"Lone Star" and "Bear Flag."

It was presumptuous and in bad taste on the part of the admirers of Joe Bailey to pull down the portrait of Sam Houston in the Texas state capitol and supplant it with that of the late senator. Nevertheless a good deal of unnecessary sentiment has been wasted upon the incident. Sam Houston, while a notable historic figure, is far from being a great hero. His part in the acquisition of Texas did exhibit initiative, courage, hardihood, but these high qualities were exercised in a bad cause. That cause was nothing less than leadership in a movement that had for its purpose the robbery of a country with which we stood on terms of friendship in order to extend the area of human slavery. It is of course possible to perform heroic acts in promotion of an evil purpose, but it is going far to attempt to rank the participants in such movements with those who have given their lives to the sacred cause of human liberty. A movement to extend and perpetuate human slavery, however daring in the conception and bold in the performance, can have in

it little of real nobility, and it makes a poor basis for heroic tradition. However the serious historian must condemn the acts of Houston on moral grounds, the fame of the man is probably secure—in Texas, at least—until such time as civilization shall be established upon a higher plane. Texas honors Houston and his fellow-robbers very much as California does the equally sordid land-grabbers who engineered the Bear Flag movement at Sonoma. Here again there was a movement which under critical examination exhibits the gross qualities of rapacity and cruelty. Nor is there any assurance that this misinterpreted and much lauded enterprise contributed in any vital way to the transference of California from Mexican to American rule. It was in the fates—in the normal course of progress—that California was to be American territory—precisely as it was in the stars that Texas was to be American territory. Both movements would have come about of themselves in due course without Sam Houston on the one hand or a Bear Flag raising on the other. For a few generations certain historic freebooters may command a species of inconsiderate, even of heroic, approval, but in fullness of time the justice of history will rightly adjudge values. When the ultimate stories of California and Texas shall be written there will be small glory for robbers, whether they marched under the Bear Flag or followed the banner of the Lone Star.

Observations Political.

In Mr. Hobson's arraignment of Mr. Underwood and in Mr. Clark's side thrusts at Mr. Bryan—not to mention Mr. Hearst's jabs at everybody in sight—there may easily be discovered evidences of over-assurance in the house of Democracy. Apparently there is disposition to overlook the fact that Democratic success last year was an accident which may not and probably will not happen again. Instead of working together in the common purpose of building up the strength and prestige of the party, there is already in evidence the bitterness of discordant and warring ambitions. Looking to continued success of the Democratic party as a thing assured, factions are developing with a rapidity and assuming an attitude toward each other highly significant to the mind of sober judgment.

The Democrats whose eyes are fixed upon the presidency are curiously many. First there is the incumbent, who, despite the party platform which asserts the principle of a single term in office, is plainly calculating upon a second mandate. Then there is Mr. Bryan, who long ago formed the habit and who will continue to be an aspirant to his dying breath. Then there is Mr. Clark, who, in addition to the ordinary motives of ambition, feels that he was cheated out of the nomination last year and who holds a double grudge, one against the President and the other against Mr. Bryan. Then there is Mr. Underwood, perhaps the most sane and able of them all, who believes that he is chosen of the fates. Then there is Mr. Hearst, who misses no chance to be a candidate for any and everything and who hopes by defeating Mr. Root in New York for the senatorship next year to get himself into the direct line of presidential lightning. Then there are a dozen other little chaps of the Hobson type, whose conceit inspires hopes which have no visible support in probability.

There is a scripture which these sons of ambition would do well to heed. It recites that a house divided against itself may not stand. The Democratic house is getting very much divided against itself. This inevitably follows when the lust for individual promotion overcomes the spirit of party loyalty and devotion. And just this is happening within the Democratic party. There is too little sense of the uncertainty of the Democratic possession of the government. The feeling is too general within the party that success in 1916 is an assurance. There are too many soaring ambitions, too

many embittered hatreds, too many jealousies, too much individual scheming.

While Mr. Roosevelt rages in public under the banner of "no compromise" and intrigues in private for any arrangement which may give him a nomination in 1916, and while Governor Johnson in fainter and yet fainter tones declares for a straight Progressive programme, the leading men in all factions of Republicanism are carefully working out a plan for Republican reorganization. Leaving out Mr. Roosevelt, Governor Johnson, and Senator La Follette, there is no man of established leadership in politics who does not look to a united party in 1916. Prophecies made immediately after last year's election to the effect that Republicanism would be made to include everything of Progressivism capable of standing the tests of constitutionalism and common sense are coming true. Very notably this fact was illustrated the other day in New York, where standpatism as advocated by Mr. Barnes was voted down in a Republican conference and liberalism as advocated by Dr. Butler and others voted up. Again it was illustrated in Washington last week when Senator Cummins outlined in part the plans of a "conciliation committee" of Republicans and Progressives which hopes to bring about the holding of a National Convention early in 1914 for the purpose of revising the system of party government. "The chief issue," declared Senator Cummins last week, "is that involving the methods of selecting and seating delegates in the National Convention that nominates Republican presidential and vice-presidential candidates." There would, the senator declared, be insistence that the Republican National Committee shall no longer have the power to make up a temporary roll of delegates or to pass on the credentials of state delegates before they are seated in the convention." Senator Cummins's idea and that of the "conciliation committee" is that the primary laws in states where such laws exist shall govern the election of delegates and that in states where such laws do not exist the party authorities in each state shall pass on all contests and settle the eligibility of delegates before they go to the National Convention. In other words, the plan devised by the committee for which Senator Cummins speaks would take from the National Convention the power to determine its own membership and repose such power in the hands of state or party authority in the several states. To this plan there will be no serious objection anywhere.

The main proposal of the New York convention of last month was for reform in the matter of Southern representation, the idea being to do away with the rule under which states contributing nothing to party success, and in which party organization is chiefly a matter of mercenary enterprise, have an illegitimate authority. This proposal has the approval of such party leaders as Dr. Butler, whose strength, as we have already seen in the New York conference, was sufficient to overcome the insistence of those nominally in control of the New York state organization. In other words the dominant Republican influences in New York stand committed to a plan which promises to correct the chief grievances of those who broke away last year from the regular Republican allegiance and in anger and resentment gave support to the Bull Moose movement.

The significance of the matters above recited relates not so much to specific acceptances of proposals for change as in the spirit evident among Republican representatives to make reasonable concessions to the so-called progressive Republicans. When men are of the mind made evident in these recent conferences it is plain that there is no serious obstacle to getting together; and that the factions will get together is no a practical assurance. When men like Mr. Cum-

Dr. Butler, Mr. Root, Mr. Borah, Governor Hadley, and a hundred others who might be named are obviously eager to come together and work together under the familiar flag of essential principles held in common, it will take something more than the ravings and wailings of disappointed ambition and of embittered vanity to keep them apart.

The situation in California develops slowly. While there has been a world of talk within the Progressive organization nobody yet knows what's going to happen. Governor Johnson, whose ambitions for a presidential nomination are inordinately developed, still declares himself in favor of registration under the Progressive name. He is for regarding the new party as an established thing and for standing devotedly for it. Yet his determination is not sufficient to cause him to burn all his bridges behind him. In the end and under the pressure of his associates—and under the influence of developments at the East—he will probably attempt to reënter and capture the Republican organization. State Senator Boynton frankly declares that he will register, not as a Progressive, but as a Republican. Assemblyman Bill Scott is of the same mind. Likewise Ralph Hathorn, late Progressive candidate for district attorney; also Supervisor Byron Mauzy. There is to be a Progressive convention to consider the question, and it is a good guess that it will determine upon Republican registration under an attempt to control the party organization.

Governor Johnson has yet to determine whether his chances would be promoted by election to the Senate or reelection to the governorship. Chester Rowell of Fresno himself looks toward the Senate, and he thinks, not unnaturally, that Johnson should run for the governorship. Poor old Pardee, who has never recovered from the grouch which his failure for renomination in 1906 developed, would like to have another try at the governorship, and he, too, feels that Johnson should step aside and try for the senatorship. Lieutenant-Governor Wallace, whose ambitions are modest wishes to retain his present place, urges Johnson for the governorship because he thinks it would advance his own plans. Frank Heney, who is a hot candidate for the senatorship, is likewise a hot advocate of Johnson for the governorship. In fact everything Heney does is on the hot order. There is a widespread notion among the Progressives that Heney will not insist upon his own candidacy if Johnson goes for the senatorship, but there is no certainty as to this. In the southern part of the state, the original stronghold of Progressivism, the movement languishes. Many, if not most, of those who followed the Bull Moose intend to return to the Republican fold. Many there would like to be rid of Johnson altogether. A Progressive conference to occur some time next month will probably determine what the policy of the Progressive leaders is to be. That the leaders will be able to control the rank and file is a question which no conference can determine. It is to be remembered that repudiation of leadership is one of the fixed habits of Progressivism. Those who broke away from the Republican organization to follow the Progressive movement may now find it as easy to leave the new affiliation and return to the old.

If among the regular Republicans of California there has developed any plan or any definitely accepted candidacies we have yet to hear of it. The old leadership is out of it, and if there be any truth in man, intends to stay out of it. No army ever fails to find commanders in time of need, and in due course new leadership of the California Republicans will surely develop. And of candidates there will surely be plenty unless human nature has undergone some unaccountable change. Among names more or less banded by gossip in connection with the senatorship are those of Congressman Knowland, Congressman Needham, S. M. Shortridge, and John McNab. The name of McNab is frequently heard in connection with the governorship. But if any of these gentlemen have any plans on their own account they have thus far been reserved.

There is a general feeling among Republicans that the factions which have recently broken up the party are likely to come together; and in this prospect it is a common feeling that extremists and radicals of either faction will not be available as candidates. In the event of a reunited party it would be undiplomatic, to say the least, for anybody conspicuously affiliated with either the old or the new régime to come to the front. The time is favorable for men relatively new

—for names not too closely identified with times and things hitherto subject to criticism or dispute.

The Democratic party in California was mightily invigorated in its ambitions by last year's near-success. It has hopes, with the aid of influences centred at Washington, for next year's state campaign. Yet the situation is dominated by uncertainty and there are shrewd party leaders who distinctly see the advantage of half a loaf as compared with no bread. Democrats of this temper would be glad to see a formal or informal fusion arrangement under which conservative Democrats might combine with regular Republicans in a fusion movement in support of a state ticket made up part of Republicans, part Democrats. Such a movement, it is argued, would surely overwhelm the aggressively progressive elements of both parties and rid the state of an incubus whose weight is felt universally and as universally resented. The one hope of Progressivism, it is pointed out, is the division of opposing political forces. And in this view, it is argued, it would be wise for these forces to come together and smash the common enemy, leaving their own differences to future settlement.

Huerta Openly Dictator of Mexico.

Quite suddenly the elements of mystery in General Huerta's policy have given way to positive and aggressive action. It is now understandable why Huerta should declare himself not a candidate for the presidency in the election scheduled for the 26th instant. He plans, not to be President under a pretense of respecting the Constitution, but rather to be Dictator upon the basis of the military powers under his hand.

This is simply to play the game in the open instead of to hide behind pretense and subterfuge. And in truth it is playing the game in the only way it has ever been played successfully in Mexico and in the only way it may be played in the present state of affairs. It goes without saying that Huerta's policy is one without legal warrant; nevertheless it is the only possible policy in a country practically without law and minus the conditions upon which the integrity of law may rest.

The arrest and imprisonment of more than one hundred members of the Mexican Congress is in imitation of Colonel Pride's famous parliamentary "purge" in the Cromwellian era. It was, of course, a purely despotic act, but we suspect that it is an act tending to impress Mexico profoundly and that its effect will be to array on the side of the doer of it many wavering elements. The Mexicans, as the career of Diaz exhibited in a hundred ways, are charmed by audacity and intimidated by shows of power; and if it was Huerta's idea by a daring and spectacular act to win enthusiastic support of the army and to cow opposition, it was probably well calculated.

Under the circumstances this stroke is a distinct challenge to approval at home and abroad. It tends to assurance that there is a man on the job. It is the first indication for many months that there is strength anywhere in Mexico competent to command the situation. Madero with his scholar's ideals and his civilized methods came to disaster, making it plain that Mexico has no love for ideals and no standards which yield respect to orderly processes. What Mexico wants is a master, and here in Huerta's treatment of the Congress there is an exhibition of the strong hand not matched since the day of Diaz. It is precisely what Diaz in the same situation might have done; and no man knew Mexico better or better comprehended the forces of her peculiar civilization.

President Wilson's attitude in this crisis is of a piece with his policy of shilly-shally these several months past. Its tendency is to make the settlement of Mexican affairs as difficult as possible by urging courses impracticable or impossible and by withholding a recognition which months ago would have tended to pacify the country. The United States should long before now have given to Huerta and his régime the recognition due to a *de facto* government. This would have strengthened Huerta's hand and probably would have saved much of the confusion and bloodshed of recent months.

There can be no doubt that the strong-man system of Diaz was one of injustice at many points. It was Bismarck, we believe, who remarked that you can't make an omelette without breaking some eggs. The policy of the Diaz government in the matter of granting lands and privileges to foreigners was far too liberal for justice to the people of Mexico, far too marked by

selfishness and graft to be intrinsically worthy or honest when measured by civilized standards. It is said, and no doubt with truth, that in the dim mind of the Mexican populace there rankles a profound sense of bad usage. The spirit of revolt which springs up everywhere has no doubt within and behind it a certain definite moral basis. It is impossible not to sympathize with a people who have been exploited in the name of progress. Yet it is to be borne in mind that by these very processes of injustice civilization has gotten forward in Mexico, precisely as in other ages it made headway elsewhere. Progress in the slow movement from savagery to civilization is oftentimes hard and cruel; it exploits whole generations. Yet it seems the only way. A nation made up chiefly of savages, mongrels, and incapables can not possibly be brought to higher conditions by methods of careful regularity inspired by the ideals of abstract justice.

Before there can be equity in Mexico there must be order; and the only possible means leading up to order is the reign of some despotic but progressive power. There must be established in Mexico interests and conditions which demand security before means may be provided to sustain social order. This was the theory of Diaz. The generation which now occupies Mexico must be succeeded by another of higher intelligence and more definitely established interests before there can be dependence upon the principles of equity or the practices of moderation. The contrasted careers of Diaz and Madero drive home this hard and cruel but none the less assured truth.

In the immediate crisis the policy of the United States should be that of neutrality between factions with recognition of whatever authority is *de facto* in control of the situation. True, this in a sense would be to recognize usurpation and despotism, but since the immediate hope of Mexico lies in some usurper and despot it may as well be General Huerta as another.

Saving the Girls.

Modern benevolence seems to have adopted a sort of formula in its daily and clamorous demands for public attention and advertisement. The formula usually consists of some non-existent "problem" and then of its elaborate solution by means of a maze of new mechanism, new officials, new uniforms, and new laws.

Of this we have a recent example in the anxiety felt by some "good women of San Francisco" on behalf of the young women who will arrive in such large numbers during the exposition. "How," we are asked, "shall the unprotected girl visitor to the exposition of 1915 be protected?" The answer seems fairly obvious. She will be protected here as elsewhere throughout the world primarily by her own discretion and good manners, aided, it need hardly be said, by the arrangements that are always provided by civilized cities during times of special stress. She will be protected by her own innate prudence, by the police, and by a regular officialism that is as much a part of an exposition as buildings or statuary. If she possess neither discretion, good manners, nor prudence, she had better stay at home, since she will surely get into trouble wherever she goes.

But the obvious and the patently plain are abhorred by the fussy benevolences of the day. It seems we must have a new organization with its attendant uniforms, salaries, and criminal laws. The railroad companies must be asked to plaster their cars with solemn warnings apparently based on the theory that San Francisco is a sort of Sodom. The methods of the white slaver must be extensively advertised, presumably on the supposition that San Francisco is the peculiar haunt and habitat of a variety of criminal rarely to be found outside of an exuberant feminine imagination. Women in uniform, doubtless to be selected like the policewomen by the progressive bosses and ward heelers, are to meet trains and boats, and to imitate the uniform of these women will be a crime. And last but not least a committee of women is to decide upon a list of hotels graded according to their supposed reputation, which women of course are so well qualified to ascertain. With a desire to help forward the good work the *Argonaut* would further suggest that the same committee of women be empowered to pass upon the reputation of all the men of the city and to distribute conspicuous badges indicating their moral status. Only by such regulations as these will it be safe for the "unprotected girl visitor" to enter that sink of iniquity known as San Francisco.

What preposterous nonsense it all is. There was a time, before we were so vividly conscious of other

people's iniquities as we are now, when the maternal warning and the maternal example were considered to be a sufficient guide for the girl intent upon taking her walks abroad. And they were sufficient, amply sufficient. Now they appear to be out of date. Their place has been taken by "liberty" and by "sex equality" and by a dozen other things advocated by the same class of persons that are now so vociferous in recommending antidotes to their own poisons. If the girl visitor to the exposition has the ordinary virtue of common sense she will be as safe in San Francisco as anywhere upon earth outside of a nunnery. If she has not the virtue of common sense she will be safe nowhere. The appointment of uniformed officials in order that visitors, men and women alike, may be aided and directed is one of the normal functions of every exposition, as also is a concise public statement that all necessary information may be so obtained. Is it actually proposed that San Francisco gibbet herself before the world by public proclamations that young women must be shepherded as imbeciles are shepherded elsewhere? Is it seriously contended that we should advertise ourselves to the world as the home of white slavery where extraordinary measures must be taken to protect our guests against the lures of the underworld? Surely the "good women of San Francisco" can get their names and their pictures in the newspapers in less mischievous ways than this.

The story that 6000 girls were "lost" at the Chicago exposition is mere moonshine, as are most of the stories of white slavery. We all know these "lost" girls whose disappearance is trumpeted through the press by scare headlines and who are subsequently shown to have done no more than claim their "liberty" and "independence" by breaking the hearts of their relatives. We have had more than our share of these girls, and we are tired of them. A number of feather-headed girls—and boys—are naturally attracted to all expositions, and they have their own reasons, relatively innocent ones, for getting "lost." But no girl with common sense and discretion will be "lost" in San Francisco. And as for the other sort, they will continue to be "lost" now and then wherever they may be, even though all the women politicians in the country shall consent to wear uniforms and accept salaries for saving them.

Waste of Talent.

Forbes-Robertson, now duly created a "Sir," comes in for a word of high appreciation at the hands of that very discriminating commentator, the New York *Evening Post*. "The greatest of living actors on the Anglo-Saxon stage," is the *Post's* summary; and it does not go too far. "But," adds the *Post*, "it is a sign of the master that he does even the smallest thing well, and Forbes-Robertson invested the artificial and wooden rôle of the Stranger [in "The Third Floor Back"] with poetic grace and dignity. Yet on the whole the world probably lost more than it has gained by the years that our most eminent tragedian was compelled to spend away from his proper field."

This comment might very properly be paraphrased in application to Miss Maude Adams and the distinctly poor stuff of "Peter Pan." We say poor stuff because as compared with the work which Miss Adams is quite competent to do it is as nursery rhyming to the declamations of Portia. "Peter Pan" is mere entertainment for children; it is no meat for maturity and large-mindedness. It pays, therefore Miss Adams must needs play it, since the stage of our day is first of all a business enterprise. Just the same it is a tremendous waste of talent when the greatest mistress of refined comedy of the day must year in and year out leave undone the work she is fitted to do and remumble the trivialities of "Peter Pan."

There ought to be somewhere in the world of the stage mediocre actors who would do for plays like "The Third Floor Back" and "Peter Pan" all that is possible to be done with them. It is worthy work and would become those who may do not better. But it is pitiful that to the work of rehearsing these merely minor things the really gifted, therefore the rare ones, of the dramatic profession must devote and belittle their powers.

An Exploded Bugaboo.

Far more important than the blowing up of the Gamboa dyke on Friday last is the demonstration of recent events that the canal is practically immune from earthquake hazard. Ever since work on the canal was begun seriously there has been an undertone of apprehension due to the fact that the Zone is within a region subject to earthquakes. Engineers

of reputation have not hesitated to declare that at any hour the work of years may be undone by a convulsion of nature. Mr. P. W. Chamberlain of the American Society of Civil Engineers declared ten years ago that "the Panama route is located over a boiler that has no safety valve." In the face of this dismal prophecy comes the severest earthquake of record followed by quakes of less magnitude leaving the canal unharmed. The fact is a striking demonstration of the value of concrete construction in an earthquake country, likewise a demonstration of the excellence of the work done by the army engineers at Panama. San Francisco's experience under a similar visitation in connection with the Panama incident tends to assurance. The Crystal Springs dam near San Mateo, which restrains the waters of the series of lakes which supply San Francisco with water, did not suffer the slightest damage in her earthquake of 1906. Iron and steel pipes built over swampy or "made" ground did indeed yield. But constructions of concrete—notably the dam above mentioned—stood firm as the eternal hills. None of the work at Panama is upon "made" ground. The work has chiefly been that of excavation and the concrete construction has everywhere a natural and therefore a tolerably solid foundation. In the light of recent experience the only danger to the canal anticipated on the score of earthquake disturbance is that of slides, and damage from this source will be easily repaired. The earthquake bugaboo at Panama turns out a mere bugaboo like many another of the terrible things more terrible in prospect than in reality.

Governor Sulzer and the Recall.

Mr. Roosevelt's peculiar capacity for a recklessness of speech that comes perilously close to mendacity was well illustrated in his recent speech to the Progressive convention at Rochester. Speaking of the Sulzer impeachment in New York, he said: "I ask you whether you prefer the recall exercised by the people themselves at the polls or the recall exercised by Mr. Murphy at the end of the telephone."

Never was there a more flagrant case of false suggestion. If Governor Sulzer should be removed from office it will not be by the recall, whether exercised by Mr. Murphy or by any one else. He will be removed by the legislature of the State of New York, aided by an array of the most eminent judges to be found anywhere in the East. He will be removed after an elaborate hearing in which he has been represented by counsel of his own choice, and after a prolonged sifting of evidence in the full light of day by men who are directly answerable to the public for their actions. To describe such proceedings as "the recall exercised by Mr. Murphy at the end of the telephone" is a gross parody of the facts, a parody that may be explained, but that is certainly not excused, by the mental incapacities of a Progressive audience. But to compare such proceedings to their disadvantage with "the recall exercised by the people themselves at the polls" is still more inexcusable. Does any such recall permit of defense, of the submission of evidence, of the aid of counsel, of any one of the guaranties of justice of which Mr. Sulzer has availed himself? Of course it does not, and Mr. Roosevelt knows that it does not. He knows that the recall is in most cases a furtive stab in the back, with the ballot-box to cover the crime and to protect the criminal.

Editorial Notes.

Emotionalism is evidently to have its innings at the Preston Reform School, which is hereafter to be known as the Preston School Republic. Precisely what virtue there may be in a change of name is not apparent. A reform school is not a republic. By no stretch of the imagination can it become one. So far as it fills its functions as a reform school it must be the very antithesis of a republic and of everything implied by that word. But since there seems to be some peculiar excellence in calling things by terms that are patently inappropriate why not extend the system to other institutions that are still laboring under the burden of their right names? Let us abolish the refuge for fallen women and call it the Home of Virtue. Instead of the old-fashioned jail we can have the Earthly Paradise, and the lunatic asylum can be rechristened the Academy or the Athenæum. Then, having duly and properly buried our silly heads in the sand, we can rejoice even more loudly than we do now at the final extinction of evil.

Eighty per cent of cotton cloth in the United States is made in six states in New England and the South.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Sham at The Hague.

BERKELEY, CAL., October 14, 1913.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: The *Argonaut* is usually so fair and reasonable that it was a distinct surprise and a matter of deep regret to the writer to find in your issue for September 20th the editorial entitled "The Sham at The Hague."

It was no small thing for twenty-six nations to meet in 1899 in friendly conference for two and a half months. That conference did so well that one of our ablest lawyers (the late Frederick W. Holls of New York) said the results of its deliberations "might well be called the Magna Charta of international law." It was a still more inspiring and significant thing when in 1907 forty-four nations, or practically the entire civilized world, sat in friendly counsel for four months and three days, or more than one-third of an entire year. Moreover, the fourteen important and unanimous agreements, emphasizing the good points of the first conference and adding thereto and perfecting them, give additional hope and confidence that these conferences have done some notable things in human history.

General Daggett, U. S. A., said to a cultured Boston audience that "the greatest event of the nineteenth century was not Austerlitz nor Waterloo nor even Gettysburg, but The Hague Convention" (1899). In addition to this opinion from one who had seen service in our Civil War, in Cuba, and in China, we have the opinions of such wise men in international law and diplomacy as the Hon. David Jayne Hill, ex-ambassador to Germany; the Hon. Joseph Choate, former ambassador to England; the Hon. John W. Foster, ex-Secretary of State and leading American diplomatist; the Hon. Elihu Root, one of our greatest Secretaries of State, and the Hon. John Bassett Moore, the present Assistant Secretary of State, and perhaps our leading authority on international law—all testifying to the great value of The Hague Conferences. And we can name at random such distinguished jurists and diplomatists across the Atlantic as the Hon. James Bryce and Lord Haldane of England, Baron d'Estournelles de Constant of France, Count Albert Apponyi of Hungary, who with many others give their hearty approval of The Hague Conferences and their beneficial results.

And if I am rightly informed the twelve important cases already settled by The Hague Tribunal of Arbitration since it was organized, April 9, 1901, show a better record than that of our own Supreme Court of the United States in its first twelve years of its existence.

Very respectfully yours, ROBERT C. ROOT,
Secretary Northern California Peace Society.

[The opinions expressed by the *Argonaut* are similar to those of the leading organs of European public opinion, including the London *Times* and *Standard*. That a number of eminent men have expressed approval of the principle of The Hague conferences in no way invalidates the fact that the first of these conferences was the prelude to one of the greatest war cycles in history, a cycle that still continues, and that Europe at this moment presents the spectacle of a vast military camp already of an unprecedented size and now being enlarged by the equally unprecedented military activities of the whole Continent.—ED. ARGONAUT.]

WASHINGTON LETTER.

Why "Class Legislation" Commands Support at Washington—Some Sample Measures.

WASHINGTON, October 13, 1913.

There are times in Washington when one comes to the conclusion that class legislation has a decided fascination for members of Congress. The vote-getting is one of the chief concerns of the members of the House and Senate. When William B. Wilson, now Secretary of Labor, was in the House of Representatives he represented a district in Pennsylvania chiefly populated by coal mines. He was the head of a labor union, and was made chairman of the House Committee on Labor largely for the purpose of appeasing the workmen.

One of the greatest strokes ever made by Wilson was when he drafted a provision in the Sundry Civil bill which stipulated that no part of the appropriation should be used for prosecutions under the Sherman law so far as labor unions or farmers' granges were concerned. The appropriations for prosecution under the Sherman law might be used to put capitalists in jail, or to crush a trust of manufacturers, but could not be used to prosecute a labor union, no matter what it might do.

This was class legislation, pure and simple. But the House turned in and voted for it with a whoop. Very few members had the courage to vote against it, for it would mean the enmity of labor unions in the various districts. In the Senate men like Root of New York raised their voices against the provision, but a majority of the members carried it through. President Taft vetoed the bill, but President Wilson, more anxious to placate the labor men, let the thing go through.

The liquor question is another issue which makes cowards in Congress. Not long ago the Anti-Saloon League of Washington advocated a bill to close up about half the saloons in the district; prohibit the sale of liquor with meals on Sunday, and even to close the bars of the clubs, including the fashionable Metropolitan, the Army and Navy, and other similar establishments where diplomats and other officials foregather.

On the face of it the bill was a violation of individual rights. There should be no more objection to a man drinking in his own club than in his own home. Moreover, there are so many foreign visitors in Washington that such a law as this would make the United States the laughing stock of the world, being in line with Secretary Bryan's grange-diplomacy. Members of Congress from the South, however, did not dare to vote against the bill. Most of them knew it was wrong; most of them like to take a drink themselves, but they were afraid of the temperance fanatics in their districts. The residents of the District of Columbia may have some rights, but they are always sidetracked when they conflict with the wishes of the

"folks back home." Consequently, when the bill came to a vote, it was passed overwhelmingly. It meant that many members of the House would be influenced and that a great hardship would be inflicted upon visitors to the capital, but the sole question was what the fanatics in the South would say, and all doubts were resolved against the interests of the capital.

Ostensibly the members of the House are against class legislation, but the chief test to which any measure is put is whether it will offend a certain class of voters. When the immigration bill was up last year the representatives of foreign districts voted almost to a man to let in immigrants of all kinds and description, while the representatives of districts largely populated by American working men advocated increased restrictions. The general welfare of the country did not figure to any great extent. The sole question was whether the bill would offend this class or that class.

Another bogie is the farmers' vote. On the tariff the Democrats put themselves between the devil and the deep blue sea; on the one side the city men were struggling for a reduction in the cost of living and hence demanded the free listing of all agricultural products. The representatives from rural districts on the other side wanted protection for the farmers. The result was that a compromise had to be made to get the bill through.

Now that the currency bill is the chief issue before Congress there is a revival of the old struggle between cities and the country districts. Representatives of the former are thinking solely of the business man, who usually influences a great many votes. The representatives of the rural districts who hold their office by virtue of the favor of the farmers are naturally thinking exclusively of country banks and the financing of the crop transportation.

For a long time it seemed as though the farmer had been forgotten in the currency bill. Up bobbed Robert L. Henry of Texas, however, with a fine plea for the farmer. As chairman of the Committee on Rules he was in an excellent position to demand a great deal, and he seemed to realize this, because what he asked for was rather extravagant. He wanted a special kind of currency issued on the basis of wheat, corn, and cotton placed by the farmer in warehouses, thus enabling them to have their crops and the money, too. Not being pressed for ready capital they could then keep their crops in storage indefinitely until prices ascended and they made the kind of profits dear to the heart of the monopolist.

This, however, was a little bit too strong for the Democratic caucus, and the bill finally went through without the provision that Henry wanted inserted. Over on the Senate side, however, the fight has been resumed in definite form. Senator O'Gorman of New York wants a people's bank which shall have control of several hundred millions of dollars which can be distributed when and where it may be needed. He wants the people generally to be stockholders in this bank and the whole money system controlled by it. The fact that the citizens generally would be stockholders is what distinguishes this plan from the Aldrich central bank scheme, which is an anathema to the Democrats, chiefly for the reason that Aldrich's name is attached to it.

All in all, President Wilson is having his hands full on the currency. It was announced informally at the White House that in view of the apparent desire of the members of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee to delay action, the President might be forced to draw the lines of battle very sharply and go to the country on the issue. His plan would have been to go into the states represented by senators who are opposing the bill and rouse the people to resentment.

Apparently, however, the President has backed down and is going to try moral suasion applied directly to the senators themselves. If it were not for the fact that some of the members are trying to please the bankers, while others are thinking of the small business men's vote, others of the workingmen's vote, and others of the farmers' vote, the currency bill probably would have passed several weeks ago.

Aside from the currency, the biggest problem President Wilson has had submitted to him recently is the amendment made by the Senate in the urgent deficiency bill exempting deputy marshals and deputy collectors of internal revenue from the civil service law. The explanation of this exemption as given by the leaders in Congress is that United States marshals and collectors of internal revenue are compelled to give bond for the honesty of their deputies. It is not considered fair that they should be made financially responsible for deputies forced upon them by the civil service commission. Therefore it is held that they should select their own men, for whose honesty they can personally vouch. Nevertheless there is a joker in the amendment which has become apparent to the civil service commission. As worded by the Senate, the provision permits the transfer of employees in the internal revenue office to other places covered by the civil service. This would enable the politicians to get their henchmen covered into the civil service by first having them appointed without an examination as revenue collectors and then getting them transferred to some other office covered by civil service, simultaneously making way for another henchman in the revenue office. The procedure could be continued until the whole government service was packed with Democrats.

PRENTICE ARMSTRONG.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Some of the suits that are argued before the native courts of India and submitted afterwards for British approval must place a severe strain on the judicial temperament. A recent law report tells us that a spiritual teacher imparted to one of his pupils an incantation guaranteed to be effective against snake-bites. The trusting pupil took a snake in his hands, was bitten, and died. The teacher was thereupon sued for damages, but the council of elders who heard the case decided that justice would be met by a sentence of two months' imprisonment and refused to order damages on the ground first that the mullah had taught the incantation in good faith, secondly that the pupil had been advised by others not to rely too implicitly on the incantation, and thirdly that he was predestined to die by snake-bite in any case. The mullah, on the other hand, deserved to be punished because he ought to have known that an incantation loses its power if it is sold for money, and also that some snakes are contemptuous of incantations. The verdict is now to be submitted to the British resident for approval and confirmation, but it seems to be a good verdict. Every intelligent mullah ought to know the impropriety of taking money for an incantation, and he ought also to be aware that there are some kinds of snakes that are curiously insensitive to incantations. Even those who are not mullahs are aware of these things.

The son of Louis Agassiz, who has just written a book about his distinguished father, has some good stories to tell of the elder man's courage and temper. During his first return to Germany he had occasion to resent the behavior of a restaurant waiter who was neglecting every one else in favor of some army officers who were seated at another table. One of the officers defended the waiter. "Agassiz remarked that he was not speaking to him; the officer banded Agassiz his card; the latter tore it up; the officer started to draw his sword, but before he could get it out of the scabbard Agassiz knocked him down with a chair." Another story relates to the life of the great scientist in America. A few years before his death he came into his house in Cambridge delighted with an occurrence he had just seen in Boston. An automobile pushing through the crowd had knocked down a woman. Her escort proceeded to pummel the chauffeur. "But why," asked the listener, "didn't the owner come to his chauffeur's assistance?" "Oh," exclaimed Agassiz, "I was holding him."

Even the doctors are beginning to ridicule our health laws. Dr. Frederick R. Green, secretary of the council on health and public instruction of the American Medical Association, writing in the *Survey Press Bureau*, says that about a thousand laws were proposed in the various legislatures last winter, most of them hastily and carelessly drafted, and framed and advocated by men or organizations with no real knowledge of the particular situation or its needs. Dr. Green points out further that there is a fashion in health legislation and that there is always some prevailing fad that commands the attention of the moment. Two years ago it was the abolition of roller towels and common drinking cups. Now it is the sterilization of criminals, and the regulation of marriage. The actual situation from the standpoint of fact is never considered at all. We are told of a Western state with a sparse and scattered population, few large towns, a single penitentiary, an insane asylum with few inmates, and no public health organization worth mentioning, where the legislature considered a bill for the sterilization of criminals, not because there was any need for such a law, but simply in order to keep in line with other states, in other words to follow the fashion. The freak is everywhere allowed to have his own way in matters of health legislation, it need hardly be said without the slightest effect upon health, but with a very decided effect in the restraint of liberties and in the production of contempt for law.

Mr. Bryan has delivered a free lecture at Purcellville, Virginia, and the newspapers seem to think that it was well worth it.

A short time ago we were told authoritatively that radium has no value in the treatment of cancer. Now we learn that the German authorities are buying the whole available supply for this very purpose, and German medical practice is of the severely conservative kind. Over a million dollars has been voted by various German municipalities for the purchase of radium, and this is about the value of the whole existing supply. Radium can not now be bought either in Paris or London. It seems that there is another product similar to radium and with the same medical value. It is called mesothorium and its price is only \$50,000 per gram. It is said that the Austrian government has a practical monopoly on both radium and mesothorium.

The recent scientific baby contests in New York and elsewhere disclosed the interesting fact that the prize-winners usually belonged to very poor parents who had broken every law of eugenics, of heredity, and of hygiene. Now comes a similar report from Japan. The children of the primary schools in Tokyo have been medically examined with the result that the babies from the middle and lower elements of the population were of superior development to the others. Thus do we find a further example of the constant war between theory and fact. It is the eugenically paired couples who hate each other with a fervor unusual even in the married state, and it is the hygienic and germ-proof babies who are so loved by the gods that they die young.

The dimensions of the Ulster rebellion so confidently predicted on the final passage of the Home Rule bill seem to wilt in the cold light of statistics. Sir Edward Carson says that 170,000 men are ready for the field and eager to die in

the last ditch and to do all the other things that have been so often promised. Now according to the 1911 census there are only 242,627 men and boys of a suitable age in the whole of Ulster. But more than half of Ulster is Catholic, and this means a serious diminution of Sir Edward Carson's estimate. Moreover, a large number of Protestants are also Home-Rulers, which means another large deduction. At least 100,000 of these Protestant or non-Catholic Ulstermen are known to have refused to sign the "Covenant" of last year, so that if Sir Edward Carson has actually got 170,000 men ready for war's alarms it is hard to understand where he keeps them. But there will be no rebellion in Ulster, at least no rebellion beyond the control of a few active policemen.

Readers of Plato's Republic and of the laws of Solon will be aware that our pure food laws and income-tax laws are but another example of the repetitions of history. The lot of the adulterator would have been a hard one in the Platonic state. An adulterated article might be taken by any one without payment and the vendors to be whipped according to a graduated scale determined by the amount of the adulteration. Moreover, their offenses were to be publicly proclaimed so that future customers might be warned. Solon actually established an income tax and this, too, was on a graduated scale, but there is nothing to show how he guarded against a false declaration. These are but examples of an extraordinary similarity between the problems of antiquity and those of the present day. In fact there is hardly a public question now agitating the public mind that has not been debated again and again in the course of history. In fact the various civilizations of the world have a strong resemblance to the schoolboy who has failed of promotion and who is now forced to labor once more at the old curriculum and again to attempt to solve the problems that baffled him before. Woman suffrage, the recall, the referendum, the income tax, free education, immigration, the currency, and the trusts are as old as the hills, a fact that might well give pause to the vacuous enthusiasts who are prepared to settle any or all of them at a day's notice.

Dr. Lowell's address to the incoming class at Harvard revealed an astonishing conception of a day's work adequate to the needs of the modern student. The day, he said, should be divided between six hours for work, eight hours for sleep, three hours for meals, and seven hours for miscellaneous pursuits. Suppressing our wonder at an allotment of three hours for meals, we may ask if six hours' work out of twenty-four has ever yet been enough to secure success in any branch of human attainment. Dr. Lowell seems to forget that the parents of many of those who heard him are accustomed to work for twelve and fifteen hours a day in order that their sons may have an educational opportunity which apparently consists of mere idling and trifling. No man ever yet acquired an education in six hours a day or ever will.

The *Ohio State Journal* observes: "Prominent residents of this garden spot of the world who don't have time to go down to New York and loaf around the tough cafés can subscribe to the new *Harper's Weekly* and look at the pictures."

The ethics of the theatre and the right of an audience to hiss an objectionable play are now under discussion in London in reference to the failure of Mr. J. M. Barrie's new drama. A correspondent of the *Evening Standard* says that his favorite case of the dramatic conscience is the one furnished by Professor Brander Matthews, the American dramatic critic. Mr. Matthews was once presented by a playwright with a complimentary ticket, which he used. At the end of the first act there was a chilly silence among the audience, but Mr. Matthews applauded as in duty bound. At the end of the second act the audience hissed, while Mr. Matthews kept a troubled silence. At the end of the third act Mr. Matthews went out and paid for his seat and came back and hissed with the rest.

It could hardly be considered as a simplification of the Thaw tangle if the Washington authorities should be persuaded to demand from Canada an explanation of the summary proceedings by which Thaw was returned to the land of his birth. But a petition to this effect has been sent to Washington and is now "under consideration."

The Society of Public Utility for Women, which appears to be a Swiss organization, is demanding a law that shall make it compulsory for all young women to undergo a medical examination before marriage. The examination may be conducted at any time when the marriageable age has been reached and irrespective of matrimonial intention. The young woman then becomes "certificated," and doubtless the possession of a diploma is expected to act as an incentive to such men as may be hesitating on the perilous brink. We do not know how the brave men of Switzerland may feel about such matters, but speaking from within the restricted circle of personal experience we may reasonably suppose that they will seek their wives from other countries, where there is a sane recognition that the true wifely virtues are not ascertainable by medical inspection and where the horrid methods of the slave block and the stock yard have not yet found favor. But it is disappointing to find that these hygienic rabies have found a lodgment in Switzerland.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

Firemen in Amsterdam have little idle time. Many of them are skilled workmen. Every station has its own workshop, where all repairs are made, and where automobiles are built, except as to the chassis. Amsterdam was one of the first cities to put motor apparatus into use in the fire department.

THE PATENT FUEL MYSTERY.

In Which Sharp Practice Meets a Master Hand.

"It seems like a good thing," admitted Studley, but he spoke like a man who is not fully convinced.

"It iss a goot t'ing!" declared the junior partner, and he spoke like a man who not only is fully convinced, but who is prepared to do battle for his convictions. "Aint dat so, Dan?"

"Sure! it's a gold mine," rumbled the senior partner, and he spoke like a man who is feeling rather bored at having to argue over an axiom.

"Or a gold brick—I wonder which?" thought Studley, still dubious; but he didn't say it.

"Vell, den, v'y aint it a deal yet?" demanded the junior partner, after a short silence. "Vat's de matter anyhow, Meester Studley?"

Studley did not reply to this last question. If he had been put on oath he would have been forced to confess that Messrs. Hurley & Hambro were the matter. The "fuel factory" they were trying hard to sell him looked all right and the price was reasonable, but somehow he did not warm toward Hurley & Hambro.

"I didn't say anything was the matter," Studley felt obliged to reply finally. "It looks all right, but—"

"But *vat*?" queried Hambro, who, with all the patience that his race has had to cultivate through centuries, perhaps found it becoming rather worn out. "In heaffen's name, Meester Studley, vat more could you vant? You see de fecktory from top to bottom, you see us make de stuff, you see it burn, you see de nice, elegant beeg orders on our books, you see effery single t'ing you ask to see, or dat ve could show you; and ve put de price down onto de bed-rock; now v'y aint you soddissid, eh?"

Studley was secretly a little ashamed of his hesitation; seldom did he permit himself any such weakness. A sort of free-lance operator, he stood ready to buy or sell anything, from a tract of timber on Hudson's Bay to a trolley franchise in Patagonia, and he had always prided himself on his quick decisions. "It's a go!" or "Nothing doing!" were two of his favorite phrases, and one or the other was pretty sure to follow any proposal advanced to him by a would-be seller or buyer.

"I don't say I'm not satisfied," he protested, though not very emphatically, "but I must have a little more time to think the thing over."

Hambro shrugged his shoulders and cast at Hurley a glance in which exasperation was hardly dissembled. The big man, however, remained impassive, evidently considering his partner quite capable of handling the affair without his active help.

"How much more time should you vant?" asked Hambro, exercising visible forbearance.

"Twenty-four hours," Studley replied, with something of his customary snap. "Meet me here tomorrow evening and you shall have my decision."

"Oh, vell, all right," agreed Hambro; "but you understand, Meester Studley, you take your risks. Ve haf had odder offers and maybe ve might get a better vun tomorrow. In such a case you should stand to lose it de chance, see?"

"That is understood, of course," returned Studley, calling what he felt fairly sure was a bluff.

Hurley and Hambro departed, and by and by, after some uneasy cogitation, Studley went out to walk. He was obliged to confess himself completely nonplussed. Never before had he been quite so much at a loss how to act.

The business which he had come to town with the idea of purchasing was a plant and a process for manufacturing briquettes. The briquettes were made by utilizing such waste products as coal-dust, sawdust, and petroleum refuse. As a "binder" there was an ingredient the nature of which would be divulged only after purchase. He had seen the briquettes mixed and finished off, and he had tested them as fuel. He had gone through the factory and looked everywhere at everything, and all seemed to be as fair and square as possible. The reason given for the desire to sell was that they hadn't the capital to swing the business; that it was not in their line; that they had taken it on speculation, and now preferred to unload it at a sacrifice rather than lose still more. And now as he was walking slowly along debating the question, "To buy, or not to buy?" with little prospect of reaching a decision, he was aroused from his self-communings by some one who was persistently keeping pace with him almost at his elbow.

"The shades of night were falling fast, the stars began to blink; I heard a voice, it seemed to say, 'Drink, pretty creature, drink!'"

The speaker certainly did not answer to his own description of "pretty creature." He was shabby and unshaven and his face showed symptoms of a too free indulgence in the cup that cheers and also inebriates; yet Studley guessed he might be a shade better than the common "bum." He looked at Studley with an impudent leer which was rather engaging, or enough so to cause that gentleman, instead of rebuffing him, to ask good-naturedly: "Thirsty, are you?"

"Thirsty!" echoed the shabby one, "why, I've got a thirst in me that reaches all the way up and down, through front and back, and a yard out at both sides. Oh, yes, I'm thirsty all right."

"Well, come to think of it, so am I, and I dislike to drink alone," said Studley, yielding to a sudden impulse to distract his thoughts awhile in the society of this not wholly unprepossessing reprobate. "If you know of a near-by fount you might lead me to it."

"Blindfold if necessary," was the joyous response. "Watch yourself being personally conducted."

"Friend, your ministrations are doing me good," remarked the shabby man with a contented sigh, after his entertainer had thrice given an order for the cool, amber liquid drawn from the wood. "I wouldn't have you suppose, though," he half apologized, "that I'm in the habit of inviting myself to drink this way with anybody who—"

"Oh, that's all right," interposed the host; "pray don't mention it."

"Thanks! Consider it not mentioned," consented the guest easily. "Fact is I'm short of cash at the moment. You mightn't think it, but I've seen better days. I kept servants once. I had an inside man, as the cannibal said when he had eaten the missionary. 'Confidentially, friend'—the speaker leaned forward and lowered his voice—"I am by profession a chemistry sharp, Jackson Jervis, B. S., Harvard, with a Heidelberg Ph. D. added for good measure. But the B. S. began long ago to mean brandy and soda, and the Ph. D. got to meaning full of drink, so—" He broke off with a reckless laugh, then resumed: "I was a promising youth, but I didn't perform—continuously. I used to be with a big Pittsburgh concern and they paid me a salary in five figures. I was worth every cent of it to 'em, too. But finally they got peeved because I liked to take a day off now and then sort of impromptu, as it were. I couldn't help it; it runs in our family; there's been at least one soaker in every generation since Noah. Well, that explained, but it didn't excuse, and I got fired. However, I'm a man of ideas; I have a new one every week or oftener, and I sell 'em—not for anything like what they are worth, because it's usually a forced sale, as you might say, and when the thirst is on me I'm glad to take whatever I can get. Last time, though, with one of my very best I got shamefully buncoed. I jostled up against a combination in this little old burg that beat me—a Hibernian and a Hebrew, crooks both of 'em, if I am a judge."

Studley began suddenly to sit up and take notice. Without letting the other guess what had awakened his interest, he remarked: "They trimmed you, I infer."

"Right down to the stubble. (Thanks! I don't care if I do.) I'll tell you about it. I had perfected a process for making a patent fuel, and I sold it to these sculpins for what I thought a fair price. They paid me a small advance, and that's all I ever got out of it—except the promise of some stock that was never issued in a company that was never organized."

"Haddn't you any redress?" asked the now greatly interested listener, as the narrator stopped to bury his nose in his beer glass.

Jackson Jervis chuckled. "I have the satisfaction of knowing that they are sicker of the bargain now than I am," he replied.

"How is that?" queried Studley, gripping by main strength his air of being no more than politely interested.

"When you're playing with sharpers," was the impressive reply, "it's just as well to keep a card up your sleeve. I didn't warm to that pair over much, and I was inspired to take precautions. When I gave them the formula for my process I didn't give them quite all of it. One little omission, seemingly unimportant, has turned out to make all the difference between a brilliant success and a dismal failure."

Jervis grinned as he said this. A moment later he slapped his knee and broke into a chuckling laugh. "Say," he continued, "if there's any one thing more than another that makes those guys sick it is to wake up in the night and hear an alarm from box 23."

"Eh! why so?"

"It's the box on their factory, and they have heart failure when it rings," Jervis added, but declined to explain further.

"Do you intend now to sell these parties the rest of your secret—on your own terms?" inquired Studley, after a moment.

"Not much!" replied Jervis, emphatically and somewhat vindictively; "they aren't going to make a fortune with my help. Beside which," he explained, with a return of his grin, "you can't get juice from a squeezed lemon. They have spent their last cent, and the last cent they can raise in trying to boost the business to a success, and unless they can unload on some unsuspecting innocent they'll be in bankruptcy or in hiding before the end of another month."

"Oho! ha! ha!" Studley forced a laugh as he felt the warm blood rising to his cheeks. Here was something valuable, or could be made so if taken advantage of properly.

"Mr. Jervis," he said, in his frankest manner and with his most engaging smile, "it must have been kind fate—kind to you and kind to me—that brought about this meeting. May I have with you a little business talk which I think will result to our common advantage?"

"Friend," responded the chemist, with preternatural solemnity, "you were the means of getting me to this life-saving station and resuscitating me; of a dessicated mummy you have made a man; you may have anything I possess."

Their "talk" was long and interesting, and in the end it led them to the quarters of a firm of famous chemists, where, after Jervis's formula had been critically examined and a great many questions asked and answered, the discovery was pronounced of the utmost importance as a commercial proposition, being in its entirety not only surprisingly simple, but feasible from

every viewpoint. Then certain legal papers between one Studley and Jackson Jervis were drawn up, signed and sworn to before a notary, and the promoter was ready to meet the precious pair at their own game.

Next morning, after a late and leisurely breakfast, Studley rang up Hurley & Hambro on the telephone. "I've decided to take your factory," he told Hambro, who responded to his call. "Be here at ten sharp and we'll close the deal."

"Goot!" cried the little man, so elated that he failed to cover the transmitter as he said to his partner in an exultant aside: "Say, Dan, ve've landed de sucker!" "Glory be! 'tis the foineest taste av wor-r-rk ye ivver done, Ikey, me b'y!"

The unsuspected auditor of this heart-to-heart confidence chuckled as he softly hung up the receiver.

The big Celt and his little companion were punctual to the appointment, even a little previous. Studley met them with a smile and began briskly: "Well, gentlemen, I'm going to take the factory at your price—"

"Meester Studley, you got it sense!" broke in Hambro fervently.

"I hope so," was the dry response. "Yes, I'll buy it for cash down at your price—less a discount of 40 per cent."

"*Vat*! Vat de tefel you should mean it 40 per cent discount?" Hambro's voice rose to a squeak, while his semi-somnolent partner's eyes suddenly opened with an angry glare. "Vat for you should talk it such foolishness?" he asked, recovering himself enough to force a laugh. "Forty per cent! It iss ruination! You vas joking!"

"Not at all!" contradicted Studley. "I mean it. I must have 40 per cent off for the risk I'm taking—either that or no deal."

"Risk! Vat risk iss he talking about?" queried the little Jew, looking at the big Irishman, who shook his head in feigned bewilderment.

"I can't tell you anything about risks that you don't already know," remarked Studley, drawing from his pocket a big wad of bills, the sight of which took immediate effect. "Well, what's the decision, gentlemen?"

"I—ve—you are too hard on us, Mr. Studley," began Hambro, when there arose a sound that caused both him and his associate to lose color visibly.

One—two! One—two—three! An alarm of fire!

"Twenty-three!" announced Studley. "Your factory's afire again perhaps," he suggested maliciously. "See here, I'll be a sport and gamble with you on it. I'll take the factory right now, and if it burns up I lose; if not—" He shrugged his shoulders and began to peel one-hundred-dollar bills from his roll.

"Say, Ikey," eagerly spoke up Hurley, greedy eyes on the money. "Maybe we might come to terms by compromise!" wid Misher Studley somehow. "He was plainly feverishly anxious."

"Split de difference and make it dwenty per cent," snapped Hambro, his words fairly clogging his throat in his eagerness to say it all in a mouthful, as the alarm sounded again. His beady eyes were fixed with a frightened gaze on Studley's. "By Got, I show you I can also take a sporting chance!"

"You're on," Studley came back lightning quick, yet easily, with a quiet little laugh. "Sign this arreement," and he drew a paper from his pocket and placed a fountain pen in Hambro's willing hand. "I had this drawn up ready for your signatures." The partners set their names to the document as fast as pen could travel over the paper, and the promoter and his roll of bills were separated.

"Did I pull box 23 at the proper moment?" asked Jervis an hour or so later. "Good! The engineer, who is a friend of mine, faked a smudge in the boiler-room, and nobody but ourselves will ever get wise to the game."

One day, several months later, Studley was standing in front of the factory when a man crossed from the opposite corner and rather hesitatingly accosted him. "Goot morning, Meester Studley," he said; "how iss peezniss mit you?"

"Fine, Mr. Hambro," was the answer, with a broad smile; "we're thinking of running a night shift to catch up with our orders."

"Iss—iss dat so?" was Hambro's somewhat dazed response. "You deliver de orders right along and you don't git no—no kick from de customers, eh? And no fires?"

"Kick! nary! Duplicate orders by return mail is what we get. Why, man, we can't give 'em the stuff half fast enough; they're down on their knees begging for it. That fuel is more than satisfactory, they tell us, and we're simply coining money."

"Iss dat so? Mine gracious, iss dat so?" Hambro muttered feebly.

Studley eyed him with secret amusement, then said suddenly: "Hambro, you remind me of the man who was so sharp he cut himself fatally and bled to death. If you had treated that poor devil of a chemist on the level you would have got from him the rest of the formula—cure for that spontaneous combustion that bothered you so much and made you so anxious to unload a hoodoo on me."

At this moment a clear-eyed, well-groomed young man appeared in the doorway, and Studley said: "My partner, Hambro; I think you've met before."

The little man's jaw dropped as his abashed yet fascinated gaze met the mocking smile of Jackson Jervis, B. S., Ph. D.

FRANK M. RICKNELL.

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1913.

"LLOYD'S LIST" REDIVIVUS.

An Excursion into the Byways of London Journalism.

Several of the most valuable of the London newspapers are quite unknown to the man in the street. That statement is intentionally exclusive of trade publications, which naturally appeal only to the baker and candlestick maker and the like. The periodicals referred to have a long ancestry, a considerable circulation, an enviable advertising revenue, and are the gospel of their regular readers. There is the *City Press*, for example, now in its fifty-sixth year, a weekly organ specially devoted to matters appertaining to "the city" and greatly beloved by those whose business avocations are confined within the limits of what was London town in the olden days. It is distinguished, too, for its admirable historical and antiquarian articles, yet there are countless thousands of Londoners who never saw a copy in their lives. Then there is the *Morning Advertiser*, with the most sedate-looking office on Fleet Street and the reputation of having been edited by a one-time popular novelist. Although a daily, and with nearly a hundred and twenty years of history behind it, it may be doubted whether any save "licensed victualers" are aware of its existence. For it is the organ of the publicans, and though excellent as a newspaper has never catered for a popular circulation.

Valuable properties though the foregoing are it may be questioned whether the *Shipping and Mercantile Gazette* has any rival among the specialized periodicals of the British capital as a money-earner. Its countless small advertisements, each decorated with a tiny picture of a ship in full sail, must alone represent a large income. For more than seventy years, too, the *Gazette* has had the valuable privilege of incorporating in its pages the *Lloyd's List*, which is world-famous among those who either go down to the sea in ships or are practically interested in the business of the great waters. That privilege, however, is soon to be withdrawn, for it is announced that *Lloyd's List* is ere long to appear as a daily paper specializing in shipping intelligence and general commercial information.

After all, the revival of *Lloyd's List* as a distinct newspaper entity is but a return to the *status quo* of 1726, for *Lloyd's List* is actually, with the exception of the official *London Gazette*, the most venerable of all the existing London newspapers. It was founded in the fall of 1696 by that Edward Lloyd whose coffee-house became the resort of the shipping fraternity of the late seventeenth century, was published tri-weekly, consisted of a single sheet about half the size of the *Argonaut*, and came to an untimely end with its seventy-sixth number because its owner had a difference with the government of the day. Revived in 1726, it had a separate existence until 1836, when, as above stated, it was absorbed by the *Shipping and Mercantile Gazette*. In its new incarnation it is not likely to prove a serious competitor to the popular press of London, but this new chapter in the history of the capital's journalism is worthy of record for the memories it revives.

For *Lloyd's List*, as already hinted, owes its existence to a coffee-house. Now those resorts took their color from the district in which they were established, such as were opened in the heart of the city naturally being frequented by men of business. They also acquired a specific character from the type of business men by which they were patronized. Garraway's coffee-house was the headquarters of lottery speculators, just as Jonathan's and Sam's were notorious for their connection with stock-jobbing.

Having regard, however, to its subsequent history, no coffee-house of the city proper was of so much importance to the commercial prosperity of London as that established by Edward Lloyd. He first appears in the history of old London as the keeper of a coffee-house in Tower Street in 1688, but about four years later he removed to Lombard Street in close proximity to the Exchange, and his house gradually became the recognized centre of shipbroking and marine insurance business. Two pictures of Lloyd's as it was in the first decade of the eighteenth century are to be found in the gallery of English literature, one from the pen of Steele, the other from that of Addison. The first is in the form of a petition to Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., from the customers of the house, and begged that he would use his influence to get other coffee-houses to adopt a custom which prevailed at Lloyd's. Great scandal, it seems, had been caused by coffee-house orators of the irresponsible order. Such nuisances were not tolerated at Lloyd's. The petitioners explained—and by inference the explanation preserves a record of the internal economy of the house—that at Lloyd's a servant was deputed to ascend the pulpit in the room and read the news as it arrived, "while the whole audience are sipping their respective liquors."

Evidently the pulpit at Lloyd's was a settled institution. It played a conspicuous part in that ludicrous incident which Addison describes at his own expense. It was his habit, he explains, to jot down from time to time brief hints such as could be expanded into *Spectator* papers, and a sheetful of such hints would naturally look like "a rhapsody of nonsense" to any one save the writer himself. Such a sheet he accidentally dropped in Lloyd's one day, and before he missed it the boy of the house had picked it up and was carrying it around in search of its owner. But Addison did not know that until it was too late. Many of the coffee-drinkers had glanced at its contents, which caused them so much merriment that the boy was

ordered to ascend the pulpit and read for the amusement of the company at large. The reading of the paper was a huge success for all save the essayist himself, who at last, however, possessed himself of his own notes and twisted them into a pipe-light to divert suspicion.

Those were the idyllic days of Lloyd's. Then it was a coffee-house first and a brokers' exchange second; now it is an underwriters' haunt chiefly and only incidentally a restaurant. But let not the reader be misled by that last word. He must not, on his next visit to London, hie him to the Royal Exchange and expect to take his lunch amid surroundings reminiscent of Steele and Addison. For Lloyd's is a close corporation in these days, almost as strictly reserved for the use of members as the Stock Exchange itself. In Steele's days the price of a cup of coffee made the old Lloyd's open to all; today to be a member of the association which boasts the same name means depositing security varying from five to ten thousand pounds, and an entrance fee of either twelve guineas or a hundred pounds. For, as many in San Francisco know to their profit, Lloyd's is a huge insurance corporation, and it is essential that underwriters who assume large risks should not be men of straw. It is estimated that the combined security of the more than six hundred members of Lloyd's represent over seven million pounds, which helps to explain why the Lloyd's underwriters paid their San Francisco liabilities to a cent.

Although the outsider may not drink a cup of coffee or a whisky and soda in the Lloyd's of the twentieth century, if he be a friend of a member or a sea captain he may lunch in the Captains' Room and make a tour of the other apartments in that suite at the northeast corner of the Royal Exchange. Apart from the scene of almost feverish activity which may be witnessed there any week-day, he will be interested in the monster ledgers in which are posted day by day the most minute particulars of the world's shipping, while the other embellishments of the rooms comprise several statutes and a tablet to the honor of the *Times* in recognition of its services in exposing a gigantic financial fraud. For the members of Lloyd's are distinguished above all things for their commercial integrity, the original founders having broken away from the first Lloyd's because they would have nothing to do with dangerous speculations. They are also men of large charity and public benevolence, the most liberal of subscribers to life-boat, hospital, and patriotic funds. So there are sentimental as well as commercial reasons why they may be wished all prosperity in the revival of *Lloyd's List*.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, October 1, 1913.

The richest and probably the largest iron ore mine in the world is located at Kiruna, Lapland, in latitude 68½ degrees north, which is about the same as the northernmost boundary of Alaska. The climate is somewhat milder than in Alaska, and these mines are worked the year around. About 1600 men are employed and the equipment is all of the most modern machinery obtainable. Machine tools for the repair shop, air compressors, and rock drills, and several of the largest steam and electric shovels are of American make. The plant is at present operated by steam power, the coal supply coming from England and Spitzbergen, but the electrification of the mines is in progress, and this power will be used exclusively as soon as the new power plant of the State of Sweden, now under construction at Porjus Falls, is completed. The transmission line is completed and it is expected that the power station will be ready to deliver current early in 1914. One hundred and fifty thousand horsepower will be the capacity of this station, and it will be transmitted over a distance of 150 miles. The state railway between Kiruna and Narvik is being electrified and will be operated from this station. The ore is shipped from Kiruna to Narvik on the Norwegian coast by rail, and from there by water to Germany, a small percentage finding its way to other countries.

In spite of the march of civilization, there remains much that is still primitive in Sicily, and a curious sight at Palermo is to see the fishermen spearing fish in the harbor by the aid of glass-bottomed buckets (says the *Wide World Magazine*). There are many corners of the world where fish are speared, but perhaps the use of the glass-bottomed bucket in this connection is to be seen only at Palermo. The fishermen lean far over the side of their boats, and hold the bucket on the water with one hand, poking their heads into it as if engaged in the Hallow-e'en game of ducking for apples. They hold a spear poised in the free hand, and thus await the arrival of their victims, who are sighted through the glass bottom of the bucket, which acts as a kind of telescope.

On October 9 the Memorial Art Gallery, given to the University of Rochester, New York, as a memorial to her son, James G. Averell, by Mrs. James S. Watson, was formally opened by a notable inaugural exhibition of paintings by American artists. The exhibition contains over one hundred and thirty canvases by the foremost painters of America, including noteworthy examples of the work of deceased artists such as Whistler, Inness, Fuller, Winslow Homer, John La Farge, and others.

With the exception of Siberia, Brazil, and the north-western United States, British Columbia's timber wealth is reported to be unparalleled in any other country.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Minstrel-Boy.

The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girdled on,
And his wild harp slung behind him,—
"Land of song!" said the warrior-hard,
"Tho' all the world betrays thee,
"One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
"One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery."

—Thomas Moore.

Long Years Have Past.

Long years have past, old friend, since we
First met in life's young day;
And friends long loved by thee and me,
Since then have dropt away;
But enough remain to cheer us on,
And sweeten, when thus we're met,
The glass we fill to the many gone,
And the few who 're left us yet.

Our locks, old friend, now thinly grow,
And some hang white and chill;
While some, like flowers mid Autumn's snow,
Retain youth's color still.
And so, in our hearts, tho' one by one,
Youth's sunny hopes have set,
Thank heaven, not all their light is gone,—
We've some to cheer us yet.

Then here's to thee, old friend, and long
May thou and I thus meet,
To brighten still with wine and song
This short life, ere it fleet.
And still as death comes stealing on,
Let's never, old friend, forget,
Even while we sigh o'er blessings gone,
How many are left us yet. —Thomas Moore.

Sweet Innisfallen.

Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,
May calm and sunshine long be thine!
How fair thou art let others tell,—
To feel how fair shall long be mine.

Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell
In memory's dream that sunny smile,
Which o'er thee on that evening fell,
When first I saw thy fairy isle.

'T was light, indeed, too hest for one,
Who had to turn to paths of care—
Through crowded haunts again to run,
And leave thee bright and silent there;

No more unto thy shores to come,
But, on the world's shrewd ocean tost,
Dream of thee sometimes, as a home
Of sunshine he had seen and lost.

Far better in thy weeping hours
To part from thee, as I do now,
When mist is o'er thy blooming bowers,
Like sorrow's veil on beauty's brow.

For, though unrivaled still thy grace,
Thou dost not look, as then, too hest,
But thus in shadow, seem'st a place
Where erring man might hope to rest—

Might hope to rest, and find in thee
A gloom like Eden's on the day
He left its shade, when every tree,
Like thine, hung weeping o'er his way.

Weeping or smiling, lovely isle!
And all the lover for thy tears—
For tho' but rare thy sunny smile,
'T is heaven's own glance when it appears.

Like feeling hearts, whose joys are few,
But, when indeed they come, divine—
The brightest light the sun e'er threw
Is lifeless to one gleam of thine! —Thomas Moore.

The Meeting of the Waters.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'T was not her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh! no,—it was something more exquisite still.

'T was that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near.
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, he mingled in peace. —Thomas Moore.

In the deserts of Chinese Turkestan the sands have buried a vast civilization that was forgotten for centuries. The dry sand preserved intact numbers of manuscripts in an unknown language written in unknown characters. These M. Gauthiot, a young Frenchman, has managed to decipher by the fortunate finding of fragments that had notes in other known languages. This discovery it is expected will lead to the world gaining a much further knowledge of the lost country, Sogdiana, and its people, mentioned by Strabo and Herodotus.

California led in the United States in gold production for 1912, putting out \$20,008,000. The production of gold in the United States during 1912 resulted in a decrease of \$3,438,500 as compared with the previous year, and the lowest American production since 1907.

A CIVIL WAR DIARY.

Mrs. Sarah Morgan Dawson Gives Her Impressions of the Great Struggle as They Were Recorded Day by Day.

Mr. Warrington Dawson, who writes an introduction to this remarkable diary, states that its existence was discovered almost by accident. A Philadelphian while in conversation with his mother had thrown some doubt on that lady's description of the engagement between the *Essex* and the *Arkansas*. "But I wrote a description of the whole, just a few hours after it occurred," said Mrs. Dawson. "Early in the war I began to keep a diary, and continued until the very end. I had to find some vent for my feelings, and I would not make an exhibition of myself by talking, as so many women did." The Philadelphian expressed a skeptical interest, and so on Mrs. Dawson's return to her home in Charleston "she unstitched with trembling hands a linen-bound parcel always kept in her tall, cedar-lined wardrobe of curled walnut. On it was scratched in ink 'To be burned unread after my death'; it contained, she had once told me, a record of no interest save to her who had written it and lacked the courage to re-read it; a narrative of days she had lived, of joys she had lost; of griefs she had accepted, of vain hopes cherished." Mr. Dawson tells us that he pleaded for the preservation of the volumes and at last succeeded. Mrs. Dawson wrote for him a deed of gift, giving him permission to make such use of them as he might see fit. Here, he says, was a girl who by her own admission had known but ten months' schooling in her life and had educated herself at home because of her yearning for knowledge; and yet she wrote in a style so pure, with a command of English so thorough, that rare are the pages where she had to stop for the alteration of so much as one word. The very haste of noting what had just occurred, before more should come, had disturbed the pure line of very few among these flowing sentences. Not only are these diaries a fine piece of literature, but they show a fairness of treatment and a balance of judgment almost incredible at such a period and in an author so young. The effort to state the exact facts is obvious, but no less obvious is the care to render honor where honor is due, alike to friend and foe. One of the earlier entries is dated on the day following the demand for the surrender of New Orleans:

"All devices, signs, and flags of the Confederacy shall be suppressed." So says Pica-yune Butler. *Good*. I devote all my red, white, and blue silk to the manufacture of Confederate flags. As soon as one is confiscated, I make another, until my ribbon is exhausted, when I will sport a duster emblazoned in high colors, "Hurra! for the honny blue flag!" Henceforth, I wear one pinned to my bosom—not a duster, but a little flag; the man who says take it off will have to pull it off for himself; the man who dares attempt it—well! a pistol in my pocket fills up the gap. I am capable, too.

This is a dreadful war, to make even the hearts of women so bitter! I hardly know myself these last few weeks. I, who have such a horror of bloodshed, consider even killing in self-defense murder, who can not wish them the slightest evil, whose only prayer is to have them sent back in peace to their own country—I talk of killing them! For what else do I wear a pistol and carving-knife? I am afraid I will try them on the first one who says an insolent word to me. Yes, and repent for it ever after in sackcloth and ashes. O! if I was only a man! Then I could don the breeches, and slay them with a will! If some few Southern women were in the ranks they could set the men an example they would not blush to follow. Pshaw! there are no women here! We are all men!

The author shows a strong aversion for Butler, and certainly not without reason. She comments with extraordinary vigor on his proclamations that were directed against the Southern women:

A new proclamation from Butler has just come. It seems that the ladies have an ugly way of gathering their skirts when the Federals pass, to avoid any possible contact. Some even turn up their noses. Unladylike, to say the least. But it is, maybe, owing to the odor they have, which is said to be unbearable even at this early season of the year. Butler says, whereas the so-called ladies of New Orleans insult his men and officers, he gives one and all permission to insult any or all who so treat them, then and there, with the assurance that the women will not receive the slightest protection from the government, and that the men will all be justified. I did not have time to read it, but repeat it as it was told to me by mother, who is in utter despair at the brutality of the thing. These men our brothers? Not mine! Let us hope for the honor of their nation that Butler is not counted among the gentlemen of the land. And so, if any man should fancy he cared to kiss me, he could do so under the pretext that I had pulled my dress from under his feet! That will justify them! And if we decline their visits, they can insult us under the plea of a prior affront. Oh! Gibbes! George! Jimmy! never did we need your protection as sorely as now. And not to know even whether you are alive! When Charlie joins the army, we will be defenseless, indeed. Come to my bosom, O my discarded carving-knife, laid aside under the impression that these men were gentlemen. We will be close friends once more. And if you must have a sheath, perhaps I may find one for you in the heart of the first man who attempts to Butlerize me. I never dreamed of kissing any man save my father and brothers. And why any one should care to kiss any one else, I fail to understand. And I do not propose to learn to make exceptions.

Later on the author expresses a hope that Butler will not prohibit the Southern women from writing. The keeping of her diary has become a necessity to her, and she believes she would go off into a rapid decline if she were prevented. "I reserve to myself," she says, "the privilege of writing my opinions, since I trouble no one with the expression of them." And then she has something to say about the behavior of some of the Southern women toward the Federals:

I insist that if the valor and chivalry of our men can not save our country, I would rather have it conquered by a brave race than owe its liberty to the Billingsgate oratory and demonstrations of some of these "ladies." If the women have the upper hand then, as they have now, I would not like to live in a country governed by such tongues. Do I

consider the female who could spit in a gentleman's face, merely because he wore United States buttons, as a fit associate for me? Lieutenant Biddle assured me he did not pass a street in New Orleans without being most grossly insulted by *ladies*. It was a friend of his into whose face a lady *spit* as he walked quietly by without looking at her. (Wonder if she did it to attract his attention?) He had the sense to apply to her husband and give him two minutes to apologize or die, and of course he chose the former. Such things are enough to disgust any one. "Loud" women, what a contempt I have for you! How I despise your vulgarity!

Some of the ultra Secessionists seemed to think that such vile behavior was necessary as proof of their patriotism, but the author writes in her diary that "my position is too well known to make any demonstration requisite":

This war has brought out wicked, malignant feelings that I did not believe could dwell in woman's heart. I see some of the holiest eyes, so holy one would think the very spirit of charity lived in them, and all Christian meekness, go off in a mad tirade of abuse and say, with the holy eyes wondrously changed, "I hope God will send down plague, yellow fever, famine, on these vile Yankees, and that not one will escape death." O, what unutterable horror that remark causes me as often as I hear it! I think of the many mothers, wives, and sisters who wait so anxiously, pray so fervently in their faraway homes for their dear ones, as we do here; I fancy them waiting day after day for the footsteps that will never come, growing more sad, lonely, and heart-broken as the days wear on; I think of how awful it would be if one would say, "Your brothers are dead"; how it would crush all life and happiness out of me; and I say, "God forgive these poor women! They know not what they say!" O women! into what loathsome violence you have abused your holy mission! God will punish us for our hard-heartedness. Not a square off, in the new theatre, lie more than a hundred sick soldiers. What woman has stretched out her hand to save them, to give them a cup of cold water? Where is the charity which should ignore nations and creeds, and administer help to the Indian and heathen indifferently? Gone! All gone in Union versus Secession! *That* is what the American war has brought us. If I was independent, if I could work my own will without causing others to suffer for my deeds, I would not be poring over this stupid page; I would not be idly reading or sewing. I would put aside woman's trash, take up woman's duty, and I would stand by some forsaken man and bid him Godspeed as he closes his dying eyes. *That* is woman's mission! and not preaching and politics.

References to Butler become increasingly numerous. The Northern newspapers tell them "how coolly Butler will grind them down, paying no regard to their writhings and torture beyond tightening the bonds still more." The author believes that if all vile, abusive papers on both sides were suppressed, and some of the "fire-eating editors who make a living by lying were soundly cowed, it would do more toward establishing peace than all the bloodshedding either side can afford":

As a specimen of the humanity of General Butler, let me record a threat of his uttered with all the force and meaning language can convey, and certainly enough to strike terror in the hearts of frail women, since all these men believe him fully equal to carry it out into execution; some even believe it will be done. In speaking to Mr. Solomon Benjamin of foreign intervention in our favor, he said, "Let England or France try it, and I'll be — if I don't arm every negro in the South, and make them cut the throat of every man, woman, and child in it! I'll make them lay the whole country waste with fire and sword, and leave it desolate!" Draw me a finer picture of coward, brute, or bully than that one sentence portrays! O men of the North! you do your noble hearts wrong in sending such ruffians among us as the representatives of a great people! Was ever a more brutal thought uttered in a more brutal way?

The author's house was pillaged during the occupation of Baton Rouge by the Northern forces, and she was told that the wanton destruction was all the work of officers, who had carried off every thing that was portable and smashed the heavy furniture with axes:

Upstairs was the finest fun. Mother's beautiful mahogany armoire, whose single door was an extremely fine mirror, was entered by crashing through the glass, when it was emptied of every article, and the shelves half-split, and half-thrust back crooked. Letters, labeled by the boys "Private," were strewn over the floor; they opened every armoire and drawer, collected every rag to be found and littered the whole house with them, until the wonder was where so many rags had been found. Father's armoire was relieved of everything; Gibbes' handsome Damascus sword with the silver scabbard included. All his clothes, George's, Hal's, Jimmy's, were appropriated. They entered my room, broke that fine mirror for sport, pulled down the rods from the bed, and with them pulverized my toilet set, taking also all Lydia's china ornaments I had packed in the wash-stand. The debris filled my basin, and ornamented my bed. My desk was broken open. Over it was spread all my letters and private papers, a diary I kept when twelve years old, and sundry tokens of dried roses, etc., which must have been very funny, they all being labeled with the donor's name and the occasion. Fool! how I writhe when I think of all they saw; the invitations to buggy rides, concerts, "Compliments of," etc.—! Lilly's sewing-machine had disappeared; but as mother's was too heavy to move, they merely smashed the needles.

On January 23 the author says that she has just heard from her brother, who was in the Union army, the first news of him that has reached them in over six months. He wants them to come to New Orleans so that he can take care of them, and he sends one hundred and fifty dollars with the offer of more. "Dear Brother," she writes, "money is the last thing we need; first of all we are dying for want of a home. If we could only see ours once more":

During this time we have heard incidentally of brother; of his having taken the oath of allegiance—which I am confident he did not do until Butler's October decree—of his being a prominent Union man, of his being a candidate for the Federal Congress, and of his withdrawal; and finally of his having gone to New York and Washington, from which places he only returned a few weeks since. That is all we ever heard. A very few people have been insolent enough to say to me, "Your brother is as good a Yankee as any." My blood boils at his answer, "Let him be. President Lincoln if he will, and I would love him the same." And so I would. Politics can not come between me and my father's son. What he thinks right is right, for him, though not for me. If he is for the Union, it is because he believes it to be in the right, and I honor him for acting from conviction, rather than from dread of public opinion. If he were to take up the sword against us tomorrow Miriam and I, at least, would say, "If he thinks it his duty, he is right; we will not forget he is our father's child." And we will not. From that sad day when the sun was setting for the first time on our

father's grave, when the great, strong man sobbed in agony at the thought of what we had lost, and taking us both on his lap put his arms around us and said, "Dear little sisters, don't cry; I will be father and brother, too, now," he has been both. He respects our opinions, we shall respect his. I confess myself a rebel, body and soul. *Confess?* I glory in it! Am proud of being one; would not forego the title for any other earthly one!

Writing at Clinton on March 14 the author says that the Yankees are coming at last. For four or five hours the sound of their cannon has been heard. "They are now within four miles of us, on the big road to Baton Rouge. On the road from town to Clinton we have been fighting since daylight at Read-bridge, and have been repulsed. Fifteen gunboats have passed Vicksburg, they say. It will be an awful fight. No matter! With God's help we'll conquer yet! Again the report comes nearer! Oh, they are coming! Coming to defeat, I pray God!"

It has come at last! What an awful sound! I thought I had heard a bombardment before; but Baton Rouge was child's play compared to this. At half-past eleven came the first gun—at least the first I heard, and I hardly think it could have commenced many moments before. Instantly I had my hand on Miriam, and at my first exclamation Mrs. Badger and Anna answered. All three sprang to their feet to dress, while all four of us prayed aloud. Such an incessant roar! And at every report the house shaking so, and we thinking of our dear soldiers, the dead and dying, and crying aloud for God's blessing on them, and defeat and overthrow to their enemies. That dreadful roar! I can't think fast enough. They are too quick to be counted. We have all been in Mrs. Carter's room, from the last window of which we can see the incessant flash of the guns and the great shooting stars of flame, which must be the hot shot of the enemy. There is a burning house in the distance, the second one we have seen tonight. For Yankees can't prosper unless they are pillaging honest people. Already they have stripped all on their road of cattle, mules, and negroes.

The plight of the family at last becomes so acute that nothing remains but to take shelter at New Orleans, and this involves taking the oath of loyalty, the hated Eagle Oath. Their baggage was examined by a young Federal officer, who blushed as he handled the linen and said, "Miss, it is more mortifying to me than it can be to you":

Then came a bundle of papers on board carried by another, who standing in front of us cried in a startling way, "Sarah Morgan!"—"Here" (very quietly),—"Stand up!"—"I can not" firmly—"Why not?"—"Unable" (decisively). After this brief dialogue he went on with the others until all were standing except myself, when he delivered to each a strip of paper that informed the people that Miss or Mrs. So-and-So had taken and subscribed the oath as citizen of the United States. I thought that was all, and rejoiced at our escape. But after another pause he uncovered his head and told us to hold up our right hands. Half-crying, I covered my face with mine and prayed breathlessly for the boys and the Confederacy, so that I heard not a word he was saying until the question, "So help you God?" struck my ear. I shuddered and prayed harder. There came an awful pause in which not a lip was moved. Each felt as though in a nightmare, until, throwing down his blank book, the officer pronounced it "All right!" Strange to say, I experienced no change. I prayed as hard as ever for the boys and our country, and felt no nasty or disagreeable feeling which would have announced the process of turning Yankee.

The diaries end with the close of the war and the assassination of Lincoln. The last entry is on June 15 and consists of the single sentence, "Our Confederacy has gone with a crash—the report of the pistol fired at Lincoln." On April 13 the news of Lee's surrender had been received, and the author begins her entry with the words, "All things are taken from us, and become portions and parcels of the dreadful pasts":

Thursday the 13th came the dreadful tidings of the surrender of Lee and his army on the 9th. Everybody cried, but I would not, satisfied that God will still save us, even though all should apparently be lost. Followed at intervals of two or three hours by the announcement of the capture of Richmond, Selma, Mobile, and Johnston's army, even the staunchest Southerners were hopeless. Every one proclaimed peace, and the only matter under consideration was whether Jeff Davis, all politicians, every man above the rank of captain in the army and above that of lieutenant in the navy, should be hanged immediately, or *some* graciously pardoned. Henry Ward Beecher humanely pleaded mercy for us, supported by a small minority. Davis and all leading men *must* be executed; the blood of the others would serve to irrigate the country. Under this lively prospect, peace, blessed peace! was the cry. I whispered, "Never! Let a great earthquake swallow us up first! Let us leave our land and emigrate to any desert spot of the earth, rather than return to the Union, even as it was!"

This morning, when I went down to breakfast at seven, brother read the announcement of the assassination of Lincoln and Secretary Seward.

"Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." This is murder! God have mercy on those who did it!

Charlotte Corday killed Marat in his bath, and is held up in history as one of liberty's martyrs, and one of the heroines of her country. To me, it is all murder. Let historians extol blood-shedding; it is woman's place to avenge it. And because I know that they would have apotheosized any man who had crucified Jeff Davis, I abhor this, and call it foul murder, unworthy of our cause—and God grant it was only the temporary insanity of a desperate man that committed this crime! Let not his blood be visited on our nation, Lord!

Across the way a large building, undoubtedly inhabited by officers, is being draped in black. Immense streams of black and white hang from the balcony. Downtown, I understand, all shops are closed, and all wrapped in mourning. And I hardly dare pray God to bless us, with the crape hanging over the way. It would have been banners if our President had been killed, though!

It need hardly be said that these diaries bear every mark of authenticity, although the assurances to that effect of the author and of her son are amply sufficient in themselves. No such intimate diary of the war from a woman's point of view has yet been given to the world and certainly no diary of such unusual literary merit or bearing greater evidence of lofty character.

A CONFEDERATE GIRL'S DIARY. By Sarah Morgan Dawson. With an introduction by Warrington Dawson and with illustrations. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2 net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Critic in the Occident.

Those who read "The Critic in the Orient," by George Hamilton Fitch, will have pleasant recollections of a travel book possessing the distinctive charms of literary style and of an acquaintance with the finer things of life that made its author so competent a guide and companion. For Mr. Fitch showed that he had an enviable power to describe a journey as partly to compensate for the disabilities of those who must perform stay at home. His book was not only a diary of experiences. We can all write that sort of book. It was also a record of the impressions made upon a cultivated mind by the great spectacles of the Orient, and it is evident that for such a task as this there must be qualifications not always to be found.

And since Mr. Fitch allowed us thus vicariously to go with him to the Orient there was reason for hope that we should have similar permission to accompany him home again. His journey around the world occupied some seven months, and the story of the first half of his tour is to be found in his earlier work. Now we have the second half of the journey, and for those who have no special predilections for the Orient it will be found the most interesting half.

The author of a travel book makes self revelations of which perhaps he is rarely conscious. Almost inevitably he shows us the bent of his own mind by the emphasis that he places upon objects of interest. We see in a moment the relative depth of the impressions that he records, and in this way we may judge of the calibre and quality and receptivity of his mind. It is evident at once that Mr. Fitch emerges triumphantly from such a test as this. Even in his introduction he tells us that the greatest things Europe had to offer him were the Parthenon, the Colosseum and the ruins of Pompeii, the tomb of Napoleon, and the statue of Cromwell. It is an eminently good selection and unconsciously Mr. Fitch has "done himself proud" while incidentally displaying the scope of human interest and of liberal thought to be found in his book. The expectation is amply fulfilled. He takes us through Greece, Italy, and France, and although his visit to England was mainly confined to London he manages to speak of the metropolis in such a way as to represent the whole country. But of course Mr. Fitch will amplify this journey when his cycle of travel comes round again. We should like to hear what he may have to say about Edinburgh, and Dublin, and Stratford, and a dozen other places where history has been manufactured wholesale.

It would be a pleasant task to outline the more salient points of Mr. Fitch's book, but it could hardly be done without a reproduction of the whole volume. He is so good a newspaper man that there are no superfluous paragraphs. He goes right on saying things, and all the things are quotable. The traveler who should follow in his footsteps, seeing all the things that Mr. Fitch says are worth seeing, would not be likely to miss much. The illustrations from photographs are unusually numerous and good.

THE CRITIC IN THE OCCIDENT. By George Hamilton Fitch. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.; \$2.

The Monroe Doctrine.

Mr. Bingham's little book is well meant, although we may doubt if its views will prevail in our day. An extensive acquaintance with South America and with foreign politics in general have persuaded him that the Monroe Doctrine has outlived its usefulness if it ever had any, and that it is now a source of irritation to our southern neighbors and of danger to ourselves. We may believe that his views on this point are very generally held by intelligent observers, but unfortunately we are not governed by intelligent observers. At the same time it is well that such a book should be written and that so clear a presentation of the case should be in such available form.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE: AN OBSOLETE SHIBBOLETH. By Hiram Bingham. New York: Yale University Press; \$1.15 net.

The Silence of Men.

Mr. H. F. Prevost Battersby tells us a story that is both interesting and incredible. When he introduces us to Miss Lynne Ashburton on the steamer bound for India we think what a very charming girl she is. No wonder that March should fall in love with her or that he should so heartily approve when his sister asks her to stay with them. When March eventually proposes he is told that Lynne has a lover in Alaska from whom she has not heard for several months and that she must first assure herself of his death or faithlessness. But eventually she consents to a secret marriage, and soon after we learn to our horror that Lynne has left her husband and has not only eloped with a lord, but has actually married him in defiance of the bigamy laws. When March returns to England he meets his former "wife," who has come to hate her lord and wants March to take her back. As March has now fallen in love with some one else he refuses to do this, and for a time it seems that March is prepared to commit bigamy. In point of fact these amazing people seem to place bigamy about on a par with Sabbath-break-

ing. The trouble is eventually solved by means of another bigamy, and before we reach the last page we find that we have to make a careful comparison of dates in order to get our matrimonial bearings and to determine who is actually and legally married at all. The descriptions of Indian life are fairly well done and the colloquy is all that it should be, but we feel that we have had a severe overdose of bigamy and that a good healthy policeman is needed more than anything else. But no one tells any tales, and hence "the silence of men." The story will not be left half finished, but we feel that the author might have better used his abilities.

THE SILENCE OF MEN. By H. F. Prevost Battersby. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net.

John Hancock.

Mr. Lorenzo Sears in the preface to his biography of John Hancock, the first signer of the Declaration of Independence, seeks to account for the curious fact that no adequate story of Hancock's life has ever been published. Quoting from Abram English Brown, he points out that Hancock left no descendants. His relatives enjoyed the wealth that he left them, but were at no pains to write his life. His mismanagement of the funds of Harvard College placed his name under a heavy cloud, and although the materials for a biography were once collected they were purchased for a thousand dollars and suppressed.

Mr. Sears has therefore undertaken a task beset with many obstacles, and it is much to his credit that he has succeeded in producing a continuous narrative and one that has no obvious gaps. Hancock was the first aristocrat of Boston to join the revolutionary party. He was often chairman of liberty meetings; he was a member of the Great and General Court; deputy to the Provincial Congresses and presiding officer; also deputy to the Continental Congress and for two and a half years its president; the first governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and ten times reelected. Altogether he was a considerable figure in spite of weaknesses and vanities. Indeed we may discern the element of heroism in a man whose patriotism involved large sacrifices and personal perils.

JOHN HANCOCK. By Lorenzo Sears. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50 net.

A Farm in Creamland.

Mr. Charles Garvice, well known as a novelist and henceforth to be known also as a farmer, has written this attractive book to explain how he came to take a farm in Devonshire and the success that he made of his agricultural venture. England, it seems, has a "back to the land" movement like most other countries, and under the impetus of that movement Mr. Garvice went to Devonshire, made a success of his venture, and is now intent upon telling his readers how he did it. But he knows better than to write a book that shall be avowedly useful. No one reads such books. We avoid all literature intended to do us good, and so the author assures us that he will carefully conceal all evidences of good intentions. We shall absorb his information through the pores without being aware of it; with low cunning he will insinuate the necessary details, disguised in an attractive garb. He will conceal his statistics in phrase and fable "just as the powder of our infantile days was supposed to be concealed—it never was—in the spoonful of raspberry jam."

Mr. Garvice has certainly given us a most delightful book, and one so rich in humor as to palliate the information that thus appears in its least objectionable form. Even the reader who has no present intention to buy a farm in Devonshire or elsewhere will find that the author is as good a companion in the metropolis as in the country and that his narrative has all the charm that fiction is supposed to possess, but that so rarely does possess.

A FARM IN CREAMLAND. By Charles Garvice. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$3.

The Destroyer.

Mr. Burton E. Stevenson has already several good stories of the mysterious to his credit, and now he offers us a novel containing a solution of the problem provided by the series of misfortunes that have befallen the French navy. When *La Liberté* was blown up in the harbor of Toulon it was noticed that two strangers, apparently Germans, left the city immediately afterwards, and the fact is then recalled that they seemed to be in some way aware that a tragedy was impending. The inquiry held by the chief of police reveals the fact that an old Pole and his daughter have also disappeared, and further investigation reveals a wireless apparatus partly dismantled and hidden in the depths of a forest. The story then goes forward with extraordinary rapidity. We cross the Atlantic in the company of the old Pole and his daughter and also of the two mysterious Germans, who turn out to be a son of the German emperor and an admiral of the German navy. It seems that the Pole is a philanthropist who has discovered a way in which the wireless apparatus can be used to cause explosions at a distance—by no means an impossible invention—and who believes that he is now in a position to compel the

nations of the world to disarm. It was he who caused the destruction of the warship in order to convince the German government that he actually possesses the power he claims. Germany naturally has no intention to disarm, but she has every intention to secure the invention for herself. On the same ship is an agent of the French government, a redoubtable ex-criminal who is following up the clue that he discovered. And there is also a young newspaper man returning from his vacation and eager not only to land in New York with a good story, but also to win the smiles of the young Polish girl, who has captured his heart. The story is capably told, and with such attention to detail as almost to persuade us that it is true. It is a story worthy of Mr. Oppenheim, and it would be hard to give it higher praise than that.

THE DESTROYER. By Burton E. Stevenson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.30 net.

One Hundred Years of Peace.

No one is better qualified than Henry Cabot Lodge to deal lucidly and historically with the great international questions that have arisen during the last hundred years between America and Great Britain. The two countries are about to celebrate a century of peace, but the century has been by no means free of anxious problems that have called forth no small amount of heat on both sides of the Atlantic. It is these problems that are reviewed by Mr. Lodge with the vigor and precision that we have learned to associate with his name. There has been more than one occasion since 1812 when war has been a possibility, and if future occasions of a like kind are to be avoided it will be by a recognition of the dangers that have been passed and a resolution to learn the lessons of patience and forbearance that they teach. A clear view of history is always salutary, and Mr. Lodge has helped us measurably to that end.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF PEACE. By Henry Cabot Lodge. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

Briefer Reviews.

The second volume of the Jean Cabot Series is entitled "Jean Cabot in the British Isles," by Gertrude Fisher Scott (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1 net), and deals with a trip made by Jean to Great Britain. It is brightly and amusingly written.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have published a fine edition of "Boys and Girls," or the verses of James W. Foley. A type of admirable size has been used and the illustrations are admirable and good. As a gift book to the right person nothing could be better.

"How to Improve the Memory," by Edwin Gordon Lawrence (A. C. McClurg & Co.; 50 cents net), is a little book of common sense and practical advice and without any suggestion of the many fantastic "methods" to the same end that have been put forward from time to time. Even a casual perusal leaves behind it many hints that can hardly fail to be of service.

"Secrets Out of Doors" is a school book of unusual interest. It is for use in the sixth, seventh, and eighth grades, and its contents are selected from the books and pictures by William Hamilton Gibson. It is a walk and talk with the great artist-naturalist, who points out the strange things of the woods and fields and their meaning. It is published by Harper & Brothers. Price, 50 cents.

Parents and teachers may be strongly recommended to read "The Quest of the Best," by William De Witt Hyde, who sub-titles his book "Insights into Ethics for Parents, Teachers, and Leaders of Boys" (Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1 net). The author writes with a profound knowledge and sympathy and always from the standpoint of a practical common sense that is untinted with the educational quackeries of the day.

Little, Brown & Co. have published a new and handsome edition of "Ramona," by Helen Hunt Jackson, and one that should give an added popularity to the most valuable of all the romances of California. A beautiful fea-

The White House

Gold

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE
One of the strongest, most fascinating stories of the days of '49 ever written.

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By SARAH MORGAN DAWSON
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By EDITH WHARTON
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ture of the book is twenty-four full-page half-tone illustrations from photographs of the actual scenes of the story. The price is \$2.

A good story for boys and girls who have ambitions toward a journalistic career will be found in "The Boy Editor," by Winifred Kirkland (Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net). It describes the editorship and production of a school magazine, and it is told with an interesting vigor that should commend it to its readers.

James Otis certainly knows the secret of writing the book for boys. He has already a goodly list to his credit, and now comes "The Roaring Lions," otherwise entitled "The Famous Club of Ashbury." It contains all sorts of wholesome adventures, and its style is well adapted to its audience. It is published by Harper & Brothers. Price, 60 cents.

The Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company has published "The Handy Boy," by A. Neely Hall, a book likely to fascinate the boy with the mechanical turn of mind. All sorts of devices are described in detail with practical information as to their manufacture and admirable illustrations to facilitate the work. The needs of outdoor as well as of indoor life are fully met, and the boy who can not make useful things with such a book as this was evidently not intended by Providence to use his hands at all.

Ernest Talbert has written a very readable guide book to some of the countries of Europe. He entitles it "Old Countries Discovered Anew," and further explains that it is "a motor book for everybody." Certainly he succeeds in pointing out a number of things that ought to be pointed out and that the ordinary guide book overlooks. But he would have been better advised to exclude the faint domestic traces that are doubtless intended to give the book vivacity. The reader is not interested in knowing that "owing to the Sabbath we did not cross the Damrak," except to wonder what the Sabbath had to do with the Damrak. The illustrations are numerous and good and the book as a whole is a useful one. It is published by Dana Estes & Co.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Greece.

It is well that we should have a new edition of Dr. Mahaffy's "Rambles and Studies in Greece." First published forty years ago, it has witnessed the reemergence of Greece into the circle of world powers and the stirring of a national sentiment that at one time seemed to belong only to history. There are very few books of its kind that could stand a re-issue such as this and that could point so triumphantly to the vindication of so many predictions. For Dr. Mahaffy was something more than a sightseer, and his interests were with the present as much as with the past. For him the existing monuments of Greek greatness were a link between the past and the present and almost as much a prediction as a record.

But the extraordinary value of the volume is as much to the tourist as to the historian and the scholar. To wander through Greece with such a guide is to give eloquence to every stone that remains of its ancient glories and to understand the significance of its history as it appeals to the ripest scholarship that is also illuminated by enthusiasm and by imagination. In his preface to the new edition the author says: "As I stood in the Parthenon on Easter Day in 1912, and addressed all the magnates of the nation and the crowd of learned visitors on the occasion of that memorable feast, I felt in the audience the earnestness of a new life, the dawn of new hopes. They told me that war was imminent, and of their confidence in victory that then seemed chimerical. At last we may hope that the true resurrection of Greece is being accomplished."

RAMBLES AND STUDIES IN GREECE. By I. P. Mahaffy, C. V. O. Seventh edition. New York: The Macmillan Company; 50 cents net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

"The Broad Highway," by Jeffery Farnol, is still proving itself a favorite, a seventeenth printing having been ordered by Little, Brown & Co.

Hugh Johnson, author of the soldier story, "Clown's Rue," in the *Century Magazine*, is a lieutenant in the United States army and superintendent of the Sequoia National Park, Ranger, California.

Captain C. H. Stigand, author of "Hunting the Elephant in Africa," knows his country intimately, having hunted big game in plain and jungle for thirteen years. He writes of his own experiences, and the book is published by the Macmillan Company.

B. M. Bower, author of "The Gringos," "Chip of the Flying U," "The Uphill Climb," and many other virile Western stories, is in private life Bertha M. Sinclair, wife of a writer. She knows her range-lore from having lived in the midst of it. Personally, this woman who writes man's stories as a man would write them, does not hear out one's preconceived idea of such a woman. She is five feet tall, to begin with, and well-rounded and feminine to her finger-tips.

Three weeks after publication "Laddie, A True Blue Story," published by Doubleday, Page & Co., had sold 209,461 copies. There are many thousand unfilled trade orders now awaiting the last delivery of books from the second large printing. A third large printing of 50,000 books has just gone to press, and five weeks after publication (with back orders) "Laddie" has reached about 250,000.

Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. have just issued three books: Professor J. E. Hagerty's "Mercantile Credit," a practical guide which will, among other things, pay particular attention to legislation bearing upon the subject; an edition de luxe, in two volumes, of Burton E. Stevenson's "Home Book of Verse," that great anthology of American and English poetry, and a new, particularly attractive leather-bound pocket edition of the late William James's two little masterpieces which constitute his "On Some of Life's Ideals."

New Books Received.

THE MAJOR OPERATIONS OF THE NAVIES IN THE WAR OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE. By Captain A. T. Mahan, D. C. L., LL. D. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$3 net.

A study of naval strategy.

TWILIGHT TOWN. By Mary Frances Blaisdell. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; 60 cents net.

For little children.

DAVID MALCOLM. By Nelson Lloyd. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

THE STEAM-SHOVEL MAN. By Ralph D. Paine. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1 net.

A story.

SALT WATER BALLADS. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1 net.

A volume of new verse.

SHALLOWS. By Frederick Watson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

THE WILL TO LIVE. By M. P. Willcocks. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

A HANDY BOOK OF CURIOUS INFORMATION. By William S. Walsh. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Comprising strange happenings in the life of

men and animals, odd statistics, extraordinary phenomena, and out-of-the-way facts concerning the wonderlands of the lands.

MOTHERING ON PERILOUS. By Lucy Furman. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

A story.

THORLEY WEIR. By E. F. Benson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.35 net.

A new novel of English life.

ROUND THE YULE LOG. By P. C. Ashjornsen. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50.

Norwegian folk and fairy tales.

A MASTER'S DEGREE. By Margaret Hill McCarter. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1 net.

A story.

THE OPINIONS OF JEROME COIGNARD. By Anatole France. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.75 net.

A translation by Mrs. Wilfrid Jackson.

THE STORY OF HARVARD. By Arthur Stanwood Pier. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2 net.

The early history of the college, its customs and traditions, with an account of the men who have presided over its destinies.

MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF ENGLAND IN 1675. By Marie Catherine Baronne d'Aulnoy. New York: John Lane Company; \$4.50 net.

Translated from the original French by Mrs. William Henry Arthur. Edited, revised, and with annotations, including an account of Lucy Walter by George David Gilbert.

A SYMPHONY AND OTHER PIECES. By Arthur E. J. Legge. New York: John Lane Company.

A volume of verse.

TRAVELS WITHOUT BAENEKER. By Ardern Beaman. New York: John Lane Company; \$2 net.

An account of unconventional journeyings.

A STAINED GLASS TOUR IN ITALY. By Charles Hitchcock Sherrill. New York: John Lane Company; \$2.50 net.

Intended for the tourist and the craftsman.

THE ODYSSEY OF THE PHILIPPINE COMMISSION. By Daniel R. Williams. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.75 net.

An account of the journeys and adventures of the commission.

HOW TO IMPROVE THE MEMORY. By Edwin Gordon Lawrence. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; 50 cents net.

The principles used in training men and women to remember.

THE WIDOWED WIFE. By Charles Marriott. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

WALLINGFORD AND BLACKIE DAW. By George Randolph Chester. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1 net.

A novel.

THE POEMS AND BALLADS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2 net.

A complete edition.

THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN O'SHEA. By Ralph D. Paine. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.35 net.

A story.

BEYOND THE FRONTIER. By George Bird Grinnell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net.

Adventures of Indian fighters, hunters, and fur traders.

THE END OF HER HONEYMOON. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

ENGLISH INDUSTRIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES. By L. F. Salzman, B. A., F. S. A. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2 net.

An introduction to the industrial history of mediæval England.

WOMAN IN SCIENCE. By H. J. Mozans. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2.50 net.

An account of woman's achievements from the earliest days.

THE JOY OF YOUTH. By Eden Phillpotts. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.30 net.

A novel.

MARAMA. By Ralph Stock. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

THE TIFFY-FLIPFITS. By Edith B. Davidson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; 60 cents net.

For little children.

THE BROKEN HALO. By Florence L. Barclay. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

THE NEW MAN. By Jane Stone. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; 75 cents net.

A novelette of New York life.

THE MAXIMS OF NOAH. By Gelett Burgess. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company; 80 cents net.

Derived from his experience with women both before and after the flood as given in counsel to his son Japhet.

RAMONA. By Helen Hunt Jackson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2.

A new edition of the great American classic. With introduction by A. C. Vroman and twenty-four half-tone illustrations.

ASTRONOMY. By Harold Jacoby. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50.

A popular handbook for the general reader and for use in schools.

THE CHRISTIAN RECONSTRUCTION OF MODERN LIFE. By Charles Henry Dickinson. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

"The social passion of our time, in its fundamental, insistent problems is the subject of this book, which may be described as a constructive work of social, philosophical, and religious radicalism."

YOUNG WORKING GIRLS. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

A summary of evidence from two thousand so-

cial workers, edited for the National Federation of Settlements by Robert A. Woods and Albert J. Kennedy. With an introduction by Jane Addams.

WRITINGS OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. Edited by Worthington Chauncey Ford. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$3.50.

Volume II, 1796-1801.

THE CRITIC IN THE OCCIDENT. By George Hamlin Fitch. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.; \$2.

A record of impressions of the last half of a seven months' tour around the world.

UNDER GREEK SKIES. By Julia D. Dragoumis. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1 net.

Issued in the Little Schoolmate Series.

PINOCCHIO UNDER THE SEA. Edited by John W. Davis. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

Translated from the Italian by Carolyn M. Della Chiesa. With illustrations and decorations by Florence R. Abel Wilde.

A MAINSAIL HAVEL. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25.

A volume of new verse.

EARLY ENGLISH WATER-COLOR. By C. E. Hughes. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1 net.

Issued in Little Books on Art.

CHARLES GORDON AMES. Edited by Alice Ames Winter. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

A spiritual autobiography.

THE DESIRE OF THE MOTH. By Maxwell Gray. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A romance of the Italian lakes.

REPRESENTATIVE CITIES OF THE UNITED STATES. By Caroline W. Hotchkiss. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 65 cents net.

A geographical and industrial reader.

THE QUEST OF THE FISH-DOG SKIN. By James Willard Schultz. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

A story of adventure.

THE CAROLINA MOUNTAINS. By Margaret W. Morely. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$3 net.

A general description of the country and people, with illustrations.

THE REMARKABLE ADVENTURES OF CHRISTOPHER POE. By Robert Carlton Brown. Chicago: F. G. Browne & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A detective story.

PLANT LIFE AND PLANT USES. By John Gaylord Coulter, Ph. D. New York: American Book Company; \$1.20.

An elementary text-book, a foundation for the study of agriculture, domestic science, or college botany.

HAPPY ACRES. By Edna H. L. Trupin. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25.

A story for young people.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY. By W. J. Loftie, B. A. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50 net.

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BUSINESS SPELLER. By Edward H. Eldridge, Ph. D. New York: American Book Company; 25 cents.

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A novel.

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A short story.

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Songs of Democracy.

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A novel.

IVANHOE. Abridged from Sir Walter Scott. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

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S. T. B. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

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"AIDA."

True to its old mascot, the Tivoli management decided as of yore to open with "Aida," always a good first-night opera because of the opportunity afforded to show the mettle of half a dozen principals.

As a mascot the opera seems to hold good. The deep, downstairs auditorium was full and running over. Men were standing at the rear (there was an unusual proportion of men there Monday night); the circle of boxes above was all occupied, and as much territory as could be seen of the upper circles was thickly populated.

It was more particularly an assemblage of music-lovers—real music-lovers. Those indiscreet applauders who usually insist on drowning the final notes of particularly fine arias were gently but firmly hissed into good behavior. Society, however, had its more particularly music-loving members represented (popular prices scared off the others), and the house looked gay, bright, and auspicious. And so, indeed, it proved to be. The singers met with favor. They were listened to discriminatingly, and applauded warmly and generously. Musically the performance was excellent, all the principals being possessed of fine voices, and both they, the chorus, and the orchestra sufficiently sure of themselves to avoid any first-night quicksands.

Mme. Crestani, the "Aida" of the cast, was the one who, at the end of the performance, stood highest in the favor of the audience. Possessed of a pure, sweet, and flexible soprano which, though lacking somewhat in body, is yet amply dramatic and expressive, this lady by her vocal and technical ability was able to rise superior to the dismaying effect of the ever-disastrous Aida make-up. Why, I ask myself every time I nerve myself to see an "Aida" make her entrance, will the sopranos who take that rôle persist in being so literal in their make-up? Aida they seem to regard simply as a common Ethiopian, what is popularly known as "a nigger," whereas she is a dweller in No-man's Land, the country of romance wherein everything is idealized. Aida should be a sad, stately, and beautiful princess, still clad in the robes of exiled royalty. It is fatal to a white woman's beauty to attempt to give her skin the hue of an Ethiopian's. It is even perilous to only darken it a little; but that is all that should be done. I regret never having seen Emma Eames in the part, but I am told that she was a beautiful Aida, and regally garmented. Mme. Crestani, who from her photographs should be a handsome woman, having clouded over her animated and expressive face with a thorough-going Ethiopian tint, added a further calamitous touch by giving herself a wig of frizzled outstanding Ethiopian locks. Nor was her costume either handsome or graceful. And she wore band-and-arm fleshings of a mid-African tint and pongee angel sleeves! However, she has to be forgiven this time because musically she was so thoroughly satisfactory in the rôle and dramatically rather above the average.

Now there was Montesanto as Amonasro. This singer, in a striking make-up, retained a vigorous male beauty. He wore his Ethiopian complexion and his leopard-skin handsomely. His complete suit of tights, unlike Rhadames's, were of silk, and, like his complexion, of a discreetly picturesque shade. His figure has an elegance of line that pleased the eye as his full, dramatic baritone satisfied ear. Yet I think it possible that Mme. Crestani has, as a woman, just as much native beauty as he has as a man.

Signor Chiodo, the Rhadames, is also a handsome Italian. His features have the smoothness of youth and his fine, powerful tenor its young, virile ring; but just as he wore cotton where Montesanto wore silk, his art is as yet of a slightly inferior grade to that of the baritone. But he has many natural advantages; a good presence, a quick response to the decorative effect of stage costume, and a quiver full of silver arrows, which quickly reach the susceptibilities of all lovers of true tenor notes.

Fanny Anitua, as Amneris, also made an extremely favorable impression. In its upper range her voice has the beauty and flexibility of a dramatic soprano, while in its lower an almost masculine depth and power are noticeable. This singer also has an agreeable stage presence, her face and form being sufficiently individual and attractive to lend weight to her dramatic assumptions.

The two fine voices of Sesona, as the High

Priest, and Brilli, as the King, and that of Carpie, as the Messenger, notably strengthened and rounded the general effect.

The management having expended itself more particularly on the music side of the enterprise, yet was quite satisfactory without attempting to be dazzling or magnificent in the general settings. There were large numbers of people on the stage in the scene of Rhadames's triumphal return, negroes having been engaged to impersonate the prisoners; the effect was good, as it comes natural to those mercurial people to represent the sadness of a conquered race.

Signor Bellucci, as musical director, earned much warmly expressed approbation from the audience, his quiet but masterful guidance of the large orchestra showing him to be an instinctive as well as trained wielder of the baton.

There was a corps of conscientious local dancers, young, pretty girls, although rather rudimentary in their attainments, and a group of pickaninnies won a round of applause for themselves by the animation and accuracy of a comic dance to divert Amneris from the sadness of her love-sick musings.

The chorus is excellent. It is young, sure of itself, unflinching, and even enthusiastic. It seemed to me that I had never heard the mysterious temple music better sung. Music so beautiful as that deserves far better treatment than it often receives, for choral though it is, it makes up one of the most striking passages in the opera. Into it Verdi poured his sense of the religious mysteries of old Egypt. Religious music, so called, is often purely amorous, as witness the long love cry of the "Meditation" from "Thais." But in these rich, melancholy, yearning, mysterious strains he not only avoided the note of love, but the spirituality which so often characterizes the religious music of the Occident. For the wise old Italian's genius sought to express that mingling of the sacred and the profane which animated the religions of the Orient. So that in its note we hear simultaneously the call of aspiration and the human clinging to the domination of the flesh.

THE ORPHEUM.

Although there is the usual variety at the Orpheum this week, vocalism is the great card, as they have on their programme an unusual number of pleasing singers. Lulu Glaser is there, a good drawing attraction, although she has commercialized her once bubbling high spirits, and her laugh has become a distressing mannerism. She clings determinedly, too, to the baby blonde hair. But she has a lot of go and undoubtedly wins her audience. They like her, and enjoy her singing, which has a quality of heartiness and a sort of rollicking flavor to it as also a musical-comedy finish. She is supported by two men, one who has a very good singing voice, and the other no voice at all, singing or otherwise. The singer, who is billed as "Mr. Richards" (*comme ça*), is a good-looking young man who pleases by the earnestness which informs his very agreeable singing.

The Lambert and Ball singing pair are both experienced and accomplished in ragtime hal-lads. Maude Lambert also fairly showers our vision with numerous changes of spectacular frocks, and Ernest Ball's singing has that indescribable temperamental charm to it which causes one to listen to and enjoy every note.

Emily Darrell and Charley Conway's turn tickles both the risibles and the ear. The woman, who has comedy ability, attends more particularly to the risibles, and, as with the other comedy pair, the man carries off the honors in vocalism, being possessed like Ernest Ball, though in slightly less degree, of a soft, wooing voice which expresses the honeyed yearnings of sentimental ragtime. Between them the two kindle in the audience that joyous sense of rhythm to which a vaudeville audience so readily responds.

Swor and Mack are entirely justified in claiming to give "realistic impressions of Southern negroes." One is the "chip-on-his-shoulder," loud-mouthed aggressor who runs to cover when he strikes a responsive spark of pugnacity; a regular small-boy type that we all recognize; while the other meets his partner's noisy fulminations with a stolidly unimpressed demeanor, and gets in numerous verbal under-cuts the while. Both give some clever, comically pantomimed card-playing, and the songs also please the audience.

All these people, and indeed every one on the programme, are experts in their line, except the Langdons, who offer no special personal accomplishments to the favor of the audience. However, their act is so crammed with mechanical comicolities that surprise the audience with merriment that they manage to come off with flying colors.

"Kluting's Entertainers," which consist of a troupe of well-trained dogs, cats, pigeons, and one rabbit, please the animal lovers by the snow-white prettiness of the poor little beasties and by the exactness of their trained obedience to the unspoken but well-comprehended commands of the instructor; for the whip is always there, a gentle reminder of an ungentle possibility. There is no special deviation from the usual line of performance with the dogs and cats, who dance, leap over

obstacles, ride each other's backs, etc., the dogs with that humble, exact obedience, and the cats with an impatient mastering of a rooted reluctance, which is always so characteristic of them both. The rabbit plays his small part with herbaceous serenity, and the pigeons put a finishing spectacular touch to the grand apotheosis of the four snow-white cats safely ensconced, by their own skill in leaping, in the gilded basket of a balloon, by clustering numerous, with fluttering wings, on its edge.

Ed. Wynn—the period is his own, but it seems almost too starched an accompaniment to the name of that joyous individual—has himself constructed a clever and amusing little conceit that he calls "The King's Jester." It is the old idea. Whoever volunteers to make a king of rooted gravity laugh, and fails, must die. Old as the idea is, Mr. Wynn's ingenious little piece is bubbling over with freshness of treatment. The king might be own brother to the Alice-in-Wonderland Duchess. Except that he persists in saying "jester," he gives his lines well, and the grim expression of his face is a delightful contrast to the confident, effervescent jocosity of the jester (Ed. Wynn himself), who buzzes through the scene with astonishing freshness and spontaneity, shooting off jokes like showers of Roman candles, and perpetually manipulating his double Panama into an unending succession of new and startling shapes. The king, of course, laughs in the end, but the ingenious originator of the idea manages to introduce an unexpected touch in his finale which wins fresh amusement of another kind.

The really striking number on the bill is labeled "a psychological fantasy." It is called "Into the Light," and commences very appropriately in the dark. The author is Frank Lyman. It is made evident to our perceptions that a court trial is in progress, the voices of judge, attorneys, and other court functionaries reaching us from the gloom. Light is suddenly centred on the face of a witness and remains so on a succession of them, five altogether. These witnesses are all impersonated by Charlotte Parry, who is an excellent actress, a clever dialectician, and a mistress of the art of sudden change and make-up. Except that two of them are Italians, one a boy, the other a woman, each witness has an entirely different vernacular. The play draws freely upon the sympathies, but in a wholly unsteretyped way. Charlotte Parry's talent matches that of the author, and the whole effect, reaching up to a striking climax, is original and untrammelled in the extreme.

The usual moving-picture number rounds out the programme, but as some of the views are of the recent Gamboa-dike celebration in Union Square, those who were present may possibly find likenesses of themselves, and experience that queer sensation known to players in the "movies" of seeing "ourselves as others see us."

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Chapter to Give Charity Vaudeville.

For the benefit of the charity fund of Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, No. 79, United Daughters of the Confederacy, a vaudeville tea will be given Saturday afternoon, October 18, in the Hotel St. Francis, from 2:30 to 6. The following programme has been arranged: Negro dialect, Mrs. S. A. Pleasants; dance, "Pas de Fleurs," Miss Virginia Powell; "Sylvain" (Sinding), "O Jugend, wie bist du schön" (Abt), "Floods of Spring" (Rachmaninoff), Mrs. Eugene S. Elkus; "Twelfth Rhapsody" (Liszt), Mrs. John McGaw; Russian duet dance, Miss Mary Shafter and Mr. John Carragan; "A Song of Steel" (Nieman-Sprass), Mr. Frederick R. Grannis; monologue, Miss Flora Stern; dance, "Amina," Miss Lila Maple; air from "Il Guarany" (Gomez), Mme. Pierre Douillet; scene from "The Tale of Two Cities" (Charles Dickens), Mrs. Squire Varick Mooney; Spanish dance, Miss Lottia Corella.

At the Parma centennial celebration of Verdi's birth, an exhibition of the composer's theatrical costumes of the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries, with a full orchestra of the year 1609, with life-size figures, an exhibition of Verdi relics, including the original scores of his works and the court costumes which he wore on his tours of European capitals, have been opened. At the end of the celebration a monument to the composer erected by national subscription will be unveiled.

Although Owen Davis, the author of "What Happened to Mary," has written and drawn royalties from 174 plays, the "Mary" piece gave him his first important New York production. Mr. Davis's first dramatic effort was written in Greek and played by the Harvard College Greek Society during Mr. Davis's student days.

SERVICES TO INVALID or ELDERLY PEOPLE

Gentleman, well educated and good reader, offers his services to invalid, or elderly people, for reading or study and discussion of subjects of interest. For appointment and terms, where necessary, reply to Reader, care Box 108, Post-office, San Francisco.

Dam Builders Break Record

Having broken a world's record for pouring concrete in a dam during an entire month, and now being away ahead of schedule time with its gigantic work of hydro-electric construction in the high Sierras, the Pacific Gas and Electric Company expects to have the Drum electric plant in operation by Thanksgiving, and it is a safe prediction that before the first of the year the consumers of "Pacific Service" will be enjoying the benefit of some 33,000 horsepower of electric energy that will have been added to the company's already extensive system.

The huge Lake Spaulding dam, which is to restrain the mountain waters, had risen by the end of August to a height of 147 feet above bedrock. It is estimated that the dam will be finished to the 225-foot section before the end of the present month.

The ultimate height to which the dam, one of the greatest in the world for the purpose for which it is being built, will be raised will be 305 feet, the highest dam above bedrock in the universe. The catchment area is 120 square miles, the water shed of which area contains twenty-two small lakes, the spill wasted waters of which are all controlled by one large reservoir, Lake Spaulding. The capacity of Lake Spaulding in back of the 225-foot dam to be completed this year will be 44,000 acre feet, increasing to 97,000 acre feet or 30,000,000,000 gallons with the 305-foot dam, from which a continuous discharge of more than 350 second feet will be obtained.

To enable Drum forebay to be reached a tunnel 3358 feet through the rock has been bored before the canal is encountered. The canal in itself is a work of no small magnitude, being eight and one-half miles in length, partly through a granite formation. Much of it has required a masonry lining. Drum forebay is a large regulating reservoir gouged out of the top of a hill, and having a capacity of 400 acre feet. It is ideally located, being 1375 feet above the power-house. Work on the canal and forebay was commenced in July, 1912. Drum power-house is located on the south bank of Bear River, and to obtain a site for the plant it was necessary to sluice by means of a hydraulic monitor 40,000 cubic yards of hill slope, excavating mostly by blasting into bedrock. The building is now fast approaching completion.

Leading from Drum power station the electric power will be conveyed along a double-circuit steel tower line, via Nicolaus to Cordelia, the lead centre of "Pacific Service." The distance to Cordelia is 114 miles, and the line will be one of the highest potential long-distance lines in the world. Distribution from Cordelia is to be made at Oakland, San Rafael, San Jose, and elsewhere in different directions.

Of the total number of 731 steel towers, considerably more than 400 have already been erected and the remainder are being assembled at their foundations awaiting erection. The wires have been strung over a considerable portion of this distance and the record is constantly moving up daily. In this, the greatest hydro-electric undertaking in California, something like 1500 men are now employed in every branch of work connected with it, and smoothness marks each step in the task.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"Candy Shop" Opens New Gaiety Tonight.

In the matter of players in the new musical review, "The Candy Shop," the big fashion, song, and sun show which is the opening attraction at the New Gaiety Theatre on O'Farrell Street, opposite the Orpheum, tonight, Saturday evening, October 18, the management seems to have run the length of extravagance, and talent verily treads upon talent's heels.

William Rock and Maud Fulton, than whom no players are better known in this country, lead the cast, while Mr. Rock has also arranged all the ensemble and dancing numbers, proof enough that they will bristle with novelty. In the company, too, is Al Shean, late principal comedian of "The Rose Maid"; Tom Waters, who occupied a similar position with "The Pink Lady"; Will Philbrick, who has just closed a season in New York with "The Fields"; Oscar Ragland, Franklyn Farum, and Robert Nolan. Among the women are Gene Luneska, the dainty little Russian prima donna, who for several seasons was the star of "The Chocolate Soldier" and "The Spring Maid"; Catherine Hayes, Bessie Franklyn, Peggy Lundeen, Berdine Zuber, Kitty Doner, and Mazie Kimball.

Particular attention has also been given to the selection of the members of the chorus. Girls who can sing and dance as well as look good to the eye have been chosen, and there will be forty of them in the ensemble, as well as a dozen men whose big voices and agility as dancers have secured places for them in this big organization. In all the company will number eighty people, including a largely augmented orchestra under the direction of Frank Pallma.

Western Metropolitan Opera Company
The Western Metropolitan Opera Company, which inaugurated a season of grand opera at the Tivoli Opera House on Monday night, has made an unequivocal success, and enthusiastic audiences have been in evidence at all of the performances. The principals are artists of ability and splendid vocal schooling, and the chorus, made up entirely of local talent, is said to be the best ever heard in this city. The orchestra of fifty is playing the various scores in exceptional style. This afternoon "La Tosca," with Carmen Melis and Luca Botta, will be sung for the last time; tonight the sumptuous presentation of "Aida" will be made, with its wealth of accessories, and tomorrow evening Bizet's "Carmen" will again be given.
The second week of the season is full of brilliant promise, and on Monday and Saturday nights and at the Thursday matinee Puccini's opera, founded on the book by John Luther Long and the drama of David Belasco, "Mme. Butterfly," will be presented with Carmen Melis as Cho-Cho-San, a rôle that she has sung with great success. Luca Botta will be Lieutenant Pinkerton. Verdi's al-

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PRICES:
Season Tickets, Ten Friday Afternoons
Main Floor, \$18. Balcony, \$18, \$12.50, \$9.
Gallery, \$9, \$6.
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Main Floor, \$2. Balcony, \$2, \$1.50, \$1.
Gallery, \$1, 75c. Box Seats, \$3.

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What California produces. You can not afford to miss this opportunity.
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Adults 25c Children 10c
EIC 74 AND MARKET STS.

ways welcome masterpiece, "Il Trovatore," will be sung on Tuesday and Friday evenings, with George Mascal as the Count di Luna, Umberto Chiodo as Manrico, Lucia Crestani as Leonora, and Fanny Anitua, the wonderful contralto, as Azucena.

On Wednesday evening Ruggerio Leoncavallo will direct the orchestra for his own opera, "I Pagliacci," which will be repeated Thursday and Sunday evenings and at the Saturday matinee. The cast of "I Pagliacci" will include Luigi Montesanto, Maria Mosciska, and Pietro Schiavazzi. Leoncavallo will also conduct a number of his symphonic compositions on these occasions.

"Julius Caesar" at the Cort Theatre.

William Faversham's spectacular production of "Julius Caesar," which is to be the attraction at the Cort for the week beginning Monday, October 20, is said to be the most complete production of a Shakespearean play ever made in America. Three baggage cars are required to carry the scenic equipment of this one play.

The scenery was designed and executed in the ateliers of Joseph Harker, London, one of the foremost living scenic artists. The designs and coloring for each scene are exact reproductions of colored sketches by the late Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema. The costumes, which are historically accurate, were made by Simmons & Co. of London, and are the product of careful research and execution. They were designed by Sir Alma-Tadema and Norman Wilkinson, Esq. The incidental music used was especially composed for Mr. Faversham's production by S. Coleridge Taylor and Christopher Wilson.

Most important of all is the splendid acting organization which Mr. Faversham has gathered about himself. Mr. Faversham, of course, plays the highly colored rôle of Marc Anthony. Associated with him is Miss Constance Collier, the able English actress, who will be seen in the rôle of Portia, and Mr. R. D. McLean, for many years a Shakespearean star in his own name, who will be seen as Brutus. Others in the big company include Miss Jane Wheatley, Mr. Arthur Elliot, Mr. Ernest Rowan, and Mr. Thomas Tracy.

"The Bird of Paradise" follows.

"The Count of Luxembourg" at the Columbia.

The attraction at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks, beginning Monday night, will be Klaw & Erlanger's production of the enchanting Franz Lehar and Glen McDonough musical romance, "The Count of Luxembourg," which comes direct from the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, where it has been an unprecedented success for several months.

The charms of "The Count of Luxembourg" have been heralded across two continents for the past two years. The magnificent ensembles have been arranged by Julian Mitchell, while the general stage direction is the work of Herbert Gresham. There will be a special orchestra of twenty-six brought to San Francisco, with Watty Hydes as director. The story deals with the adventures of the young Count of Luxembourg, whose romantic fancies lead him into numerous interesting difficulties. Among the twenty-odd musical numbers are "A Carnival for Life," "Day Dreams," "Rootzie-Pootzie," and the famous waltz number in which the count and an opera singer glide up and down the long grand staircase to the catchy strains of the Lehar music. The cast includes about 100 people, the principal members being Mildred Elaine, Maude Gray, Fern Rogers, Helen Gilmore, George Leon Moore, Frank Moulan, Fred Walton, Harold J. Rehill, F. C. Jones, Edward Kirby, Paul Frenac, and George Krugger.

Matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum announces for next week a grand laughing show. Hassard Short's "Dance Reveries" scored the greatest hit of an all-star Lambs' Gambol bill, and immediately after its performance arrangements were concluded for its presentation on the Orpheum Circuit. In its coming production the Dreamer will be played by Cort Albert, who is supported by six fascinating feminine types, their chic apparel ranging from the crinoline skirt to the hobble.

Nellie V. Nichols, the favorite singing comedienne, will introduce a number of new songs and stories in that inimitable manner which has made her such an immense favorite in vaudeville.

One of the funniest and most successful singing and conversational acts of the present vaudeville season is "The Wrong Hero," which will be presented by the popular song writers, Keller Mack and Frank Orth.

The Athletes, four graceful, beautiful, and symmetrical girls, will give an exhibition of gymnastics that is original, daring, and extraordinary.

Rosalind Coghlan, daughter of Rose Coghlan, will appear in a brand-new playlet entitled "The Obstinate Miss Granger," by Edgar Allan Woolf. Miss Coghlan has already had several years of success as leading woman with some of the most prominent dramatic stars and productions in America, including

William Gillette, W. H. Crane, Dustin Farnum, and Viola Allen.

Next week will be the last of Swor and Mack and Kluting's Entertainers. It will also conclude the engagement of Lulu Glasco.

"The Confession" at the Savoy Theatre.

That "playhouse beautiful," the Savoy Theatre, recently the Oriental, and once more the Savoy, on McAllister Street near Market, is serving to make the laughter-loving populace thoroughly satisfied with itself, "Overnight," Philip Bartholomae's brilliant farce, which is just completing a second successful week, proving just the right kind of entertainment to drive away the blues. The last matinees of "Overnight" will be given on Saturday and Sunday, and on Tuesday evening a more serious play, "The Confession," will be presented for the first time in this city. "The Confession," by James Hallett Reid, is a drama of absorbing interest and created a profound impression when it was first produced in New York. The cast will include E. Fleet Bostwick, Frank J. Gillen, Andrew Robson, Vera McCord, Frances Carson, Vivian Blackburn, Ada Neville, John Stepling, and other well-known actors. Commencing with "The Confession" reserved seats will be but 25 and 50 cents, with the midweek matinee 25 cents. On account of the Portola parade the midweek afternoon performance will be given on Thursday.

THE MUSIC SEASON.

The Farewell De Gogorza Concert.

This Sunday afternoon, October 19, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, Emilio de Gogorza, the Spanish baritone, will give his farewell programme of the season. In German "lieder" there are promised Schumann's "Mondnacht," Rubinstein's "Es blinkt der thau," and Strauss's "Cecilia"; in French "chansons" there will be Debussy's "Beau Soir," Massenet's "Première Danse," Fauré's "Fleurs jetees," and a work by the Russian J. Moussorgsky, "Le Roi Saul," the text being in French. In English De Gogorza will sing Handel's "Where'er You Walk," Storace's "The Pretty Creature," and Parker's "The Lark Now Leaves Its Wat'ry Nest," and in his native Spanish, "Canto del Presidiario" and "En Calesa," by F. M. Alvarez. In addition De Gogorza will sing three operatic numbers.

M. Gillette's piano numbers will be "Etudes Symphoniques," by Schumann, and a group of Chopin works.

Tickets may be secured at the usual Greenbaum box-offices and on Sunday after ten at the hall.

Symphony Concert Season Opens Friday.

Next Friday afternoon at three o'clock sharp the first concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra's 1913-1914 season will take place at the Cort Theatre. The Musical Association of San Francisco, comprised of 300 public-spirited citizens, whose guaranties make the existence of the orchestra possible, has left nothing undone in order to make this season memorable. The orchestra has been augmented, the very best musicians obtainable have been engaged, the ablest soloists in the world of music have been secured to assist in the orchestral programmes, and further, in order that the concerts may be of the utmost musical value, the number has been reduced to ten Friday afternoons and extended over a period of five months.

The board of governors asks the public to cooperate by purchasing season tickets. Increased loyalty and support will mean further progress in making the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra one of the important ones of this country.

For the greater convenience of those who have not purchased season tickets the box-offices at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s will continue to sell season tickets until Thursday, October 23. The sale of single seats for the first concert will open Monday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Operatic Star to Be Heard in Concert.

One of the youngest and most gifted of the singers at the Metropolitan Opera House is Mme. Frances Alda, the soprano who is coming here under the Greenbaum management as a concert artist, and she is one of the very few operatic stars who can really interpret the world's greatest "lieder" of all languages. Like Sembrich, Schumann-Heink, and Gadschi, she is an authoritative interpreter of modern and classic song, and she comes by this talent rightfully, for she comes from a family of eminent musicians.

This season, in addition to her first concert tour of the West and singing a number of rôles at the Metropolitan, she is to be a guest star at the Chicago and Boston Opera Houses, singing the rôle of Eva in "Die Meistersingers" at the Wagner Festival to be given under the baton of Felix Weingartner. In private life Mme. Alda is known as Mme. Gatti-Casazza, her husband being the general manager of the Metropolitan Opera House, and before that of the famous "La Scala," in Milan.

Gutia Casini, the eighteen-year-old Russian violoncello virtuoso who will appear with Mme. Alda, was discovered in Moscow by

Mme. Sembrich, who brought the lad to America last year, and Manager Greenbaum at that time received scores of requests to have Casini give a recital, but the time did not permit of it.

The other member of the Alda party is the artist-accompanist, Frank LaForge.

The first Alda concert will be given Sunday afternoon, October 26, at Scottish Rite Auditorium.

Scottish Rite Auditorium
DE GOGORZA
This Sunday aft., Oct. 19, at 2:30
Mme.
ALDA
(Metropolitan Opera House)
Assisted by
GUTIA CASINI, Cello Virtuoso
FRANK LA FORGE, Pianist
Sunday aft., Oct. 26, at 2:30
Wednesday eve., Oct. 29, at 8:15
Saturday aft., Nov. 1, at 2:30
Prices, \$2, \$1.50 and \$1. Box-offices open NEXT WEDNESDAY at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's. Knabe Piano.
HAROLD BAUER, Pianist—Sunday, Nov. 2.

ORPHEUM O'FARRELL STREET
Between Stockton and Powell
Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America
Week Beginning this Sunday Afternoon
MATINEE EVERY DAY.
A GREAT LAUGHING SHOW
THE ALL STAR LAMBS' GAMBOL SUCCESS—HASSARD SHORT'S "DANCE REVERIES"; NELLIE V. NICHOLS, songstress Comedienne; MACK & ORTH, presenting "The Wrong Hero"; FOUR ATHLETAS, a combination of Grace, Beauty and Strength; ROSALIND COGHLAN, supported by Richard Pitman, presenting "The Obstinate Miss Granger"; SWOR & MACK; KLUTING'S ENTERTAINERS; NEW ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES. Last Week—Great Comedy Hit, LULU GLASER, with Thos. D. Richards, in the Musical Play, "First Love."
Evening prices 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats \$1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and Holidays) 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone Douglas 70.

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Two Weeks—Beginning MONDAY, Oct. 20.
Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays.
Wednesday Matinee at Special Prices—25c to \$1.
Klaw & Erlanger Present the
Joyous Musical Romance
THE COUNT OF LUXEMBOURG
Book by Glen MacDonough
Music by Franz Lehar
From the Original of Willner and Bodansky.
100 People—Special Orchestra of 26

CORT Leading Theatre
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Last Time Sunday Night—Kitty Gordon.
STARTING MONDAY NIGHT, Oct. 20.
One Week Only—Mats. Wednesdays and Saturday
WILLIAM FEVERSHAM
In His Own Spectacular Production of
"JULIUS CAESAR"
with
Constance Collier—R. D. MacLean
and a Company of 150.
Nights and Saturday Mat., 50c to \$2. "Pop."
Wednesday Mat.
Sunday, Oct. 26—"The Bird of Paradise."

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE
Eddy Street, near Market. Phone Sutter 4200.
Mat. Today at 2 Sharp, La Tosca, with Melis, Botta and Modesti; Tonight, Aida, with Crestani, Anitua, Chiodo, Montesanto and Seson; Sunday Night, Carmen, with Tarny, Mascal and Schiavazzi; Monday, Thursday Mat. and Saturday, Mme. Butterfly, with Melis Botta and Modesti; Tuesday and Friday, Il Trovatore, with Crestani, Anitua, Chiodo and Mascal; Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday Mat. and Sunday, I Pagliacci and Symphonic Concert under the direction of Ruggerio Leoncavallo.
Prices—\$2 to 50c. Boxes, seating 8, \$20. Mail orders filled. Send orders to W. H. Leahy, Tivoli Opera House.

SAVOY THEATRE McALLISTER ST.
Near Market
Phone Market 130
This Week—OVERNIGHT
That Furiouly Funny Farce
Commencing Tuesday Night, Oct. 21
THE CONFESSION
A Modern Play of Absorbing Interest.
Popular Prices. Bargain Mat. Thursday—All Seats 25c.
Regular Matinees Saturday and Sunday.

GAITY O'FARRELL ST.
Opposite Orpheum
Phone Sutter 4141
THE BIG MUSICAL REVIEW
The Candy Shop
ROCK and FULTON
And 70 Comedians
Prices: Nights and Saturday Mat., 25c to \$1; Tuesday and Thursday Mats., 25c, 50c, 75c. Seats selling four weeks in advance.

VANITY FAIR.

It is to be hoped that no international complications will result from the refusal of the Indian authorities to allow Miss Maud Allan to give her public dances in Calcutta. We have the usual assurances that no reflection whatever is intended on Miss Allan. Without doubt her performance is of a highly moral nature and to be classed with "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Ben Hur." It cheers but not inebriates. The lady herself is amply clothed in purity and the halo of many terpsichorean triumphs, and even the most exacting could wish for no more than this. The dances are expressive of lofty moral sentiments and the fragrant natural emotions associated with springtime, and childhood, and flowers, and the usual stage properties. The Indian authorities wish it to be understood that they are prostrate before the genius of Miss Allan, but they would like her to carry her dance elsewhere. They recognize fully that to see Miss Allan dance is a moral education in itself, and much preferable to a church service, but she must positively not dance in India. If the country in whose diadem Miss Allan is a bright and particular star should feel aggrieved by the disability placed upon her it will be a joy to submit the matter to The Hague Tribunal, but in the meantime the police have orders to invite Miss Allan to "move on."

The explanation is simple enough, and we can only hope that Mr. Bryan will accept it and refrain from ordering the fleet to India. No doubt Mr. Bryan will feel sympathy for a fellow-vaudeville artist with whom he may be professionally associated at any time on the Chautauqua circuit, but he must not allow his greenroom association to involve us in a war with the Calcutta police. It is true enough that imperial responsibilities sit lightly on the shoulders of Mr. Bryan, but it must be remembered that the effete statesmen of the old world have not his enviable power to yodel themselves into placidity and contentment. And the Calcutta police say that the spectacle of a white woman clad only in the vesture of an immaculate idealism and dancing in public would cause all other white women to lose their status in the eyes of the colored populace. Now a wise imperialism has learned to respect the untutored prejudices of a native population that still clings to certain curious prejudices on the subject of womanly dignity. Nothing is so interesting as to explore the recesses of the aboriginal mind and, incredible as it may seem, the mild Hindu is of opinion that women who dance in public in the aforementioned costume of purity and a halo are degrading their sex. In point of fact the Hindu disapproves of women dancing at all except those women who combine the profession of dancing with another profession still more ancient. When the Hindu wishes to see dancing he sends for the nautch girls, but even the nautch girls are so swathed in raiment that they seem hardly to have the human form at all. Even a bishop may witness a nautch dance without fearing that the morals of his attendant curates may be undermined. A nautch girl while dancing is not likely to stir the blood even of a purity association. Now if the Hindu were allowed to witness the performances of Miss Maud Allan he might conceivably overlook their sublime symbolism. He might be quite unaware that Miss Allan was trying to uplift him by filling his mind with sweet thoughts of home, and mother, and daisies, and the summer winds. His naturally carnal mind would overlook the true significance of those flashing limbs and the stately movements of that body unencumbered by the grossnesses of anything noticeable in the way of dress. He might say that if a white woman can do such things as these then doubtless all white women are inclined in the same direction, and that the dominant race can not be quite so worshipful as he had supposed. In other words, he might think that he had been putting his money on the wrong horse. Then there would be trouble, because the Hindus are very numerous and the white people are very few. For these reasons it is to be hoped that Mr. Bryan will take a lenient view of the situation and that he will be prepared to assuage the wrath of Miss Allan should he at any time find himself in the proximity of that lady during those trying moments behind the scenes when the nerves of the performers are racked by the approach of their "turns" or "stunts."

One likes to associate Bryn Mawr College with good sense, but it is a liking that we shall have to restrain if current reports prove to be well founded. We are told that twenty young girls have been selected for a hygienic experiment that will take eleven years to produce its results. These girls are to undergo a special course of training and are to be virtually isolated in such a way as will tend to make them "physically perfect above everything else."

Now why should a girl be physically perfect above everything else? To the mind unadulterated by hygienic insanities it would seem somewhat more important that girls should be morally and intellectually perfect "above everything else." And how can we expect even physical perfection from girls

whose minds for eleven long years are to be concentrated upon their own health, who are to be incessantly reminded of their bodies by every details of their daily lives. It will be fairly safe to predict that all of these girls will be neurasthenics, dyspeptics, and hypochondriacs. One wonders what their silly mothers are thinking of.

We are hearing a lot too much about the advantages of physical health. Good health is produced, not by care, but by a sort of common-sense carelessness, a wise neglect, and an occupation of the mind with things that do not relate wholly to one's self. Too much hygiene can be trusted to undermine even the most robust constitution. Even a healthy crocodile would succumb, not to germs, but to the fear of germs. The man who is not particularly anxious to live can be killed only with a hatchet. The man who "takes care of his health" is signing his own death warrant.

The New York Sun has interviewed M. Paul Poiret of Paris, who for a long time past has been telling American women what they ought to wear and who has now crossed the bounding ocean to see for himself if his instructions are obeyed. M. Poiret, being a Frenchman, is extraordinarily polite. He chooses his words with great care. He was reported to have said that American women should be bolder. He repudiates the allegation. He said nothing of the sort, for "the women I see on your Fifth Avenue even sacrifice almost too much to fashion and originality."

M. Poiret was asked if he considered the slit skirt to be immoral, which was rather a home question for the man who invented the slit skirt. "I don't bother with immorality," he replied; "I follow only in my designing the greatest simplicity. I have no use for dresses all trimmed up with pen-wipers and little bunches of things. Simple lines show the natural beauty of the figure. But this plain gown must have one touch to turn it into a costume. Behold."

The "Behold" referred to Mme. Poiret, who entered at that moment. Mme. Poiret is described as slender and sinuous. She wore a one-piece robe, almost a slip, of soft brocaded satin of a deep cream color. It had a round neck, kimono sleeves, and was very long and very narrow about her feet. The "touch" was a pearl, half an inch in diameter, which was suspended round her neck on a green cord which ended at her breast in a green silk tassel. She wore green slippers of the same shade and a turban of the gown material which almost concealed her hair. Let us hope that Mme. Poiret is happy to be thus in possession of a husband whose chief aim in life is to dress her beautifully.

M. Poiret thinks that women ought not to sit on chairs. They should recline on cushions. Probably M. Poiret is right. We ourselves have observed that we gain largely in grace when we thus recline, although it is always difficult—but supremely necessary—to hide our feet. And how women managed to sit at all when they wore corsets has always been a perplexity to us. We were once so indiscreet as to experiment in this direction with a discarded garment that we happened to find in our *chambre de nuit* and the result was disastrous, especially as we could not execute the rear movement necessary for excretion with sufficient celerity to avoid detection. But there is no need to enter into that question. It is a painful one anyway, and since women no longer wear corsets it may be called a dead issue. But the corset may return. M. Poiret says so. Asked if the corset will be a part of the next mode he replied: "I do not know what the next mode will be, for mode is not a theory, but a feeling. Modes originate in Paris because the French are of all nations the most sensitive. We wear Oriental costumes now because we are thinking of the war in the East. Such ways of evolving our styles are not practical. But La Mode is not interested in the practical. Ten years ago when I invented the slit skirt the women declared it was not practical. Before I left Paris I had a parade of mannequins in the old full skirts and they declared they could not walk. If the style should return they would find they could."

"Yes, I always design the hats to go with my gown, for one can not trust the milliner to consider the gown. But I never use feathers. Why? Because no milliner can make a hat without them. Should the hat and dress match? The essence of smartness is to have them match or form an effective contrast. But only two colors are most sufficient."

"How should a woman choose the colors of her gown?"

"She should choose it in the morning, as you do your necktie—to match her soul. She should consider, too, the temperature and the place where she is going. But mostly her own feelings, for there are gowns that weep, gowns that are full of mystery, and gowns that sing for joy. But she should not wear the Poiret gown unless it becomes her."

Oratorio, ever since the days of Handel, has enjoyed extensive cultivation in Germany. Every city of importance has its oratorio society, and many of these choirs have become justly celebrated.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A Yale professor was dining at a Southern hotel, and had been asked in quick succession by three different waiters if he would have soup. A little annoyed, he said to the last one: "Is it compulsory?" "No, sah," answered the waiter. "Mock turtle."

The farmer had bought a pair of shoes in the city shop. "Now, can't I sell you a pair of shoe trees?" suggested the clerk. "Don't git fresh with me, sonny!" replied the farmer, bristling up; "I don't believe shoes kin be raised on trees any mo'n I believe rubbers grow on rubber trees or oysters on oyster plants, b'gosh!"

Young Harold was late in attendance for Sunday-school, and the minister inquired the cause. "I was going fishing, but father wouldn't let me," announced the lad. "That's the right kind of a father to have," replied the reverend gentleman. "Did he explain the reason why he would not let you go?" "Yes, sir. He said there wasn't bait enough for two."

After the fire that destroyed Barnum's Museum, the proprietor consulted his friends as to his wisest course. He told them he had a fortune, and could easily retire from active business. Among his friends was Horace Greeley. "What shall I do?" asked Barnum. "If I were you," replied Greeley, "I would go fishing. I've been trying for thirty years to go fishing, and have never been able to do it."

He put every cent he had into an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" show, and at the end of four weeks his treasurer, with \$400 to the good, skipped out during the night. So he said to himself: "I'll catch the cus," and set the bloodhounds they had in the show on his trail. "Catch him?" he said, in speaking of it later. "Sure they did. They caught up with him, and he put chains around their necks and started another show."

Mrs. Keepup made it her private and particular business to have whatever her neighbor had, whether it was a question of chickens or diseases, so when Mrs. Gotthere complained to her one day of insomnia Mrs. Keepup was ready for her. "I have it, too, very badly at times." "What do you do for it, Mrs. Keepup?" "Why, I have never found anything that did me any real good, except to go to bed and sleep it off."

An old but sturdy Irishman, who had made a reputation as a gang "boss," got a job with a railroad construction company at Port au Prince, Hayti. One day when the sun was hotter than usual, his gang of Haytians began to shirk, and as the chief engineer rode up on his horse, he heard the Irishman shout: "Allez!—you sons of guns—allez!" Then, turning to the engineer, he said, "I curse the lay I ever learned their language."

The bishop was attending services at a small country church, and the young vicar, being very anxious to show the bishop how well he could preach, let himself out, so to speak. His gestures were frequent and his voice often rose to a high pitch. At the close of his service the young theologian went forward to welcome the bishop, and incidentally to ask how he liked the sermon. The bishop's reply was: "My dear young friend, do not make the mistake of confusing perspiration with inspiration."

Archibald Forbes was fond of recounting his experience in Leven, Fifeshire, during a lecture tour. When Forbes entered the hall here was not a single soul present. After a bit, however, a man strolled in and calmly proceeded to choose a seat. It seems he was commercial traveler, putting up at the place or the night, who had found time hanging idly on his hands. Nobody else coming, Forbes said to the "audience": "Will you give me the lecture, or will you have a drink?" A drink," said the traveler.

Once, talking to a group of Russian educators about corrupt voting abolished in New York, the late Mayor Gaynor said: "They tell a story, a story of the past, about a newly elected official who was holding a reception on the evening of his victory. Among his visitors was a red-faced man with a fur cap perched above his left ear. 'Howdy, boss!' said the fur cap. 'My dear sir, good-evening,' said the official. 'And so you were one of my supporters, eh?' 'One? Excuse me, boss. I was eight.'"

The Dyak who will argue that because his grandfather died after climbing a tree neither his father nor himself nor his children re to climb trees if they wish to live and enjoy health, recalls the "dour" old Scot who ad steadfastly refused to insure his fleet of "ading ships. "Na, na," he'd declare, "the 'lmighty has favored me, an' I've no need o' insurance. No a ship ha' I lost in thirty ear." Not long afterwards practically his ntire fleet was wrecked in one of the worst

storms in history. A friend, knowing of the trade which the old man had had, and of the value of the name alone, then offered to build new ships and take the ruined man in with him. "Na," he declared with gloomy solemnity, "Providence gied me a sign that I'm no' tae engage in the shipping again."

He was a young man—a candidate for an agricultural constituency—and he was sketching in glowing colors to the audience of rural voters the happy life the laborer would lead under an administration for the propagation of sweetness and light. "We have not yet three acres and a cow, but it will come. Old age pensions are still of the future, but they will come." Similarly every item of his comprehensive programme was indorsed by the same cry. Then he went on to talk of prison reforms. "I have not yet personally," he said, "been inside a criminal lunatic asylum." Then there was a voice from the back of the hall: "But it will come."

A highly respectable and prosperous Georgia farmer discovered that his corn-crisbs showed signs of nocturnal depletion. As this occurred with considerable regularity, his suspicions became aroused, and he rigged a spring-gun and watched for results. The first night following, along in the small hours, he heard the report of the gun, and hastening to the spot found a "dead nigger." The next morning he notified the coroner, which official summoned a jury and proceeded to view the remains. After a full investigation of the case, the coroner gazed solemnly at the jury and remarked that, while he was not entirely aware of the conclusions reached by them, he would suggest a verdict of "involuntary suicide." And that was the verdict.

When Uncle Joe Cannon was in Congress he wrote a letter to a fellow-member, who was able to decipher the hieroglyphics with the exception of one word. He disliked to bother Mr. Cannon, so he went to several friends among the congressmen, but none of them could make out the word in question. This word seemed very important, as it was underlined, so at last in despair the recipient thought he would consult with Mr. Cannon himself. Cannon looked at the letter, and then at the congressman, and then again at the letter, his face meanwhile taking on a peculiar expression. Finally he looked at the congressman and with mingled anger and laughter said: "Why, you fool, that word is 'confidential.'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Why He Refused.
A young theologian named Fiddle
Refused to accept his degree,
"For," said he, "'tis enough to be Fiddle
Without being Fiddle, D. D."
—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Masked and Unmasked.
'Twas at the latest masquerade
I lost Belinda's hand;
The trick that she upon me played
Is plain to understand.

She told me I might meet her there,
But not in fancy rig;
I'd know her by her raven hair—
She'd wear a brunette wig.

Belinda's blonde and fair as May;
So when I reached the ball
I recognized her right away,
In spite of mask and all.

But when the time came to unmask,
Oh, bow my head did whirl!
What was the matter? Do not ask!—
I had another girl.

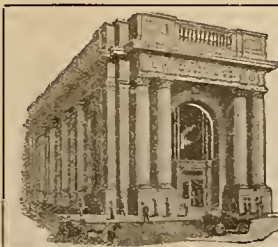
Belinda wore her own true locks,
A perfect golden yellow,
And sat all evening in a box,
Along with the other fellow! —Puck.

A Real Vacation.
Some day I'd like to take a real vacation—
To get away from stress and strife awhile,
To find some corner free from observation
And wear old clothes that now are out of style,
To eat my breakfast maybe in pajamas
With no one there to notice how I be,
To find some place of refuge that's as calm as
An island in the South Pacific Sea.

I'd like to find some undiscovered haven
Where other people never could intrude;
I'd like to go a week or so unshaven,
By barbers and their razors unpursued.
I'd like to puff a pipe, a good and strong one,
With no one there to kick about the smoke;
I'd like to drink a lemonade, a long one;
I'd like to sit around and talk and joke.

I'd like to walk barefooted in the grasses,
I'd like to dig my tootsies in the dirt,
I'd like to get afar from looking-glasses
And put away the armor-plated shirt.
I'd like to ditch the necktie and the collar,
I'd like to get along without a cuff,
With no one in the neighborhood to holler
And say I looked and acted like a tough.

I'd like to be a little elemental,
And have the kind of time that Adam had;
I'd like to lead a peaceful life and gentle—
I want a real vacation, want it bad.
The real vacation, sure enough, to make it,
To what location will I need to roam?
Aha, I know the place I'd better take it—
The only place to take it is at home!
—Douglas Malloch, in American Lumberman.



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Beginning November 10th the management of "Cosmopolitan" and "Harper's Bazar" will withdraw from all combination offers. "Argonaut" subscribers who are now receiving the benefit of club rates with these publications are kindly requested to note the change.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mrs. Oliver Kehrlein has announced the engagement of her sister, Miss Grace Dudley, to Ensign Valentine Wood, U. S. N., son of Commodore M. L. Wood, U. S. N., of St. Louis. The wedding will take place November 15, at Pelham Manor, New York, the home of Miss Dudley's mother, Mrs. A. Palmer Dudley. Ensign Wood is coming to this coast with the fleet in January and the young couple will make this city their home indefinitely.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Calvin announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Carrie Calvin, to Mr. George Edward Lawrence, of Salt Lake City. The wedding will take place in November. From New York comes the announcement of the engagement of Miss Julia Thomas and Dr. James A. Corsander. Miss Thomas is the daughter of Mrs. Lillian Wolcott Thomas, a niece of Mrs. Wakefield Baker, and a sister of Mrs. Joseph Seaton of San Diego.

General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Sadie Murray, to Lieutenant Congar Pratt, U. S. A. Lieutenant Pratt is the son of Mrs. Henry C. Pratt. The wedding will take place in January at Fort Mason.

The wedding of Miss Dorothy Palmer and Lieutenant George Alexander Spear, U. S. A., took place Friday evening, October 10, at the home on Divisadero Street of the bride's parents. Miss Evelyn Palmer was her sister's only attendant. Lieutenant Thomas Bridges, U. S. A., acted as best man. After the wedding trip the young couple will reside at the Presidio.

Mrs. Robert I. Bentley entertained a number of friends Thursday afternoon in honor of Miss Emily Rushton, who is her house guest.

Mrs. Edward Lewis was hostess Tuesday afternoon at a bridge party at her home in Presidio Terrace.

The Misses Florence and Corona Williams gave a dance Wednesday evening at their home on Piedmont Avenue, Berkeley.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was hostess at a dinner Thursday evening at her home on Broadway in honor of Lady Balfour.

Mrs. Leland Lathrop gave a tea Wednesday afternoon at her home in Belvedere in honor of Mrs. Charles Buckingham.

Miss Eleanor Landers has issued invitations to a dance, October 29, at her home on Walnut Street.

Miss Cora Otis entertained a number of friends Friday at a dinner-dance in honor of Miss Gertrude Greeley.

Miss Dorothy May was the complimented guest Thursday afternoon at a tea given by Miss Ethel Graham at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill were the guests of honor Monday afternoon at a reception given by the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association, and again Monday evening, when they were the complimented guests at a dinner given by the Sequoia Club.

Mr. and Mrs. James Flood entertained a number of friends at dinner Saturday evening at their home in Menlo Park.

Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith gave a luncheon Thursday at the Francisca Club.

Mr. Willis Polk was host at a luncheon Sunday at the Burlingame Club.

Mrs. Aurelius Eynaud Buckingham gave a reception Thursday at her home on Jackson Street in honor of Mrs. Caleb S. S. Dutton. Rev. Caleb Dutton has succeeded Dr. Bradford Leavitt to the pastorate of the First Unitarian Church in this city.

Señor Don J. E. Lefevre, commissioner from Panama to the exposition, was the guest of honor Friday at a luncheon given by the officials of the exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander gave a dinner-dance recently at their home in New York at which Miss Margaret Nichols was the complimented guest.

Miss Aldanitia Wolfskill shared the honors with Mrs. Kewen Marion of Los Angeles at a tea which Miss Elizabeth Mears gave Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Paul Bancroft was hostess at a luncheon recently at the Francisca Club in honor of Mrs. Horatio Laurence.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hatfield gave a soiree dancant Saturday evening at their home on Clay Street.

Miss Louise Bullock of New York was the complimented guest Friday at a luncheon given by Miss Margaret Williams at the Town and Country Club.

Mrs. John Baker, Jr., and Mrs. William Breyfogle were the complimented guests at a theatre party Wednesday, at which Mrs. Frank Moffitt was the hostess.

Dr. Philip King Brown and Mrs. Brown entertained a large number of doctors and their wives at a reception Sunday afternoon at their home at Sea Cliff. The affair was in honor of Dr. William Lucas and Mrs. Lucas, who have come here from the East to reside.

Mrs. Brown was hostess Saturday afternoon at a tea at the Town and Country Club in honor of Miss Elizabeth Kent.

Captain E. T. Nones, U. S. A., and Mrs. Nones entertained a number of friends Sunday evening at a supper party in honor of Colonel Charles L. Phillips, U. S. A., and Mrs. Phillips, who will sail soon for the Philippines.

Captain Thomas Hunter, U. S. A., was host at a theatre party Thursday evening in honor of Miss Sadie Murray and her fiancé, Lieutenant Congar Pratt, U. S. A.

Colonel Thomas Rees, U. S. A., and Mrs. Rees entertained a number of young people Saturday on a launch party and picnic. The affair was in honor of the birthday of their daughter, Miss Dorothy Rees.

Captain Lauren S. Willis, U. S. M. C., and Mrs. Willis entertained a number of friends Wednesday evening at a dinner-dance at Mare Island.

Captain Charles H. Lyman, U. S. N., and Mrs. Lyman gave a dinner Thursday evening at the

Marine Barracks, Mare Island. The affair was in honor of Commander William M. Crose, U. S. N., and Mrs. Crose.

Mrs. Sands Forman was hostess at a dinner Saturday evening at Hotel del Coronado in honor of Miss Josephine Smith and her fiancé, Lieutenant-Commander Frederick N. Freeman, U. S. N.

Mrs. Orrin Wolf gave a tea Friday afternoon at her home at the Presidio.

Mr. and Mrs. Mills Pierce Cook entertained a number of friends Saturday afternoon at a tea dancant at their home in Belvedere.

Mrs. Hugh Fairlee was hostess recently at a tea at her home on Lake Street.

Mrs. Cullen B. Welty entertained her friends this afternoon at a musicale, tea, and art exhibit at her home at Presidio Terrace.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. Charles Templeton Crocker arrived Sunday from New York, and will return within the next few days to accompany Mrs. Crocker and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin, on their homeward trip.

Mrs. Eugene Hewlett has returned from Europe and is visiting her sister, Mrs. James K. Moffitt, in Piedmont.

Mr. William W. Chapin is contemplating leaving shortly for Europe, where he will remain about six months.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Mailliard will return Monday from their wedding trip, which has been spent in the high Sierras, and will occupy the home in Belvedere of Mr. Mailliard's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Mailliard.

Mr. and Mrs. Kent Weaver are permanently settled in San Rafael, where they have leased a home. Mrs. Weaver, who was formerly Miss Gladys Jones, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh E. Jones.

Mrs. Philip E. Bowles have gone East for a visit of several weeks.

Mr. John Carrigan will sail October 28 for the Philippines, and will return to his plantation after an extended stay with his family in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Buckingham have returned from their wedding trip and are established in Belvedere, where they have rented the home of Mrs. L. L. Dunbar.

Mrs. S. R. Rosenstock and her daughter, Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, will leave October 22 for a visit in New York.

Mrs. Jerome Lincoln has closed her country home in St. Helena and is occupying her home on Scott Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Moore have returned from Riverside, where they have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Harry Chase.

Mrs. William C. de Fremery, Jr., has gone to Santa Barbara to visit Mr. and Mrs. Harry Chickering and Miss Florence Henshaw.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden left last week for New York, where they will spend several weeks.

Mrs. George F. Ashton has been spending the past week in town as the guest of Mrs. William R. Smedberg. Mrs. Ashton came from Sacramento to meet her daughter, Miss Helen Ashton, who arrived Tuesday from Manila. They will return today to Sacramento to remain during the winter.

Mr. William Gwin, Jr., is en route to Paris, where he will resume his musical studies. He came from Europe to spend a few weeks with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Gwin, Sr.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard have recently returned from a visit in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Maynard Dixon have returned from Arizona and New Mexico, where they have been spending the past two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Williams have closed their country home on the McCloud River and have gone East for a brief visit. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Gallagher (formerly Miss Muriel Steele).

Miss Helen Chesebrough has been spending the past week at Lake Tahoe with Miss Kate Brigham.

Dr. James Ward Keeney, Mrs. Keeney, and Miss Helen Keeney spent the week-end in Woodside as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker.

Mrs. Albert Russell, who has been spending the past six months in Europe, will remain in Munich during the winter with her mother, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton.

Mr. Richard Tohin will sail today for home after having spent the summer in England.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard William Davis have returned from a six months' visit in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pixley have returned from Southern California and are established at the Hotel St. Francis.

Miss Genevieve Thompson of Portland is visiting friends in this city prior to her departure for the Orient. Miss Thompson will sail with Mrs. Harriet McArthur for Japan and they will tour the world before returning home.

Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy Rogers (formerly Miss Ida Gibbons) are settled in their new home in Baltimore. Miss Marian Gibbons, who went East to attend her sister's wedding, is visiting Captain Shinkle, U. S. A., and Mrs. Shinkle at Boston Barracks.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Godfrey, who have been residing in Coronado, will return to this city to reside. Mrs. Godfrey was formerly Miss Ruth Adams, sister of Mrs. John P. Jackson, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tuhls have returned from Europe, where they have been spending the past year.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Redding, Miss Katherine Redding, and Miss Elize Clark have recently been spending a few days in Santa Cruz.

Miss Anita Dibblee has returned from Europe, having been called by the death of her mother, Mrs. Albert Dibblee, who died last month in Kyoto, Japan.

Mr. Burling Tucker has returned from Mexico and has joined his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Ellis Tucker, at their home on Broadway.

Mrs. Russell Selfridge has returned from Burlingame, where she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lyman.

Miss Katherine Strickler has recovered from a recent severe illness at the Adler Sanatorium. Miss Marian Huntington and Miss Helen Ber-

thau left Saturday for New York to meet Mrs. Huntington and Miss Ernestine McNear, who will arrive from Europe October 23.

Dr. David Conrad and Mrs. Conrad have come up from Los Angeles to spend a month in town.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall and Miss Marian Newhall returned Wednesday from Burlingame, where they have been spending the summer, and are established for the season in their home on Scott and Green Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Chesebrough have given up the idea of renting a house and will spend the winter with Mr. and Mrs. Newhall.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. McIntosh have closed their home in Woodside and are residing on Franklin and Washington Streets.

Mrs. Harry N. Stetson has sufficiently recovered from a recent operation for appendicitis to return to her home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Sypher and Miss Genevieve Bothin have returned from Europe and are at the Fairmont Hotel.

Judge M. C. Sloss, Mrs. Sloss, and their children have returned from Ross, where they have been spending the summer.

Members of the Ophite Club entertained a number of their friends at an informal gathering Thursday evening at the Palace Hotel.

Lieutenant Howard B. Barry, U. S. N., and Mrs. Barry have arrived in San Francisco from Mare Island. Lieutenant Barry is attached to the *Pittsburgh*, which will remain here until after the Portola celebration.

Captain William Brackett, U. S. N., and Mrs. Brackett, who returned recently from Guam, have taken a house in Vallejo where they will spend the next two months.

Lieutenant Riley F. McConnell, U. S. N., and Mrs. McConnell, who have been spending the last few weeks in Alaska, have returned to their home at Mare Island. Lieutenant Riley went north to inspect the naval wireless stations.

Mrs. George P. Sheppard left Saturday for the East, where she will visit her relatives. Passed Assistant Surgeon Sheppard, U. S. N., is attached to the supply ship *Glacier*, which leaves soon for the south.

Mrs. William W. Gilmer came down from Mare Island Saturday and will remain here with her husband, Captain Gilmer, U. S. N., until November 1, when he will leave with his ship, the U. S. S. *Pittsburgh*, for San Diego.

Mrs. Alexander Sharp, Jr., has gone south to join her husband, Lieutenant Sharp, U. S. N.

Captain John Burke Murphy, U. S. A., Coast Artillery Corps, has been relieved from assignment to the Thirty-Third Company and placed on the unassigned list.

Lieutenant James E. Johnson, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been relieved from further duty at Fort McDowell and will proceed to Honolulu on the transport sailing November 5, and report for duty in the Hawaiian Department.

Captain George F. Connolly, Quartermaster Corps, U. S. A., will report to the commanding officer at the Presidio for duty, where he will relieve Major Hampton, U. S. A.

Major William C. Cannon, Quartermaster Corps, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty in the Philippines and has been ordered to proceed to the United States.

Lieutenant-Colonel Elmore Taggart, U. S. A., of the Fourth Infantry, has been transferred to the Twenty-Eighth Infantry.

Captain Glen H. Davis, Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A., who has been stationed at Monterey, has been ordered to the Army War College at Washington, D. C., for a course in tactics.

Colonel Frank Baker, U. S. A., Ordnance Department, will be retired October 29.

Captain Ethelbert L. D. Breckenridge, Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to the Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C., for treatment.

Major William H. Brooks, U. S. A., who was retired at his own request, has been assigned to active duty and detailed for general recruiting service. He has been ordered to report at the Presidio in this city.

Mrs. James Denman sailed Monday for Honolulu, where she will visit her son-in-law and daughter, Major Frank Cheatham, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cheatham.

Mrs. John P. Wisser has taken a flat on Broadway near Gough, where she will reside during the absence in Texas of her husband, General John P. Wisser, U. S. A.

The home at Fort Moultrie, South Carolina, of Captain H. B. Clark and Mrs. Clark has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Clark was formerly Miss Nina Sefton of San Diego.

The home in New York of Dr. Ernest Stillman and Mrs. Stillman has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Stillman was formerly Miss Mildred Whitney of this city.

Art Exhibit at Sorois Hall.

There will be an exhibition of paintings and sculpture by representative artists of Northern California held in Sorois Hall, 536 Sutter Street, the week of October 20, under the direction of Mr. G. P. Piazzoni. Leading artists of the northern part of the state, including a group of young men who are doing notable work, will exhibit.

Fair in Aid of the Buford Kindergarten.

The annual fair of the Buford Free Kindergarten will be held on Saturday, 18th instant, at the residence of Mr. Harry Durrow, No. 44 Fifth Avenue. The hours are from one to five and the invitation is general.

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INDIVIDUALITIES.

King Ferdinand has conferred on Queen Eleonora the Order of the Fourth Class of the Cross for Bravery in recognition of her indefatigable zeal and untiring devotion in the care of the wounded during the war.

Henry Carter Adams, who will go to China in the capacity of general fiscal adviser, is professor of political economy at the University of Michigan. He will aid a government commission appointed for standardization of records and accounts of government revenues.

Essad Pasha, commander of the Turkish forces in Scutari when that place surrendered to the Montenegrans last April, is now at the head of the army operating against the Servians. He comes from one of the leading Mohammedan families of Albania, and is said to be a typical chieftain of his people.

Princess Wigenstein, the oldest active society woman in Europe, is in her ninety-fifth year, and leads an active life. She dances, it is said, with the grace of youth, and has just finished a play. Fifty years ago she established herself at Lausanne and has lived there ever since. Her chalet is the centre of intellectual activity.

Dr. C. C. Bass, to whom the American Medical Association has awarded its annual medal, is a resident of New Orleans. The award was made in recognition of his success in cultivating the malarial parasite. He has been a great aid to his city in the fight to conquer malaria, and his original investigations give him prominence in the field of science.

Dr. William Wakeham, Canadian inspector of fisheries for twenty waters, has been named by the Canadian government as the representative of the Dominion on a commission to be known as the permanent mixed fishery commission. The commission is appointed for five years, and will only sit when there is any disagreement between the United States and Canada as to the reasonableness of any regulation made concerning fisheries in treaty waters by either country.

Harriet Fisher, owner and manager of the largest anvil works in this country, located in Trenton, New Jersey, took charge of the business when her husband became too ill to give it attention. The anvil works have been in the Fisher family half a century or more. The men of the Fisher family have been prominent in the army and the navy of the United States since the War of 1812. Fort Fisher is named for one of them.

Edward Plank, the heroic figure of the recent series of baseball games between the Philadelphia Athletics and the New York National League club for the world's championship, is the oldest man in point of years now playing in either of the two great leagues, he having reached the age of thirty-nine. For thirteen years this veteran, who won the final game of the series for Philadelphia, has been pitching with the world's best, though he began his career when a stripling.

Yuan Shi Kai, who has just been elected president of the Chinese republic for a term of five years, is fifty-four years old and has spent most of his adult life in official service. Early in 1912 it was he who was given full powers to arrange the terms of abdication of the throne and to organize a republican government in conference with the republican leaders. Shortly afterward, in February, he was elected provisional president of the republic by the National Council at Nanking, and took the oath of office on March 10.

Dr. A. D. Melvin, chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry at Washington, who was designated by Secretary Houston of the United States Department of Agriculture to undertake a three months' investigation of the meat-packing methods employed in the principal cattle-growing countries of South America, has finished his labors at Buenos Ayres. He will go to Montevideo to continue his studies on the frozen meat situation. Before leaving Buenos Ayres Dr. Melvin spoke in high praise of the methods employed in the Argentine cattle industry.

Dr. Josef Schumpeter, LL. D., professor of political economy in the University of Graz, Austria, has been named as the Austrian exchange professor for the winter semester of 1913-14 at Columbia University. He is a graduate of the University of Vienna in 1906, and studied later in Berlin and England, in which latter country he remained until 1908. Dr. Schumpeter writes and speaks the English language perfectly, and has made a name for himself in the field of political science through the publication of many works which have been most favorably commended by distinguished jurists, lawyers.

Dr. Louise Pearce, recently appointed as assistant to Dr. Simon Flexner of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in New York, occupies an unusual position in the medical world. She has served as the only woman on the staff of the Johns Hopkins Hospital and was appointed to the psychiatric staff of the Phipps Clinic. Dr. Pearce was

preparing to take up this important work when she received the Rockefeller assignment. In her research work with Dr. Flexner she expects to confine her efforts chiefly to the isolation of the bacilli of infectious diseases.

THE CITY IN GENERAL.

The estate of Adolph Sutro, former mayor of San Francisco, will be distributed in a few weeks under a superior court order, and Vassar College will then receive the \$10,000 legacy, which was one of the bones of contention when the will was being fought up to the state supreme court.

The funeral of John B. Martin, former chief of police, who died Saturday night after a lingering illness, was held Wednesday morning. Interment was at Cypress Lawn Cemetery. Former Chief Martin was appointed to the force October 22, 1884. In March, 1908, he was retired on a pension and he took no further part in public life until January 20, 1910, when he was made chief of police. He resigned this post October 4, 1910.

Judge Seawell in an oral ^{decision} Wednesday held that John Ginty and other bondholders of the old Ocean Shore Railroad, now defunct, are not entitled to bonds in the new company and must be satisfied with the stock issued to them by the reorganization committee. The committee, he held, had acted within its rights.

San Francisco's new Masonic Temple was dedicated Monday night by ceremonies in which more than 1000 men participated. The dedication services were held in the California Commandery Hall of the new \$1,000,000 temple.

An appeal on behalf of the city was filed on Tuesday in the district court of appeals from the decision of Judge Seawell of the superior court in the case of the Neal Publishing Company against Mayor Rolph, involving the claim of the city to the right to compel



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the use of the union label on printing purchased by the city. By the decision of Judge Seawell a resolution passed by the supervisors fourteen years ago is held not to be binding, and the Neal Publishing Company secured from the court an order requiring the mayor to sign the requisitions for goods, since the plaintiff is the lowest bidder and was awarded the contract.

Dr. W. W. Vanderburgh of this city was elected president of the newly created state board of medical examiners at its initial meeting on Wednesday in Sacramento.

SUTRO BATHS



at auction

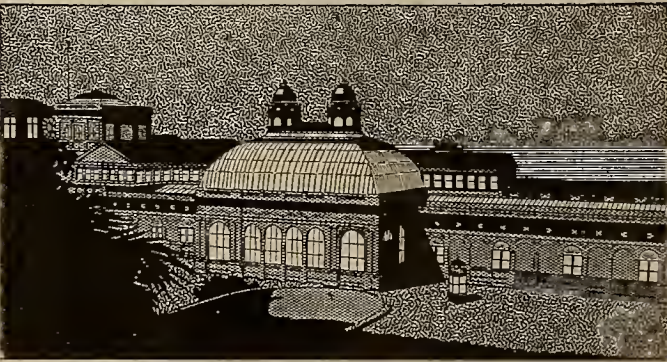
to close the estate of the late Adolph Sutro.

By order of the Executrix, of the estate of Adolph Sutro, we will sell to the highest bidder subject to the approval of the Superior Court, at our salesroom, 318 Kearny Street, San Francisco, at 12 o'clock, noon, Thursday,

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Henn—Do you believe in dreams? Peck—No; I married one.—Town Topics.

"Is she really musical?" "A genuine artist. You should hear her refrain from singing."—Life.

"Did you take in boarders this summer, Sam?" "No, sir; they was on to us."—Baltimore American.

"Did your son graduate with honors?" "I should say he did. He had a batting average of .378."—Detroit Free Press.

"Have you found Binks to be a friend in need?" "Yes; he appears to be in need most of the time."—Buffalo Express.

"We went to the cathedral last Sunday," said Mrs. Twickembury, "and heard the Magna Charta beautifully sung."—Punch.

Madge—Don't you think a girl should marry an economical man? Dolly—I suppose so; but it's awful being engaged to one.—Liverpool Mercury.

Ferdy—You are not like most of the other girls I know! Sylvia (very softly)—No? Ferdy—No, indeed! The others tan, but you freckle!—Toronto Globe.

He—Darling, why are you so sad? She (gulping down a sob)—Oh, dearest, I was just thinking this will be our last evening together until tomorrow night.—Puck.

"No man can serve two masters," observed the good parson who was visiting the penitentiary. "I know it," replied Convict 1313. "I'm in here for bigamy."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Why does Miss Screamditi always close her eyes when she sings?" "Well, you know she is so tender-hearted that she can not bear to see any one suffer."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"How's old Bilkins doing?" "He's quite wealthy now." "His young wife still living with him?" "Yes, but he'll soon be rich enough for her to sue for a divorce."—Yonkers Statesman.

Lady of the House (to persistent peddler)—If you don't go away immediately, I shall whistle for the dog. Peddler (calmly)—Then let me sell you a whistle, mum.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Post—A beautiful garden party was given yesterday under the auspices of Lady Black. Mrs. Newrick—I'll have our landscape architect plant some auspices on our lawn at once.—Sydney Bulletin.

Wife—What time did you get home last night? Husband—Eleven-thirty. Wife—I sat up until twelve. Husband—Yes. I sat on the front steps until you retired, so as not to disturb you.—Boston Globe.

"Miss Wombat, will you be mine?" "Never." The young man was jarred, but not wholly discouraged. Presently he came back in this fashion: "Well, will you let me be yours?"—Pittsburgh Post.

"You were shooting this morning?" asked Smith. "Yes, I had to kill my dog," answered Jones. "Was he mad?" asked Smith. "Well," said Jones, "he didn't seem any too well pleased."—Livingston Lance.

Rebecca—I don't believe you love me. You never think of anything but tollars. Silverstein (appealingly)—Would you want a man dot vas all der time chancing his mindt?—New Orleans Picayune.

Mrs. Brown—Here's an account of a new cooking utensil that will boil and steam and poach eggs all at the same time. Brown (a grouch)—And why doesn't it scramble and egg-nogg 'em, too?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.


"My second husband is no more like my first one was than day is like night." "But remember that you should never speak ill of the dead." "Oh, I had no intention of doing that. On the contrary."—Houston Post.

"I see 'ere by the papers they be tarkin' 'bout closin' the bloomin' 'pubs' in the middle of the hevenin'." "I shouldn't mind, meself, if they closed 'em a couple o' hours sooner. Wot I sez is, if a man aint full by 'alf-past ten, 'e aint trying."—Liverpool Mercury.

"I've cared for several persons," she explained, "but I never have loved any one so that I would have been willing to give up my home and work for him, if necessary. That is real love, isn't it?" "No, that isn't real love. That is softening of the brain."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"At last," cried the musician, "I have fame within my grasp." "How so?" asked his wife, who had heard the same thing before. "You know Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March,' and the marvelous repute it brought him?" said the musician. "Yes, but what of it?" "Well, I'm going to write a divorce march."—Life.

"You are very rich, aren't you, Helen?" "Yes, Tom," replied the girl frankly, "I am worth about two million dollars." "Will you marry me, Helen?" "Oh, no, Tom, I couldn't." "I knew you wouldn't." "Then why did you ask me?" "Oh, I just wanted to see how a man feels when he loses two millions."—Mikawakee News.



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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Matter of Prices.

The new tariff bill is now in force and has been for a fortnight or more. Practically it has been in operation several weeks, since it was long impending and since business had been carefully adjusting itself to it for several months. Now does anybody observe any decrease, marked or otherwise, in the cost of living? Fabrics of pretty much every kind if not wholly free of duty are on the reduced list. Have the tailor and the clothier reduced their prices? Wheat and flour from Canada and elsewhere are free-listed. Has the baker cut his price or enlarged his loaf? Sugar is under a heavy cut. Does the housewife discover that the price per pound is less? Many forms of manufacture are on the reduced list. Does anybody discover a general cheapening of things down the line of domestic necessity? In the meantime there is the usual need of capital in promotion of unnumbered enterprises. Is money easier to get, or are interest rates lower? Men and brethren, we have gotten our tariff reduced, but nobody has heard from any "consumer"

that he has gained any advantage through it. There will be none. Whatever has been saved at the custom-house has been absorbed down the line of importer, manufacturer, wholesale jobber, or retailer. The long-suffering consumer will get no advantage through it. Yet there may be some vacation time ahead for some of us, for it is certain that the general business of manufacture will decline and that all who live by it will find their incomes reduced, even though the prices of necessities will remain where they have been.

Mrs. Pankhurst, Revolutionist!

In colonial times and in the early days of the republic America exploited herself as the "Refuge of the Oppressed." It might be said within the near-limits of literal truth that the greater the disability, the more dense the ignorance, the more horrible the criminality of the immigrant, the warmer his welcome. It pleased American vanity and augmented the complacency of self-satisfaction to feel that we held out a welcoming and purifying hand to whoever for any reason might wish to come and establish himself here.

What followed is familiar to everybody who knows anything of the history of the country. First there came refugees who sought homes in America to escape from intolerable oppressions, mainly religious. Then came swarms seeking political and industrial freedom. Then famine sent us new swarms; and ambition for larger conditions of life still greater swarms. In time we came to have an appreciably large "foreign element." Then began the movement which brought us revolutionists from some countries, malcontents from others, the broken-down and the poverty-stricken, with vagrant scalawags and ne'er-do-wells from any and everywhere. After a while America became a cow to be milked in support of foreign agitation and revolution by itinerant vagabonds, beginning with the Kosuths and ranging down to German Socialists, Irish agitators, and all the rest of that ilk who profit by fomenting discontent. Then came the period of the Herr Mosts and the Emma Goldmans, with the breed of nihilists whose names Mr. Hart once in these columns graphically described as beginning with a snort and ending with a sneeze.

Finally the country began to take serious notice that it was being made a dumping ground or a hunting ground, not so much of the virtuous, the industrious, the worthily ambitious, and the nobly aspiring as of the off-scourings of what we love to call the effete countries. We found our peace disturbed, our industries degraded, our politics corrupted, our republican ideals derided, and our business damaged by these invasions. And after much talk and after tremendous battles with the sentimentalists who love to roll under their tongues the homes-of-the-oppressed doctrine, we succeeded in enacting a series of restraining laws. We cut out the Asiatic coolie entirely. We stopped the coming of hordes of laborers under contract. And finally, after a grievous experience with foreign malcontents, disturbers, and paupers we made a general statute limiting the privileges of immigration to presumably worthy people. Section 2 of the general immigration law, defining classes of aliens to be excluded, provides as follows:

That the following classes of aliens shall be excluded from admission to the United States * * * persons who have been convicted of or admit having committed a felony or other crime or misdemeanor involving moral turpitude * * * anarchists, or persons who believe in or advocate the overthrow by force or violence of the government of the United States; or all of government, or all forms of law, or the assassination of public officials. * * * Provided that nothing in this act shall exclude, if otherwise admissible, persons convicted of an offense purely political, not involving moral turpitude.

Under this law we have in recent years sent back to the countries whence they came very considerable numbers who have applied for entrance. Criminals, insane persons, paupers, notorious social or political dis-

turbers, persons of known immoral character—these have remorselessly been returned to their original homes. The law is explicit and it has been pretty generally enforced. Every returning European or Asiatic immigrant ship carries back in greater or less numbers persons who have attempted to enter the country, not for the country's good, but to its damage.

Now comes Mrs. Emmaline Pankhurst, leader in a movement which seeks to advance the political privileges of women in England by a violent and incendiary warfare. Mrs. Pankhurst has been four times convicted of offenses against public order in England and once convicted of conspiracy to commit arson. She has preached the destruction of property, including the firing of buildings, and has publicly supported and justified persons guilty of crimes clearly involving "moral turpitude." She comes to the United States, not to commit crimes here, she declares, or to persuade others to commit crimes, but to give a series of lectures by which she proposes to raise funds to support the activities of the militant suffrage movement in England.

When Mrs. Pankhurst attempted to land at New York the question for the immigration officials to determine was whether or not she belonged to any one of the classes of aliens excluded by the law above quoted. The officers in charge ruled that she was ineligible because she is of record a convict in her own country for conspiracy to commit crime, and further, because by her own admission she is an enemy of social order in England. The ruling was that these facts involved "moral turpitude." Others are denied admission every day upon records less derogatory. Mrs. Pankhurst's appeal was carried to Washington, and under advice of the President the authorities of the immigration office overruled the order of the officials in New York and permitted Mrs. Pankhurst to enter.

Now the fundamental question involved in this case has been defined by Mrs. Pankhurst herself. She did not deny participation in social disturbances in her own country. She even boasted of participating in a conspiracy to commit arson, though she asserted that she had drawn the line at the taking of human life. But, she claimed, she was not to be judged as a "criminal," but rather as a "revolutionist." Her offense, if it might be so called, was "purely political," therefore not subject to the rule of exclusion which exempts purely political offenders if otherwise admissible.

In determining that Mrs. Pankhurst, though a convicted social disturber and a confessed participator in crimes of arson, is a revolutionist as distinct from a criminal President Wilson has drawn a line likely to give him and the country serious trouble in future times. For by this decision President Wilson rules that crimes, even gross crimes, done in the name of revolution are not subject to the penalties attaching to them as acts of common criminality. The logic of this decision will quickly be seen by those in this country who, representing aggressive labor unionism, have included destruction of property and the taking of human life as among the weapons of a legitimate social warfare. If Mrs. Pankhurst, self-confessedly guilty of arson, is a revolutionist and not a criminal, then the McNamaras, who blew up the Los Angeles Times and incidentally murdered twenty-one men, are likewise revolutionists and not criminals. If the assumed character of revolutionist is to cover and sweeten arson and murder what is left to the vengeance of the law? President Wilson in his fear of political reprisals and in his anxiety to make political capital has done a monstrously wicked thing. He has done nothing less than to bestow legal sanctuary upon all who claim immunity for criminal acts committed in the sacred name of "revolution."

Under her own theory Mrs. Pankhurst as a revolutionist is engaged in an active warfare—a warfare marked by multiplied deeds of violence—

against her own country, England, a country with which we stand upon terms of amity and good will. By her own profession Mrs. Pankhurst has come to raise funds in support of this warfare. Is not this situation one of close analogy with conditions the other way about during our Civil War? England permitted herself to be made a recruiting ground for so-called privateering operations against the commerce of the United States. Ships built and outfitted in English ports, manned by British sailors and more or less provided for by contributions of English capital preyed upon and destroyed great numbers of American vessels on the high seas. We claimed that England in permitting these acts gave aid and comfort to our enemy. We pressed the claim home and England paid to our order the sum of fifteen millions of dollars in compensation for damage, at the same time tending dutiful apologies. Now if we give Mrs. Pankhurst leave to carry forward an agitation in this country, to collect money and apply it to the destruction of British property, will we not in logic and common sense and in common morality be liable to England precisely as England was liable to us in the cases of the *Alabama* and the *Shenandoah*? Are we not in admitting, encouraging, succoring, and endowing this precious "revolutionist" doing that which we condemned and for which we demanded payment in the case above named?

The truth is that in permitting Mrs. Pankhurst to enter the country we have (1) nullified a law which we enforce rigidly in other and similar cases; we have (2) recognized the crimes of social disturbance and arson when done in the name of "revolution" as legitimate; we have (3) given aid and comfort and endowment to one who is openly an enemy of a country with which we are at peace.

All this has been done in a spirit of concession, in the fear of political reprisals on the part of those who support a questionable cause and in the hope of currying political favor with American advocates of this cause. It is an act further marking weakness, instability, political calculation, and overweening political ambition on the part of a President who, however worthy in private relationships, stands in his political character a compromiser and a coward.

Reflections Upon the Breaking of Sulzer.

Sulzer undoubtedly was guilty of grievous offenses. He presented and swore to a false report of the expenditures of his candidacy for the governorship of New York. He took money given to him for campaign purposes and applied it to personal uses. He undertook by diplomatic methods to suppress testimony tending to exhibit these facts.

But it was not for these offenses that Sulzer was impeached and convicted. They were the pretext for the movement which has discredited him and ousted him from office; whereas the real reason was that he had refused in the governorship to serve the interests of Tammany and had defied its authority. He has been broken, not for his crimes, but because he would not commit other and still more grievous crimes.

The trial was a farce because it was before a packed court. Tammany had set itself to be revenged upon an official who would not bow to its authority or carry out its orders—and it had the votes. The outcome was foreordained before the trial began. The event was merely an official confirmation of a penalty already imposed by decree of a corrupt political organization.

If upon assuming the governorship Sulzer had, as has many another, taken orders from Tammany, apportioned the offices according to its assignments and bestowed other patronage at its behest, he would not have been disturbed. On the other hand, his administration would have been in the ordinary sense successful and he would perhaps have gone forward under other promotions. The situation in which he finds himself today is what it is because of the conscience and the hardihood which, belated though it was, controlled Sulzer in the administration of his office.

It was the fashion of the old story-books to wind up each recital with what was called a "moral." There are several such in the immediate instance. The first and most obvious is that he who undertakes any reform must come to the work with clean hands. An official with a crooked record is an impossible agent of reform because his previous offenses arise ghostlike to accuse and damn him. Sulzer as governor would have been glad to pursue an honorable and decent course. And he even attempted to do this very thing. But behind him there was his long public record as the servant and tool of Tammany, plus a private record of cheap

speculation and a vulgar petty criminality. These things compounded were as a club in the hands of Tammany—a club which has been used effectively to smite and to ruin a man who would in the culmination of his career have been glad to pursue legitimate courses.

There is a second "moral"—this in the shape of a lesson to the public. Sulzer has always been a flamboyant, spectacular jackass. He has never been governed by character or a decent sense of propriety. He won public place and held it for many years, not because of his fitness for public life, but because as a species of jackanapes he has amused and cajoled the lower order of voters in a congressional district. Tammany has been behind him because it could make use of him; and Tammany has not minded the fact that he has been a mere nigger-minstrel in the sphere of "popular" politics.

Now you can not elect to office men without character, mere rostrum entertainers, and have in office seriousness of purpose, integrity and official dignity. When you elect a cheap guy to office you have inevitably a cheap guy in office. There is something in authority which tends in a measure to sober a man, but there is nothing even in the highest place to revolutionize the mentality of a man and to substitute high qualities for low qualities.

Sulzer did indeed try to be in the governorship a better man than Sulzer the Tammany politician. But his character was not strong enough for transformation and his record and connections were as millstones about his neck. He has indeed gone into the discard for the best thing he ever did in his life—his denial of the authority and his protest against the dictation of Tammany—but the best of Sulzer, as the case clearly exhibits, was not good enough for the high place to which he was unwisely chosen.

There is in this case a third "moral." It exhibits the Tammany Society, not indeed in any new light, for the whole world knows that it is an association of political highwaymen maintained for purposes of plunder. But the incident does emphasize the fact and it does exhibit the hazard. It ought to make the world of decency pause and consider. And if the spirit which has in the main animated the republic is not dead it ought to sound the death knell of an association which if it may not be destroyed will in its turn destroy the political liberties of the state which lies within the sphere of its operations.

There is a fourth "moral," which we especially commend to the reformers who are seeking by every possible means to break down the party system. Hitherto Tammany has to a greater or a less degree been held in check by the counterbalance of politics. The chief agency of obstruction to its purposes has been the Republican party. Not always has it been able to beat Tammany, but it has done it periodically and it has until very recently restricted its operations to New York City. But those who in the name of reform have wrecked the Republican party in New York State have given Tammany its opportunity. It was the division of Republican votes last year which made possible the election of Sulzer, then a Tammanyite, and, as we have already said, a man of no character, to the governorship. If the Republican party had been united and strong as at other times there would have been placed in the executive office at Albany some decent and worthy man. New York would have been spared the double disgrace of, first, the election of Sulzer, second, that of his expulsion from office. The "moral" here is plain enough; and it should prompt the Republicans of New York to put aside their petty differences, to reestablish their historical party and proceed again as of old in the business of rebuking political infamy and of sustaining the decent moralities of public life.

The Recall in Kings County.

It seems that they have been having a recall election down in Kings County and one that was accompanied with the usual outpourings of hate and malice. The petition was directed against Mrs. N. E. Davidson, the county superintendent of schools, who was supposed to have given her assent to the action of the county board of education in revoking the certificate of T. J. Roesman on the ground of immorality and unprofessional conduct. Now Roesman may have been guilty or he may have been innocent. That is hardly the question, although the electors seem to think that he was guilty, seeing that they have given Mrs. Davidson a triumphant majority. The recall proceedings lasted for a month, and it was a month of mass meetings, bitter recriminations, and of all the hateful personal

passions so easily aroused in small communities where every one knows every one else. The rancors caused by this petition will probably last for years or until they are effaced by some other scandal of a like nature.

Now it may be reasonably asked if such a petition as this is likely to strengthen the hands of boards of education who are called upon to defend the schools against teachers of bad character. Are not such authorities likely henceforth to take a line of least resistance and to wink at irregularities rather than to call upon their heads the furies and the humiliations of a recall election? Henceforth the immoral teacher will feel that he has been buttressed in his immorality and fortified by a law that gives him the power of vengeance upon any one rash enough to attack him. A teacher or any other official, no matter how deservedly he has been disgraced, can usually find friends enough to start the necessary machinery. Almost any one can start the necessary machinery against almost any one else, and especially in a rural district where all sorts of petty animosities are rife. Even though unsuccessful there will be ample revenge in the annoyance and the misery of such an assault. The recall was foisted upon a credulous public by the plea that it would prove a guaranty of justice. How long must we wait for a realization that it is actually a legalized method for the extinction of a sense of official duty?

Mrs. Belmont at Home.

Mrs. Belmont has been a good deal on the public stage during the last few years, and usually not far from the footlights. We have heard of her New York restaurant for the benefit of working girls, of her participation in the shirtwaist and other strikes, and now of her championship of Mrs. Pankhurst. The glare of a well arranged publicity usually follows Mrs. Belmont wherever she goes, whether it is to overawe by her wealth the magistrate of a New York night court or ostentatiously to do her own shopping as an "example" to the housewives of the nation. These published activities are usually so similar in their nature as to suggest one of two things. Either Mrs. Belmont is a lady of an absolutely undeviating public virtue, or she maintains a well-organized press bureau, and there are various reasons for the suspicion that of the two alternatives the latter is the more correct.

Every one who knows Newport is familiar with Fisherman's Walk. Four miles in length, it affords a view of everything in the place that is worth seeing. From nowhere else is there quite so pleasant a panorama of the "cottages" that have made Newport famous and of the ocean that makes Newport what it is. Fisherman's Walk is the one democratic touch in the wilderness of aristocracy. It is the promenade, the outing ground, of all and sundry, and especially of those whose participation in the Eden of wealth is confined to a glance over the walls.

But it seems that Fisherman's Walk must now be sacrificed to Mrs. Belmont's convenience. Her own home occupies a position about midway on this public promenade, and it has occurred to the lady that the house could be improved by a sort of Japanese construction some two hundred and fifty feet long, which has been built over the walk in such a way as to create a dark and crooked tunnel through which young women are afraid to walk, instead of the open and sunny space of heretofore. It means the ruin of a public convenience and decoration, the cold-blooded destruction of a favorite popular resort. Whether Mrs. Belmont has a legal right to commit such an act of selfish vandalism remains to be seen. Probably it never occurred to her that there could be legal disabilities to the cupidity of wealth or any public rights that wealth need respect. It is gratifying to note that upon this point she may be undeceived.

One of the difficulties of public life in America is due to the immense distances, that compel us to judge of the reformer and the philanthropist by their own noisy pretensions rather than by an observance of their actions and their lives. They take good care that we shall know what they say, and that we shall have a carefully pasteurized report of what they do, but the intimate observation of their lives from which alone can come a knowledge of character is impossible. Probably it would be hard to persuade the "common people" of Newport, smarting under the ruin of Fisherman's Walk, that Mrs. Belmont is capable of a single public-spirited thought or action. She represents the intolerable vulgarity of a new wealth that regards the possession of money as the one eternal frontier of life. Benevolence

and reform are degraded into mere varieties of vanity, a relief from the tediums of selfishness.

It has sometimes been the custom—less so now than formerly—to reproach the English aristocracy for caste instincts that are fatal to democratic institutions. It is one of those delusions that are removed by travel. There is hardly an aristocratic estate in England that for all practical purposes does not belong to the public as much as to its legal owner. To place such properties at the perpetual pleasure and convenience of the public is one of the immemorial traditions of English aristocratic life. The gates of private parks and usually the doors of their houses are perpetually open to any one who wishes to enter. Nowhere in the monarchical countries of the world would it be possible to find such insolent arrogance, such rude contempt for the public comfort as are displayed by Mrs. Belmont. Nowhere in the aristocratic circles of Europe would it be possible to find that peculiar and hateful variety of vulgarity that points steadily toward its own purse as a proof of social superiority. And it need hardly be said that nowhere in Europe where proximity is an aid to familiarity would Mrs. Belmont or her kind be able to pose as philanthropists or reformers without provoking a public derision that would be fatal to such pretensions.

A Governor on Unionism.

A speech just delivered by Governor Foss of Massachusetts seems to indicate an official recognition of the evils of a labor-union domination over our railroads that is none the less welcome because it is so tardy. The governor's text was, of course, the recent disasters on the New Haven system and the proof that those disasters were caused by a union interference with the executive powers of the company and by a union insistence on the employment of incompetent engineers. That a governor should so far depart from the routine of "practical politics" as to address himself to one of the things that really do matter might serve as a suggestion to other governors to go and do likewise.

In this case the governor was certainly explicit. He said:

The engineer of the locomotive is the captain of that iron ship plowing through rain and fog and darkness, often at fifty miles or more an hour. He should owe his allegiance to the railroad corporation, and the corporation should protect him and safeguard him in every way. But today does the railroad engineer in New England recognize any allegiance superior to that of his labor union? Railroad men will tell you he does not. * * * The engineers of New England, substantially all of whom are enrolled in one labor union, are able at any moment to threaten a strike and paralyze the industries of New England in a day if their demands are not complied with. What can the railroad officials do? Yield to every demand of the engineers and deny most of the demands of unorganized labor at the foot of the ladder?

The governor went on to ask with some indignation, "Where is the power to discipline engineers? They have their own organization. They make their own demands for themselves alone and they have the power to paralyze the transportation interest and every industry in New England." Those are exactly the facts, and if the governor of Massachusetts was unaware of those facts until they were impressed upon him by a column-long list of dead and wounded it may be said that he was the only man of intelligence in Massachusetts or elsewhere who was not in possession of the truth.

And now it would be interesting to know what he proposes to do about it. It is hardly likely that he can persuade the legislature to take any action in the matter, since the tendency of legislatures everywhere is to creep and crawl before any aggregate of voters who have cohesion enough to make themselves felt. The appeal to public conscience is hardly likely to be effective, since the public is far too busy to have a conscience. We may perhaps hope something from so stern a reminder that the life of every railroad passenger is in danger so long as the engineers are controlled by the unions instead of by the company, but the public memory is a short one. The only reasonable expectation of a better state of things lies in the determination of the company to be master in its own house, to take whatever measures it believes to be necessary for the protection of the public, and to resort to an instant publicity at the first sign of reaction. And the company states that such will be its policy.

Publicity is indeed the only cure. There are hundreds of concerns throughout the country who never know what it is to be free from the lash of unionism. The remedy is largely in their own hands if they have the courage to use it. Let them insist upon publicity

and withdraw all their support from newspapers that refuse to give it to them. A large mercantile organization in California was recently forced to the medium of a paid advertisement in order to state the causes of a strike that was of wide public interest and concern, while at the same time nearly every newspaper in California gives its space freely to any item favorable to the unions, and most of those newspapers are quite willing to invent such news when the ordinary sources fail them. Are the great commercial concerns of the state so wholly without influence that they can do nothing to insist upon impartiality and to remove the embargo now laid by editors upon any news item, no matter of what general interest, that may displease a labor union? To suffer in silence is preëminently an American virtue, but it can easily deteriorate into a vice. It has become a vice now when we find that industries are paralyzed and their promoters terrorized and that there is practically no way in which matters of such vital public import can be ventilated. The victims of unionism can easily insist upon publicity if they wish to, and they may yet find that nothing but publicity can save them from ruin.

Editorial Notes.

The discovery of a new continent in the hyperborean regions has a certain geographical interest, but practically it is a matter of small account. Nobody will go there excepting perhaps a few adventurers on journeys of mere hardihood and curiosity. It satisfies a certain human vanity to have reached and charted all the lands on the globe—and that's all there is to it.

The Progressive party of New York is clearly within the line of its instincts—true to type, as the breeders and planters style it—in espousing the cause of the discredited Sulzer and in giving him a nomination for the assembly. We say true to type because the type is that of one idea, the impulses of emotionalism, and a sustained propensity to novelty and change. It is a type which does not pause to reflect, but rushes forward upon any old impulse, forgetful of the obligations of principle, even of common morality. For in the immediate instance the Progressive hero of the hour, however he may be a victim of political intrigue, is none the less a false swearer and a thief. A movement or organization which claims to be a moral force in the political sphere ought in logic and common sense to be the last to champion so spotted a leopard as Sulzer. But the instinct of emotional sympathy and for novelty has overborne rational counsels. It is significant, too, that the nomination of Sulzer in a particular district lacks approval at the hands of the more prominent members of the Progressive party in New York State and in the whole country. It is characteristic of Progressivism that it hearkens to no counsels and accepts no leadership. It rushes bull-headed, heedless of warnings, reckless of the deeper meaning of things, upon any purpose which chances to stir immediate sympathies. By the confession of its wiser ones it is in politics by its tendencies and even by the terms of its organization a force heedless of serious considerations. The immediate incident completely illustrates the tendencies of the party and the dangers involved in them.

Outrages like the assault upon King George and Queen Mary at the Coliseum last week tend still further to exhibit the recklessness and insanity of the militant suffragettes and to speed the day when a resentful public opinion shall give them the short shrift which cruel and stupid courses merit. England has been patient even beyond the reasonable limits of patience with these fanatics, and a time must soon come when they will be treated like other criminals. And when that time comes it will be found that the courage which they so vaunt has no better basis than a sense of privilege which exists for them under the very system which they are seeking to sweep away. Let these women once be given the treatment due to thugs and incendiaries and there will speedily be an end to their operations.

With the exception of a small yield from the New Rambler copper mines, in Albany County, Wyoming, the entire domestic platinum production came from California and Oregon in 1912. The greater part of the California platinum was obtained as a by-product in gold dredging in Butte, Yuba, Sacramento, and Calaveras counties.

Of the 800 Englishmen who volunteered for service with Garibaldi in the war of Italian liberation less than a dozen now survive.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The California People and Their Newspapers.

LOS ALTOS, CAL., October 17, 1913.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: I am a Canadian who has come to settle in your fair state. But it was some little time before I could make up my mind to throw in my lot with you. The reason, when I tell it you, may appear somewhat flimsy; nevertheless it was a reason that for a time had a strong retarding influence.

Naturally, as one projecting in his mind the important step of changing his domicile, I sought information of your state through your newspapers. Perhaps I should make myself more explicit if I said that I sought through your newspapers to acquaint myself with the mental trends of your people, as newspapers are generally believed to be more or less representative of the collective thinking of a community. I wanted to catch the American's viewpoint, to learn something of his ideals, to discover his notions of public morality, justice, and social intercourse.

You can imagine the decided hesitancy that took hold of me to become a resident of your state after reading for some little while two of the San Francisco dailies. While, of course, we have sensational newspapers in Canada, we have no newspapers, however, that deliberately parade immorality, indecency, and vulgarity as the San Francisco dailies do. I judged from the reading of these newspapers that California was principally made up of people who were light and vulgar and frivolous, and who were on the whole blatantly loose in their morals.

Happily all these false impressions which your leading dailies created have been dissipated by my short residence in your state. When I came to know some of your real citizens I found them just like the good people at home in Canada—home-loving, hospitable, generous, modest, and law-abiding. Your real citizens are lovable in every sense of the word. I would not want finer neighbors, and I know that I am going to make some solid, lasting friendships with them.

What still astonishes me is why your leading newspapers keep up "booming" the slim minority of the lawless and immoral, who are found in every community in the world, but whose presence should be dealt with in a way that would make for wholesome repression or control.

H. M. L.

A Puzzled New Citizen.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 19, 1913.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: I read in the daily papers under October 17: "William Sulzer ceased to be governor of the State of New York at noon today. He was removed from office by the court of impeachment by a vote of 43 to 12, two members not voting. The verdict of the court was that Sulzer was guilty of falsification, perjury, and an attempt to suppress evidence against him."

So far all right. But what next? In almost any other civilized country Mr. Sulzer would then have been arrested and arraigned before the ordinary criminal court for falsification, perjury, and attempt to suppress evidence against him, all crimes severely punished by just laws.

But here—by a virtually unanimous vote the impeachment tribunal decided also that Sulzer should not be punished by disqualification to hold office of honor and trust in the State of New York in the future.

When a man is found guilty of falsification, perjury, and attempt to suppress evidence it is certainly astonishing and highly bewildering for ordinary honest people to hear the same tribunal find that this man is not disqualified to hold office of honor and trust—indeed, why not specially qualified?

A NATURALIZED CITIZEN.

From an Iowa Physician.

RINGGOLD COUNTY MEDICAL SOCIETY

SAMUEL BAILEY, M. D., Secretary

MOUNT Ayr, Iowa, October 17, 1913.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: I am writing to compliment you on a very able and matter-of-fact editorial that was in your paper some time ago and which I saw copied in the *Literary Digest* in this week's issue, on the subject of the new fad, "sex hygiene," and which you call "narcotic cures." This is the best and most appropriate writing that I have seen since this disgusting fad made its appearance. I think you are right in every statement you make and I am sure the people will wake up to this serious condition that has sprung up and that is gaining such a hold, apparently, among many of our educators. This whole fad originated in the brain and mind of sexual pervers, and they will persistently keep agitating this fad till all the people are finally aroused and take active measures to banish such fads from both school and pulpit. I am glad you wrote as you did, and the pity is that all our people can not have an opportunity of reading and studying this great editorial. I am going to have this editorial copied into the *Journal of the American Medical Association* if at all possible. I hope I can secure its publication in the two Iowa medical journals. I thank you most sincerely for your solid words on this subject, and I hope you will have many more along the same lines. With all good wishes, I am,

Yours very truly, SAMUEL BAILEY, M. D.

MR. HOBSON AND MR. UNDERWOOD.

Mr. Bennett Treats of the Recent Controversy in the House of Representatives Between These Gentlemen.

WASHINGTON, October 17, 1913.

Alabama's senatorial contest, in which the withdrawal of Representative Clayton at the request of President Wilson left Oscar W. Underwood and Richmond Pearson Hobson as the sole contenders, was fought on the floor of the House in the past week in a manner unparalleled in American politics. Mr. Hobson emerged from the fight in second place. His attack on the Democratic majority leader, Mr. Underwood, was considered in very bad taste and has not aided him in his public career. His one chance now is to get to the Senate. If he fails in that, it is probable that his usefulness in the House will be limited.

Persons familiar with Alabama politics say that Hobson's attack was carefully designed to appeal to the hill-billys of Alabama. He felt, probably, that in the eyes of most of the people of Alabama Underwood, by reason of his great prominence in national affairs, was something of a hero. He tried to play the rôle of David to Underwood's Goliath on the floor of the House, and the silence with which his attack was received and the applause which followed Mr. Underwood's reply indicate that the ruse failed.

Representative Donovan of Connecticut, newly elected to the House, was one of the most interesting figures of the debate. He caused great a

when he had the clerk read an editorial from the New York *World* which said:

Fifteen years ago last June Richmond Pearson Hobson was a hero. He has been a nuisance ever since. With his militarism, his jingoism, his anti-Japanism, he has been a visitation upon his afflicted country.

Now he is running for the United States Senate against Oscar W. Underwood. He feels that demands for \$50,000,000 for the navy for ten superdreadnaughts, even for immediate war with Japan, have lost their pristine charm. So he turns over a new leaf by denouncing Mr. Underwood as "the tool of the whisky ring and the money interests."

Coming on the heels of the passage of the Underwood Tariff Act, it is hard to decide whether this charge is the more outrageous or ludicrous.

With South Carolina threatening to send Cole Blease to the United States Senate, the bare possibility that Alabama might inflict Hobson on the country is enough to arouse a nation-wide interest in Mr. Underwood's candidacy.

Mr. Hobson is meeting the fate that befalls most heroes who try to keep before the country after their work is done. He has become something of a bore so far as the House of Representatives is concerned, and his speech the other day, telling of his wonderful achievements, did not appeal to the members of the House of Representatives. With reference to the sinking of the *Merrimac* Hobson said:

I went to the Spanish war not as an ordinary duty. My routine duty was at Annapolis. I was in charge of the post-graduate course there, but my little philosophy had led me to believe I might render temporarily more service to the front, and I went. It was an extra duty. I will say to my friend from Connecticut, Mr. Donovan, that he knows what a naval constructor is. If he is thoroughly familiar he will know this, that a naval constructor never has to command a ship. I was a naval constructor in that war. I knew how to build a ship. I felt that I knew how to sink a ship. I sought the extra duty. I sank the ship. I will say to my friend from Connecticut that here in Congress this work of special expeditions in my district is not routine work. I have sought to do it as extra duty.

That was Hobson's explanation of why he is so frequently absent when votes are being taken on the floor of the House. Mr. Donovan, who has been something of a nemesis to Hobson in the last few weeks, took pains to show that in the first session of the Sixty-Second Congress Hobson did not vote or was absent fifty-one times. He actually voted twelve times. It was pointed out in the debate that during the time that Speaker Crisp occupied the chair which is now filled by Champ Clark the following statute was passed:

The secretary of the Senate and sergeant-at-arms of the House, respectively, shall deduct from the monthly payments of each member or delegate the amount of his salary for each day he has been absent from the Senate or House, respectively, unless such member or delegate assigns as the reason for such absence the sickness of himself or of some member of his family.

As Donovan explained, however, the only excuse that Hobson offered was that he had been paired some time and Donovan wondered whether some vicious liquor dealer had kept him away from doing his duty.

Perhaps there may be some question about the propriety of the President's letter to Representative Clayton of Alabama, urging him to remain in the House so that he might help with the preparation of anti-trust legislation in the regular session, which begins in December. Evidently the letter was designed to prevent any division of the forces against Hobson, whose jingoism in the House has not pleased any one. It is generally believed that Representative Underwood would make a much more desirable member of the Senate. Whatever may be said about him, Mr. Underwood is one of the ablest men on the Democratic side and has always conducted himself with dignity and a high sense of his obligations to his state and the nation.

In the effort to make capital against Underwood Hobson charged him with being the tool of Wall Street, citing the fact that one of the contributors to his presidential campaign was Thomas F. Ryan.

If Underwood is now or has ever been the tool of Wall Street he has managed to conceal the fact so successfully that neither his friends, his associates in Congress, the President of the United States, nor Wall Street itself has ever suspected the fact. Out of the haze of the battle on the floor of the House one question stands forth boldly—"What is a tool of Wall Street?" Whenever a demagogue wants to promote any selfish purpose he charges that the men who are opposing him are tools of Wall Street.

Is a tool of Wall Street one who writes a tariff bill that cuts to the heart the duty on steel, which is supposed to be Wall Street's pet investment? Is it one who helps to push through a currency bill that arouses the ire of the Wall Street bankers? Is it one who keeps intact a Democratic majority which has been cracking Wall Street on the head for the past two or three years?

With all the tools that Wall Street is supposed to have, little headway is made in Washington. To have one of its tools in complete command of the majority of the House ought to put Wall Street in high good humor, but instead we find it in the doldrums. Stocks have been sagging and investments have been lagging. If Mr. Underwood is the tool of Wall Street he is all edge and no handle.

There is entirely too much buncombe in the attack on Underwood. The Democratic party almost from top to bottom knows what it owes to his remarkable leadership. There is scarcely a man in the House, either on the Democratic or the Republican side, who will say that his record is without a blot so far as honesty of purpose and moral integrity are concerned.

IRA E. BENNETT.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Here is a gratuitous hint for the peace advocates, who are never tired of telling us that we could all afford automobiles and wives and babies and all kinds of good things if we would only give up our present expensive habits of killing each other. There has now been peace between the United States and Great Britain for one hundred years and the two nations are about to throw up their hats in celebration of that fact. But while waiting for the auspicious moment to arrive both Americans and British are busy with celebrations of quite another kind. Here in America we have had a little jubilation over Commodore Perry's victory on Lake Erie, while our dear friends in Canada have been commemorating the battle of Chateauguay. Now how can we expect the era of peace on earth and good will toward men while we are always ready to gratify a sort of frenzied patriotism by celebrating the anniversaries of battles that ought to be forgotten? Of all forms of popular amusement that of commemorating a battle is the most insensate. A man might as well commemorate the last occasion on which he beat his wife, or robbed an orphan, or cheated his friend. So here is a chance for the peace advocates to bestir themselves. Let them try and persuade us to celebrate the battles of the past, not with noise, but silence; not with glorification, but with shame.

A keen-eyed reporter in New York happening to see a number of hoxed typewriters on the sidewalk waiting for the carman noticed that one of them was addressed to "His Holiness, Pope Pius X. Rome." Is this among the latest examples of a modernity that threatens to inundate alike our sentiments and our traditions? We associate the correspondence of the Vatican with quill pens and parchments and the laborious fingers of busy scribes. We can hardly conceive of a papal bull written with the typewriter upon a sheet of office paper. Indeed we are not sure that such an anachronism would be valid. Certainly it would violate our sense of the proprieties. But perhaps this particular typewriter was intended only as a curiosity, and not for use.

Mr. Sydney J. Endacott has done a distinctly malicious thing in publishing a book made up of the ill-natured things that great men have said about one another. It must be quite a large hook, but perhaps Mr. Endacott has made a selection only. Thus we find a reference to Horace Walpole, who called Dante a "Methodist parson in Bedlam." George Meredith described Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" as "yards of linen drapery for the delight of ladies." Tennyson, on the other hand, said that to read Meredith was like wading through glue. Meredith called Matthew Arnold a "dandy Isaiah," and George Moore wrote that "in George Meredith there is nothing but crackjaw sentences, empty and unpleasant in the mouth as sterile nuts." Hallam said of Carlyle's "French Revolution" the style is so abominable I could not get on with it," and Carlyle said of Hallam's "European History," "Eh, the poor miserable skeleton of a hook." Of course all this is sad scandal, and yet it is a relief to find that the Olympians do sometimes descend to earth and wage war with the weapons of mortals.

It is eminently proper that New Jersey should be cautious in the matter of grammatical accuracy. Indeed it is almost a matter of patriotism, and therefore there is much discussion as to whether the road signs for the guidance of automobiles should bear the words "go slow" or "go slowly." Professor Phelps of Yale is in favor of "slow," but Dr. Henry Van Dyke prefers "slowly." Professor Kittredge of Harvard, Professor Manley of Chicago, and Dr. Child of the University of Pennsylvania are willing to sanction either form, and Professor McBride of the University of the South thinks that "slowly" is more correct but that it is also too pedantic for use. So long as doctors disagree to this extent it might be well for the New Jersey authorities to "go slow" in the matter and perhaps to adopt some other and less contentious formula, such as "advance with circumspection" or "eschew precipitancy." Here in California we write up any old thing and spell it in the light of our glorious liberty.

Let us thank God for the example of purity that has been set by the unassuming little town of Visalia. The supervisors of parks have determined that in the interests of morality the men and women should sit apart at the open-air concerts. Now this is as it should be. Men and women should be segregated not only in the parks, but in the streets. It is true that some exception might be made in favor of husbands and wives who can produce a marriage certificate to the policeman at the corner, but even the license of married people can be carried too far, and perhaps a civil service official might be established in every household to see that the boundaries of propriety are not overstepped. In view of this proof of the purity of Visalia we are inclined to discredit a hideous rumor to the effect that the babies of Visalia are sometimes born in an unclothed condition, and that there is more than one instance of unclothed twins of opposite sexes. We mention these unverified and malicious reports in order that the authorities of Visalia may be on their guard and so avoid even the very appearance of evil.

The trustees of the Nobel prize fund have received many complaints that these prizes are being awarded to the wrong persons, that they were not intended as a further distinction for the distinguished, but as an aid and encouragement to those who are not yet distinguished. It seems to be the old story of "to those that have shall be given," and it is a story that can usually be told of awards of this kind. The weak point in all such well-intentioned plans is the fact that they must be administered by human beings, who are necessarily sensitive to the transitory ideas of the moment and dependent more upon conventional thought than upon actual values. It

is sufficient to remember that the peace prize was awarded to Theodore Roosevelt. Napoleon would probably have received it if he had been alive.

The action of the Austrian government in closing the emigration offices of the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company and in seizing its papers is quite in tune with the policy of the authorities. If you encourage an Austrian or a German or a Russian to emigrate, if you even suggest the propriety of his doing so, you are skating upon somewhat thin ice, and it is well to make quite sure that the intending emigrant has fully satisfied the military authorities. It is no small matter to rob a European army of a conscript, and just now Austria is inclined to be severe in this respect, seeing that the present shortage of recruits is a large one. It is said that 90,000 eligible Austrian soldiers are now in Canada and a recent official summons to return to their native land produced not a single response. Certainly it is hard to imagine a human being quite so idiotic as deliberately to return from Canada to Austria with the pleasant prospect of having his eyes gouged out or his lips cut off by Bulgarians or Servians. We may even believe that the Austrian emigrant to Canada or elsewhere allows himself to feel some indifference as to the political future of Albania or any other of those problems that just now are exciting the attention of the Austrian government. There are laws against emigration in nearly all the countries of Europe, and they are liable to be enforced with some energy at such a time as the present, when the war clouds are somewhat more ominous than usual.

Dr. J. M. Buckley, who is writing his autobiography in the *Christian Advocate*, relates that he once saw Tennyson in the South Kensington Museum with two ladies and two children. Mr. Buckley circumspectly drew near, hoping to overhear some words of wisdom from the great man. He continued these tactics for an hour, but without success. Tennyson kept right on saying nothing. At last Mr. Buckley detected some premonitory symptoms of speech, drew softly nearer, and heard these never-to-be-forgotten words: "You hold the children while I get a glass of beer."

London *Truth* can usually be trusted to get the facts of a situation and *Truth* says that the whole Pankhurst movement in England is based upon the money-getting instinct of its leaders. While Mrs. Pankhurst and her delightful daughters were still in private life it was generally understood that they were in reduced circumstances, an opinion fully borne out by their dress and manners of life. But all this was changed as soon as militancy began to appeal for financial aid in pursuit of its campaign. It was evident at once that Mrs. Pankhurst belonged to the class of the newly rich, while her daughters began to dress and comport themselves more like debutantes than leaders of a great reform. The disastrous collapse of the subscription list in England therefore implied a financial stringency of a painful personal nature for the ladies who depended upon it for their support in England and for the pleasant residences in Paris that served as interludes in the strenuous campaign. An American tour naturally suggested itself as a relief measure and as the easiest way in which the newly acquired habits of luxury might be sustained, an expectation that was well founded if we may judge from the exorbitant fees that Mrs. Pankhurst was to receive from her American audiences.

Dr. Charles Goring is the latest criminologist to combat the theories of Lombroso and to assert that there is no such thing as a criminal type. Dr. Goring admits that there are some persons who are naturally criminals, but he denies that their criminality shows itself by physical stigmata. Seeing that criminality is a purely artificial distinction, it is hard to understand why nature should aid in the classification. Our social system has seen fit to select a small number of the almost innumerable ways of being wicked and to label them as criminal. The other ways are not labeled as criminal, although they may actually involve a much greater moral turpitude. It is not the function of society to prevent people from being wicked, but only to prevent them from being wicked in such ways as are particularly prejudicial to the rest of the community. There was a time when it was criminal to read the Bible. It is still criminal to do some things of which the moral sense may highly approve. We can hardly expect nature to give her sanction to our artificial distinctions.

The great principle of sex equality has once more been vindicated in England. When Albert Davis of Bedford was sentenced to a term of imprisonment for theft he announced to the magistrate that he would begin a hunger strike. No one seemed to care very much whether he did or not, and as a matter of fact Davis has just died of hunger and an unemotional jury returned a verdict of "death from natural causes," and that was an end of the matter.

As an example of the way in which the world is about to be governed if present tendencies persist the reader is invited to turn to an article by Anna Garlin Spencer in the current number of the *Forum*. Mrs. Spencer is also a minister, and it may be suggested that a combination of the woman and the minister is one that hodes ill for human liberties. Mrs. Spencer's topic is the eternal sex problem—*cela va sans dire*—and her remedy is the perpetual imprisonment of all impenitent prostitutes. Incidentally we are told that "it will not be surprising if we end our health crusade with compulsory physical examination of every man, woman, and child each and every year." No, it will not be at all surprising. Nothing will be surprising in an age when the blessed word "compulsion" expresses the highest political and social wisdom of which we seem to be capable. And among the more immediate results of all this revolting agitation will be the creation of a "scientific" tyranny more cruel, more rapacious, more conscienceless than the religious tyrannies that we are so proud to have overthrown.

SIDNEY G. P. CORVY.

CORNELIA SETTLES IT.

A Shipwrecked Mariner in Port at Last.

"Pa! Oh, pa! Don't you know it's time to git up?"

Cornelia's voice marched up to Mr. Appleton in his small chamber under the eaves. He groaned as it drew him from the pleasant land of dreams, and for a moment or so he could not think of the reason for the early summons. He had earned the right to late arisings by especially early ones in the days of his youth. And Cornelia seldom disturbed him.

"It can't be Friday already," he said to himself, struggling half-heartedly into his shoes and clothes.

But Friday sounds greeted him as he shut the door of his room behind him. There was the zip-zip-zipping protest of the nine by twelve rug over its weekly parting with the floor.

"Every week's too much," he observed to himself, irritably. "Her ma was as clean as a whistle, an' jest as good a housekeeper as Corny, but twicet a year was plenty for her. She didn't turn me out neither when she done it. An' there aint a tarnation thing ails that old mat. I wisht somebody 'd talk to Corny hard as them people done over sanitary things—only takin' the other tack. There's lots o' things I wisht they'd say to her."

He stepped lightly, but Cornelia heard him. She opened the door and put out her shrouded head.

"That you, pa?" she inquired, looking directly at him. "I'll be out in one minute. Go out in the kitchen an' set down. Don't get nothin' to eat. I'll fix you when I come."

Yes, he knew she'd fix him—mush—oatmeal, how he abhorred it!—bacon and eggs—ham and eggs—chops and potatoes—well cooked, all of them, but nothing that he wanted; washed down invariably, too, by Cornelia's latest fad, scalding water.

"Oh, I want my coffee!" he groaned to himself. "I'll bet Corny had *hern*. I always had it, an' I don't believe it hurts me jest cause I aint as young as I used to be. It aint right to take the coffee offen a man. An' I want hot cakes an' maple syrup, waffles an' honey, strawberry preserves—peaches an' cream—"

His making of menus was interrupted by the brisk entrance of Cornelia.

"How'd you sleep, pa?" she asked, but went on without waiting for an answer. "'Twas most too hot for sleep, but this mornin' is real foggy—regular change in the weather."

As she spoke, she portioned out mush, added milk and set it before him. In silence Mr. Appleton ate the mush. He cast several longing glances at the old blue sugar bowl as he did so. But he did not mention sugar. Cornelia had prohibited the addition of sugar to breakfast foods.

"'Sweeten with salt' is what they say, pa. Sugar takes the good outen your mush. An' what'd be the good eatin' it?"

Mr. Appleton, who had often wondered himself, said no more. The sugar followed in the wake of the coffee.

As the last spoonful of mush disappeared, the empty bowl was whisked away and bacon and eggs substituted. He ate with speed and without appetite. Cornelia, dish-towel in hand, was waiting to "clear up" after him. Mentally, too, he was girded for the Friday morning journey. It made Cornelia "nervous" to have him "under foot."

"Land sakes, pa!" she told him when he proffered his services as rug beater, "you can't be no help to me by stayin' here an' gettin' under foot. If you really want to help, jest trapse off till I git things to rights again."

And Mr. Appleton had done so. But the first time established a precedent. He found that ever afterward he was expected to absent himself on Friday morning.

He fell into the way of going up to the old burying ground, sitting on a convenient tombstone and smoking his pipe in peace.

Oh, his pipe! He clutched it with the desperation of one who knows it to be in danger. Cornelia disliked pipes in general; her father's little clay one in particular. Long, long since she had forbidden its use in the house. Lately he had surprised her eyeing him with a calculating eye when he returned from the woodshed, looking scarcely less sheepish than an urchin leaving there after an interview with his father. He had noticed her sniff as he passed her, though he tried to hold his tobacco-laden breath. Cornelia had an eagle nose for odors.

"She aint never goin' to get my pipe," he assured himself. "I won't give up terbaccor for no one. Why, ma gimme ma couple o' whiffs when I had the pneumony, an' Doc said I had to quit. I believe that's why I got well so quick. No one can't take my pipe away from me, Corny or no one. She got my coffee; she got most things I like. The pipe I keep."

Stanchly as he spoke, he trembled. He had made a right sturdy fight for the coffee.

There had been a certain satisfaction in the enforced absences. It was something to be allowed to blow rings of smoke in the air and watch them without fear or hurry as they floated upward. In spite of the melancholy surroundings, he was happier rather than at home; often felt more kinship with these quiet strangers than with his own daughter. But this morning he shrank from going. The fog had heralded the arrival of his old rheumatic foe; twinges had disturbed him from the time of his awakening. He wanted

nothing so much as to sit down by a roaring fire, his feet on a footstool, a cup of coffee, or glass of toddy on a table by his side. An aggrieved feeling possessed him as he opened the door and viewed the bleak morning.

"Got your monkey jacket, pa?" Cornelia's careless voice inquired.

Mr. Appleton's indignation flamed into silence instead of speech, but Cornelia did not notice. Before the door was closed the sounds of her weekly rending recommenced.

Mr. Appleton walked along slowly, in respect to his rheumatic knees. It was not far to the little burying ground, where peace rose up to greet him. He quickened his pace a little when it came into view. He made his way first to the corner where his wife lay buried. He stood for a moment in quiet thought. And then he took his way through the dew-drenched grass to his usual resting place. Here, too, the same conditions prevailed. The flat stone where he was wont to sit was drenched with dew. He took out his handkerchief, dried it as best he could, lighted his pipe, and sat down. But he was cold and uncomfortable. Even his freedom in his beloved pipe failed to cheer. Before he knew it he was chilled. His teeth chattered against the stem of his pipe.

"I got to get out o' here," he said to himself, "but it's way too early to go back." He looked at his watch. "I got loads an' loads o' time before dinner," he said. "I low I'll jest tramp along into town."

He felt a warm, exultant thrill at the planned disobedience. Cornelia had forbidden the six-mile walk in which her father delighted.

"It was all well enough when you was younger, pa," she had said, "but a man of your age hadn't ought to be goin' them long tramps. See, you're jest beat out."

"It's 'cause it's so hot today, Corny," he had pleaded in excuse. "An' I aint so awful old, neither. I won't be fifty-nine till next September."

"Well, fifty-nine's old enough for you to know enough not to be tirin' yourself out," she replied.

He said no more. And he had given up the walks. For months he had not even thought of them. But now he felt that to diverge from the path marked out by Cornelia was the one thing he wanted to do.

He set out slowly, but determinately, pausing only when an unusually vicious twinge reminded him that he was unfitted for the journey. No thought of returning came to him. But at the end of two miles, he sat down by the roadside, more tired than he cared to acknowledge.

"I'm old," he muttered, "old, and no mistake."

He rested for a few moments, and then got to his feet uncertainly, his lips pressed hard together, his face set toward the town. He walked along, but suddenly paused. Some one was beating a tattoo on a window. He looked up and lifted his hat. The window was thrown wide.

"Goin' to town, Mr. Appleton?" queried a cheery voice. "Come in an' rest a spell."

He walked up the flower-bordered path, putting his feet down firmly, like a soldier. Mrs. Lacy was waiting at the door, smiling a welcome.

"Law, I'm glad to see some one to talk to," she said, shaking hands. "It's such a dreary day I was beginnin' to feel lonesome. Let me take your hat. Do you go in by the fire."

The grate fire was just what he had longed for. Mrs. Lacy drew up a leather rocker.

"Now, set right down," she said, "an' rest. 'It's the meanest day we've had this year. I never see such a change in the weather."

"Well, you don't feel it much here," he answered, holding his blue hands to the blaze. "A fire like this, an' who cares what it is out o' doors?"

"I like a good fire," she said, drawing a little rocker beside him. "Today I'd really ought to have swep, but when I seen the kind of day it was I thought this would be better. I'm goin' to mix you a little drop of whisky. Poor Jim used to relish a mouthful on a day like this."

She was back in a moment with a steaming glass and plate of currant cake. She smiled as she set both on the table beside him.

"I remember what a hand you used to be for sweets. I'll bet it keeps Corny bakin'. Now, tell me about Corny an' yourself. I aint seen either of you for ages."

Mr. Appleton sipped the punch, ate the currant cake, and answered questions all at once. Then he sat back in the luxurious leather chair with his feet on a footstool. Dimly he realized that he was having the time of his life.

"Why don't you smoke?" asked Mrs. Lacy.

Mr. Appleton sat up so suddenly that the chair tipped.

"What!" he cried. "In here?"

"Why not? I never think a man's comfortable if he aint smokin'. And I admire the smell of tobacco."

With fingers that trembled Mr. Appleton filled and lit his pipe. He had a feeling that it was too good to be true, that he would shortly wake up.

"Now you look really comfortable," smiled Mrs. Lacy, "an' I'm goin' to run in an' get us a bite to eat."

It was not long before she called him into the kitchen.

"I set it in here," she apologized; "it's so much cozier."

Mr. Appleton looked at the dainty table and kitchen with approving eyes. Here was cleanliness that in-

vited instead of repulsing. Here was neatness without austerity.

Mrs. Lacy heaped forbidden things on him. He never could remember how many biscuits he ate, how much cold roast pork and delicious salad, how many slices of strawberry short cake. He lost count of the number of times his hostess replenished his cup with the fragrant coffee. He reveled in the indigestibility of the meal. He was a shipwrecked mariner in port at last.

Even as the meal differentiated from his usual ones, so did his hostess differ from Cornelia. Gay talk and light laughter flowed back and forth. Unconsciously he won back to the light-heartedness of his youth.

"An' now," said Mrs. Lacy, as they arose from the table, "go in an' set by the fire an' have a good smoke. I'll be through the dishes in a jiffy."

"Not so," he protested. "I'm goin' to help clear up."

"Well," she conceded, "I'll let you. I always did admire a man as gave a hand. But light your pipe first. It's as necessary after meals as grace before."

When the snow-white, dimpled arms of the widow were bared, when her little hands deftly washed and rinsed the dishes, when her fingers occasionally touched his own as she laid the dishes on the draining-board, Mr. Appleton felt something rise up within him that was joy and pain, hope and fear, all at once. And a silence fell between them—a silence that was not broken until they took their seats again before the fire. The widow broke it. Her voice was soft and regretful.

"Well," she sighed, "I don't know when I've enjoyed a day so much. An' this mornin' when I looked out I thought 'twould be a terrible day. I don't like to see the fog lyin' over everything, when I'm all—alone."

"I aint been so happy in years," said Mr. Appleton. "An' I dreaded the day, too, when I came out."

"I try to make the best o' things," she went on, musingly, "but it don't seem like I'll ever get used to it. I—I—it's hard to be all alone. Sometimes I'm so lonely—"

She broke off. Tears trembled on her long lashes. John Appleton reached out both hands and caught her own with the ardor of his youth.

"Oh, Lucy, Lucy," he said, "if you—if I—if we could be together, we wouldn't be lonesome no more!"

It was hours as time is measured, minutes as it seemed to them, before he remembered Cornelia.

"Oh," he said, with a groan, "there's Corny! I clean forgot her."

"Corny is a c—competent person," she said, adroitly changing the "eat." "She can have your house, an' her Aunt Eliza to live with her. They'd both like that. An' we can live here. You can give her money to run on. Thank God, there aint no lack o' that with either of us."

With the adoration on John Appleton's face admiration was mingled.

"That's jest what I'd like," he said. "How quick you thought of it, darling."

The smile of the widow was wise and inscrutable.

"Well, I believe I was always kind o' quick about seein' things," she observed.

IDA ALEXANDER.

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1913.

To secure and preserve several thousand volumes of books, the relics, papers, and manuscripts of Rutherford B. Hayes, nineteenth President of the United States, the State of Ohio is constructing at Fremont a fireproof building on the estate known as Spiegel Grove. The place was the home of President Hayes from 1874 until the close of his career. The state applied \$50,000 to the erection of the structure, the supply of which was made one of the conditions of a deed of gift of the estate to the commonwealth, and it is being made ready for dedication on Memorial Day, 1914. Recently Colonel Webb C. Hayes, having become the sole owner of Spiegel Grove, together with everything belonging thereto, donated and conveyed the same to the State of Ohio, for the use of the Ohio Archaeological and Historical Society, to be forever maintained as a public state park, as a memorial in honor of his father, as a President of the United States. The conditions include that the beneficiaries shall forever properly maintain the property and home, and allow the lineal descendants of Rutherford B. Hayes to occupy the residence as the Hayes family home when they choose.

Among the Santals, a tribe in India, marriage customs vary, but after an agreement has been reached between the parents, who usually do the bargaining, the youth's friends, after a short interval, visit the girl and give her a piece of cloth as a sign of betrothal. The money is then paid—this is called "the binding down of the thatch"—and a date for the wedding is fixed. The next step is for each party to tie a knot in a string for each day that is to intervene before the wedding day. Then the parties separate, day by day a knot is untied, and when the end of the string is reached the real knot is tied that makes the couple one.

Since 1861 the city of Mendoza, in Argentina, has not erected a structure above one story in height. In that year the greatest disaster which ever befell the place, an earthquake, demolished the town, and the inhabitants have been haunted ever since by the fear of a return of such a holocaust. The ruins of the great cathedral, whose walls crashed down upon the crowd of supplicants who had gathered within for protection, still stand as a warning. The old abandoned town lies about a mile from the new town and is a mass of ruins scarcely a single house remaining intact.

EX-GOVERNOR WILLIAM SULZER.

"Flaneur" Comments on the Great Impeachment Trial and the Action of Some Who Voted for Acquittal.

It is now known all over the world that William Sulzer has been deposed from the governorship of New York by a vote of 43 to 14 and that his twenty-seven years of unbroken public service have ended in disgrace and humiliation. There is no need to attempt any forecast of the wider political results that will follow from these extraordinary proceedings. Those results will depend largely upon a public sentiment that is governed neither by logic nor by reason. In the superheated atmosphere that prevails today in New York there are very few that take the trouble to ask whether Sulzer is innocent or guilty. That is the most amazing and discouraging fact of all. If we may look to the attitude of Sulzer's friends for a precedent in such matters then we may take it that no guilty man is henceforth to be punished if those who point out his guilt are themselves bad men, and indeed that the guilty man is to be invested with a sort of sainthood in proportion to the badness of those who accuse him.

We are likely to hear a good deal about the action of Chief Judge Cullen, who voted for Sulzer's acquittal. That, too, is a part of the mental fog that seems to be the product of the trial. Now if Judge Cullen had voted for acquittal because he believed Sulzer to be innocent such a fact would be entitled to no small weight. But his vote was based on no such belief. On the contrary the eminent jurist was satisfied of Sulzer's guilt and said so in unequivocal language, but he held that certain legal principles had been violated by the inclusion of evidence that had not been indicated in the impeachment articles. Here are the exact words of Judge Cullen, given in explanation of his vote. He said: "The question, however, whether these acts of the respondent constituted crimes is not decisive of the issue before us. They displayed such turpitude and delinquency that, if they had been committed during the respondent's incumbency of office I think they would require his removal." Now the mind that can see in these words any defense of Sulzer must be beyond all human aid, but there are hundreds of such minds. The articles of impeachment were directed to the acts committed by Sulzer as governor. He was found guilty of acts committed during his candidacy and therefore before he became governor. But what difference does it make? The burglar who is found guilty of committing burglary on January 2 does not become a judicial martyr merely because the crime was actually committed on January 1. It does not affect his criminality. Judge Chase took precisely the same view of the technical point, but he is careful to add, "I have no doubt that the respondent is guilty of the immoral acts charged in the first article of impeachment." On the other hand Judge Cuddeback held that there was actually a unity between the acts committed before and after election, that they are mutually inclusive, and that "the people have a right to know what influences are being brought to bear upon an officer after his election."

To predict Sulzer's future action is of course an impossibility. Certainly we are not helped by his own words. When the news of the result was brought to him in his library he said: "This fight has just begun. Before it is ended the men who have attacked me will repent in sackcloth and ashes. The people still trust me, and when I have told them the truth they will right the injustice that has been done." Now that is exactly the kind of thing that Sulzer would say. It is one of those resounding utterances that mean nothing. If there was anything to be said it should have been said at the trial, but there is nothing Sulzer likes so well as to wrap himself in a tragic cloak of mystery and to hint at unmentionable disclosures for which the hour is not yet ripe. It is one of those stage tricks of which he is past master.

That only eight governors have been impeached since the adoption of the federal constitution is probably indicative of public apathy rather than of official rectitude. We may remember, too, that silliness and incompetence and demagogery are not impeachable offenses, or the list would certainly be a much longer one. William H. Holden of North Carolina was removed by a hostile Senate because of his activities in suppressing the Ku Klux Klan during reconstruction days. The case of David Butler of Nebraska was not wholly unlike that of Sulzer. Butler was charged with appropriating to his own use some \$16,000 of state money, with the acceptance of bribes, and with the illicit sale of state lands for his own benefit. He was acquitted on all the counts except that of the misappropriation of the \$16,000, which was quite a substantial exception, and he was removed from office by the vote of both political parties.

Charles Robinson, governor of Kansas in 1862, was the first chief executive of a state to be impeached. He was charged with improprieties in connection with the sale and purchase of a large issue of state bonds and with obtaining Senator Lane's signature through misrepresentation. The governor was acquitted, but the secretary of state and the auditor were removed.

Governor Harrison Reed of Florida was charged in 1868 with a whole medley of offenses, including falsehood, incompetency, embezzlement, corruption, and libel, but the charges were eventually dropped, presumably through lack of evidence.

In 1871 Governor Clayton of Arkansas was im-

peached for conspiracy to deprive the lieutenant-governor of his office, for the illegal removal of judges, for election frauds, and for the illegal issue of state bonds. There was considerable delay in the proceedings and they, too, were eventually dropped.

Governor Warmoth of Louisiana was impeached in 1872 on a long list of counts, including bribery, but as the governor's term of office expired before the trial was concluded the proceedings came to an end. The next of mention is Adelbert Ames, governor of Mississippi, who was charged with defrauding the state of \$33,750, but leniency once more ruled and the governor was allowed to resign and so avoid further trouble. But in the same year the lieutenant-governor was impeached for selling a pardon to a convicted murderer during the governor's absence from the state and was convicted and removed. And now comes William Sulzer of New York at the end of the list.

NEW YORK, October 18, 1913.

FLANEUR.

Hunting wild hogs in Louisiana is both exciting and remunerative, as the hunters have a fondness for the flesh of these meat-fed porkers, whose ferocious nature is well known, and especially in the Catahoula parish. Profiting by many sad experiences, the Catahoula hunter now uses dogs trained in a special manner, eliminating much of the hard work and most of the danger. The only other thing required is a strong pen or corral. The start of a hunt for a drove of hogs in the thick and tangled Catahoula woods is made by the dog. It is his business to find the drove. After that the hunting is all done by the hogs, for they industriously pursue the dog. The hunter himself does little but sit on the corral fence and wait. Keeping always in mind the direction of the pen or corral, the dog goes into the woods and flushes a drove of wild hogs. Then he yelps out an aggravating challenge which the hogs instantly accept. They make a furious dash for the hated enemy, and the hated enemy turns tail and flees, heading straight toward the corral, and managing at all times to keep a sufficient distance ahead of the angry drove. In this way he lures the hogs on until in their mad chase they follow him through the open gate of the corral. Then the dog speeds to the closed end of the corral and nimbly jumps the fence, while the master of the hunt lets himself down from his perch on the fence, where he has been patiently waiting the outcome of the chase, and shuts the gate on the entrapped porkers. The next day there is a great hog-killing time in the corral, followed by a feast and revelry.

Of all the queer sights to be seen at the ancient city of Hebron, Palestine, none is more interesting than the "watermakers' market," where the goatskin water-bottles are made and sold by the thousand yearly. Lying upon the ground in rows may be seen between two hundred and three hundred goatskins awaiting purchasers. Each skin is inflated, either with water or air, so that the huyer may know it is perfectly water-tight. The majority of the skins used come from Arabia, while a large number are also received from the Lebanons. They are brought to Hebron by the camel caravans, and are purchased by the tanneries and turned into bottles. They pass through many processes, and a tanner will spend a week upon a single skin before it is rendered water-tight and serviceable. From Hebron these odd "bottles" are sent to all parts of the East, thousands going down into Egypt and the Soudan every year.

Mining material for the manufacture of lime from the bottom of the sea is one of the unique sights on the Island of Martinique, French West Indies. The hulk of the lime used on the island is manufactured from madreporic stone or reef coral so mined. It is of good quality when made with care. Procuring the material for making lime would appear to be a most hazardous employment. The reefs from which the coral rock is taken are in the bay fully a mile from shore. Small dugouts are floated over the reef and the coral brought up from the bottom by hooks or grapples attached to poles twelve to fourteen feet long. The boats are loaded until but a few inches of the sides are above water. It requires both skill and experience to load the boats without upsetting and to land the cargo without sinking.

Built largely of stones gathered in the Holy Land and in places of religious character in England and France, the altar of the new Church of the Intercession on One Hundred and Fiftieth Street, New York, will be one of the most unique in the country. The stones were gathered and brought to the United States by the Rev. Dr. Milo H. Gates, vicar of the church. Two of the stones came from the fountain of the Apostles at Jerusalem. Another was taken from the ancient temple at Jericho, while others, each bearing a certificate of authentication, came from Calvary, the garden tomb, the old city walls of Jerusalem and Joppa, the cathedrals of Salisbury, Canterbury, Winchester, Lincoln, and London, and several others came from France, including one from the grave of Lafayette and the Abbey of Bec.

In Bolivia all vacant land belongs to the republic, and can be acquired by purchase or lease, subject to special regulations. The unit of measure is an hectare, which is 2.47 acres. Any one may acquire as much as 20,000 hectares, paying cash at the rate of 10 cents per hectare for farming and grazing lands.

OLD FAVORITES.

King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.

An ancient story I'll tell you anon
Of a notable prince that was called King John;
And he ruled England with main and with might,
For he did great wrong, and maintained little right.

And I'll tell you a story, a story so merry,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury;
How for his house-keeping and high renown,
They rode post for him to fair London town.

An hundred men the king did hear say,
The abbot kept in his house every day;
And fifty gold chains without any doubt,
In velvet coats waited the abbot about.

"How now, father abbot, I hear it of thee,
Thou keepest a far better house than me;
And for thy house-keeping and high renown,
I fear thou work'st treason against my own crown."

"My liege," quoth the abbot, "I would it were known
I never spend nothing, but what is my own;
And I trust your grace will do me no deere,
For spending of my own true-gotten gear."

"Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is high,
And now for the same thou needest must die;
For except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy hodie."

"And first," quoth the king, "when I'm in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worth."

"Secondly, tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride the whole world about;
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think."

"O these are hard questions for my shallow wit,
Nor I can not answer your grace as yet;
But if you will give me but three weeks' space,
I'll do my endeavor to answer your grace."

"Now three weeks' space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest time thou hast to live;
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to me."

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge, and Oxenford;
But never a doctor there was so wise,
That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold,
And he met his shepherd a-going to fold;
"How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home;
What news do you bring us from good King John?"

"Sad news, sad news, shepherd, I must give,
That I have but three days more to live;
For if I do not answer him questions three,
My head will be smitten from my hodie."

"The first is to tell him, there in that stead,
With his crown of gold so fair on his head,
Among all his liege-men so noble of birth,
To within one penny of what he is worth."

"The second, to tell him without any doubt,
How soon he may ride this whole world about;
And at the third question I must not shrink,
But tell him there truly what he does think."

"Now cheer up, sire abbot, did you never hear yet,
That a fool he may learn a wise man wit?
Lend me horse, and serving-men, and your apparel,
And I'll ride to London to answer your quarrel."

"Nay, frown not, if it hath been told unto me,
I am like your lordship, as ever may be;
And if you will but lend me your gown,
There is none shall know us at fair London town."

"Now horses and serving-men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave,
With crozier, and mitre, and rochet, and cope,
Fit to appear 'fore our Father the Pope."

"Now welcome, sire abbot," the king he did say,
"Tis well thou'rt come back to keep thy day;
For and if thou canst answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both saved shall be."

"And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,
Tell me to one penny what I am worth."

"For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
Among the false Jews, as I have been told,
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
For I think thou art one penny worse than he."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel,
"I did not think I had been worth so little!
—Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride this whole world about."

"You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same
Until the next morning he riseth again;
And then your grace need not make any doubt
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Jone,
"I did not think it could be done so soon!
—Now from the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think."

"Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry,
You think I'm the Abbot of Canterbury;
But I'm his poor shepherd, as plain you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for me."

The king he laughed, and swore by the Mass,
"I'll make thee lord abbot this day in his place!"
"Now nay, my liege, be not in such speed,
For alack I can neither write nor read."

"Four pables a week, then, I will give thee,
For this merry jest thou hast shown unto me;
And tell the old abbot when thou comest home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King John."

—Anon.

From state lands containing iron mines Minnesota will receive approximately \$1,000,000 this year. The mines are operated on a royalty basis.

DANDIES AND MEN OF LETTERS.

Leon H. Vincent Shows Us That Elegance in Dress and Intellectual Capacities Go Often Hand in Hand.

We are indebted to Mr. Leon H. Vincent for a striking reminder that the great dandies of a past day were also men of ability in the domain of letters and that an extraordinary attention to dress and deportment was by no means incompatible either with intellectual development or with executive capacity. It is a truth that we are sometimes apt to overlook at a time when elegance and art in dress have been relegated by men to the province of superfluities, indeed when they are considered inimical to the substantial social values. Mr. Vincent confines himself to the period from which the world has just emerged. He might have gone much farther into the past and have shown us that the cult of dress has often been found in conjunction not only with the sterling qualities of the mind, but also with a personal daring and valor of no mean order. The cavaliers of the English revolution were renowned for their exquisite dress, while some of the great wars of continental Europe were at least decorated by costumes and uniforms that were almost the last word in fine raiment. It was only in later days that a male attention to the beautiful in dress has been considered to indicate effeminacy or a lack of the real human values.

The author does well to begin with Beau Brummell and to vindicate a character that contained so much that was admirable. Evidently we must not believe all that we have read of Brummell. There were stories that he appeared in "a dove-colored coat and white satin inexpressibles"; that it took two artists to make his gloves, a special expert being assigned to the thumbs, and that he had three hairdressers who specialized, so to speak, on the different parts of his head. All these stories, it seems, are fictions:

Simplicity and unobtrusive elegance were his ideals. To attract notice by conspicuousness in dress was in his opinion the most mortifying experience that a gentleman could have. Byron told Leigh Hunt that there was nothing remarkable in Brummell's dress except a certain exquisite propriety. From which it may be inferred that his reforms were of a sensible sort.

Brummell attracted attention, not by his excesses, but by his efforts to reform a mode of dress that was at the same time extravagant and inartistic:

He improved the neckcloth and has been properly commended therefor. So long as Englishmen would swathe their necks up to the ears in immense white bandages it was not an idle labor to give the ugly things form and comeliness. It may be, as Captain Jesse affirms, that a mere touch of starch wrought the miracle; at the same time it is not unreasonable to believe that the skill with which the cravat was tied, and the precision with which the uplifted chin descended into place, insuring the right number of artistic folds, had quite as much to do with the reform as the modicum of starch. Like the great artist he was, Brummell spared no cost in the quest of the ideal, and his valet, when asked the meaning of a great number of spotless but tumbled neckcloths he had in his arms, replied, "Oh, they are our failures."

Brummell himself seems to have been quite willing to sustain an undeserved reputation for eccentricities in dress. When an admiring youth asked him how he obtained so fine a polish on his boots he replied that it was done with champagne. Actually his art was based on a consummate taste in dress, and this was so welcome an innovation that his word soon became law:

Whatever remarks Brummell uttered on the subject of dress were of a sensible nature. For example, he used to say, "No perfumes, but very fine linen, plenty of it, and country washing." In short, it would seem not at all difficult to make out a very good case for Brummell and his achievements. Since mankind must wear garments of one sort or another, why is he not a benefactor who mitigates ever so little the ugliness of the male costume?

Brummell's popularity depended less upon his dress than upon his perfect self-possession, his grace of bearing, his wit, his good looks, and his good humor. He was a handsome fellow, although the shape of his nose had been "modified" by the kick of a horse. Of his wit we have several illustrations:

His reputation for bright and caustic sayings was very great. The industrious biographer has collected all he could lay hands on, and there is life in them yet. Take, for example, this: Byng, one of the dandies, was blessed with a remarkable head of hair which curled naturally. Brummell saw him one day in a gig with a French poodle by his side, and saluted him with, "Ah, Byng, how do you do?—a family vehicle, I see." And from that time on, we are told, the well-haired dandy was known as "Poodle Byng."

Brummell could be droll as well as sarcastic. He once attributed a severe cold to the fact that the landlady had put him into a room with a "damp stranger," and when a lady asked him once, "Do you not eat vegetables, Mr. Brummell?" he replied, "Yes, madame, I once ate a pea." These pleasantries perhaps hardly rise to the level of wit, but we are told that Brummell's manner was inimitable and gave weight even to the lightest joke:

Gronow is responsible for the following illustration of Brummell's way: It seems that during the Spanish campaign Colonel Freemantle was, on a certain occasion, sent out to find quarters for Lord Wellington and his staff, and after galloping over miles of country was able to light on nothing better than a wretched hut. Ordering a fire built he went back to report, and then returned to the hut, to find it occupied by an insolent officer of the line who professed to care for neither Wellington nor the Devil, and who could only be dislodged by a threat of arrest and court-martial.

Freemantle told the story to Brummell at White's, and when he had finished his narrative the sublime dandy exclaimed, "If I had been in your place, Freemantle, I should have rung the bell and desired the servants to kick the fellow downstairs."

Some of the stories are rather suggestive of the man-

ners of a day when social distinctions were apt to mark the pale of courtesy. Here is one that represents Brummell in a less favorable light:

Like others of his set Brummell could be rude on occasion. Once at the card-table he addresses a rich brewer as a "mash-tub." Now it may be that the brewer was the sort of person one would naturally address in that way. He was at all events a man able to speak for himself. For when Brummell, rising from the table with three hundred pounds of his opponent's money, said, "In future I shall drink no porter but yours," the brewer replied that he wished every other blackguard in London would tell him the same. With which remark the incident was, as our newspapers say, closed.

The cause of Brummell's famous quarrel with the Prince of Wales is obscure, since he himself always denied the various explanations. The one most commonly accepted is to the effect that Brummell said to his royal friend, "George, ring the bell." The story is probably a myth, but it is equally probable that Brummell used his sarcastic tongue at the cost of the prince:

That famous battle royal during the prince's morning walk seems actually to have taken place, and one is glad to think that it did. Were the historical critics to roil us of anything so perfect it would be heart-breaking. The prince, arm in arm with Lord Moira, met Lord Alvanley and Brummell. To make the cut more apparent, the prince stopped and spoke to Alvanley. As he and Moira turned away, the Beau said, with the air of a man who really wishes to be instructed, and in a tone loud enough to reach the prince's ear, "Alvanley, who's your fat friend?"

This was rubbing salt in a wound, if it be true, as they say, that Brummell's original offense was in alluding to the prince as "Big Ben" (the familiar name of the bulky porter at Carlton House) and to Mrs. Fitzherbert as "Benina."

Brummell's interest eventually secured for him the position of British consul at Caen, where he attached himself to the Legitimists, like all the aristocrats of the day. When asked whether he had attended a ball given in honor of Louis Philippe he replied, "No, but I sent my servant." When the Caen consulship was abolished by Brummell's own recommendation the famous dandy fell on evil days. He was in great distress for want of money, and was even thrown into prison for debt:

In May, 1835, he was arrested for debt and spent two months in prison. He was not actually housed with cut-throats and brigands, but he lived, as he himself phrased it, "in close adjacency to these outcasts." One of his fellow-prisoners was a local journalist, Godefroi by name, who communicated his impressions of the great Beau to Captain Jesse. "Il se rasait chaque jour," said Godefroi, in a tone of astonishment. More wonderful still, "Chaque jour il faisait une ablution complète de toutes les parties de son corps."

Brummell's imprisonment ultimately affected his mind. He would imagine himself to be living his old life, holding phantom receptions, and issuing his orders to imaginary servants:

His last state was too deplorable to be described. His biographer does not flinch from describing it, however, with painful superfluity of detail. If his account be true, the poor Beau had become intolerable. No guest at the Hotel d'Angleterre cared now for the privilege, once so coveted of being placed "opposite Mr. Brummell."

One hopes that there may be a little of dramatic exaggeration in the account; or, at all events, that if the poor fellow had his bad days he also had his good ones. Pemberton Milnes and his wife saw Brummell in the fall of 1839, less than six months before he died; Mrs. Milnes describes the incident in her journal. By her account the fallen dandy was a pathetic rather than a repulsive object. "He looked well," she says, "and though his coat was threadbare there was still a pretension about his dress, and his wig was curled and arranged most tastefully. He walked feebly and had a look of vacancy. He gave us a smile of recognition, and said that he remembered our giving him and his little dog a dinner every day when we were there before." The people at the hotel told Mrs. Milnes that Brummell was "quite imbecile and that whatever plot they put before him he ate."

The author gives us a few good stories of Count D'Orsay, who was sometimes referred to as the successor of Beau Brummell, but, he says, "there was but one Brummell and Count D'Orsay was not his heir. Disraeli referred to him as 'The inimitable D'Orsay . . . who, placed in a public position, would have displayed a courage, a judgment, and a commanding intelligence which would have ranked him with the leaders of mankind':"

Landor believed that D'Orsay could write, and urged him to "put his pen in motion." He could handle crayon and brush at all events, and made lively sketches of his contemporaries. The Duke of Wellington sat to him for a portrait, and is said to have said, when it was finished, that at last he had been painted like a gentleman. Carlyle had it in mind to send the sketch of himself by D'Orsay to Emerson. He describes how the great dandy came to see him, rolling down to Cheyne Row in his sun-chariot, "to the bedazzlement of all beholders," and how the dandy and the man of letters got on remarkably well together. Carlyle admits that D'Orsay was worth talking to, once and away; "a man of decided natural gifts; every utterance of his containing in it a wild caricature likeness of some object or other; a dashing man, who might, some twenty years sooner born, have become one of Bonaparte's marshals, and is, alas—Count D'Orsay."

D'Orsay, too, was much of a wit, although here, also, we necessarily miss the mannerism that gave point to his humor:

D'Orsay's remark when told that Sir Henry Bulwer had been sent on a diplomatic mission to Constantinople was one of his best. The version given here is Henry F. Chorley's. "Quelle bêtise," exclaimed the count, "to send him there among those Turks, with their beards and their shawls—those big handsome fellows—a little gray man like that! They might as well have sent one white bait down the Dardanelles to give the Turks an idea of English fish."

It is hard to resist quoting the well-known witticism of Lady Blessington that was doubtless barbed by a recollection of Louis Napoleon's ingratitude for favors bestowed on him during his exile:

It was thought that after his triumph, when Lady Blessington and Count D'Orsay had taken refuge from their difficulties in Paris, Napoleon was not sufficiently mindful of old friends who had done much for him; it is a point not to be settled offhand. The president and the countess had one verbal encounter worth repeating. They met on some formal

occasion and Louis inquired, "Vous pensez rester à Paris très longtemps, milady?" Lady Blessington instantly replied, "Et vous, mon seigneur?"

Of Lord Byron the author gives us a distinctly pleasant picture. The figure he shows us is an amiable one rather than otherwise, at all events perfectly human, and not that of the monstrous *poseur* of popular legend and the manuals of English literature:

He went everywhere, met everybody, and was amused and interested in everything. We hear of him at one of Coleridge's lectures, but not on the occasion when the speaker "attacked the 'Pleasures of Hope,' and all other pleasures whatsoever." We see him with Moore at one of his old haunts, Stevens's chop-house, gravely watching his companion's earnest assault on a beefsteak, and presently coming out with, "Moore, don't you find eating beefsteak makes you ferocious?" He spends a day in prison with Leigh Hunt, who was serving a two years' sentence for calling the prince regent a "fat Adonis of fifty" (a harmless remark that many a beau would have taken for a compliment), and making the period of incarceration rather pleasant by the aid of books, pictures, a piano, and a trellised garden to take his walks in. Whoever cares for a time to lay the spectre of a misanthropic and piratical Byron, of which we have had rather too much for our comfort, may do so by an attentive perusal of just these pages. At the time when he was becoming famous, with as yet no prospect of becoming notorious, Byron was an exceedingly attractive and entertaining personage.

Space may be found for a couple of stories of Disraeli. We have a description of an amazing costume in which he appeared on Regent Street, a dress so surprising that the populace instinctively divided to let the apparition go by. "It was like the opening of the Red Sea," said Disraeli himself, "which I now perfectly believe from experience." Mrs. Norton describes his appearance in lace ruffles, black velvet trousers, and boots with high red heels:

To Motley, the historian, who quotes her description in a letter, the lady gave an even livelier account. It is worth transcribing in full. She met Disraeli for the first time at a dinner party. "He wore a black velvet coat lined with satin, purple trousers with a gold band running down the outside seam, a scarlet waistcoat, long lace ruffles falling down to the tips of his fingers, white gloves with several brilliant rings outside them, and long black ringlets rippling down upon his shoulders. It seemed impossible that such a Guy Fawkes could have been tolerated in any society." Mrs. Norton told him "that he made a fool of himself by appearing in such fantastic shape, and he afterwards modified his costume, but he was never to be put down."

There is another description of Disraeli from an American pen, that of N. P. Willis, who said:

"Disraeli has one of the most remarkable faces I ever saw. He is lively pale, and but for the energy of his action and the strength of his lungs, would seem a victim to consumption. His eye is as black as Erebus, and has the most mocking and lying-in-wait sort of expression conceivable. His mouth is alive with a kind of impatient nervousness, and when he has burst forth with a particularly successful cataract of expression, it assumes a curl of scorn that would be worthy of Mephistopheles. His hair is as extraordinary as his taste in waistcoats. A thick heavy mass of jet black ringlets falls over his left cheek almost to his collarless stock, while on the right it is parted and put away with the smooth carefulness of a girl's."

Disraeli talked a good deal on that occasion, and Willis says that one "might as well attempt to gather up the foam of the sea" as try to convey an idea of the language he used. In a word, the man was far more remarkable than the dandy. This singular person was a noteworthy figure without the superficial embellishment of purple trousers, lace ruffles, and a black cane with a white tassel.

Mr. Vincent gives us in all twelve sketches of famous dandies, including Samuel Rogers, Thomas Moore, Thomas Hope, Peacock, and Henry Crabb Robinson. They are of nearly equal merit, historically accurate, vivacious, and kindly.

DANDIES AND MEN OF LETTERS. By Leon H. Vincent. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$3 net.

Australia's great wool industry, founded in 1793 by Captain John Macarthur, when he imported a number of Bengal sheep from Calcutta, has had a wonderful career, though it met with opposition at the beginning, when the doughty captain visited England in 1803 to solicit "the protection of government permission to occupy a sufficient tract of unoccupied land to feed my flocks, and the indulgence of selecting from among the convicts such men as shepherds as may, from their former occupation, know something of the business." A grant of lands was made to Captain Macarthur, in perpetuity, of not less than 5000 acres. According to his desire, the land granted was situated in the neighborhood of Mt. Taurus. An effort was made by Governor Bligh to deprive Captain Macarthur of the grant of land at Mt. Taurus, but the effort failed, and a little later Earl Bathurst, secretary of state, granted Captain Macarthur an additional 5000 acres. At the outset, after purchasing his Bengal sheep, Captain Macarthur procured some of the Spanish sheep brought from the Cape of Good Hope, and in 1804 bought some of King George III's sheep. Specimen fleeces were sent to London from Sydney at various times by Captain Macarthur, and in 1801 one bale sold at the rate of 10s. 4d. per ton, the highest price ever paid for Australian wool.

The white marble of which the great \$2,000,000 Lincoln Memorial Temple is to be built on the banks of the Potomac in Washington is to come from the Sopris National Forest, Colorado. The country in which the marble deposits occur is extremely rough and precipitous, and for a long time was inaccessible because of a lack of transportation facilities. Large sums had to be expended before the stone could be got out and brought to market.

Germany is said to have an oversupply of foresters; so that well-educated men have hard work to secure even inferior positions.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Wondrous Wife.

Mr. Charles Marriott has already had much success in his deliberations of feminine characters, and now in his latest novel he has given us another admirable study that is alike artistic and convincing. His heroine is Margaret Lisle, who discovers that her husband is not only unfaithful, but is boasting of it, and she leaves him at once. Seeing that he is a dramatist, and therefore with the "artistic temperament" she would have forgiven him if his lapse had been the result of uncontrollable passion, but in this case, she argues, he would have hidden the *liaison* from his friends rather than seeming to be proud of it. So Margaret takes up her residence with some country relatives and starts a village industry, while Lisle continues his Bohemian life in London and apparently acquiesces in the justice of his wife's decision.

Then comes a reversal of the positions. We find Margaret hopelessly in love with a young engineer named Fawcett, while her husband amends his life, becomes a devout Catholic, and begs his wife to return to him. Lisle's conversion is mainly due to the discovery that he has been attacked by a fatal disease which will not necessarily kill him for twenty years, but which will send him steadily down the road of physical incapacity. Under such circumstances what is a good woman likely to do? The law will not allow her to divorce her husband, nor can he—being a Catholic—divorce her. She is in love with another man and has already consented to live with him when she hears of her husband's illness. Shall she give up her lover and devote the remainder of her life to the duties of a nurse or shall she insist upon a freedom to which her husband's infidelity has entitled her? The author is to be congratulated upon a good story well told, a story that is not merely a narrative of events, but that is obviously the result of careful thought and a competent knowledge of human nature.

THE WONDROUS WIFE. By Charles Marriott. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.35 net.

Court Masques of James I.

Those interested in the magnificent diversions of kings may find here a volume of research written with the full authority of one who has had access to documents of the period treated.

The American author, Miss Mary Sullivan, made her researches in the British Museum as a co-worker with Professor and Mrs. C. W. Wallace, whose discovery of documents containing Shakespeare's signature as witness in a lawsuit agitated British scholars into deploring that Great Britain should allow Americans "to carry away priceless treasures of information under their very noses." Miss Sullivan, too, made her discoveries, having found that Shakespeare was frequently an entertainer at the Jacobean masques, and assuming therefrom that he thus acquired much of his knowledge of the social and political conditions prevailing in the English courts.

Miss Sullivan by means of numerous extracts from the correspondence of Continental ambassadors at the Jacobean court gives graphic, accurate, and interesting descriptions of the more notable masques and also estimates of the enormous expenses incurred by the government, the apparatus, stage managing, lighting, etc., being costly in the extreme, while the private costumes and jewels supplied by their noble wearers were of fabulous value. The book forms a curious, authentic, and interesting contribution to a line of research hitherto little followed by continental authors, the masques having disappeared forever from the English courts with the death of Charles II and the influx of Puritan standards.

COURT MASQUES OF JAMES I. Their Influence on Shakespeare and the Public Theatres. By Mary Sullivan, Ph. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Heart of Gaspe.

Mr. John M. Clarke has discovered Gaspé for us, and we are fortunate to know it through so competent a proxy. Gaspé is a great headland projecting into the Gulf of St. Lawrence and inhabited by a few thousand people who have been nearly forgotten by the world. As a result they are virtuous and lonely, earning a living from sea and soil, and practicing the nearly forgotten graces of kindness, courtesy, and hospitality. Evidently Gaspé is a remarkable place, not only for its people, but for its natural beauties and geological interests. Mr. Clarke's book should stimulate curiosity and serve to direct a little tourist travel in its direction, although in that case the primitive people will probably be spoiled, which would be a pity.

THE HEART OF GASPE. By John Mason Clarke. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.

The Theban Eagle.

The temptation to make a book is responsible for an intolerable amount of bad verse, and we may suspect that many of these efforts are due more to the solicitations of friends and relatives than to attempts at dispassionate self-judgments. If the author of this volume had been content to select some three or four of his poems for publication and to confine

the remainder to a private circulation he would have done well. There are some few poems in his volume that are worthy of praise, but they are almost submerged beneath a mass of bad rhyme, faulty lines, and commonplace sentiment.

THE THEBAN EAGLE AND OTHER POEMS. By Chester Allyn Reed. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A Handy Book.

This is the third volume of a series of handy books which, say the publishers, is to be continued in the future if such continuance be justified by its popularity, and which is designed as a sort of supplement to the encyclopædias. It exploits either such subjects as are deemed beneath the dignity of more pretentious works or else such lighter aspects of familiar subjects as are similarly ignored by the Big Wigs. For example, we are invited to take such articles as bullfights and playing cards. Nothing can be more trite than the subjects themselves, but the special information here supplied would be looked for in vain in authoritative books of reference. A glance through the pages show that this claim is well justified. Glancing through the volume at random we notice an article on Dover's Powder, a topic on which we were not even aware that our knowledge was deficient, but in the course of half a page we find that we have gathered a fund of information to which we had never aspired. And so on all the way through. Decidedly this is a book for the domestic library.

A HANDY BOOK OF CURIOUS INFORMATION. By William S. Walsh. Philadelphia: J. E. Lippincott Company.

The New Unionism.

Mr. André Tridon leaves us in no doubt as to the true nature of syndicalism. It is neither socialism nor labor unionism. It seems to hate them both. A socialist system, we are told, would be a tyranny. Labor unionism is already a tyranny, and the kind of tyranny that comes from an unrestricted aristocracy. Syndicalism would band all workers together into one union with nominal dues, allowing the worker to change his job as often as he wished and without formalities. Its method of attack would be direct action. That is to say by mere force of numbers it would assume control of all the mechanism of production and administer it for the benefit of the producers. It would be an instant revolution and the destruction of the existing order of things.

The author writes with considerable clearness and vivacity and his book may be recommended to those who wish to know the ugly facts of the new movement.

THE NEW UNIONISM. By André Tridon. New York: E. W. Huebsch; \$1 net.

Briefer Reviews.

"Under Greek Skies," by Julia D. Dragounis (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1 net), strikes us as particularly good even in so good a series as the Little Schoolmate Series. There are now three volumes on the list and others are in course of preparation. They are intended to explain to American children the conditions under which other children live in other countries, and they are written with a certain wisdom and discretion that can hardly fail to be effective. They are not merely informing, but interesting.

An old friend of every well-read American makes its appearance in a handsome new dress this season in the way of Thoreau's "Excursions," the latest volume to be added to the edition of the Concord philosopher's works illustrated by Clifton Johnson. Mr. Johnson's photographic work is beyond praise, and as he himself is an enthusiastic admirer of Thoreau he is able to bring something more than mechanical ability to his task of contributing thirty-three illustrations to the volume. It is published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company. Price, \$2 net.

Mrs. Mary Louise Barroll, author of the "Around the World Cook-Book" (the Century Company; \$1.50 net), has traveled widely for many years, and as a result we have these six hundred recipes gathered from all over the world. The housewife who wishes to know how the other half of the world lives can now experiment for herself and reproduce on her own table the national dainties of other countries. But Mrs. Barroll does not devote herself entirely to cookery. She devotes a section of her book to all kinds of household recipes and aids to the toilet, so that the mere man with this book in his hands may feel that he can face the terrors of a perpetual bachelorhood undismayed.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Captain A. W. Nelson, commander of the Pacific Mail liner *Korea*, sailing from San Francisco, has written an account of his adventures as cabin boy and before the mast in the days of clipper ships. It will be published this fall in book form by the Sturgis & Walton Company under the title "Yankee Swanson: Chapters from a Life at Sea."

May Edginton, author of "A Modern Eve" and others novels, was brought up on an English farm, and when she left school started to be a writer. Her first and succeeding

stories found a ready sale. When she had made a sufficient sum to live on for a few weeks she left home, took rooms in London, and commenced her literary adventure in Fleet Street. After a romance satisfactory even to a writer of love stories, she married an English editor, F. E. Baily, and settled down in a charming retreat in the country.

The Houghton Mifflin Company report that the advance orders for "The Story of Waitstill Baxter," Kate Douglas Wiggin's new novel, have been so large that the first printing was entirely exhausted before publication.

Rudolph Herzog, whose novel, "The Story of Helga," is to be introduced to this country by E. P. Dutton & Co., is without doubt the most widely read of German novelists. The majority of his novels have gone into sixty or seventy editions. Of one of them forty thousand were sold before publication. This translation of "The Story of Helga" is made from the fiftieth German edition.

A new book by Jeffery Farnol, the author of "The Amateur Gentleman" and "The Broad Highway," is now announced by Little, Brown & Co. The title of the story is "The Honorable Mr. Tawnish."

Margaret Peterson—whose novel, "The Lure of the Little Drum," has taken the prize of \$1250 offered by Mr. Andrew Melrose, the English publisher, for the best novel submitted in the literary competition recently instituted by him—is the daughter of the late Dr. Peterson, for many years professor of Sanskrit at Elphinstone College, Bombay. "The Lure of the Little Drum" is among the October publications by the Putnam's.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "T. Tembarom," which is running serially in the *Century Magazine*, was published in book form by the Century Company on October 24.

The Houghton Mifflin Company announce the publication of the following books: "The Memoirs of Li Hung Chang"; "Picturesque New Zealand," by Paul Gooding; "Dandies and Men of Letters," by Leon H. Vincent; "Some Letters of William Vaughan Moody"; "The Man with the Iron Hand," by John C. Parish, and a new novel, "The Spare Room," by Mrs. Romilly Feeden.

The Yale University Press is about to publish a volume under the title, "Popular Government: Its Essence, Its Permanence, and Its Perils," representative of William H. Taft in his two newest offices. His recent addresses before the American Bar Association, "The Election and Tenure of Judges"

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and "The Social Importance of Proper Standards for Admission to the Bar," form part of the book.

Arden Beaman, by his own account, "above all likes men and loves women." He at least saw many of both on his unconventional tramping travels, from Arab girls to Wandering Jews; and of all classes, because of his quick changes from steerage to first-class and back. His "Travels Without Baedeker," in which he relates his experiences, is from the press of the John Lane Company.

Graduating in 1895 from Harvard College, where he attained distinction with his pen, Arthur Stanwood Pier, the author of "The Story of Harvard," just published by Little, Brown & Co., entered the employ of the *Youth's Companion* and is now one of its editors.

In "The Letters of Napoleon I." from the Duffield press, a phrase of common occurrence is "the evacuation of the bronzes." Whenever a town was taken, the question was raised of getting the bronzes away safely with the rest of the plunder. By this word "bronzes" the general meant not only the cannon and such like field arms, but usually the church bells as well. It is not generally known that the Column Vendôme in Paris is composed as much of church bells as of ordnance taken from the enemy.

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To Readers of the Argonaut:

We take pleasure in advising you of the inauguration of a complete Editorial Department in the November NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. This department, formerly conducted by George Harvey in "Harper's Weekly," will now appear regularly in the REVIEW.

"SIX MONTHS OF WILSON," by the Editor, is the first of the leading articles that will appear each month.

Some comments:

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THE PUBLISHERS.

N. B.—The yearly subscription price is \$4.00.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Significance of Art.

Miss Rowland's small book about art is full of good and suggestive things. She divides it into five chapters, devoted respectively to Sculpture, the Minor Arts, Painting, Music, and Art and Nature. The author's analysis of the nature of art in its various forms is admirable in every respect, but we are a little staggered by the cumbersome accuracy of her definitions. For example, we have the following definition of painting:

Painting is the representation in two dimensions, by means of colored substances upon a background, of inanimate objects alone, or of these objects combined with living forms, where, by the sacrifice of the third dimension in space and the consequent failure to present matter for its own sake, the right is gained to represent all matter in its complexity of relations, and thereby to catch the individuality of any visual moment and to render it immortal.

This seems a little hard to understand, and it seems also to neglect a certain ethical ingredient that we like to associate with art.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF ART. By Eleanor Rowland. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.

The Open Window.

It is to be feared that the average reader will want something more robust than the literary fare offered him in this volume by Mr. E. Temple Thurston. The modern world is far removed in thought from the country vicarage whose occupant busies himself with the duties of his place and with the society of his wife and daughter. Then the wife dies and of course the daughter promises that she will never leave her old father, but there are other demands that she then knows nothing of, and of course she obeys them. And so we take leave of the old clergyman in his solitary home, wandering pathetically through the rooms that once belonged to his wife and his daughter. It is admirably told, but it might more accurately be classified under the head of essays than that of fiction.

THE OPEN WINDOW. By E. Temple Thurston. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

New Books Received.

THE PANAMA GATEWAY. By Joseph Bucklin Bishop. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.50 net.

The story of Panama and the Canal.

BOOK OF INDIAN BRAVES. By Kate Dickinson Sweetser. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.50 net.

The history of all the famous Indian chiefs and their exploits.

THE RAINY DAY RAILROAD WAR. By Holman Day. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1 net.

A story for young readers.

THE ROARING LIONS. By James Otis. New York: Harper & Brothers; 60 cents.

A story for the young.

THE WORK OF THE RURAL SCHOOL. By J. D. Eggleston and Robert W. Bruere. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.

A volume dealing with essential subjects, buildings, grounds, sanitation, transportation, agriculture, amusements, etc.

CAMPING ON WESTERN TRAILS. By Elmer Russell Gregor. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.25 net.

Adventures of two boys in the Rocky Mountains.

THE MAIN ROAD. By Maude Radford Warren. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

FIFTEEN YEARS OF A DANCER'S LIFE. By Loie Fuller. With an introduction by Anatole France. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$2 net.

An autobiography.

OUT OF THE DARK. By Helen Keller. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1 net.

A general review of the position of women and of economic and social conditions.

REFRACTORY HUSBANDS. By Mary Stewart Cutting. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1 net.

A book of advice for "husband treatment."

AFRICAN CAMPFIRES. By Stewart Edward White. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.50 net.

A book of travel and game.

THE SPOTTED PANTHER. By James Francis Dwyer. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A story of adventure.

JACK CHANTY. By Hulbert Footner. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A story of the Canadian Northwest.

THE STRANGE STORY BOOK. By Mrs. Lang. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Edited by Andrew Lang. With portrait, colored plates, and other illustrations.

SONGS FROM THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE. London: Constable & Co.

With illuminated initials and borders.

SONNETS BY SHAKESPEARE. London: Constable & Co.

With illuminated initials and borders.

THE JOY OF THE THEATRE. By Gilbert Cannan. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 75 cents net.

Issued in the Fellowship Books.

THE QUEST OF THE IDEAL. By Grace Rhys. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 75 cents net.

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CALDWELL'S BOYS AND GIRLS AT HOME. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Company; \$1.20.

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A story of boy scouts at Panama.

THE TRADE OF THE WORLD. By James Davenport Whelpley. New York: The Century Company; \$2 net.

A presentation of many phases of international trade.

AS I REMEMBER THEM. By C. C. Goodwin. Salt Lake City: C. C. Goodwin.

Some pen sketches of men.

RING FOR NANCY. By Ford Maddox Hueffer. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25 net.

A sheer comedy.

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THE MARRIAGE OF MADEMOISELLE GIMPEL. By René Bazin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25 net.

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SUBMARINE ENGINEERING OF TODAY. By Charles W. Donville-Fife. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

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AMERICAN IDEALS, CHARACTER, AND LIFE. By Hamilton Wright Mabie. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

An attempt to sketch with a free hand the development of the American people, being the substance of some addresses delivered in Japan.

THE DRAMA OF TODAY. By Charlton Andrews. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

A brief compendium of the drama today, not only in England and America, but also on the Continent.

FINDING HIS SOUL. By Norman Duncan. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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CHRISTMAS TREE HOUSE. By Mary F. Leonard. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.50.

A story for girls.

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A rendering for children of the "Blue Bird." With illustrations in color.

CHILDREN'S BOOK OF CHRISTMAS STORIES. Edited by Asa Don Dickinson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

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L'AMERIQUE ET LE REVE EXOTIQUE D'ANS LA LITTÉRATURE FRANÇAISE AU XVII^e ET XVIII^e SIÈCLE. Par Gilbert Chinard, Professeur à l'Université de Californie. Paris: Librairie Hachette et Cie; 3 fr. 50.

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"JULIUS CAESAR."

You men and women of a prosaic age who have lost your taste for the grandeur of tragedy do not fail to offer your sons and daughters a chance to drink from the living spring. For every youth should have his or her chance to record the impression when the mind is "wax to receive and marble to retain." Who among us would forfeit a single one of the ecstatic memories left by the noblest acted tragedies upon the eager, ardent, sensitive, imaginative soul of youth? Ah, the sacred sadness, the beautiful memory! May the spirit of every youth and maiden, before it is dulled by the more sordid cares of life, be freshened and ennobled by the inspiring draught.

And we older ones, who have forfeited, by too frequent repetition, the ready responsiveness of youth; we, too, may occasionally feel that ardent resurrection of the imaginative soul within us. Therefore all who still are capable of a short flight into the regions of the ideal may, if they will, escape for a time from this epoch of science and practicality, and feel the spirit roaming within the walls of ancient Rome. For William Faversham has kept his promises, every one. I confess I was a doubter. Too much insistence seemed to be laid upon "the human touches," the colorful scenery, and the innovations. But he has kept his word. I saw Booth and Barrett once in "Julius Caesar," and it is a sad but beautiful memory, for both were in sight of the end of all things. But the "Julius Caesar" that is given here this week is my first experience of the tragedy as a complete and glorious whole. For there was noble Brutus; sad, thoughtful, pondering deeply and long before his feet led in the thorny way of conspiracy. And there was Cassius, reckless, fiery, "sudden and quick in quarrel," intolerant of subservience and coercion, but strong and deep in friendship. And Antony was there, a graceful, young, persuasive, subtle Antony, with the figure of an athlete and a voice of music, playing upon the passions of the mob as a player sweeps the strings. There, too, was the mighty Caesar, greatest general in that age of war-lords; the "foremost man in all the world." We saw him as Shakespeare painted him, as, perhaps, the conspirators knew him; a man "declined into the vale of years," and with traces of the weakness and irresolution brought by age. And honest Casca strode the Forum, his square body matching his blunt and direct spirit, his "rudeness a sauce to his wit."

The spirit of gentle wifehood, the brooding, apprehensive love that attended the great Romans who daily walked through perils, was made visible by Portia and Calphurnia. And along with these were seen senators and citizens, messengers and servants, all alike made strangely real and near to us by one sedulously guided, mutual spirit of enthusiasm and sympathetic understanding that animated the entire company. There has been splendid training and fine coordination.

Faversham is a generous-minded star indeed. He has surrounded himself with a company of more than common merit, and in R. D. MacLean, the Brutus of the cast, he has, one might say, a co-star, if not of equal fame at least of equal lustre. Mr. MacLean's Brutus is characterized by the simple nobility with which Shakespeare endowed "the noblest Roman of them all." His impersonation is deeply impressive, and, as all dramatic art structures should, grows steadily more so, through the movement of the drama. In appearance Mr. MacLean is physically striking and handsome, and reads his lines with impressive feeling. His voice is of heavy, rugged timbre, not at all musical, but in some way he bends it to his purpose and makes it in line with Brutus's character. It is a characteristic of this superbly constructed play that as each man, by the tide of events, is brought to the fore the psychology of his inmost soul is, in turn, made visible. Thus Mark Antony remains an unknown quantity, while Brutus, Cassius, and Casca are revealing what manner of men they are.

The rôle of Cassius is in the bands of Mr. Ernest Rowan, an actor of eager, ardent nature, who is destined, I think, to be one of those who will keep the spirit of Shakespearean drama alive and glowing. His Cassius is a fine creation, its clear flame as yet sometimes mingled with smoke, but singularly in line both with nature and tradition. Mr. Rowan has a fine voice and delivers the lines of Cassius with poetic feeling mingled with the impetuosity attendant on a fiery and untamable spirit.

Mr. Faversham's opportunity seemed late in coming, preceded as Mark Antony's oration is by the simple, soldierly address of Brutus, delivered with temperamental impressiveness and sincerity by Mr. MacLean. The contrast of the two men was striking: Brutus, solid and strong, and rooted in integrity; with Mark Antony there seemed a mysterious analogy between the waves of his eloquence and the fluent folds of his ample mantle. Faversham has a slender, clean-limbed, shapely body, and he carries the Roman toga superbly. He was amply draped in a vast mantle of dull, Pompeian red, *doublé* as the French say, with an artistic off-white shade. He handled the graceful folds with skill and grace, and, aesthetically, was a feast for the eye as he stood in the Forum towering above the mob, the gracefully classic lines of the temple of Venus behind him and the palace-crowned heights of the Capitoline Hill rising beyond. In the oration Mr. Faversham rose to his greatest height. His clean, clear, musical elocution was a delight to the ear, and with it he expressed that subtle, calculating sagacity with which Mark Antony set himself deliberately to firing the passions of the mob. In the earlier scene following the death of Caesar, and later, when he did honor to the greatness of soul of the dead Brutus, he expressed himself with that nobility of demeanor appropriate to the better moments of a great man.

Mr. Thomas F. Tracey's somewhat aged Julius Caesar is consistent with Shakespeare's portraiture and is in line with the generally fine spirit of the whole performance. Mr. Tracey has a line of feature that makes him strikingly similar, more particularly in profile, to the authentic portraits of Julius Caesar, and which was particularly noticeable when the laureled brows were laid low in death.

Mr. Austin Elliott, as Casca, and half a dozen actors in lesser rôles were also valuable contributors to the general excellence.

The Portia of Miss Constance Collier revealed to us an actress of grace, distinction, and dignity. Her lines were beautifully spoken and her attitudes and gestures instinct with the grace of one accustomed to the peplum and the classic robe.

Miss Jane Wheatley's Calphurnia fully conformed in classic dignity of appearance and quiet, emotional expression to the exactions of the rôle.

The mob is a gloriously singing, shouting, blood-stirring crowd of lusty Romans, real Latins they seem in vivacity and mercurialness of emotion and in quick response to practised waves of oratory. Like the scenery, they are Italian in coloring; reds, and rich russets, and golden browns and dashes of a rich darkness appearing in costume and natural coloring. They are so magnificently trained as to seem entirely spontaneous, shouting, hissing, questioning, commenting, and occasionally throwing up to the surface an individual leader.

Scenically, the production is rarely beautiful. Sir Alma Tadema designed many of the costumes, which are poems to the eye, and also the settings. Each stage picture is of striking beauty, both in composition and coloring, the architecture being expressive of the grandeur and vastness suitable to the tragedy, while the coloring is warm and richly harmonious.

"THE CANDY SHOP."

Another paradise for the males in this town of theatrical diversion: that is what the Gaiety has started out to be, and is.

They are there—the men—by the hundred, smiling, smoking, all alight with satisfaction, and at regular intervals roaring with glee over the various quips and quirks that are aimed at their own special diversions, occupations, vices, fads, and follies. The catch-words employed by the sophisticated male in racing, betting, gambling, dickerings, taking a drink, are wound in, in comic guise, with innumerable dialogues, and provoke the men to unrestrained guffaws of boyish delight. At such times the women are apt to look bewildered; they do not see the joke with the experienced swiftness of the tutored male. But they are looked after, too, for prettiness is the keynote of the two leading scenes.

The first, representing the "candy shop," is all done up in white and lavender, including the girls themselves, who look quite appropriately eatable in their dainty simplicity. Upon the paneled walls pretty pagans of the age of Pan are painted in lavender, disporting themselves by lilac brooks. And against this charming background a whirlwind of fun and clever nonsense plays itself out to a victorious conclusion.

"The Candy Shop" is very appropriately designated as "a fashion, fun, and song show." The entertainment that most approximately it in general lines is that of "The Follies of 1912." That is to say, a piece has been composed to order with the idea of working in a lot of singers, dancers, and comedians in their particular specialties. These specialists are all first-class in their line, and there are so many of them that the chronic censor has no chance to get in his deadly work.

First in the hearts of their countrymen are

Maude Fulton and William Rock, throned high in the favor of Orpheum habitués and already at the Gaiety raised to the rank of being referred to as "He," "She," or "They." When a voice behind you says "There they are!" or "Here he is!" you know at once that Rock and Fulton are the ones referred to. They are, fortunately for the preferences of the audience, a good deal in evidence, doing everything, whether song, dance, burlesque, or comic bizzarries, with that air of casual perfection which comes from natural talent and personality united to steady training of the voice, the features, the muscles, and the wits. Rock is as grave as Maude Fulton is smiling; and that child-like smile is an asset!

Another successful smiler is Catherine Hayes, who is fitted out with a rôle admirably adapted to her capabilities. She is the fascinating type of baby giantess; a woman toward whom one's attitude is that of instinctive indulgence. Not that she needs it, for she is clever, very. And pretty! pretty as a pink is that ridiculously artless and baby countenance above her vast, superabundant curves. Like many weight-heavy women, she is not at all unwieldy, and dances with actual lightness. Her size is pressed into service as a comely element, but although we have often seen fat women comically revealed in bathing suits and the like, I can remember nothing in that line so eye-riveting as Catherine Hayes descending the beauty-show stairs in baby-girl costume, her ridiculously infantile countenance looking absurdly out of drawing with the generous members revealed by her skirts of baby length, stockinged in delicate flesh color, and dancing nimbly.

Another attractive woman is Gene Luneska, whose principal function is to sing in a voice of peculiarly clear and silvery tone; quite an individual voice, and one with something juvenile in its untarnished freshness. This actress also has comedy talent, and, like Catherine Hayes, a something in her personality expressing itself in the trained clearness of her speech that holds the attention pleasantly fixed upon her least word. That also is a characteristic of Maude Fulton's. One might say that it is due to their starship, but more truthfully it could be asserted that it is one of the qualities to which their starship is due.

These are more particularly the women principals, but so generously has the management brought specialists to the fore that there are also Bessie Franklin, in a very neatly executed comedy rôle, and Kittie Doner with Mazie Kimball in excellent dancing specialties with hits of comedy thrown in.

The men are legion. There are, beside William Rock, Tom Waters, amusing in dialogue and irresistible when warbling an Irish ballad at the piano. Al Shean, who sticks to his trade as a German comedian and is much funnier in "The Candy Shop" with the good bits that fall to his share than he had a chance to be in "The Rose Maid."

There is Will Philbrick, who sets off his comic dialogue with more comical eccentricities of the facial muscles and has a plump swagger that forms an admirable partnership with Catherine Hayes's billowy strides.

There are Franklyn Farnum and Oscar Ragland, both at home in the light patter of musical-comedy dialogue.

There are also one or two minor principals, notably Byrdine Zuber, who dances prettily and speaks persuasively; there are chorus men and chorus maids who also dance well and sing more lustily than musically.

For the women there are brilliant and beautiful costumes innumerable, including faithful adherence to all the passing fashion fads; tight skirts, short skirts, slit skirts, and radio skirts. And there are the show-girls. A solemnity, such as that invading the audience at their stage of the programme, descends upon me as I approach this sacred subject. For the show-girls were the fashion show.

Now do not imagine the men were indifferent to the garments clothing the beautiful flesh and blood in this fashion show. As units they were. They would have lumped them generally as coats and dresses. But long experience in swift optical appraisal of the passing show on the street has taught men to classify a pretty woman instantly in the matter of being up to the mode. And they enjoyed, in their own way, the comeliness, the up-to-dateness, the last-wordness, of these show-girls as, tall, stately, and statuesque, and fully and agreeably conscious of their own spectacular importance, they entered upon the scene in the "cabaret de luxe." The house became hushed, the music softened itself respectfully. Two by two, slowly, majestically, the eight tallest and most beautifully formed girls descended the grand stairway. They were gowned like princesses, their costumes partly concealed by sumptuous wraps of divers colors and design. It was a solemn moment. Experience tells us that on the stage a costly wrap is worn only to be thrown aside and reveal the still more costly dress beneath. We waited, expectant, as the eight goddesses ranged themselves in an imposing row. How were they going to dispose of their wraps?

There was a stately, imposing clamor of chords, and eight chorus men appeared automatically from the sides. Sixteen sculptural white arms parted the wraps in the

middle, eight black-coated cloak-bearers deftly removed themselves from the scene. Eight priestesses of fashion stood revealed in thrillingly beautiful gowns. Calm, self-poised, stately, serene, with every eye focused upon them, the eight priestesses stood while we worshipped.

It was inexpressibly imposing. It was a rite. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Fritz Kreisler will visit the Pacific Coast this season and will remain in America until late spring. He sailed from Bremen October 7. Before coming west he will appear with a number of symphony orchestras.

Sentiment in Business

Often one hears the statement thoughtlessly made, "There's no sentiment in business." Quite the contrary, there is a great deal of sentiment in business, and it is largely sentiment that moves the world.

Whatever may have been conditions in times gone by with large business concerns, look where one will today he sees how great a part sentiment plays in the relationship of employer to employee. It is now fully realized that one satisfied workman is a better asset to business than two who do their work sullenly, with one eye on the clock and the other on the "boss." As a good tool requires care, so that it may continue to give efficient results, so with a workman, whether he labors in a comfortable office or whether he is out in the open.

Some large concerns provide social halls for their employees; others go in for lunch and reading-rooms; some have an insurance and pension feature. All of these things originated through sentiment, though they can not in any sense be termed purely philanthropic movements, nor are they regarded as such. They tend to promote better satisfied employees, more physically able, and satisfaction means better work, because interested, and not infrequently the evolving of ideas which prove to be of much value to the employing company.

Keeping step with the march of progress, the Pacific Gas and Electric Company has for some months been planning for a most unique outing place for its employees, which will be finished along with the great power project which is being rushed to completion in the Sierras. The company will build and equip a large log clubhouse for its employees in one of the most picturesque sections of the California mountains, away up on the roof of Nevada County, where vacations may be spent and health regained in the clear, pure, invigorating air, spicy with the odor of pine and fir.

The clubhouse will be erected on a small island in Lake Spaulding, where nature has provided a site in the shape of a steep, rocky hill. The project is the idea of John A. Britton, vice-president and general manager of the corporation.

The island will rear its head above the flood when the company finishes building its giant dam, 300 feet high, at the lake. This will increase the lake from two miles, the natural size, to nine miles in length, and will impound enough water to supply San Francisco for three years, could it be used for that purpose. The lake will also enable three power houses to generate over 100,000 horsepower of electric energy, so that "Pacific Service" may be ready to meet all demands for a long time to come direct from its own plant.

Completion of the dam will back up 30,000,000 gallons of water around the hill, and on its peak will rise a splendid gathering place for "Pacific Service" employees. It will be furnished with numerous bedrooms, a wide porch, ample dining-room, and a large living-room, where an old-fashioned fireplace, built of rock quarried from the hill itself, will welcome six-foot logs and throw a ruddy, comforting glow to every part of the room, while the men on vacation sit about its cheery blaze and tell of the trout they caught, for up there the fishing is good, of the deer they bagged and almost bagged, and of the hear they saw, and of their many other adventures in that interesting region. The lodge will cover the entire island, and from it will run a wharf—an extension of the porch—to which the boats will be fastened. And the entire place will be lighted by electricity.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"The Count of Luxembourg" Popular at Columbia. "The Count of Luxembourg," which has come to San Francisco after a season and a half of success in the East, has been found by the many hundreds of theatre-goers who have witnessed its presentation at the evening or matinee performances of the current week the real musical offering of the season.

The Columbia Theatre has been taxed to its absolute capacity at the performances of "The Count of Luxembourg," thus far given, and the universal verdict is that there is distinguishable class and Broadway ear-marks to the presentation. "Class" is written all over the principals, chorus, orchestra, and staging, and theatre-goers of San Francisco are wont to seek just such a performance at all seasons of the year. In consequence the second week of the engagement, which begins with Sunday night's performance, has already brought out a big advance sale of seats.

Klaw & Erlanger in the case of "The Count of Luxembourg" have given to San Francisco the same production enjoyed by the New Yorkers, and their efforts to please have been appreciated. It is a great cast that makes fun and sings in this musical romance by Franz Lehar. There will be matinees on Wednesday and Saturday.

Leoncavallo to Direct "Zingari" Next Week.

The second week of the very successful season of grand opera at the Tivoli Opera House will be brought to a conclusion with the symphonic concert and performance of "I Pagliacci," under the direction of Leoncavallo, this afternoon and tomorrow evening, and the delightful rendition of "Madama Butterfly," in which Carmen Melis, Luca Botta, and Luigi Montesanto sing, tonight.

The repertory for the third week, commencing Monday, is full of big events, and on Monday and Saturday nights and at the Wednesday matinee Puccini's "La Bohème" will be given, with a cast including Mosciska, Simzis, Botta, Modesti, and Sesona. On Tuesday and Friday nights Leoncavallo will direct the double bill of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci," with Crestani, Cecchetti, Schiavazzi, and Mascali in the first opera, and Melis, Anita, Schiavazzi, and Modesti in the "Pagliacci." On Wednesday night "Madama Butterfly" will be repeated, with the same cast as before.

Thursday and Sunday nights and the Saturday matinee will be notable occasions, for they will mark the first production in America of Leoncavallo's "Zingari" (The Gypsy), which has achieved a great success in London and in the principal European opera houses, the cast including Mosciska, Chiodo, Montesanto, and Brilli. Leoncavallo will personally direct and supervise the production of "Zingari," and that San Francisco should be the first city in America to hear this work is a fact on which local music-lovers are congratulating themselves.

"The Bird of Paradise" at the Cort.

"The Bird of Paradise," a drama of Americans and modern Hawaii, will be seen at the Cort Theatre next week, commencing Sunday evening, with matinee Saturday and popular matinee Wednesday. The play is by Richard Walton Tully, the author of "The Strenuous Life," "The Rose of the Rancho," and other well-known pieces. The production has been under the personal supervision of that Western genius of stagecraft, Oliver Morosco.

There is a love story in the play—the love story of Paul Wilson, a young physician, and Luana, the beautiful "child of Mount Pele," the sacred volcano which all good Kanakas worship wherever the ancient gods are not forgotten. In the story told by the play the American abroad, both as trader and as missionary, is well described.

Miss Lenore Ulrich, a nineteen-year-old discovery of Manager Morosco's just at the close of last season, plays Luana with force and insight. William Desmond, who has just returned from a starring tour in Australia, is appearing as Paul, and the remainder of the cast is of the highest order. The original Hawaiian troupe of Hula dancers, acclaimed the world's champions in their peculiar branch of terpsichorean achievement, are included in this season's roster.

Anna Held's All-Star Variete Jubilee follows.

"The Traffic" Returning to the Savoy.

The Savoy Theatre has evidently come into its own again, and well-satisfied audiences are in evidence at the McAllister Street "playhouse beautiful," where the modern play of absorbing interest, "The Confession," splendidly produced and acted, is holding the boards. "The Confession" will be given for the last times this and tomorrow afternoon and evening, and on Monday "The Traffic," which did a fine business here for four weeks recently, will return for an engagement limited to a single week.

"The Traffic" is one of the most startling and compelling plays. It tells the story of white slavery in a way that is unique. That the people like "The Traffic" is an undisputed fact, and since leaving the Savoy it ran to packed houses for five weeks in Los Angeles.

The cast and production are just the same as on the original presentation here, Nana Bryant appearing as the unfortunate Agnes Burton, Lois Bolton playing the invalid sister, and Claire Sinclair being the adventurous Lulu. John C. Livingstone continues in his brutal impersonation of Vic Connors, and the dozen other parts will again be ably played. When "The Traffic" concluded its engagement at the Savoy Theatre many were still anxious to see it, so it is a foregone conclusion that the single week will witness a succession of good houses. There will be matinees on Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday, and at the conclusion of the engagement here the play and company jump direct to Chicago for a long run.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum bill for next week has a most attractive appearance. Clara Morton, erstwhile of the Four Mortons, assisted by Frank Sheen, will appear in a diverting skit called "Finding the Family," in which she introduces her piano dance, several new songs, and her flute-playing story, telling of her search after the other three members of her theatrical family.

Sam Chip and Mary Marble, who made such a great hit in their quaint skit, "A Bit of Old Edam," have now a new act which they call "The Land of Dykes," which is described as a picture-book playlet. It is said to afford Miss Marble and Mr. Chip the best opportunity they have yet had for the display of their versatile talents. Associated with them is that admirable actor, John W. Dunne.

Agnes Scott and Henry Keane will present an episode entitled "Drifting," by Agnes Scott, in which Miss Scott does full justice to herself both as an actress and a writer, and Mr. Keane shares the honors with her in one of the most delightful little plays ever presented in vaudeville.

James P. Conlin, Lillian Steele, and Eddie Carr term their act "The Follies of Vaudeville." Conlin and Carr are a couple of comical chaps who sing and dance extraordinarily well, and in Miss Steele they have a formidable rival. She is also a vivacious and clever actress and the possessor of great personal attractions.

Next week will be the last of the All-Star Lambs' Gambol success, Hassard Short's "Dance Reveries"; Mack and Orth; the Four Athletas, and Nellie Nichols.

Greenbaum to Manage Theatre Francais.

Encouraged by the splendid success of its initial season, the Théâtre Français de San Francisco will give its second season of performances in the French language. M. André Ferrier, the director of the organization, has just returned from Paris, where he secured the rights to some of the best plays of the Comédie Française and the charming operettas of Offenbach, Massenet, and others. It is proposed to give several evenings of short works, one being a play and the other an opera. A number of French citizens have asked Will L. Greenbaum to take charge of the business part of the enterprise and he has accepted the charge. The first performance will be given Thursday night, November 13, when the romantic comedy in four acts, "Mlle. de la Sieglere," by Jules Sandeau, will be given. This work is one of the favorites in the repertory of the Comédie Française. The second performance will consist of the comedy, "L'Ete de la Saint-Martin," by Meilhac, and Halevy and Offenbach's opera comique, "Mariage aux Lanternes." M. Emilio Puvans will be the musical director. Full details regarding season tickets may be secured on application to Mr. Greenbaum at 101 Post Street.

Henry Miller to Appear at Columbia Theatre.

The management of the Columbia Theatre announces that one of the notable bookings of the season is Henry Miller in his latest success, "The Rainbow," and this attraction comes to the Columbia Theatre on Monday night, November 3. That Mr. Miller will bring the New York cast and production in "The Rainbow" is a matter of congratulation, for much has been heard here of the brilliant comedy, which is said to be by far the best vehicle this distinguished actor has ever had. Its long run in New York at the Liberty Theatre, followed by an extended engagement in Boston, Chicago, and Philadelphia, kept it from the road for two seasons and have given it increased interest. The cast will include Ruth Chatterton, whose creation of the rôle of the daughter was one of the features of the New York run. Seats for the Miller engagement will go on sale Thursday morning.

Notwithstanding the many rumors that Novikoff, the solo dancer of the Imperial Russian Ballet, had quarreled with Pavlowa, both Pavlowa and Novikoff have arrived in New York and will positively head the big Russian ballet at the Metropolitan Opera House, after which they will make a tour and visit this city in January. There will be one hundred and twenty in the company.

Dr. Ernst Kunwald, conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, who has spent the summer in Germany, will reach Cincinnati early in November to begin rehearsals.

THE MUSIC SEASON.

Mme. Frances Alda's First Concert on Sunday.

Mme. Frances Alda, the youngest of the world's noted prima donnas, and one of the most important members of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York, will make her first appearance in San Francisco at Scottish Rite Auditorium this Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, under the Greenbaum management. The second Alda concert will be given next Wednesday night, October 29, and the farewell concert will be a special Saturday matinee on November 1. Last season her creation of the rôle of Roxane in the new opera, "Cyrano de Bergerac," was pronounced the best individual bit of work at the Metropolitan, and during the coming season she is to be intrusted with the title-rôle in the new opera, "Madeleine." She has as her assisting artists Gutia Casini, the young Russian violoncello virtuoso, who was here last season with Sembrich, and that "prince of accompanists" and excellent soloist, Frank La Forge. The programme for the opening concert follows:

Variations on a Rocco Theme.....Tschakowsky
Gutia Casini
Lungi dal cara bene (Far from the beloved).....Secchi
Nymphs and Shepherds.....Puccini
When the Roses Bloom.....Reichardt
Pastorale.....Carey
Mme. Alda
Etude in A flat major.....Chopin
Two Preludes.....Chopin
Frank La Forge
Panis Angelicus (Oh, Lord Most Holy).....Cesar Franck
Prayer from "La Tosca".....Puccini
Mme. Alda, with violoncello obligato
Liebestraum (Love Dream).....Liszt
Rhapsodie.....Dohnanyi
Frank La Forge
Doch, mein Vogel (Ah, my Bird) first time.....Sibelius
Tausend Sterne (A Thousand Stars) first time.....Leo Blech
Lauf der Welt (The Way of the World).....Grieg
Wie Mir's Weh Tut (How It Pains Me).....Rachmaninoff
Mme. Alda
Chant du Menestrel (Minstrel's Song).....Glazounov
Tarantella.....Piaatti
Green
A des Oiseaux (To the Birds).....Georges Hue
Like the Rosebud.....La Forge
Expectancy.....La Forge
An Open Secret.....Woodman
Mme. Alda

The Harold Bauer Concerts.

Harold Bauer, the "master-pianist," who is a great favorite in this city, will play a series of three programmes at his concerts at Scottish Rite Auditorium that have been arranged in accordance with the expressed desires of local teachers and students to whom Manager Greenbaum mailed lists of the works in his repertory and asked for an expression of what the music lovers would like to hear him play.

At the first concert, scheduled for Sunday afternoon, November 2, Bauer will play Bach's "Suite" in G minor, Schumann's "Davidsbundler tanze," Chopin's "Tarantelle" and "Polonaise" in F sharp minor, the rarely heard "Laendler" by Schubert, and modern novelties by Cesar Franck, Enrique Granados, and Ravel.

The second and only evening concert will be given on Thursday night, November 6, when Bach's "Italian Concerto," Schumann's "Faschingsschwank," the Wagner-Liszt "Liebestod," from "Tristan und Isolde," and Cesar Franck's "Prelude, Chorale and Fugue" will be the special features. An entire change of programme is promised for the special Saturday farewell matinee on November 8.

The box-offices will open next Wednesday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's, and complete programmes may be secured there or will be mailed to any address on application.

Schumann-Heink with Orchestra.

The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will give its second symphony concert at the Cort Theatre, Friday afternoon, November 7. Schumann-Heink will be the soloist, and there will be no increase in the regular prices of the orchestra.

Anna Held's All Star Variete Jubilee, under John Cort's management, is attracting enormous audiences wherever it is played. The great vaudeville road show is announced for early appearance at the Cort Theatre here. She is as popular as ever, and her act, with fifteen others, is riotously encored. Andrew Mack, Charles Ahearn and company, Francis and Florette, Hirschell Hendler, and the Imperial Pekinese Company are some of the features with the organization.

The first big comedy success of last season in New York to come west is "Stop Thief," which enjoyed a run at the Gaiety Theatre of the entire season, being one of three theatrical attractions to remain throughout the summer months of the season. "Stop Thief" will be presented by a special company at the Columbia Theatre in the near future.

Olive Fremstadt, who has returned from Europe, brought with her the Bavarian Medal of Arts and Sciences, which was presented by the Bavarian prince regent. She sang during the summer at the Munich festival in "Tristan und Isolde," and spent most of her time in the Austrian Tyrol.

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VANITY FAIR.

New York is once more "all tore up" on the tremendously vital question of whether school-teachers may also be mothers. It seems that a Mrs. Peixotto decided that she would be a mother, and therefore she absented herself from her duties for that purpose. When she returned to school after an eminently successful campaign she found that she was discharged, and now she is making the welkin ring with denunciations of a school board that wickedly refuses to pay her for work that she has not done.

Now it is evident that Mrs. Peixotto inadvertently overlooked a paragraph that appeared in this column some few weeks ago and that was intended to settle this question for all time. She must have overlooked it or she would not have had that baby, unless that, too, was an act of inadvertence. We believe that such things have happened even in well-regulated families, although this is a matter on which we never expect to have any real knowledge. It was explained in that paragraph that the people of New York are poor but honest and that they really can not afford to pay for duplicate staffs of teachers in order that one relay may have babies while the other teaches them. The school board of that primitive but promising community wishes it to be understood that young women of the village may have babies or they may teach school, but they may not do both. They may take their choice. There is no coercion nor undue influence. Mrs. Peixotto complains that if she had been merely ill she would have been granted a leave of absence without any difficulty, but because she wants to increase and multiply, a thing that she is distinctly requested to do in an early chapter of Genesis, a heartless school board strikes her off the list. But Mrs. Peixotto should reflect on the fact that illness is a matter beyond her own control, whereas her little frolic in the way of maternity is not—at least so we are informed by those who understand such matters.

Now there is more in this matter than meets the eye. Personally we should be disposed to adopt an attitude of broad and lavish generosity and instruct the people of New York to pay Mrs. Peixotto whatever that lady is disposed to ask. A certain prodigal munificence in such cases is one of our characteristics. In the same spirit we should beg Mrs. Peixotto to have as many babies as she wishes, to have them early and often, and not to worry about getting down to work, since there are so many young women ready to take her place who have absolutely no justification for the same sort of preoccupation. But we can not afford to set precedents in such a case as this. Casting our eagle eyes forward into the future we foresee the day when the Supreme Court of the United States must be indefinitely adjourned because one or two of the learned justices are having babies. Armies will be delayed on the march and ships upon the high seas because their gallant commanders must settle these little domestic matters in advance. Contracts for public work will contain not only strike clauses but also baby clauses, and we shall never be able to depend upon any public officials doing the things that they are paid to do without a preliminary inquiry into possibilities of the most intimate and domestic kind. Clearly it will not do. We can not afford to set precedents in this way. Caution is a debt that we owe to posterity.

By the way, is it not a curious fact that women obstinately refuse to have babies unless they are first in receipt of salaries for doing some other and quite incompatible thing.

Certain congenital disabilities that are never sufficiently to be regretted have prevented us from becoming a member of a woman's club. Even the plea of the striking services to the sex that have been rendered in this column have been coldly received, and this shows what kind of a world it is that we are living in. For this reason our knowledge of the mysteries that go on within the sanctum is confined to hearsay and to those revelations from women themselves that occasionally find their way into the newspapers. One such revelation is now before us, and although it is by an Englishwoman and relates to English clubs we may suspect that the trouble is not wholly an insular one. It is by Mrs. Stuart Menzies and it appears in the columns of the London *Daily Express*. The woman's club, says Mrs. Menzies, has not been a success. Its most devoted adherents have become a cult. Mrs. Menzies can detect them at sight. They wear cotton gloves and they sniff.

It is the true devotee that has ruined club life and made it impossible for other women, the women who do not wear cotton gloves and who do not sniff. She has developed vices that were unknown before the advent of the club. Sometimes she is a soaplifter and is unable to refrain from putting the soap into her pocket after she has washed her hands. Sometimes she annexes the entire stock of hairpins placed in the dressing-rooms for the convenience of members. Sometimes she carries away all the club note paper upon which she can lay her hands. In

point of fact she will carry away anything that is not securely nailed down. Her appetite for unsecured trifles is insatiable.

Then, too, there is the perennial difficulty with the newspapers. The lady clubbist has a pleasant little way of collecting all the newspapers in the reading-room, sitting on them like a brooding hen, and cutting out all the choice bits. This is apt to arouse unchristian feelings in the other members who may have wished to cut out those same portions and are now debarred.

Mrs. Menzies says that when she recently went to her club she asked for one or two papers that she wished to see and which were not in the reading-room. Nothing happened, but while she was waiting she observed a member put two or three papers on a chair and sit on them. Another member put one or two under her arm and took them bodily out of the room. Then Mrs. Menzies asked a servant to find for her the papers that she wanted. With a weary, comprehensive look around the room he gave a shrug of his shoulders, lifted his eyebrows, and replied, "Pinched."

The mistake that club women usually make is to be too confidential. They want to know all about the domestic lives of other members, and sooner or later this leads to trouble. Club men may know each other intimately for years and yet have no idea whether their friends are married, where they live, or anything about them. They accept each other at their club valuation and find plenty to talk about without ever infringing on that other and private domain that lies outside of the club.

The new tariff law forbids the importation of aigrettes and the plumage of birds of paradise. There is no ambiguity about the law. These ornaments are forbidden absolutely. As a result the customs officers at New York found themselves in a quandary when ladies began to arrive by the transatlantic steamers with the forbidden decorations, not hidden away in false trunk bottoms or buried amid soiled linen, but proudly displayed upon their heads. For the first few days the officers did their duty like Spartan heroes and at the imminent peril of their lives. They requested the offending ladies to remove the plumage and they confiscated it. What the ladies said is not a matter of record. There are some things that are never put into print. Nor do we know exactly what they did, but we do know that within a very few days orders were sent from Washington that the law must not be enforced against ladies who were wearing the contraband in their hats. And so we get one more object lesson in the equality of the sexes. We also get one more illustration of the procedures that bring all law into contempt. That procedure is a very simple one, and it is found elsewhere than at the custom-house. It consists in passing a law for the satisfaction of the purists and the reformers, and then ordering that the law be not enforced for the satisfaction of the legal libertines. In this way every one is pleased and there are no hard feelings anywhere.

A New York hotel manager is reported as saying that "a tip is nothing else than a reward for special consideration. The question will never be solved as long as any man who asks for special service is in the habit of giving a reward for it."

An eminently sane proposition, says the New York *Evening Post*. See, for instance, what special service and special consideration the citizen of New York obtains by tipping the waiter. When the customer sits down, the waiter refrains from whisking the chair out from under the customer and letting him fall to the floor, as the waiter might very easily do. When he brings in the soup, he brings it in a plate instead of a bottle. Who would grudge a small tip for being spared the humiliation of pouring soup out of a bottle? And in so many other ways, which the reader can enumerate for himself, the waiter puts himself out to make the diner comfortable. He refrains from sprinkling sugar over the roast beef and putting olive oil into the ice-cream. Between courses he does not sit down to his own meal. If the diner happens to be in the company of a lady the waiter will abstain from disparaging remarks about her complexion. As for the coat-room boy, what is to prevent him from playing football with your hat, except the special consideration due a distributor of tips?

A proposal is under consideration to acquire Skerryvore, Stevenson's old home at Bournemouth, as a memorial. Skerryvore is associated with long and painful illness and weary weeks in bed. Stevenson went to Bournemouth hoping to get ride of his lung trouble, but for once Bournemouth failed to heal, and it was from Bournemouth that he started out on his long journey in search of health, which he did not find until he reached the South Seas. He was greatly attached to Skerryvore, despite his unfortunate experiences, and looked forward to the time when he should return strong and well. The cottage at Swanston, near Edinburgh, where many of his early years were passed, is in good keeping. Lord Guthrie is the owner, and Stevenson's room is carefully preserved exactly as it was when he lived there.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Half an hour after Mrs. Richly had given her new maid an order she became uneasy and went to investigate. "Well, Mary, what has detained you? Have you found my Keats, as requested?" "Lor, mum," Mary apologized, "I was just comin' back to ask what is a Keats."

A worthy precenter got so irritated at a singer in the congregation who used to show off his musical compass by changing from tenor to bass and bass to tenor, that at last he burst out, "Mr. O'More, if ye're to sing tenor, sing tenor, or if ye're to sing bass, sing bass. But we'll hae nae' mair o' yer shandy-gaff."

A well-known racehorse owner said to a veterinary surgeon: "How is it you haven't called on me for your account?" "Oh," said the vet, "I never ask a gentleman for money." "Indeed! Then how d'you get on if he don't pay?" "Why, after a certain time I conclude he's not a gentleman, and then I ask him."

Down in New Orleans one day an old negro mammy entered a store, attracted by a window full of gayly colored cheap soaps on special sale. "Gimme fo' fi' dem yar cakes," she said. "Will you have them scented or unscented?" asked the clerk. "No, Ah don' want 'em sended, foh Ah'm gwine take 'em wif me," she answered.

Of Albrecht von Haller, the distinguished Swiss physiologist, Voltaire once said, "Ah, he is a great man and a great philosopher." "What you say, monsieur," his visitor replied, "does you all the more credit because Von Haller does not do you the same justice." "Alas!" replied Voltaire with a grim smile, "very likely we are both mistaken."

An old woman of enormous size hailed a tramcar, and with considerable difficulty managed to climb up and get a seat inside. When she was comfortably settled she looked round at a man seated behind her and said with great vigor: "If you'd been 'arf a man you'd a 'elped me hup." The man gave a weary-looking smile and replied: "If you had only been 'arf the woman you are I might 'ave 'ad a try."

The Rev. Henry N. Couden, the blind chaplain of the House of Representatives at Washington, had an idea at one time that he would prefer to be chaplain of the Senate, and went to see Speaker Cannon about it. "What do you want to go over there for?" stormed the Speaker. "The House is a flower garden and the Senate is a graveyard." "I know," replied the chaplain gently, "but one stays longer in a graveyard than in a flower garden."

De Smythe had been waltzing with his host's ugly elder daughter, and was now in a corner repairing damages. Here his would-be papa-in-law espied him. "D'you know," he remarked, referring to De Smythe's late partner, "that girl is the flower of my family, sir?" "So it seems," answered the young man. "But it's a pity she comes off so, isn't it?" he added, as he made another vigorous rub at the white spots on his coat-sleeve.

It was getting windy on the corner and Clem Jacobs announced that he was going to go home and change his clothes. He was clad for warmer weather and was getting uncomfortable. "The wind blows in here and here and here," he remarked to a friend, indicating the places. "It's no sort of a costume for this weather." A fashionably dressed woman passed just then and overheard his last two sentences. "Shut your mouth, you loafer?" she snapped, turning scarlet and hurrying along indignantly.

When this administration began Woodrow Wilson and his Cabinet showed no particular alacrity in discharging Republican office-holders and giving the patronage to Democrats. In some quarters the explanation was made that the Republicans had become so efficient in the government service that they had to be retained for the good of the country. This greatly peeved a hot-headed Southern senator, who criticized the situation as follows: "By thunder! If there's a job under this government that a Democrat can't fill it ought to be abolished!"

After waiting for two weeks without a call, the young doctor who had hung out his "single" in a country town was awakened one night by an old farmer who wanted him right away for his hoy, who had been suddenly stricken with a severe pain in the region of the stomach. The young doctor hastened to the house and found the boy lying on the bed in evident pain and surrounded by the family and neighbors. He looked at the patient for a moment, then, wishing to impress them all with his superior knowledge of medical terms, he spread out his chest and said: "This

should cause you no alarm. It is nothing but a corrutified exegesis, antispasmodically emanating from the germ of the animal refrigerator, producing a prolific source of irritability in the pericranial epidermis of intestinal profundity." The farmer looked at him a moment and replied: "Now, that's just what I sed it wuz, but my wife she 'lowed it wuz worms!"

The new school-teacher gave a boy a question in compound proportion for home work one evening. It included the circumstance of "men working ten hours a day to complete a certain work." The next morning the teacher, in looking over the little pack of exercises, found this boy's sum wholly unattempted. Calling him to her, she asked why he had not tried to do the sum. The boy, after considerable fumbling around in his pockets, brought forth a note from his father and handed it to her. Unfolding it, the teacher read: "Miss—I refuse to let my boy do his sum you give him as it looks to me to be a slur at 8-hour sistum enny sum not more than 8 hours he is welcum to do but not more."

In the old days of hand composition a printer known from New York to San Francisco as "Pilgrim" Hazlett wandered into a Pennsylvania town and asked the editor of the weekly for a "sit." "Well," said the editor, "I can put you to work, but I'm afraid I can't pay much money." "Make me an offer," said the Pilgrim. "All right, I can give you two meals a day at my house, you can sleep here in the office on this lounge, and I'll take care of your laundry. Then if you need tobacco get it across the street at the grocery. They run an account with us. And up at the brewery you can get a can of beer whenever you like. Besides, I'll pay you four dollars a week. Is that satisfactory?" "Gosh," said the Pilgrim, after repeating the offer to get it straight in his mind, "if I get all that what do I want with the four dollars?"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Both Necessary.
The parting from brother
Was tearful and sad.
"Be good," whispered mother.
"Make good," counseled dad.
—Pittsburgh Post.

There's a Reason.
Said a careless young lady named Anna,
When she stepped on an empty banana,
"Now, what do you see
That you stare so at me?"
And the bystanders cried, "Hosanna!"
—Stuart W. Knight, in Life.

Man's Pride in His Face.
The old human race is in love with its face;
Man worships the cut of his mug.
In the cave people's day the first worker in clay
Etched a monkey-faced man on his jug.
On clay and on stones and on elephant bones
Their portraits they drew—and they haked them
on pones.

The poor Eskimo, buried deep in the snow,
Puts his totem pole up in the breeze,
It's his horrible phiz done in wood, so it is,
A frieze that would cause you to freeze.
Those faces up there they would frighten a bear,
And the pole that must tote 'em's a totem for fair.

The Assyrian "kinks," those proud purple old
ginks,
Flat-nosed and as ugly as gall,
Their portraits they'd mix in the clay of the
bricks
And they'd bake 'em and make 'em a wall.
It's a poor trait o' character—wouldn't you say—
To want your old portrait forced on us that way?

Old Queen Cleopatra, she still gazes at you
Sketched out on an obelisk pile,
The folks who were ace high, they all nailed a
face high
On stone in the land of the Nile.
Today we have faces in color and tone
Produced on our hillboards with lithograph stone.

Every old talcum can bears the face of a man,
King George puts his face on the stamps,
The Czar he puts his on the coin, so his phiz
Will be dear to dukes, peasants, and tramps.
Ever go to a show with the freaks in a row?
Did the fat lady sell your photo, or no?

Yes, we all love our phiz, freaky fierce as it is,
We are proud of our features and shapes,
And we swell up and "hust"—we poor creatures
of dust—
When our photograph gets "in the papes."
For the power of the press is a thunderbolt hurled
That can carry our mugs through the width of
the world!
—Kansas City Star.

Mrs. Casey was proud of her strong, muscular son, and still more proud of him when he went into a gymnasium and made himself locally famous. Then one day a rumor reached her ears which she didn't like, and when Michael came home that night she proceeded to take him to task. "Look here, Mike Casey, what's this I'm hearing about yer doin's at the gymnasium? Don't ye know it's poor we are, an' havin' no money to pay for yer destructive carryin' on?" "Why, what do ye mean, mither?" asked the astonished Mike. "Aint they sayin' all over town that ye have broke two of their best records down there?" she howled.



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The wedding of Miss Josephine Elizabeth Heinrich and Mr. Joseph Rosborough took place Tuesday evening, October 21, at St. Francis de Sales Church in Oakland. The bride is a daughter of Mrs. Emil Heinrich.

From New York comes the announcement of the wedding of Miss Beatrice Oliver and Mr. Felton B. Elkins on Sunday, October 19. Mr. Elkins is the son of Mrs. William Delaware Neilson of Philadelphia and a brother of Mrs. Christian de Guigné of San Mateo.

The wedding of Miss Jeanette Hooper and Mr. Arthur B. Foote took place Thursday evening, October 23, at the family residence on Laguna Street. The bride's attendants were her cousin, Miss Christine Brown, and Miss Lucy Stebbing.

The wedding of Miss Serita Van Vliet and Lieutenant David P. Wood, Sixteenth Infantry, U. S. A., will take place Thursday, November 6, at the home in Shrewsbury, Connecticut, of Miss Van Vliet's grandmother, Mrs. Van Vliet. The bride-to-be is the daughter of Colonel Robert Van Vliet, U. S. A., and Mrs. Van Vliet of Galveston, Texas. After a wedding trip to New York the young couple will come west, where they will reside at Fort McDowell.

The wedding of Miss Dorothy May and Mr. Roger Lennon took place Wednesday evening, October 15, at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Margaret C. May. Upon their return from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Lennon will reside in this city.

Miss Corona and Miss Florence Williams entertained a number of friends Wednesday evening at a dance at their home in Berkeley.

Mrs. Guy Manning was hostess recently at a tea at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Marjorie Moon gave a luncheon recently in honor of Mrs. John Jerome Alexander of Portland.

Mrs. Walter Martin was hostess recently at a children's party at the Burlingame Club. The affair was in honor of the birthday of her little daughter, Miss Eleanor Martin.

Sequoia Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution gave a bridge party Saturday. The affair was for the benefit of their exposition building.

Mrs. Paul Charles Butte was hostess Wednesday at a luncheon in honor of Miss Elise Osborne, who will leave shortly to study music in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl entertained a number of friends Tuesday evening at a theatre and supper party.

Mr. and Mrs. William Smith O'Brien have issued invitations to a dance Friday evening, November 7. The affair will be in honor of their daughter, Miss Gertrude O'Brien.

Mrs. A. P. Whittell gave a dance Saturday evening at the Burlingame Club in honor of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Kirk Albert of Wiesbaden.

Mrs. John Ward Mailliard was hostess at a tea Wednesday at the Town and Country Club in honor of Miss Helen Wallach.

Miss Helen Keeney gave a bridge party Wednesday evening at her home on Buchanan Street.

Mrs. Eugene Hale Douglass was hostess Wednesday at a thé dansant at her home at Yerba Buena.

Mrs. Kirby Crittenden was the guest of honor recently at a tea given by her sister, Miss Edna Fay.

Lieutenant Commander Kirby Crittenden, U. S. N., and Mrs. Crittenden gave a dinner-dance Monday evening on board the U. S. S. *Charleston* in honor of Miss Fay and Miss Oliver.

Mrs. Wallace Berthoff was hostess Tuesday afternoon at a bridge party at her home on Clay Street.

The members of the Southern Club gave a dinner-dance Friday evening in their club house on California Street.

Mrs. George H. Howard was hostess Sunday evening at a dinner at her home in San Mateo. The affair was in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Kirk Albert, who leave next week for their home in Germany.

Le Due et la Duchesse de Richelieu entertained a number of friends Monday at a tea at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Señor and Señora de Gogorza.

Dr. Emil Schmoll was host at a theatre and supper party Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace W. Morgan gave a dinner Thursday evening at their home in Oakland. The affair was in honor of Mr. and Mrs. George Haney of New Jersey. Accompanied by their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan later attended the Brazilian ball at the Hotel Oakland.

Miss Kathleen Farrell gave a tea Friday in honor of Miss Ila Sonntag.

Mrs. George Russell Lukens entertained a number of friends Thursday at luncheon at the St. Francis Hotel in honor of Le Due et la Duchesse de Richelieu. They were the complimented guests again Friday evening when Mr. J. William Byrne gave a dinner and theatre party.

Mrs. John E. Page was hostess recently at a reception at the Hotel Potter in Santa Barbara in honor of Miss Marguerite Doe.

Miss Helen Wallach was the guest of honor Thursday at a tea given by Mrs. Edgar N. Wilson at her home on Walnut Street.

Miss Adelia Bernhard gave a tea Tuesday afternoon in honor of Miss Ethel Gregg.

Mrs. Alan Macdonald was hostess Tuesday afternoon at a tea at the Palace Hotel in honor of Miss Nina Jones of Santa Barbara.

Frau Eugen Schüle (Katharine Elliott) entertained a number of San Francisco friends recently at tea at her residence in Dresden, Neustadt, among whom were Mrs. W. E. Hopkins, Miss Kate R. Stone, Mrs. F. H. Green, Mrs. F. C. McCrory, Mrs. J. B. Wright, Miss Marion Chinery, Mrs. A. A. Pennoyer, Miss Haste, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Dorothy Baker, Miss Gladys Buchanan, Mrs. Lund, the Misses Volkman, and Mrs. Deamr.

Mrs. Marcia Brackenridge entertained a number of friends recently at a moving picture party and luncheon at the Hotel Potter in Santa Barbara.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, Miss Emily Pope, and Masters George and Kenneth Pope arrived Saturday from New York, where they have been visiting since their arrival a few weeks ago from Europe. They are established for the winter in their town house on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. L. L. Bee and her son, Mr. Everett N. Bee, have returned from New York and are occupying their apartment on California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Eyre have closed their country home in Atherton and are settled in their town house on Buchanan Street.

After a visit with Miss Dora Winn, Miss Gertrude Greeley has returned to her home in Washington, D. C.

Dr. George Lyman and Mrs. Lyman (formerly Miss Dorothy Van Sicken) are planning to sail December 3 for home. Since their marriage two years ago they have resided in Germany.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick R. King have returned to this city after having spent the summer in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy and Miss Alicia McCarthy have returned to their home in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. George Volkman, Miss Johanna Volkman, and Miss Edith Treanor are at present in Berlin, having gone there recently after several weeks of travel in Russia. They will remain abroad until the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ward Mailliard have returned from Belvedere, where they have been spending the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lawson, Mr. Richard Tobin, Mrs. M. A. Huntington, and Miss Ernestine McNear are among the San Franciscans who have arrived in New York from Europe.

Mrs. John Drum and Miss Virginia Jolliffe are expected home next week from New York, where they went to meet Mrs. Drum's mother, Mrs. J. J. Spieker, who has been spending the summer in Europe.

Mrs. Frank B. Anderson has gone East to visit her relatives in Brooklyn, New York.

Mrs. Eghert Stone has returned from New York, where she went a month ago to place her daughter, Miss Dorothy Stone, in school.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Keyes have moved from Devisadero Street into their new home on Jackson Street near Laurel.

Mr. and Mrs. Tennant Harrington and their daughter, Miss Marie Louise Harrington, sailed Wednesday for Honolulu. They were accompanied by Miss Emily Tubbs, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William B. Tubbs.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller have returned from New York and are residing at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. J. Tarn McGrew returned last week from a brief visit in Honolulu and is spending a few days at the Hotel St. Francis en route to his home in Paris.

Miss Helen Ashton returned last week from Manila and left Tuesday with her mother, Mrs. George F. Ashton, for Sacramento, where they will reside during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall and Miss Marion Newhall are again occupying their residence on Green Street after having spent the summer in Burlingame, where they rented the Poniatowski house.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Chesebrough and their little son are visiting Mr. Chesebrough and the Misses Edith and Helen Chesebrough at their home on Clay Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper have returned from their ranch in Mendocino County and will spend the winter in their Burlingame home.

Judge James A. Cooper, Mrs. Cooper, and Miss Ethel Cooper are established in an apartment on Gough Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford have been spending the past week with Mr. and Mrs. Willard N. Drown.

Mrs. James A. Robinson has closed her country home in Woodside and is settled for the winter at the Hotel Monroe.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard have returned to town after having spent the summer in Woodside. The Misses Ruth Winslow and Ruth Zeile were recent guests at their country home.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali spent a few days last week in Menlo Park with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Breeze.

Mrs. Harry N. Stetson has returned to her home in Burlingame, where she is recovering from a recent operation for appendicitis.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville C. Pratt and their two little sons have gone to their ranch in Chico for a few weeks' visit.

Mr. and Mrs. James Athearn Folger and the Misses Evelyn and Genevieve Cunningham have returned from an automobile trip to Santa Barbara.

Miss Henriette Blanding sailed Wednesday with a party of friends for Europe, where she will remain during the winter.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway has returned from the East.

Mr. Francis McComas has returned from Arizona for a brief visit.

Mrs. James Otis and Miss Fredericka Otis have arrived in New York from Europe and will return home early in November.

Mr. John McMullin has returned from the East, where she has been spending the summer with relatives. She was accompanied on her homeward trip by her daughter, Mrs. Jack Hayes, who has been abroad during the past two years.

Mr. and Mrs. William Leonard have returned to New York after their annual visit to Mrs. Lane-Leonard and their little granddaughter, Jean Leonard.

Mrs. George Kellogg and Mrs. Arthur Whitney left yesterday for Europe, where they will travel until April.

Mrs. Osgood Hooker is recovering from an operation for appendicitis at the Adler Sanatorium.

Mrs. Godey will leave next week for her home in Washington, D. C. She has been spending several weeks with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl, at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mrs. Cyrus Walker and Mrs. William McAfee are motoring through Southern California.

Mrs. Joseph D. Redding and her daughter, Miss

Josephine Redding, are en route to their home in Paris after a few weeks' visit in this city with Mr. Redding.

Mrs. Hippolyte Dutard, Mrs. Charles Farquharson, and Miss Gladys Buchanan arrived Thursday in New York from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Garrett McEnerney, Mr. and Mrs. Ward Barron, and Mrs. Downey Harvey have arrived in New York from Europe, where they have been spending the summer. They will return home about November 6.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferd C. Peterson of Belvedere are enjoying a few weeks' vacation in Santa Barbara as guests of Mrs. Harriett P. Miller at her home, Earlton Lodge. During their absence the Belvedere home will be occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Ward Mailliard (formerly Miss Kate Peterson), who have returned from the Cedars in the high Sierras, where they have been domiciled since their wedding on September 20 last.

Captain Arthur M. Shipp, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A., has been detailed as inspector and instructor of the organized militia of Virginia.

Major Wallace Dewitt, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty in the Hawaiian Department.

Captain William H. Monerief, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to Fort Myer, Virginia, for temporary duty.

Contract Surgeon J. L. Tremblay, U. S. A., has been detailed to the army transport service at Seattle, Washington.

Lieutenant Peter H. Ottosen, U. S. A., on duty at the Coast Artillery School at Fort Monroe, has been ordered to the Philippines to command the United States mine plant, *General Henry Knox*.

Lieutenant Joseph R. Cygon, U. S. A., has been transferred from the One Hundred and Fifty-Third to the Sixtieth Company.

Lieutenant Anton H. Schroeter, First Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted a three months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant-Colonel Richmond P. Davis, U. S. A., arrived Monday from New York and is in command at Fort Winfield Scott.

Major Herman W. Schull, Ordnance Department, U. S. A., has been granted a leave of absence for one month.

Captain Clarence B. Smith, Coast Artillery, U. S. A., who has been relieved as inspector and instructor of the Coast Artillery Reserves in the State of Washington, has been assigned to the One Hundred and Forty-Ninth Company.

Captain Henry M. Merriam, Coast Artillery, U. S. A., has been placed on the list of detached officers.

Captain Harry W. McCauley, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been granted a ten days' leave of absence from his station at Fort Baker.

Brigadier-General Leon A. Matile, U. S. A. (retired), has arrived in this city from his home in Washington, D. C. General Matile is awaiting the arrival of his son, Lieutenant George J. Matile, Twenty-Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., who is on a leave of absence from his regiment in the Philippines.

Lieutenant John P. Edgerly, Second Infantry, U. S. A., who has been stationed at Fort Safter, Hawaii, has been ordered to the army aviation school at San Diego.

Captain Samuel B. McIntyre, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., who has been stationed at Fort George Wright, Washington, has been ordered to the Letterman General Hospital at the Presidio.

Major Gideon McD. Vanpoole, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at Fort Washington, Maryland, and ordered to Hawaii.

Ensign H. C. Ridgely, U. S. N., has been attached to the U. S. S. *Mississippi*.

Assistant Surgeon A. T. Weston, M. R. C., has been ordered to the recruiting station at New York.

Lieutenant David M. Le Breton, U. S. N., has been detailed as aid to the commander of the third division of the Atlantic fleet.

Assistant Surgeon Guthrie McCConnell, M. R. C., has been ordered to the recruiting station at Philadelphia.

The home in New York of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Stillman has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Stillman, who was formerly Miss Mildred Whitney, is a daughter of Mrs. William Reding of this city.

The home in Berkeley of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Harrison has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hannigan has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.

Dixon Exhibition of Canvases.

Announcement is made of an interesting exhibition of canvases to be made by Maynard Dixon, the Western painter, at 550 Sutter Street, beginning November 1. The subjects cover a wide range of country, including Montana, Oregon, California, Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico, and Mexico.

"Travel Talk" by George Hamlin Fitch.

Mr. George Hamlin Fitch will give a "Travel Talk" of impressions of a world tour on Friday, October 31, in the art gallery on the fifth floor of the Paul Elder Building, 239 Grant Avenue.

The Swiss Alpine Club, established in 1863, is celebrating its jubilee this autumn. Though not the very oldest established Alpine club, it was preceded by both the English and the German Alpine clubs, the Swiss club ranks as one of the most important. The membership which in 1863, the year of the club's first members' meeting, only numbered thirty-six has risen from that time to 13,496. The club has been responsible for the fixing of the tariffs for the ascents and for the regulations to which the guides must conform before being considered eligible to hold certificates.

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INDIVIDUALITIES.

Lord Halsbury, who recently celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday, has been working for a number of years on a digest of the laws of England.

Prince William Frederick of Wied, who has just decided to accept the nomination to the throne of the independent state of Albania, is the head of the princely house of Wied, Germany.

Dr. Alexander G. Ruthven, who has just returned from an expedition of two months in the mountains between Venezuela and Colombia, is curator of the University of Michigan. He brought back many rare specimens which will add to the scientific knowledge of that little-known country.

Arthur W. Reynolds, who was recently elected to the presidency of the American Bankers' Association at its thirty-ninth annual convention, was formerly vice-president of the association. He is from Des Moines, Iowa. He is succeeded by W. A. Law of Philadelphia as first vice-president.

Professor Paul Shorey, head of the department of the Greek language and literature in the University of Chicago, has been granted a year's leave of absence by the university board of trustees to assume the duties of the Roosevelt professorship in the University of Berlin. Professor Shorey will give in Berlin a series of lectures on the general subject of "Culture and Democracy in America."

Dr. Frederick Parker Gay, who has worked out a new method of typhoid vaccination, is professor of pathology in the University of California. His new method differs from the method ordinarily used heretofore in the United States and Great Britain in that he uses a sensitized culture—a culture treated with immune serum. Professor Gay's method shortens the time required for inoculation.

David Z. T. Yui, formerly secretary to the vice-president of the Chinese republic, is now traveling in this country to learn modern methods for adoption in China. While in Washington recently Mr. Yui spent some time investigating the work of the forest service, in order that he might find out whether its organization and methods would be of value to the newly created department of agriculture and forestry in China.

Captain Mark E. F. Kerr, who has been "loaned" to the Greek government as a naval reorganizer for a period of two years, comes of seafaring stock, his father having been an admiral in the British navy. Captain Kerr entered the service in 1877. He served in the naval brigade in the Egyptian war of 1882, and in the Sudan in 1891. He has been decorated by Russia, Italy, and Spain. Were he not devoted to his calling he might have won a name in the literary field, for a number of poems have come from his pen.

Clayton D. Mell, who has sailed from New York for British Guiana to inspect greenheart timber to be used in the construction of docks and other marine work for the Panama Canal, is an expert in the government forestry service. He will ascertain where the genuine can be obtained in sufficient quantities and right sizes, find out what substitutes are to be avoided, and prepare specifications which, incorporated in purchase contracts, will eliminate everything but genuine greenheart, the most durable wood in the world.

Philipp Schneidemann, on whose shoulders has fallen the mantle of the late August Bebel as leader of the German Socialists, has come to this country to remain for two months and will be heard on the lecture platform in the East and as far west as Denver. He speaks no English, as he was brought to the United States by the German language group of the Socialist party. He is against violence of all kinds, having no sympathy with syndicalism and the I. W. W. movement. Herr Schneidemann was for eleven years the lieutenant of Bebel and has been a member of the Reichstag for thirty-five years. In appearance he is dignified and might easily be taken for a German university professor.

General Venustiano Carranza, recognized as a power among the revolutionists in Mexico, and who is a future presidential possibility, is a lawyer of ability, having practiced his profession with success in his native state. He is a towering figure, standing over six feet, owns many miles of grazing lands, and has been one of the country's largest cattlemen. During his life—he is between fifty and sixty—he has herded cattle, cut down trees, prospected for minerals, and labored in the fields. Calm, shrewd, methodical, fearless, yet it is said he hates bloodshed. What he wants for his followers he takes, but he rules his men with a hand of iron.

Leonard Davis, whose paintings of Alaskan scenery have won him more than national fame, spent six years in the frozen north, having gone into the country as a miner, being unable to win success with his brush in New York. He is a native of Massachusetts, having been born in 1864. He studied abroad,

and returning home found himself facing the problem which drove him to Alaska. There he toiled as a gold-seeker, built cabins and bridges, and gold came to him. Then he began painting the wonderful scenery of the silent interior. Some of his sketches were painted at a temperature of 20 degrees below zero. O. L. Dickeson, president of the White Pass and Yukon Railway, was so impressed with Davis's work that he started a fund with which it is hoped to acquire ten of Mr. Davis's canvases, to be hung on the walls of the Washington State Art Association's gallery.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Wine Press.

I watch the figure of the dawn,
A ruddy shape,
Crushing the purple clouds, as one
Who treads the grape.

And, gushing from each mellow core,
The red sunshine
O'erfloweth heaven's starry floor
With precious wine.

The moon reels tipsy from her tower
In sorry plight,
And every bird and beast and flower
Is drunk with light.

—Theodore Lynch FitzSimons, in *Smart Set*.

The Heavenly Road.

There was no milky way of stars,
But just a field of green
With daisies by the pasture bars
All radiant and serene!

There were no angels in the air,
Nor raptured seraphs wise,
But up the noontide's sunlit stair
Trooped gorgeous butterflies!

There was no river of pure gold,
But dancing in the breeze
A laughing brook forever rolled
Beneath the arching trees!

There were no shining jasper walls,
Nor azure baldricked dome,
But just a house with friendly halls,
And quiet peace of home!

—Edward Wilbur Mason, in the *Craftsman*.

Singing.

Last night I sang with careless heart
Indifferent who should hear my song,
And mockingly I took the gold
Flung by the drifting throng.

Tonight you crossed the little Square. . .
A glory filled the bitter street.
I sang for Love, and singing's sake—
And the gold lay at my feet.
—New York Sun.

Wind Music.

It seems the song of breakers on a shore
Shell-strewn and desolate, of sweep of wings,
Or some dazed giant's sleepy mutterings,
Or dying echo of a forest roar;
There is sad music in it from a score
Interpreted by angels, moaning strings
That lure to grief and gray imaginings
And memories of joys that thrill no more.

A hush comes and awhile the world is still . . .
Sudden from out the haze of gold and blue
Comes a lark's carol, strangely far and
thinned.
Then through the vibrant pine trees on the hill
Scurries a breeze . . . the chords begin anew,
The sigh and surge of bracken in the wind.
—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Beggar.

Always beside me as I go my way
This beggar, Time, walks with his outstretched
palms,
Demanding, not beseeching, of me alms—
Alms of the precious hours of my day.

So side by side we walk until my day
Is growing dusk, and Time's purse of the years
Holds alms of mine, bright-jeweled with my
tears,
Since I have given these treasured hours away.

Nor from his swollen purse will he give me
One hour, although with spendthrift song and
gay
I flung him alms, nor ever said him nay.
A beggar and a miser both is he!
—James W. Foley, in *Century Magazine*.

The Tamer of Steeds.

Beyond this world where skies are free from stain,
Where brilliant flowers blow in open meads,
I heard the drumming hooves of many steeds
Raise maddening music from a grassy plain.
They passed, with snorting nostril, flying mane,
And fiery spirit; and the lad who breeds
Their mettled herd, and pastures them, and feeds,
Rode the black foremost, scorning spur or rein.

His eyes were like a seer's and like a child's.
His body shone irradiating joy.
He fought his furious mount with strength and
art.

And then my mind divined the glorious boy
As Eros, tamer in the heavenly wilds
Of all the passions of the human heart.
—From "Merchants of Cathay," by William Rose
Benét.

Most of Shakespeare's works have now been translated into Japanese by Professor Yuzo Tsubouchi of Waseda University and have been staged in leading theatres of Tokyo and other cities throughout the country. Goethe's "Faust" has been translated into Japanese on instruction of the government, and it has been put on in leading houses in the empire.



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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

The board of supervisors has overruled the protests against assessments for the construction of the Twin Peaks tunnel. The most heavily interested property-owner objecting personally to the assessments is George W. Green, whose assessment will exceed \$30,000.

Opium valued at \$10,000 was seized the first of the week on the steamship *Korea* by customs officials, who believe that the opium was taken on board by Chinese messboys.

On Tuesday morning three policewomen—the first to be appointed here—were sworn in on recommendation of Chief White. They are Miss Margaret Higgins, Miss Katherine Eisenhart, and Mrs. Kate O'Connor. Each appointment is made for thirty days, owing to the fact that there is no civil service list from which permanent appointments can be certified.

The board of supervisors has passed to print the ordinance providing for the creation of a board of fifteen trustees to have charge of the management of the proposed Municipal Opera House, for which the city has set aside a site in the Civic Centre on the southeast corner of Larkin and Grove Streets.

Judge Graham has granted special letters of administration to M. J. Hynes, public administrator, for the estate of Robert T. Dyer, who died leaving property estimated from \$15,000 to \$100,000. Citations were issued for C. S. Maltby and Charles P. Bannon of the C. L. Best Gas Traction Company to appear before Judge Graham Saturday morning and explain what had been done with documents and bank books which disappeared after the death of Dyer, a former Alaskan mining man.

A. L. Meyer, a nephew of the late Daniel Meyer, the pioneer banker, has been missing from his home since last Saturday, and his relatives have instituted a search for him. He was formerly in business here and is wealthy.

The public welfare committee of the supervisors has this week again postponed action on the long-pending question of enforcing the ordinance for the abatement of the cemeteries within the city limits. The committee took the whole matter under advisement until the 18th of November.

Charles H. Bentley, manager of the California Fruit Cannery Association, was shot several days ago by an unidentified man while hunting in the McCloud River region. The wounded man, who is now at the Adler Sanatorium in this city in a serious condition, was mistaken for a bear.

The appointment of Charles W. Fay as postmaster of San Francisco was confirmed by the Senate on Wednesday. Fay will succeed Arthur G. Fisk, who goes to Los Angeles to assume the management of the estate of Mrs. Anita Baldwin McClaughray.

Captain John T. Stone of the United States customs service in San Francisco was Wednesday morning appointed deputy sur-

veyor of customs by Surveyor of Customs Justus S. Wardell to succeed Charles A. Stephens, who recently resigned. Mr. Stone has been in the customs service for fifteen years. He has resided in San Francisco for twenty-five years.

Auditor Thomas F. Boyle has forwarded to Sacramento his annual report and summary of the assessment roll of San Francisco. The total assessed valuation, the largest in the city's history, is \$625,847,729, of which \$97,600,193 is on operative property and \$526,247,536 on non-operative.

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From Honolulu

At eight o'clock one night recently a wealthy Hawaiian sugar planter stepped up to the box-office window of the New York Hippodrome and requested ten tickets for a party of friends.

For payment he drew from his wallet a Wells Fargo Travelers Check for \$100, countersigned it, and pushed it over the sill.

The check was instantly honored.

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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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"Our Canal"; but Subject to Our Pledges.

If the *Argonaut*, after the manner of some other newspapers published near about, were so jealous of its opinions as to exclude all utterances with which it is not in sympathy, it would cut from Mr. Armstrong's Washington letter the paragraphs which commend Senator Martine's position in the matter of the Panama Canal charges. Senator Martine belongs to your rough-riding type of statesman who assumes that because we have built the canal with our own money we have the right to do what we like with it. Now this is a specious theory, but for all that it is not a sound one. Nobody has the right to do anything in this world in contempt of all the other people in the world. We have, to be sure, built the canal with our own money; but our right to establish rules for its operation is limited by various conditions, among them a contract made with England pledging equal rates to all comers. Nobody—not even a great nation like the United States—has the right to do what it pleases with its own if it

stand under a pledge which prescribes things which it may not do. Mr. Martine's speech in the Senate is merely one of those robust outbursts which please those who like to have their patriotic emotions coarsely stirred, but which unfailingly grieve the judicious. Our excellent and valued correspondent has, we fear, caught the rhythm of Mr. Martine's eloquence without quite realizing that under analysis they prompt courses disregardful of fixed obligations. None the less Mr. Armstrong's letter is an illuminating one, giving us the benefit of a near view of matters and conditions at Washington.

Common Sense and the Mexican Problem.

Neither the futile ceremonial of Sunday's election, nor Felix Diaz's faintness of heart and consequent self-elimination, nor any other of the several events of the week have in any vital way altered the state of affairs in Mexico. Huerta remains the central figure in a confused situation. He is the one man who has any shadow of definite authority in the country, likewise the one man who has under his hand any positive powers. It is now nearly a month since he proclaimed himself Dictator of Mexico, and thus far he has sustained his position, definitely increasing his authority at home and his consideration abroad. The Supreme Court of Mexico, it is reported, has sustained his claim to the possession of constitutional authority and will promulgate a formal judgment to that effect. So much for the general facts of the situation.

President Wilson's insistence upon a "free and fair" determination of the "will of the people" of Mexico is a bit of idealism characteristic of a school-man who finds theories easier to deal with than facts. Mr. Wilson ought to see what every man of practical judgment sees plainly, that a full and free expression of the will of the people of Mexico is an idle dream. In the first place there is no such thing as an intelligent or definite "will of the people" in Mexico; and if there were, there is no practicable way of getting it asserted. It is a country more than half savage, densely ignorant, and politically incapable. It is a country in which there can be but two conditions—chaos involving internal conflicts between a hundred reckless local chiefs, or government at the hands of arbitrary authority.

If there were no interests at stake save those of the Mexicans themselves it would be practicable, although quite in conflict with the spirit of the age, to leave the Mexicans to settle their own troubles under the rule of dog-eat-dog. But there are two thousand millions of dollars of foreign capital invested in Mexico, chiefly the property of citizens of the United States, England, France, and Germany. To leave the Mexicans to fight out their troubles would involve abandonment and destruction of this great investment. There is but one way by which these values may be preserved, and that is the establishment in Mexico of some definite governmental authority. While it is not very important who shall govern Mexico it is vital that somebody shall do it; and it is not the part of practical statecraft to scrutinize too closely the methods by which such an authority shall establish and maintain itself.

Just here is where President Wilson is making a stupid mistake. With a schoolmaster's narrowness of practical understanding he insists upon impossible conditions. He finds in the Mexican constitution a document modeled largely after our own fundamental law, embodying a definite scheme of representative government; and he can not be persuaded that this scheme may not be enforced in Mexico precisely as in Massachusetts or Nebraska. He can not understand that the Mexican constitution in no sense reflects Mexican standards of life; that it is no product of Mexican conceptions or aspirations; that it is an artificial thing set up in disregard of local conditions and designed for no other purpose than to serve the aims and plans of autocracy. With his finger on the text, blind to any-

thing but the text, deaf to instruction, he insists with foolish persistence upon the letter of the constitution. President Wilson ought to understand that the paramount need in Mexico is for some man strong enough to dominate the situation precisely as Porfirio Diaz dominated it for so many years. He ought to see that the one effort within half a century to sustain the Mexican government upon an ideal basis—that of the late President Madero—came to naught. He ought to see that the immediate hope of tranquillity and order in Mexico lies in giving Huerta a free hand.

The theory of the British government in the present situation is that it is no business of the outside world to supervise the internal affairs of Mexico. Whatever government may be able to sustain itself and to enforce order and security England is willing to accept. Her concern is primarily for the interest of her investors and for the maintenance of conditions under which they may pursue their business under existing contracts and without molestation. Therefore England has recognized Huerta and has so timed the terms and conditions of her communications with him as to rebuke the United States. Very frankly England accepts the theory that the United States as a near neighbor of Mexico has certain prior rights and certain responsibilities, but she does not hold herself bound to a course of supine neglect of her own interest because President Wilson under a whimsical theory declines either to fish or cut bait.

The position of England is practically that of Germany. The imperial government likewise regards Huerta as a man proper to be dealt with and does not take it upon herself to look too closely or scrupulously into the sources of his authority. In brief the European idea is that the powers obviously in Huerta's hands entitle him to consideration as the *de facto* head of Mexico and they are treating him accordingly.

President Wilson's warning to Europe to keep hands off in Mexico is under all the circumstances gratuitous and foolish—and foolhardy. Europe desires nothing else so much as to keep free from any entanglement in the Mexican situation. But neither England, Germany, or France will for long sit still while Mr. Wilson pursues a boyish and foolish course. Already in terms of studied diplomacy the United States government has been informed that it may have a free hand in Mexico, but this is far from implying that the European countries directly in interest will sit idly by and see the investments of their citizens go to ruin. A time must soon come when the United States must either secure the interests of Europe or leave Europe, by consent of the United States or without it, to look to her own interests. This is the plain meaning of recent action on the part of England and Germany.

The logic of President Wilson's position is that he will oppose any authority in Mexico which may in the present state of affairs attain a sufficient power to assert and maintain itself. Since there can be no "full and free" expression of the "will of the people" there can be no government in Mexico. For if Huerta should fail whoever might succeed him would stand precisely in the same case. It is a situation where any authority possible to be established must rest upon arbitrary authority and positive force. If Mr. Wilson is to oppose any such authority then the practical effect of his course must be to sustain and continue the chaos which has ruled in the country this two years or more.

And this means that first or last—unless there shall come to him some inspiration of common sense—Mr. Wilson will involve the United States in an unnecessary, protracted, and costly war. Under his theory we must oppose Huerta, or whoever else may rise, by force in Mexico; likewise we must oppose whatever other power may undertake to compose the situation. We are, under the Wilsonian doctrine, to stand a veritable dog in the manger. And we can not so stand without involving ourselves in serious troubles either with Mexico itself or with some European power or

hination of powers. If this policy is persisted in we shall have on our hands either an aggressive war in Mexico or a war with somebody else. Mr. Wilson's policy is at once stupid and untenable. It has no support in any principle or rule which commands the respect of intelligent men at home or elsewhere.

Those who have first-hand knowledge of the people and of the general conditions of Mexico know that an aggressive war on our part, no matter upon what pretext or to what purpose, would be an affair of infinite difficulty and of colossal cost. It would call for untold sacrifices of men and money. The country is vast in extent and in many parts a veritable jungle. The Mexicans are hot fighters, but they do not play the game of warfare upon any terms known to us. We should have in a Mexican war conditions approximating our Indian wars of two decades ago, only the game would be far away from home, prodigiously augmented as to numbers in opposition, and complicated not only by greater fury on the part of the enemy but by their greater resources and their more developed military capacity. There would spring up a hundred centres of conflict and in no one of them would there be anything like a conventional enemy. The Mexicans would fight—literally fight like hornets—but they would not stand and fight. To overcome one partisan band or a single region would be merely to shift the sphere of operations to another point. We should be many years conquering Mexico—if we were able to conquer it at all—and then the job would have to be done all over again.

Worse than all this, we should by such a war commit ourselves permanently to the guardianship of Mexico, and this would mean the virtual extension of American responsibility over a territory of vast extent with a population of approximately eighteen millions foreign to our ideas and conceptions, incapable of participation in any system planned with respect to our own. It would mean the acceptance of a national problem greater and more grievous than all the other problems with which we have had to deal during the years of our national life. Mexico, for all her resources, would hang as a veritable millstone about our neck—a burden neither to be borne successfully or possible to be cast away.

This is the prospect which lies before us if President Wilson in his schoolmaster's conceit shall carry us into a foolish and ruinous war. Not in the lifetime of a generation would we be able really to compose the country; and even when it should be done, if ever, the result would involve an unending responsibility and a permanent source of trouble. To maintain Mexico as a conquered province would put upon us a strain to which our system is not adapted and which it could hardly sustain. To incorporate Mexico within our own system with her myriads of ignorance and alien incapacity would be a policy of utmost hazard, probably one tending to national destruction. And this being so, we ought by every expedient consistent with honor and dignity to avoid the kind of mix-up in which the President's course, if it shall be persisted in, is more than likely to involve us.

If there be in Mexico any personal force strong enough to pacify and regulate the country we should be prompted by every motive of self-interest to let it work out its own success. The Washington government ought now to give to the Huerta régime, which appears to be both resolute and capable, whatever advantage might come through formal recognition. For the United States in the existing situation to insist upon "free expression" of the "public will" as these terms are comprehended in our own country is merely to chatter utopian nonsense—this at the hazard of unspeakable future trouble. It is for Mexico herself to determine the rights and to establish the status of her own contending factions. It is for us to deal with whoever shall make himself master of the country. This is the course which England and Germany wish to follow. It is the course of common sense and of sound statecraft—and the only possible course.

The New Crimes.

It is said that a special police force was needed to protect from labor-union violence the Japanese workmen engaged in Union Square during the week preceding the Portola festival. The fall of a flag pole to the imminent danger of the bystanders is attributed to the same agency, and since outrages of this kind are usually to be found on the labor-union bill of fare there is no reason to doubt that these Japanese workmen were placed in danger of their lives while engaged

at their own expense on a kindly contribution to the general gaiety of the occasion.

It is gravely to be feared that the general trend of events is toward a palliation of violence rather than toward its suppression. Instead of hunting for the criminal we are gradually learning to hunt for some extenuating or explanatory circumstances that will render his capture unnecessary. Crime is no longer crime if its perpetrator can but point to some imaginary public motive or purpose that instigated the felony. Mrs. Pankhurst, guilty of many arsons and of innumerable murderous outrages, is admitted to the country by direct presidential order because arson and murder have become "political" offenses and are therefore without moral turpitude. President and Congress are in full agreement that crimes cease to be crimes if the criminal can but produce a labor-union ticket. A batch of convicted murderers remains at full liberty while a few somnolent judges are considering whether even murder is actually murder when committed by unionists. And the police, compelled to maintain some appearance of external order, do so with all the deference now admittedly due to those whose villainies are in support of a "cause." It is an evil state of affairs and one that seems to grow worse rather than better.

A Shameless Surrender.

The practice under which Russian nihilism has long carried forward its propaganda of arson and assassination has as its basis a theory of political revolution. Murder with your nihilist is by his own profession merely a form of making war. If you will listen to him he will justify the shooting of an emperor or the sticking of a knife into the bowels of a prime minister as an act of military reprisal. So inverted has become his moral sense that he sees in these methods only a legitimate exercise of the privileges of war.

So with your advanced labor unionist as Mr. Lincoln Steffens, an associate and sympathizer, has interpreted his attitude of mind. Under his theory everything in the world belongs to the worker—presumably the manual worker. Organized society has another basis and proceeds upon other views. By way of combatting a social order from which he dissents the unionist takes the short cuts of arson and murder. He blows up with dynamite the property of whoever opposes him and murders whoever happens to stand in the way. He puts a bomb under the house of his critic timed to explode when the critic and his household are asleep. He breaks the arms and punches out the eyes of persons who hold opposite views. And he calls this, not crime, but warfare. Harken to him and he is no murderer—he is a soldier.

In the same spirit the militant suffragettes present themselves. Arson is their favorite weapon. They call it warfare. They style themselves revolutionists. That which would be gross crime in others they claim to be a high and holy enterprise when done in the name of their "cause."

The President of the United States, whatever else may be said of him, is a man of acute intelligence. He knows as well as anybody that when a Russian nihilist shoots down or stabs to his death a government official that that act is not warfare but assassination. He knows that when some McNamara blows up a building and destroys human life that that is murder. He knows that when a suffragette sets fire to a building that the act is not warfare but arson.

Now Mrs. Pankhurst is confessedly guilty of arson. She stands under legal conviction of arson and of other crimes. According to a plain law of the United States "persons who have been convicted of or admit having committed a felony or other crime or misdemeanor involving moral turpitude" are not admissible to the United States. Mr. Wilson knows that Mrs. Pankhurst is a criminal and that in permitting her to enter the United States he is violating a law which he has sworn to uphold. Too intelligent to brazenly deny the fact, he quibbles about it, declaring it "uncertain" if Mrs. Pankhurst's offenses are "civil" or "political." Then giving to the applicant the benefit of this trumped-up and fictitious doubt he directs that she be admitted. In other words, he accepts the plea that acts of criminality done under the pretensions of "revolution" are not common crimes, but mere political acts. He gives the sanction of his high authority and prestige to a shameless theory and in support of arsonists and assassins.

The reason is plain. Mr. Wilson is seeking to fortify himself politically for another presidential onslaught.

He is reaching out for every leg of political potentiality in sight. He has approved a law which exempts organized labor from prosecution for criminal offenses. He now justifies the theory that wanton outrages and criminal acts done under the fiction of "revolution" are exempt from the condemnation and the penalties due to these same acts regarded as crimes. He does this because he wants to cajole the votes of unionism on the one hand and the influences of the suffrage movement on the other.

Understanding—even a certain respect and sympathy—may be and commonly are accorded to the ignorant man, the man of limited sensibilities, or the man temperamentally biased who with sincerity of purpose pursues and enforces wrong theories. When a man bred in the slums, tutored in class prejudice, comes by some unfortunate chance to the mayoralty of San Francisco rational men do not indeed give him approval. But they do understand him; they do yield to him a certain charity due to the circumstances of his breeding and the limitations of his vision. When a blatant, rough-riding, hard-hitting ruffian comes in turn to this same office, to him likewise there is given a certain consideration due to the sordidness of his training and the congenial and unconscious brutality of his character. Rational men have even for Eugene Schmitz and Pat McCarthy—and their like, here and elsewhere—a feeling akin to that of Him who declared, "Forgive them, they know not what they do." If these creatures have practiced jobbery and brutal tyranny, they have at least acted within the lines of their normal character and according to their lights. Whatever they may have been they have not been faithless to their own standards.

But what can be said for the son of high breeding and lofty culture, informed of principles, schooled in the moralities, supported by high associations, inspired by a thousand stimulating motives, who, throwing over the standards of a lifetime, descends to vulgar misinterpretations and cheap cajoleries in support of the aims of political ambition? What is to be said for one who knowingly commits himself to a shameless surrender of intelligence to ambition, of common morality to criminal and abhorrent courses? Yet we see President Wilson—for thirty years a teacher, even a distinguished teacher, of fixed principles and an exponent of high theories, casting to the winds the motives which have brought him honor and distinction that he may grasp the bauble of political success. We see him, a natural and educated conservative, espousing and championing radical proposals for the sake of an election to the presidency. We see him in the presidency, under the motives of placating an arrogant labor unionism, writing into the laws a discriminating and dishonorable exemption of certain classes of offenders against the statutes of his country. We see him again in the case of Mrs. Pankhurst nullifying the plain mandate of the law for the sake of placating the supporters of an emotional and questionable social movement. In brief, we see him playing the demagogue, the hypocrite—we see him a traitor to his oath—all to the end of promoting his own ambitions.

It is a pitiful and shameful exhibition. It betrays painfully the weakness of human character under an imagined self-interest and under the impulses of a swollen vanity.

A Reckless Measure.

The latest example of "Progressive" recklessness in national legislation is in the form of a bill dealing with the rights and privileges of sailors now before the Senate, presented by no less an authority on maritime affairs than Senator La Follette of Wisconsin. This bill contains some truly amazing provisions. Among other things, it provides that a foreign citizen, a sailor, may bring suit against the captain of a foreign ship in the American courts, libeling such ship to compel payment of wages, even though such payment may be contrary to the laws of the nation whose flag the vessel flies. In other words, a British sailor on a British ship in an American port may appeal to the laws of this country to enforce claims in nullification of the laws of Britain.

Another provision is that all penalties for the violation of a sailor's contract to stay with his ship until she completes her voyage, other than the forfeiture of approximately half pay to such sailor, is removed, thus putting a premium on desertion. The bill further provides for the abrogation of all treaties in conflict with its own provisions, irrespective of how important other provisions in such treaties may be to the United States.

or the difficulties which may be encountered in negotiating substitutes therefore, minus such provisions. In other words, a contention between a sailor and his ship may have the effect of nullifying a treaty between the United States and Great Britain covering the whole range of their complicated relationships. Another provision declares in terms that "all treaties in conflict with this act be and hereby are abrogated, and the President of the United States is required at once to notify every nation having such treaty." In brief the established diplomatic relationships of the United States are to be nullified and thrown over wherever there is failure immediately on the part of foreign nations to so modify their laws as to conform with this precious act.

It will interest the Pacific Coast to know that the practical inspirer if not the author of this bill is none other than Andrew Furuseth, a Dane and head of the sailors' unions of the country. In the character of a lobbyist Furuseth has been in Washington much of the time in recent months and has been in close association with Senator La Follette.

From Washington we learn that the chancelleries of most of the countries represented diplomatically in the United States are seriously concerned with respect to this extraordinary measure, the enactment of which will be certain to precipitate serious complications. From a reliable source we learn that several foreign nations through their representatives at Washington have filed protests with the Department of State, but that Secretary Bryan has not paid the slightest attention to their communications. While Mr. Wilson is busy cajoling the woman suffrage element in the case of Mrs. Pankhurst, Mr. Bryan, representing the administration, is endeavoring to corral the favor of organized labor even at the cost of disrupting and confusing our diplomatic relationships.

The facts speak for themselves. They exhibit a reckless radicalism and an aggressive labor unionism as dominating forces at Washington.

The "Ritual Murder" Trial.

It is hardly surprising that the attention of the civilized world should be arrested by the "ritual murder" case that is now being heard in the Russian courts. That the Russian Jew has been persecuted from time immemorial for his alleged addiction to the murder of Christian children for religious purposes is a matter of history. The iron-sheathed doors and windows throughout the Eastern pales have been mute witnesses of the horrors of the "pogrom" and of a human savagery that seems to negative every theory of human evolution. But the present case has some features that are unique. The prosecution is undertaken by the Russian government instead of by some obscure local authorities whose ignorance is matched only by their cruelty. And it is said that the Czar himself has instigated the proceedings and that the whole influence of his weird and fantastic mentality has been thrown on the side of superstition and barbarism.

The story of the case need not be told at any length. The murdered body of a Christian child was found in a cave, and popular rumor at once imputed the crime to local Jews upon the theory that they wanted Christian blood for the preparation of the matzos or Pass-over bread. The same charge has been brought on a hundred other occasions and it has usually been followed by massacre. But on this occasion the government at once took charge of the case and proved its intention to secure a conviction. The usual "scientists" were found who swore that the child had been killed with Jewish weapons. Every witness who could testify to the contrary or to any other fact tending to the exculpation of the Jews was terrorized or suppressed by threats. The victim belonged to the class of illegitimate and "unwanted" children. There were no wounds on the body, which had evidently been placed in the cave for the purpose of being discovered opportunely. That the whole business was a clumsy conspiracy by the anti-Semitic or the "Black Hundred" organizations was obvious, and no one except the movers in the whole horrid business even professed to believe otherwise. But the Czar himself had examined the "evidence" and it appeared conclusive to his dark and haunted mind, and so the whole machinery of the Russian law has been put into operation not, we may believe, to secure the conviction of the particular Jews that are accused, but to raise a passion of Christian hate against the whole Jewish race. Every element of iniquity has now been arrayed on the side of the prosecution. No witness in any way favorable to the accused

is even to be heard, while the authorities have at their command an inexhaustible supply of experts and doctors and criminologists who only need to be told what it is that they have to swear to.

It would be almost an insult to the human intelligence to suppose that this action on the part of the high officials of Russia is due to superstition. It is to be feared that it is due to much more than that. It is said that the Czar during his recent retirement has been impressed with the growth of the reform sentiment throughout the empire and that he lent a ready ear to those who urged him to some act that would be not only a reassertion of autocracy, but that would also provide the turbulent and ignorant populace with some new and striking mental diversion. What could be better for the purpose than a national crusade against the Jews? What could be more spectacular than the conviction of a whole race and upon such a charge as that of the systematic murder of Christian children? It was a plan exactly calculated to commend itself to such a mind as that of the Czar. It consorted precisely with the evil superstitions to which that deformed and crippled mind is so constantly a prey.

It would be merely futile to predict the result, but it is easy to foresee that the momentous and titanic forces now moving relentlessly in Russia can not for long be diverted even by so hideous a plot as this. Russia is a part of the world and it must move with the world, however sluggishly and reluctantly. Revolutions never recede until they are finished, and when the cataclysm comes it will be all the more devastating for the official crimes that have sought to prevent it.

Music and Melody.

Leoncavallo, author of "I Pagliacci," has a word of comfort for those who have been led by the cant of the day to believe that they have no "ear for music." Music, says Leoncavallo, is melody and melody alone. Compositions live and become immortal because of their melody and they die for lack of it. The melody of Wagner and Strauss is "obscured," but the obscurity is a defect and not a virtue. Verdi is great because of his melody, and all musical greatness is to be measured by its melody and by nothing else.

It is well that even truisms should be repeated, and Leoncavallo has done no more than echo Shakespeare, who defined music as a "concord of sweet sounds." And yet we can hardly expect that even the weight of great authorities will sensibly diminish the gushing insincerities—or at least self-deceptions—that profess to find in music something that is not there and that never can be there. Classical music, we are told, appeals only to the higher mind and to a sort of aristocratic intelligence of which merely ordinary people know nothing at all. It must be "interpreted" by those who can bring to the task certain higher sympathies and comprehensions that are foreign to the masses. It is a comfortable idea much in favor among those who "thank God that they are not as other men." But it may usually be observed that those who adopt this pose of ecstatic and exclusive understanding are wholly incapable of thought in any other direction. They much resemble some mystical religionists who yearn unceasingly for the glories of eternity, but who were never known to spend even a half-hour of earthly time in any profitable way. Those exclusive people who prate of their power to interpret unmelodious music are rarely able to interpret anything else. If they have any capacity for thought it seldom shows itself in the affairs of the world. Composers themselves are not usually very intellectual people nor even remarkable for loftiness of character.

There is of course no aristocracy of music. The music that is understood only by the few has the disadvantage of not being music at all. The best of all tests of actual musical values is the popularity test. The greater the music the wider its appeal. When Tom Moore composed "Believe me, if all these endearing young charms" he produced a piece of music immortal for its value, not because it appealed only to a few, but because it appealed to every one and for all time. There are a dozen others of a like kind that it would be easy to name. Kipling voiced the same idea in choice Kiplingese in his ode to the banjo:

And the tunes that mean so much to you alone,—

Common tunes that make you choke and blow your nose,
Vulgar tunes that bring the laugh that brings the groan,
I can rip your very heartstrings out with those.

The music that can stand the test alike of time and of popularity has proved its value. There are no other tests. To disparage the music that "tickles the ear" is to utter mere folly. All music "tickles the ear" or it

fails to be music. That is what music is for. Equally silly is it to condemn music as being "sensuous." All music is sensuous. The greater the composer the more sensuous he is. Certainly the average orchestra is not usually suggestive of ethereal flights into incorporeal realms.

Therefore it would be well if we could have less cant and more sincerity in the matter of music. Let musicians and composers give us more of that music that the ear enjoys and less of the kind that falsely pretends to convey subtle and mysterious meanings. No idea ever yet entered the mind of man that is inexpressible in words, and ideas are always so expressed and in no other way. The music that professes to convey ideas instead of emotions is mere charlatanism and a trap for vanity.

Editorial Notes.

The beginning of the third season of the symphony concerts is a musical event that merits something more than a perfunctory attention. Music-lovers are just as apt to disagree as are doctors, but underlying all differences of musical criticism or of method is the fact that these high-class concerts are intended to furnish something of quality and value to all who are able to appreciate and to avail themselves of it. The movement is still in its experimental stage and, like most other things, it is doubtless capable of direction and amendment. None the less it is a movement of the right kind, and it ought to be able to command the ungrudging support of those who are jealous of the reputation of San Francisco as a musical centre.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

A Pair of Senatorial Singed Cats—Congress Mostly Engaged in Dodging Issues and Killing Time.

WASHINGTON, October 25, 1913.

Throughout the country, as well as in Washington, there is a noticeable inability to appraise public men at their true value. Here in Washington, for instance, Senators Lodge and Root are acknowledged as statesmen of a high type, and it is admitted that when they speak the cloudy legislative atmosphere is usually clarified. Throughout the country, however, there is little recognition of the abilities of either of these two men, while Senator La Follette is regarded somewhat as a heroic figure. The visitor to Washington usually asks that Senator La Follette be pointed out, but as a matter of fact it usually takes La Follette three or four days to explain what an abler man could state succinctly in fifteen or twenty minutes.

Senator Martine of New Jersey and Senator Ashurst of Arizona are generally misunderstood. Both are considered, not only here, but throughout the country, as demagogues. Martine ran, unsuccessfully, for pretty nearly every office in New Jersey before the lightning struck him in the primary contest for the senatorship. Nobody else had taken the primary contest seriously. Martine had run simply as a result of habit. He was nominated, but everybody thought that the New Jersey legislature would choose another man. Then Wilson got into the fight and brought about the election of Martine. Everybody who knew Martine and his record considered his election in the nature of a national joke.

The same thing is largely true of Ashurst. He made his appeal for a reelection on the cheapest kind of clap-trap issues. He has advocated many absurd propositions on the floor of the Senate, but the point that is made here is that both Martine and Ashurst are exceedingly able and clear-minded men, whom time will ripen and improve. The tradition is established that the fool-killer neglected his work when he permitted Ashurst and Martine to survive, but while few people take the trouble to examine the speeches of these men, the *Congressional Record* shows that usually they state governmental problems succinctly and clearly, and really aid the Senate in coming to a sensible conclusion.

Just now Congress is in the doldrums. The House is doing nothing, and the Senate is marking time, pending a report on the currency bill from the Banking and Currency Committee. There are a great many important measures pending in the Senate, but no attention is paid to them. The Senate talks frivolously for an hour or so a day and then adjourns. Senator Ashurst called attention to this situation in a statement which should be given greater publicity than it has already obtained. He stated the chief evil of legislative life in Washington when he said:

I am a new senator here and would be presumptuous if I attempted to put by limited experience into the scales against the experience of elder senators. But I warn the Senate, and especially the Democratic members, that no party can fool the American people. Let us either manfully work, or manfully adjourn.

I protest with all the vehemence with which I am capable against trying to make the American people believe that we are at work when we are not. On the calendar there are forty or fifty bills that have been reported. They should be passed or rejected. Is the United States Senate afraid to meet the bills that are upon the calendar? Is any senator afraid to vote yea or nay on the bills?

We are drawing salaries paid to us for performing

duties, and I again protest, and shall continue to protest, against a procedure of pretending to be at work when we are not. Now, why may we not meet at two o'clock every afternoon and take up the calendar? Many bills of great importance to the country are pending on that calendar requiring attention. There is an enormous work and an immense responsibility just ahead of the Democratic party.

It is a long time since the *Titanic* disaster, and yet we have not passed any legislation to remedy the evils which brought about that great sacrifice of human lives. I urge that the Seamen's bill be made the unfinished business and that the bill be passed at an early day because the discussion of such legislation is entering now upon its twenty-third year and can not fairly be called "hasty legislation." At the very time, at the very hour, indeed, when we were urging that this bill should be discussed, the *Volturno* was burning on the high seas and valuable lives were lost because the seamen were not sufficiently experienced in the method and manner of lowering boats.

The people of the United States admire directness and boldness. If we should all resign they would be very grateful to some of us; if we should adjourn many of them would be grateful; if we should go to work, the whole nation would be grateful; but no one will be grateful if we pretend to be at work when we are not.

It has been pointed out in these letters before that Congress is not a business-like body, and Senator Ashurst has succinctly stated the situation. No employer would tolerate his clerks wandering to work at noon, and after telling some humorous stories to each other in the corridors, adjourning an hour or so later without having accomplished a single thing. Members of Congress are paid \$7500 a year to enact laws for the protection and guidance of society. The members accept the salaries and take an oath that they will faithfully perform their duties. As a matter of fact they spend most of their time bickering and debating the question of whether a quorum is present, and arguing about the time when Congress should meet and adjourn. A great many of the members are now in Europe, while others like Mr. Hobson in the House are busy back in their districts planning for reelection or to get some other office.

Mr. Martine of New Jersey, the very mention of whose name causes laughter, usually is to be found in his seat to transact business. He makes a wild and almost ludicrous figure in debate, but when his speeches are analyzed afterwards it is found that he has a gift for clear expression. Several days ago, while the Senate was frivolously discussing cartoons and the kind of material which should be admitted to the *Record*, Martine obtained recognition and violated traditions by discussing a subject of actual importance. His five-minute speech epitomized the situation with regard to tolls through the Panama Canal and also the clause in the tariff bill for a rebate of 5 per cent on goods shipped in American bottoms:

Mr. President [said Martine] with the approaching completion of the Panama Canal I have received many letters and newspaper clippings showing that the clause in the House tariff bill granting to goods imported in American vessels a rebate of 5 per cent in customs duties is in contravention of the terms of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty and urging that I use my influence and vote to secure a repeal of the clause.

I have felt that I might respond to my correspondents and also to the country that to my mind there are two ways in which this difficulty might be harmonized and settled, viz., (1) through the repeal of the clause and the other through the repeal of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. I much prefer the latter course.

It is suggested that if our bill does not fit the treaty then let us make the treaty to fit our bill. Our cousins on the other side tell us that if we do not repeal this feature "they will not use the canal; they will not play in our back yard any more"; that they will build a canal of their own at Aprato River or at some other place.

God speed them. Let them build one at every parallel. We will get fifty cents of every dollar they expend if they do their best. If there is not commercial use for them all they will at least make drainage canals, drying up the swamps and jungles.

A year or so ago we were told that the Hay-Pauncefote treaty forbade us from fixing canal tolls that favored our own ships. Now we are told that under this treaty "we can not rebate to shippers freighting in our own ships." Mr. President, I am willing to believe that if some diplomat or other sympathizer will look close enough into this Hay-Pauncefote treaty he will discover that we as a nation have no right to exist at all.

Senator Martine shows very clearly how the United States could retaliate against any nation that started a commercial war against us. He pointed out that the German government penalizes Americans who want to buy phosphates, restricting the amount to be purchased, and yet German owners of American phosphate mines carry shipload after shipload from our shores without even a murmur or a sign of protest. Great Britain makes rebates to her vessels that pass through the Suez Canal; she also grants subsidies to her own craft without let or molestation from us, and Mr. Martine concluded with this vigorous sentiment:

I am satisfied that the Congress of the United States acted both wisely and patriotically when the canal tolls and rebate clauses were adopted as a part of our bill; and I feel like "standing pat" on our action. I believe I am fair—yes, I know I am. I want no unfair advantage over any man or nation; but when it comes to the management of our own internal affairs I say to the world, "Hands off!"

PRENTICE ARMSTRONG.

One of the most remarkable railroads in the world is to be built in France, to run up the Aiguille du Midi, which rises abruptly to a height of 12,608 feet. The object of the undertaking will be to show the unmatched glories of Mont Blanc and its chain of peaks and glaciers. Instead of running on solid ground, however, like most of the Swiss mountain railroads, it is to go through the air on pylons and cables, swinging from peak to peak, far above the eternal snows and glaciers. The starting station of the line is situated down in the valley of Chamoniex.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

English labor unionism is less subject than the American variety to epidemics of violence, probably because of the inevitable punishment that follows a violation of the law and a certain inexorable quality of criminal procedure. But its collective movements seem to be far more formidable. A new and ominous step has now been inaugurated by the Miners' Federation, which has taken measures to approach the other great unions "with a view to cooperative action in support of each other's demands." Such a combination of labor would represent over 5,000,000 workmen, the Miners' Federation alone having over a quarter of a million members. Railroad men number over 600,000, and reliable reports say that the unions are increasing in size to the extent of 3000 per week. In opposition to the new combination there has been a rival movement among the manufacturers, who have subscribed \$200,000,000 for purposes of self-defense. Both sides are assuming that the great struggle will come in 1915, when it is determined that the combined labor of the country shall present its united demands to the combined forces of capital.

Mr. John Galsworthy in his new play, "The Pigeon," uses the paradox just as illegitimately as Mr. Shaw himself, and doubtless with just the same effect upon minds unaccustomed to the processes of thought. He shows us a London flower girl who has been arrested for attempted suicide, and he makes one of his characters say: "Well! God in Heaven! Of all the topsy-turvy! Not a soul in the world wants her alive—and now she's to be prosecuted for trying to be where every one wishes her." Nothing in the world is so easy as to point out inconsistencies in a human government that is necessarily full of inconsistencies just because it happens still to be human. There are some things that must be considered as crimes, although in individual instances a crime may be also a benefit. Murder is a crime, and rightly so, although there may be persons whose summary and irregular removal would advantage humanity. If we are going to be logical—which God forbid—we must not punish any murderer who has confined his attentions to the useless, the delinquent, and the unwanted. Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Shaw, and Mr. Chesterton use the paradox in such a way as to lay them open to the charge of getting applause under false pretenses.

Belgium is acting just as though she had never heard of Mr. Carnegie's peace palace at The Hague. She has now organized her army on a new and larger scale and made arrangements to repel the invasion of which she is obviously afraid. No one wants to conquer Belgium, but if "the larger birds of prey" should actually begin to fight they might prove to be a little indifferent to international frontiers, and Belgium does not propose to be used as an arena. The actual effective of the Belgian army will henceforth be about 200,000 men, not a very vast force as armies go nowadays, but yet large enough to turn a tide of fight if it should set in her direction.

The literary page of an Eastern newspaper tells us that the slogan of "Fewer Books and Better Ones" has appealed with force alike to publishers and readers. But if there is actually a change of heart it is not yet apparent either in the quality or in the quantity of the books. They still arrive in a quantity that is appalling and of a quality that is depressing. There are children's books by the score and of a sub-human vacuity. There are novels by the hundred and without one redeeming trace of originality or imagination. There are volumes of poetry that make one long to examine the phrenological departments of their authors. There are books on religion that either caricature or patronize the Almighty and that confidentially impart to Providence the results of modern scientific research of which Providence was doubtless unaware. One is compelled to wonder who reads this flood of intolerable drivel, if any one reads it, if any one could read it and continue to be sane. And to think that the forests of the world are being destroyed in order to provide white paper for these melancholy purposes.

It seems from statistics furnished by the Christian and Missionary Alliance that the cost of converting the heathen is \$419.75 per head. It is a good deal of money, and we believe that we could convert a heathen for a good deal less than this. At least we should be pleased to try. But are there no wholesale rates, no "reduction on taking a quantity"? Considering the increasing number of heathen in America without counting "foreign parts" it would appear to be a large contract to convert them all.

Now that Julian Hawthorne has been released from prison he will probably be very careful what he writes. A little reflection will disclose to him the boundary line between the legitimate and the illegitimate in literature. He must not write anything that is intended to relieve the public of its superfluous money, but he may feel entirely at liberty to corrupt the morals of the community by literary obscenities. He may use his imagination to devise all sorts of indecencies that are likely to poison and blight the minds of those who read them, and in this way he will join the ranks of the best sellers and be honored as a literary star of the first magnitude. But the slightest deviation from virtue in matters of finance, the smallest misstatement in affairs of the market and of commerce will land him in the prison cell.

Is it possible that England has been trying to retaliate for the treatment accorded to Miss Lloyd by the New York immigration authorities? It will be remembered that the vaudeville star was refused admission to the country upon her coy admission that the gentleman with whom she was traveling was not her husband in the eyes of a prosaic law. Now we learn that the English authorities have requested Mr. Harry

Kemp to return to the land of his birth as an undesirable alien. It will be remembered that Mr. Harry Kemp obtained a little brief notoriety as the "soul mate" of Mrs. Upton Sinclair, although love's young dream came to an abrupt end as soon as the poet proved his incapacity to support his lady love in the style to which she was accustomed. It has often been so with poets. Mr. Kemp's specialty is the writing of odes, but finding that the ode market in America is a little overstocked he decided to go to England. Having no money, he hid himself on the *Oceanic*, was discovered in due course, and was then invited to wash dishes as a slight return for the ship's hospitality. On arrival at Liverpool he was arrested, sentenced to twenty-one days in jail, and will then be deported to his native land, where there is no demand for odes.

A biography of the Empress Frederick has just been published in England, and for the first time we have an authentic story of the famous quarrel with Bismarck. It seems that Bismarck himself told Busch, "I have cost her many tears, and she could not conceal how angry she was with me (after the annexation of Schleswig and Hanover). She could hardly bear the sight of me; but that feeling has somewhat subsided. She once asked me to bring her a glass of water, and as I handed it to her she said to a lady-in-waiting who sat near by, 'He has cost me as many tears as there is water in this glass.'" The Emperor Frederick did what he could on his deathbed to reconcile his wife and Bismarck, but this did not prevent the humiliation that the statesman subsequently placed upon her. "A cordon of soldiers was drawn around the New Palace when the Emperor Frederick was known to be dying in order that no secret documents might be removed without the knowledge of the new emperor. The empress, aware that this was the work of Bismarck, requested an interview with him, but Bismarck replied that he had no time, as he was so fully occupied with his master, the new emperor." And yet Bismarck seems to have asked the empress to aid him when his downfall came at the hands of the "master" whom he had so championed. "Prince Hohenlohe declares that Bismarck did not entreat the empress to intercede for him with the emperor; he merely said when the empress asked if she could do anything for him, 'I ask only for sympathy.' But he certainly did ask to be received by her in audience, although he must have vividly remembered the insolent message which he had sent her at the Emperor Frederick's death."

The Canadian government has unkindly disavowed any anxiety on the ground of the Ulstermen who are supposed to be raising Orange regiments in the Dominion for the purpose of aiding their noisy brethren in Ireland. The authorities say that they are not "watching" these menacing proceedings for the simple reason that there are no proceedings to watch. No action is being taken because there is no one to take action against. No volunteers are being raised in Canada, and there is no evidence whatever that any one in Canada is making preparations to do so.

A newly published biography of Henry Labouchère reminds us of the reasons why the radical politician was excluded from the Gladstone cabinet of 1892. Gladstone himself was anxious that Labouchère should enter the cabinet and was seriously taken aback when he found that Queen Victoria was resolutely opposed to such a step. In order to relieve an awkward situation Gladstone asked Labouchère to write him a letter stating that he would not accept office even though it were offered to him, but this Labouchère refused to do, and even went so far as publicly to relate the actual facts. Labouchère never liked Gladstone, and it was after this incident that he uttered his famous jest to the effect that Gladstone always tried to lay upon Providence the responsibility of placing the ace of trumps up his sleeve.

Sometimes we get a horrifying glimpse of the scientific expert in the seats of the mighty. Here is Dr. Howard A. Knox of the United States public health service, who complains that unsuitable immigrants are admitted to the country in spite of the tests of the medical "experts." It seems that the intelligence of the new arrivals is measured by telling them this story: "A man walked into the woods. He saw something hanging from a tree that frightened him, and he ran back to notify the police. What did he see?" An Englishman to whom this conundrum was propounded replied, "A brawnch," and yet in spite of this lack of humor he was admitted to the country. Therefore Dr. Knox feels that "science" is outraged. Evidently Dr. Knox himself was horn in America or else the examination for intelligence must have been a very perfunctory one in his day.

SINNEY G. P. CORYN.

The London Kennel Club has pedigrees of half a million dogs on file. The club was organized in 1873. At the annual show of the Kennel Club in London about \$40,000 is awarded in prizes. A committee of the club meets twice a month and the chairman and members of the committee sit as judges and jury in every disputed case passed up to them by the judges of shows. Witnesses are called in the ordinary way and sometimes the sentences are very severe. Not infrequently the owners of dogs are prohibited from ever taking part in a show afterward.

A novel institution for poor orphan children was opened not long ago at Likachov, a village near Moscow. The founder has organized quite a colony for poor children over eight years of age, having neither father or mother. There are fields and plantations, and the children are taught practically all about agriculture and other useful things. After a period of seven years' instruction they have a good workable knowledge, and are able to take up good positions.

OLD QUIEN SABE AND HIS MULE.

Omen Blamed for Failure of a Mining Deal.

The narrow crest of the new moon, by whose dim light we had made the last few miles of our journey, was fast sinking toward the shadowy sea of low rolling hills to the westward as Calkins and I reined up before the corral of the desert station, where we were to pass the night. It was a dreary, comfortless place, thirty miles from nowhere. A few cottonwoods growing about the little patch of salt grass, whence oozed the trickle of brackish water which furnished the *raison d'être* of the station, a clumsily built stake corral and open horse-sheds, together with a three-roomed, weather-bleached cabin of rough boards, constituted a full catalogue of the essential features of the place.

There were two wayfarers besides ourselves, also late arrivals, whom we found enjoying the warmth of the roaring fire inside, for it was late in December and the nights were sharp and cold.

Our supper finished, we, too, drew up before the fire. The younger of the two travelers was a self-sufficient young man, on his way, as he informed us, to take charge of a mine in the neighborhood. His companion was the livery driver who was "taking him through." The young man had as yet had no actual experience in mines, he admitted, but had recently graduated from a well-known technological school, and felt quite equal to the responsibilities he was about to assume.

"Your mining interests have suffered," said this young Technologist loftily, addressing the company, "from being, as a rule, in the hands of totally uneducated and unscientific men. Your so-called 'experienced practical mining man' is ordinarily a failure, from the fact that he despises theories and books. He neither knows, nor cares to know, the reason of things."

Calkins eyed the Technologist sharply as he uttered these, to him, heterodox sentiments. This injudicious person had clearly made himself disliked, and, in the light of previous experiences, with Calkins this implied much.

"Aint it better, young man, to know things themselves," suggested Calkins with severity, "than to stop at just tryin' to know the reasons of 'em? There's heaps of propositions no one ever did or can know the wherefores of. Who can tell, for instance, why Friday's an unlucky day to start work on a drift, but's all right for a cross-cut, and why is it you mustn't kill a mouse in a tunnel if you don't want the roof to cave in?"

"You are evidently a believer in omens," said the Technologist, with a superior and indulgent smile.

"Why wouldn't I be, when I've seen what I've seen?" retorted Calkins, somewhat vaguely, and with an air of mystery. "I'm goin' right away now, young man, to tell an experience I had once that'll not alone show you I've good rights to believe in signs and omens, but'll illustrate besides what I've been sayin', that there's things no man ever need try or expect to know the reasons of."

"Are you going to attempt my conversion to a faith in portents?" inquired the Technologist, laughing superciliously. "I warn you in advance that I am a hopeless unbeliever in such things."

Calkins silently regarded his prey for a moment and responded, solemnly: "When I've finished my yarn, young man, you'll admit to me and this company, if I aint miscalculatin' on the broad-minded way in which you're used to lookin' at things, that there's a heap more in omens than you've ever given 'em credit for." While speaking Calkins, as if to settle himself more comfortably for his story, removed his six-shooter from his belt, and, with a sigh as he glanced toward the Technologist, laid it on the table by his side.

"This here line of occurrences," he began, tilting his chair against the wall, "all took place more'n thirty years ago, way back on the edge of the Inyo Desert, near the old Perro Negro camp. I had a couple of promisin' claims about five miles back in the hills from the company's mill, and was puttin' in time on my ledges and in developin' water on a little *ciénaga* with a big spring risin' on it, which the company—bein' only able to run their mill about half time for want of water—had all along been figurin' to get hold of. I seen plain enough that if I just laid low, it wouldn't be long before I could sell out at about my own figure, and that meant considerable.

"At last the company got tired waitin' for me to make a proposition and sent up their superintendent—McKeesick—to sound me. Of course I didn't let on to havin' any i-dea what he wanted, and just showed him 'round the place, never once mentionin' water. On our rounds we stopped at the little measurin' weir, through which a good ten-inch stream was flowin'. The sight of that much water runnin' to waste was too much for McKeesick—as I'd kind of calc'lated it might be—and then and there he stopped beatin' about the brush and come right away down to business, askin' me if I'd sell out my rights in the *ciénaga*, and if so what my cash figure was. Seein' how safe I'd got him hooked, of course I played off hein' surprised at him suggestin' such a thing, and spoke of plannin' to run a mill a little later on to work my own ore, intimatin' there was big capital behind me. This scared McKeesick, and he begun reasonin' with me as to how much better off I'd be to let the company have the water, and wound up by makin' me an offer of about as much as I'd thought of askin'. But I shook my head, laughin' at the figure he'd mentioned, and doubled up the price on him, al-

lowin', sort of reluctant like, that I'd take that if it was cash and closed up right away. Then he clean took my breath away by acceptin' my offer and payin' five twenties down to bind the bargain. So it was settled I was to be at the company's office next day at noon, get the big balance comin' to me, and sign up the papers. Then McKeesick and me shook hands on the deal, and he rode back to the Perro Negro camp.

"He hadn't been gone long, when, with thinkin' over the business I'd just closed, which would leave me well fixed if I never took an ounce from either of my ledges, I got to feelin' sort of toned-up and restless, and after supper concluded I'd go down to Perro Negro, too, and blow in my evenin' with the boys. It was less 'n an hour's easy ride to get there, and the sun was just goin' down when I come in sight of the camp. I tied my mule at the rack before the bunk-house, and went on up to shake hands with the boys, most of 'em standin' 'round outside smokin' and chattin'.

"There was considerable general talk goin' on, as I come up, about a man named Callahan bein' killed the week previous by a short-fuse blast. 'He'd seen Old Quien Sabe day before, and had ought to've been on the look-out,' said one of the boys. 'Lookin' out wouldn't noways have helped him, when once he'd seen Old Quien Sabe stumble,' said another of 'em. I'd heard all this fill—as I then considered it—about Old Quien Sabe, who the boys gen'rally spoke of as 'Q. S.' for short, and of the bad luck that always followed close on top of meetin' him. But I'd looked at it all as bein' just one of them superstitions you run against wherever you be, and with whatever kind of people you're mixin', and bein' young and over-knowin', didn't take no more stock in it than this here young man does in omens and such things." Here Calkins particularly pointed his remarks at the Technologist, who, seeing the eyes of the company upon him, smiled and nodded corroboratingly. "So I just laughed at the i-dea of Callahan's seein' Q. S. and of his accident bein' any-ways related to his meetin' of him.

"Then the boys, though they was all friends of mine, got riled at me makin' light of what they was sayin', and begun bringin' up cases where Q. S. 'd been seen and bad luck had come right along after. If you seen him, they said, just ridin' along at dusk or in the moonlight—which was the time when he mostly showed up—that was bad enough, but if his gray mule stumbled that meant sure death or destruction of some kind. We chatted about this, and then one thing and another he-side, until it got late, when I said 'So long' to the boys and started back home.

"It was a still, bright night, with the moon near the full and about overhead, and you could see everything 'most as well as by daylight. The sage and cactus clumps threw deep shadows on the gray, gravelly ground, and the moonlight was sparklin' on the white-quartz float scattered all about. A thin mist had begun gatherin' over the sky and the air was gettin' closer and hotter all the time, and a queer, uneasy sort of feelin' begun comin' over me, like there was, somehow, trouble in the air. From the top of the hill above the company's spring the trail run on down into a bare, narrow, sandy cañon, where there was big stacks of high, crumblin', granite rocks, worked into queer shapes by the weather, loomin' up all 'round. It wa'n't no ways a cheerful place to be ridin' through by daylight, but by night it was more'n dismal, and that partic'lar evenin' it seemed dismallen' common.

"I'd got through the cañon to where the trail turned up a side hill 'round a point of rocks, when I heard the sound of hoofs shufflin' in gravel and the creak of saddle leather, like some one was ridin' down the trail towards me. At the same time my mule snorted and give a little shiver, and made like she wanted to turn back the way we'd come; but I dug my heels into her and kept her goin', and in a second we was past the rocks which hid the trail ahead, and there, sure enough, showin' up plain in the moonlight, was a stranger, with white hair and beard and a broad-brimmed hat with a high, pointed crown, ridin' down into the cañon on a little gray mule. I hadn't more'n just seen him when his animal seemed to give way all at once in the knees, and made like she was goin' to tumble, and the old man lunged forward like he was goin' to fall, too. My mule stopped short, shudderin' and blowin' hard through her nose, and I was startin' to get off and pick up the old man, makin' dead sure he was goin' to get hurt, when both him and his mule disappeared like they'd melted clean away. Then I knew I'd seen Old Quien Sabe, and recollectin' what the boys had said about what always come of meetin' him, partic'larly when his animal stumbled, a creppin' chill came over me.

"I started on the up-grade again, feelin' considerable worked up, and begun wonderin' what was goin' to happen to me, and just when and where I was goin' to get hit. The mist I was speakin' of had thickened up and spread like a high fog over the whole sky, blurrin' out the moon, and the air had got hotter and muggier than ever. When I got to the cabin I turned in right away, but I couldn't noways get easy in my mind, and tossed about and twisted in my bunk for nigh on to a couple of hours before ever I dropped off to sleep. I got to dreamin' I was wrestlin' with a bear. This exercise'd been goin' on quite a while, when he gave me a fall which seemed to break every bone I had, and I woke up findin' myself just pitched off my bunk on to the floor, which was rockin' like a small boat at sea.

"The timbers in the roof was creakin' and snappin', and the canned goods I had stored along the wall was rattlin' against each other, and now and then two or

three together'd come tumblin' off the shelves. All the time there was a sort of low grindin' and rumblin' sound in the air, which, with the rockin' and shakin' and shiverin' of the ground, made you think things in general was comin' to an end. (Of course in less'n a minute I caught on to what was up, and seen it was just the biggest specimen of a *temblor* ever I was mixed up with. Folks up in Inyo'll show you the signs of that there quake to this day. You can believe I wa'n't long in staggerin' outside the cabin, and it wa'n't none too soon, for next minute, the walls bein' of rough stone, just laid up loose in light adobe, begun crumblin', and then the whole roof fell in with a crash! The rumblin' and shakin' kept up with short stops between times, till nigh on to sun-up, and when daylight come at last I was that broke up and clean worn out that I just lay down where I was and slept nigh on to five hours without stirrin'.

"When I woke up and seen the wreck of my cabin, with only two walls of it standin', I felt discouraged clean through, but then it flashed through my mind about the deal I'd made on the *ciénaga* and of the money comin' to me that very day at noon, and I braced up right away, feelin' considerable cheerfuller. Then I got some canned things out of the ruins, and after break-fastin' started right away down to the Perro Negro camp.

"It looked like I'd been just about in the middle of the quake, for there was piles of rocks, which had broke up through the surface, where there wa'n't none previous, and there was a deep, wide split in the ground, like a big *barranca*, runnin' northeast and southwest, which wa'n't there nigh before. But when I'd ridden as far as my *ciénaga* perhaps you can imagine my surprise when I seen the *temblor*'d got in its work there, too, and had sucked up the spring somehow and filled up the hollow where it used to be. There wa'n't no water in sight.

"Then I begun feelin' desperate, for I seen, of course, how all this was goin' to knock my deal with the Perro Negro company. Then it occurred to me that if I kept right on and said nothin', like as not they'd give me my money after all, perhaps not havin' yet got on to the spring bein' dried up, and after reasonin' with my conscience—which has always been over-sensitive like and a drawback in many ways to me gettin' on—I concluded it wa'n't no business of mine to go 'round volunteerin' information. So I continued on down, still feelin' a little hopeful.

"But I had a bigger surprise than any yet waitin' for me. When I come to the company's spring, where I'd stopped nigh before to water my mule, it was flowin' as usual, and seemed to have been noways affected by the quake, but when I got within five hundred yards of the mill I just couldn't believe what I seen there. Comin' out of what nigh before had been just a little dry, sandy flat was a big flow of water not less'n ten-miner's inches, and I seen right away it couldn't be no other than the spring from my *ciénaga*, which the quake had taken away from my ground and set up in business on the company's.

"McKeesick and three or four other men were standin' 'round gazin' at the new flow when I come up, and I seen it wa'n't goin' to be no use me tryin' to hide that my spring had give out, for now the company had all the water they needed close at hand, and they'd drop on to the fact of my *ciénaga* havin' dried up before nigh anyhow. So I took the only standin' ground left to me, and says right away to McKeesick that I'd come down to sign papers and get the balance comin' to me. He'd heard somehow already—so it turned out—about my spring, and just said, makin' out he was surprised, there wa'n't no papers needin' to be signed as he knew of and that he didn't just catch on to my remarks about a balance comin' to me. Then I give him my i-deas regardin' our deal, maintainin' that the company'd closed the trade nigh before when they'd paid down the five twenties, and hadn't no grounds now to back out on, partic'larly when the spring they'd bought had been delivered to 'em on their own premises. But McKeesick he just laughed, and I went off riled and next day consulted my lawyer, Colonel McVey, givin' him my theory of why the company'd ought to pay the balance comin' to me; but he said right away that while 'the equities was with me'—them was his words—he sort of doubted me makin' the case stick if it got into court, so right there I give up all i-deas of lawin'.

"In thinkin' things over I couldn't help but see that all this bad luck come to me on account of me runnin' against Old Quien Sabe and his stumblin' mule, and that there meetin' and the comin' of the *temblor* right away after was someways myster'ously connected, the whys and wherefores of it all, of course, bein' beyond any livin' man's powers of reasonin' upon.

"Now, young man," said Calkins, addressing the Technologist with a severe and injured air, at the same time toying with his revolver, which he had taken from the table by his side, "I said a while back that when I'd wound up this here yarn you'd admit to me and this company that there was more in signs and omens than you'd give 'em credit for. I'll ask you now direct—just as a prelimin'ary—do you doubt the ace'racy of anything I've advanced here this evenin'?"

"Most certainly not, sir," replied the Technologist with nervous readiness and a little start as Calkins absent-mindedly brought his weapon to a half-cock.

EDMUND STUART ROCHE.

Gold production in the Philippines incr . . . \$189,953 in 1911 to \$570,212 in 1912.

A GREAT ART COLLECTION.

"Flaneur" Writes of the Benjamin Altman Bequests to the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

We have been told often enough that the millionaire art collector is a wholly selfish individual who amasses pictures and antiquities very much as others amass dollars, for his solitary gratification and for the æsthetic reputation that is supposed to attach itself to the private owner of an art gallery. For these and other reasons we have made his path a thorny one. We have tried to "get" him by means of a prohibitive tariff. We have displayed him as a horrid example of those unsocial forces that must be discouraged. We have pictured him as a Midas gloating over his wealth and rejoicing in his power to prevent mere people from looking at beautiful things. It is true that a glimmer of intelligence upon such things has lately flickered over the popular mind and that to buy great pictures is not now so discreditable as once it was. We have begun slowly to recognize that these art collections are fairly sure to become public property at some time or other and even to admit that their purchasers may have had some such intention. We are even learning to applaud a use of great wealth that is making of America a storehouse for the lovely and wonderful things of other days. Who knows? We may even learn to admire these things for ourselves.

These reflections are induced by the gift to the Metropolitan Museum of Art of the collection of the late Benjamin Altman. The value of this collection may be expressed in various ways. For example, we may say that it contains thirteen Rembrandts, two pictures by Frank Hals and the Mantegna "Holy Family." But it is to be feared that such a description would leave some of us still unmoved. A public enthusiasm for works of art needs some more direct stimulus than the recital of great names. Perhaps it would be better to speak in the vernacular, in the language understood even by our unborn babies, and say that this collection of works of art is worth about \$10,000,000, and that there are some who place its value even as high as \$15,000,000. Reduced thus to its least common denominator we can all understand that the donor has given to the nation something that is worth having.

The collection includes paintings, tapestries, snuff bottles, rock crystals, enamels, rugs, furniture, bronzes, and statuary. It includes all the results of many years of patient search throughout Europe, a search conducted with the aid of experts who were beyond the reach of the guiles of the dealer. Dr. Robinson, the director of the museum, says that in the entire collection there is not a single object whose authenticity can be suspected. Asked as to the most distinctive feature of the collection, he said that it was hard to discriminate where everything was so choice and of such value, but that perhaps the thirteen Rembrandts should be placed first on the list. It is the finest group of Rembrandts ever in the possession of a single individual. Only three of these pictures have been exhibited in New York and they are "The Man with a Magnifying Glass," "The Lady with a Pink," and the "Portrait of a Young Man." Another treasure is Vermeer's "The Sleeping Girl," which is not only beautiful in itself but it is one of the only thirty-eight pictures by Vermeer that are known to exist. The museum already owns one example of Vermeer, and another is now on exhibition as a part of the Morgan collection. Now there are no less than three in New York, practically as the property of the nation.

But the picture values are by no means confined to the Rembrandts and the Vermeer. There are fifty or sixty pictures of the Flemish, Italian, Dutch, Spanish, and German schools. There are three pictures by Van Hals, two by Velasquez, and also paintings by De Hooch, Cuyp, Hobbema, Maes, Van Dyck, Mengling, Holbein, Gerard David, Van Orley, and Dirk Bouts. In addition to the pictures there are cabinets of Chinese porcelain, about a hundred Chinese snuff bottles, Italian and German rock crystals of the sixteenth century mounted in gold and rich with precious stones, as well as statuary by Donatello, Lucia della Robbia, Houdon, Clodion, and many others, and a rich collection of Indian and Persian rugs of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

It is not yet certain when this surprising collection will be placed on view. Naturally there are certain conditions imposed by the donor, but for the most part these relate to protection against fire and they will not be hard to comply with. The Metropolitan Museum of Art is of course fireproof, and Dr. Robinson seems amused at the idea that there will be any stipulations that will stand in the way of the national acquisition of such a treasure. The trustees are about to hold a meeting to consider the whole matter and then we may expect some announcement of the date when the public will be allowed to inspect its new acquisition. Without doubt it is the finest gift of its kind ever made either to New York or to any other city. It places the New York Museum of Art on a level with all other museums in the world. It makes of it a sort of Mecca to which the feet of art lovers all over the world will turn.

Mr. Altman's attitude toward his collection is naturally a matter of interest, since one has a sort of contempt for the millionaire who buys things only because they are valuable and without any true recognition of the nature of their value. Certainly money is not the yardstick by which Mr. Altman measured the worth of his acquisitions. He had himself the fine

mind of the artist and a sort of intuitive perception of art values that is the best possible equipment of the collector. He loved his pictures, regarding them as a sort of sacred possession, even too sacred to be regarded as private property. A competent writer in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* sums up his attitude toward his treasures in a way that can not be bettered. The writer says: "It is pertinent perhaps to speak of the attitude of the collector toward his treasures. Seeing him among them was to understand his revolt against publicity. His intimate relation to each object in his collection was apparent to the most careless observer. It was not a cold assembling of objects for the sake of their market value or even for the sake of their æsthetic value, but for the intensity of pleasure to be gained from the satisfaction of a personal taste, a taste too fine to seek escape from discipline."

NEW YORK, October 24, 1913.

FLANEUR.

Legend has it that for more than five hundred years the Lake of Guatavita, at an elevation of 10,000 feet in Bolivia, has not only been held sacred to the gods of the Indian tribes, but into its waters the natives, with solemn ceremony, used to cast their gold and silver ornaments, gems and other valuables as an offering to propitiate the evil spirits. It has been estimated that in this manner treasure to the amount of \$1,500,000,000 found its way to the bottom of the lake. Many attempts were made to recover the treasure. The first was by the Spaniards 250 years ago. They tried to drain off the waters of the lake, but their engineering skill was not equal to the task. When they had drawn off all but ten feet of the water they were compelled to give up their project and take to dredging instead. They did succeed in recovering a small part of the treasure in this way. The most modern attempt was made twenty years ago by a company of Colombians and Englishmen. By digging a tunnel 1100 feet long down the side of the mountain they succeeded in draining the lake, but then they found to their dismay, instead of a clear bottom, twenty-five feet of mud covering the treasure. In all this company spent \$75,000 and recovered but \$10,000 worth of gold and jewels before they, too, abandoned the search.

Like many another mighty enterprise the Ritz-Carlton hotels had a modest beginning, and the whole idea had its origination in the brain of a Swiss farmer boy, Cesar Ritz, whose father tilled a small holding. The son, however, had larger ideas. Taking up hotel work at the beginning in a very minor capacity, he developed a most wonderful sense of color, form, and taste in every respect, and he brought the art of hotel keeping in Europe to a higher pitch than it had ever been before. Indeed he revolutionized hotel keeping in England and France, and that revolution has gradually shown its influence all over the world. Ritz's first enterprise was the Ritz Hotel in Paris, which he started about 1897. The second venture was the Carlton Hotel of London, and the next was the Ritz of London. In each of the many Ritz hotels already built, building, or planned for there is a separate local company which has furnished the bulk or the whole of the money, while the central organization, the Carlton Investing Company, in all cases holds the common stock and a controlling interest. In this way all the local companies are made to work unitedly and in the interest of all.

The famous whispering gallery of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, is reached by a flight of 260 steps from the library. This gallery, which is about 210 feet above the cathedral floor, is noted for a curious echo, and is so named because a whisper uttered near the wall on one side of it is distinctly audible to a person standing on the other side, a distance of 108 feet in a straight line. From this point a good view is obtained of the church interior, the tessellated pavement of which looks like a minute chessboard, but it is liable to cause giddiness to any one not used to heights. It also commands the best view of Thornhill's paintings and of the cathedral generally. From the whispering gallery 118 steps lead up to the stone gallery, an outer gallery with a stone parapet running round the base of the dome. Here in the clear sky of early morning may often be obtained a wonderful view of London, a view which is still more extensive from the golden gallery above the dome. From this point the lantern may be ascended by a spiral staircase to the golden ball, where six persons may stand at once.

In thousands of villages and small towns in the interior of Spain no one knows how to read or write. There are in Spain 30,000 rural villages without schools of any kind, and many thousands which can only be reached by a bridle path, there being no high roads nor railway communication of any kind (says *Heraldo de Madrid*). Attendance at board schools is voluntary, not obligatory. Seventy-six per cent of the children in Spain are illiterate, and this is especially noticeable in the capital.

Ginseng, never seriously considered as a medicine in this country, is bringing fabulous prices in China, as it is announced the root has brought as high as \$140 in gold a pound. Last year one lot of especially selected ginseng root sold at auction for \$327.16 gold a pound. It came from Korea, where it was found growing wild.

West Virginia was the greatest producer of natural gas in 1912 and Pennsylvania the largest consumer.

OLD FAVORITES.

To Thine Own Self Be True.

By thine own soul's law learn to live,
And if men thwart thee take no heed,
And if men hate thee have no care;
Sing thou thy song and do thy deed,
Hope thou thy hope and pray thy prayer,
And claim no crown they will not give,
Nor says they grudge thee for thy hair.

Keep thou thy soul-sworn steadfast oath,
And to thy heart be true thy heart;
What thy soul teaches learn to know,
And play out thine appointed part;
And thou shalt reap as thou shalt sow,
Nor helped nor hindered in thy growth,
To thy full stature thou shalt grow.

Fix on the future's goal thy face,
And let thy feet be lured to stray
Nowhither, but he swift to run,
And nowhere tarry by the way,
Until at last the end is won,
And thou mayest look back from thy place
And see thy long day's journey done.

—Pakenham Beatty.

My Minde to Me a Kingdom Is.

My minde to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I finde
As farre exceeds all earthly blisse
That God or nature hath assigned;
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my minde forbids to crave.

Content I live; this is my stay,—
I seek no more than may suffice.
I presse to heare no haughtie sway;
Look, what I lack my mind supplies.
Loe, thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

Some have too much, yet still they crave;
I little have, yet seek no more.
They are but poore, though much they have,
And I am rich with little store.
They poore, I rich; they heg, I give;
They lacke, I lend; they pine, I live.

The court ne cart I like ne loath,—
Extremes are counted worst of all;
The golden meane betwixt them both
Doth surest sit, and feares no fall;
This is my choyce; for why, I finde
No wealth is like a quiet minde.

—Sir Edward Dyer.

Moonlight.

Eterne Apollo! that thy sister fair
Is of all these the gentlier-mightiest.
When thy gold heath is misting in the west,
She unobserved steals unto her throne,
And there she sits most meek and most alone;
As if she had not pomp subservient;
As if thine eye, high Poet! was not hent
Towards her with the muses in thine heart;
As if the ministering stars kept not apart,
Waiting for silver-footed messages.
O Moon! the oldest shades 'mong oldest trees
Feel palpitations when thou lookest in:
O Moon! old boughs hiss forth a holier din
The while they feel thine airy fellowship.
Thou dost bless everywhere, with silver lip
Kissing dead things to life. The sleeping kine,
Couched in thy brightness, dream of fields divine:
Innumerable mountains rise, and rise,
Ambitious for the hallowing of thine eyes;
And yet thy benediction passeth not
One obscure hiding-place, one little spot
Where pleasure may be sent.

—John Keats.

November.

The mellow year is hastening to its close;
The little birds have almost sung their last,
Their small notes twitter in the dreary blast—
That shrill-piped harbinger of early snows;
The patient beauty of the scentless rose,
Off with the Morn's hoar crystal quaintly glass'd
Hangs, a pale mourner for the summer past,
And makes a little summer where it grows:
In the chill sunbeam of the faint brief day
The dusky waters shudder as they shine,
The russet leaves obstruct the straggling way
Of oozy brooks, which no deep banks define,
And the gaunt woods, in ragged, scant array,
Wrap their old limbs with sombre ivy twine.

—Hartley Coleridge.

The Crescent and the Cross.

Kind was my friend who, in the Eastern land,
Remembered me with such a gracious hand,
And sent this Moorish Crescent which has been
Worn on the tawny bosom of a queen.

No more it sinks and rises in unrest
To the soft music of her heathen breast;
No harharous chief shall how before it more,
No turhan'd slave shall envy and adore!

I place beside this relic of the Sun
A Cross of Cedar brought from Lebanon,
Once borne, perchance, by some pale monk who trod
The desert to Jerusalem—and his God!

Here do they lie, two symbols of two creeds,
Each meaning something to our human needs,
Both stained with blood, and sacred made by faith,
By tears, and prayers, and martyrdom, and death.

That for the Moslem is, but this for me!
The waning Crescent lacks divinity:
It gives me dreams of battles, and the woes
Of women shut in hushed seraglios.

But when this Cross of simple wood I see,
The Star of Bethlehem shines again for me,
And glorious visions break upon my gloom—
The patient Christ, and Mary at the Tomb!

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

The republic of Colombia requires lumbermen who take cedar and mahogany to plant young trees of the same species in the cut-over spaces.

AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS.

Homer Saint-Gaudens Edits the Reminiscences of His Distinguished Father.

Mr. Homer Saint-Gaudens has found no light task in the editing of his father's reminiscences. He tells us that Augustus Saint-Gaudens was frequently urged to write his recollections, but was deterred from a sense of literary modesty until the work was pressed upon him in 1906 as a means of passing the hours while recovering from the effects of a surgical operation. It was subsequently finished, but continuing ill health prevented the careful revision that had been planned, and so much labor was ultimately needed in the arrangement of a mass of material that had been dictated without much regard to methodical orderliness. Missing links had to be supplied here and there, and there was necessarily a certain amount of shifting back and forth in order to bring the whole into the form of consecutive narrative.

A considerable part of the first volume is devoted to the youth of the artist, a youth that was well filled, as all youth should be, with earnest toil and with those "discouragements" of poverty that actually produce the largest successes. In 1867 Saint-Gaudens sailed for Europe on a ticket purchased by his father in order that he might continue his art studies while sustaining himself by his trade of cameo cutting. He obtained employment in Paris and joined an art school taught by two professors named Laemelin and Jacquot. It seems that Jacquot had large thighs, and as all artists like to imitate their own figures it was hard for Jacquot's pupils to draw thighs large enough to satisfy their teacher. To overcome this difficulty the author tells us that one day he made the thighs of one of his figures enormously large:

"Very good, very good, very good, my boy!" he said in his criticism, turning around to look at me. Then he slowly surveyed the model over his spectacles. "But perhaps I would add just a little bit on the thighs, eh?" And here fell his merciless marks!

I repeated this at his next visit, drawing my thighs in still more exaggeration. He was high and loud and unusually sputtering in his praise at this, and, after some minor remarks, was for getting up, when I said:

"M. Jacquot, do you think that I have the thighs big enough?"

"Yesh. Yesh." Then he hesitated and looked at the model. "Still, perhaps I would add just a shade, just a shade, more." And again came his inevitable marks.

Finally on the third occasion, when I had the thighs resembling balloons, he repeated the enthusiastic approval of the previous visit, and I impudently repeated my question as to their size. He surveyed the drawing, and then, evidently recollecting what had passed before, although it had been dispersed over three weeks, turned to me with a strange look in his widespread, crooked, china eyes and said:

"It seems to me you are trying to make a damned fool of me!"

When Saint-Gaudens returned to New York he found awaiting him the usual beginnings of the art career. He had very little money, but he took a studio on the corner of Fourteenth Street and Fourth Avenue, where he led a lonely existence enlivened by disagreements with the janitor:

Another incident which lent diversity to this dreary period of my life took place because of a cast made by a sculptor, a friend of mine, who occupied an adjoining room. He wished to model a bust, and to do this proposed taking a mold from the living face of his sitter. That is no trifling matter even to an expert, and it showed the holdness of the novice, since, notwithstanding my protestations, my friend undertook it without ever having cast anything before. He wished me to help him; but I told him that I should wash my hands of the affair if he tried it. He disappeared.

Presently he rushed into my room crying, "For Heaven's sake, come!"

In his studio, which was already one of monumental disorder, confusion, and dirt, stretched out on an old sofa, lay his subject with a solid mass of hard plaster about two inches thick enveloping his head; while the whole room, wall, ceiling, boxes, and floor, was covered with the great splatters of the plaster thrown wildly about by the sculptor in the course of this extraordinary proceeding.

There were the usual quills in the sitter's nose, but the weight of the cast was so great that we could hear him mumble under it, praying us to get it off quickly or he would die. It was really a serious business, this taking it off, as we had to hang at the plaster with chisel and hammer. Fortunately there was no ill result, other than a good bit of the subject's eyelashes being torn away and his clothes ruined. He was one of those happy men, however, who take everything with cheerfulness. The death of my tormentor would have been my only satisfaction had I undergone the sufferings he was put to.

The author's first important commission in America came through the friendship of John La Farge, who saw some of his work and so encouraged his ambition to strive after great things:

Through La Farge, then, a period was finally placed to the bad conditions of my affairs, for promptly more good luck followed. To begin with, one day when I had occasion to see Governor Morgan he said to me, after questioning me about some old sketches I had made:

"I think there is a statue of Admiral Farragut to be erected in New York. Do you know anything about it?"

"No."

"Go and see Cisco."

Mr. John J. Cisco was a banker very prominent in affairs at that time. I took Governor Morgan's advice and visited him.

"Yes," said Mr. Cisco, "we have eight thousand dollars for a statue to Farragut, but before deciding to whom it is to go we shall have to have a meeting."

A meeting followed in a few days, and subsequently Governor Morgan told me that, to his great surprise, the work had been awarded to me, but "only by the skin of the teeth," five of the committee having voted for giving the commission to a sculptor of high distinction, while six of them voted for me. Again another glorious day!

Saint-Gaudens returned to France in 1877, making a tour through the country and finally reaching Paris. Here he made the acquaintance of Samuel Clemens,

and the two friends acted as witnesses at the marriage of a mutual friend. The proceedings struck him as lacking in sentiment, as is naturally the case with ceremonies performed by the civil authorities and as a mere matter of routine. We have a description of the scene at the Mairie and of the arrival of "Monsieur the Mayor":

Presently a voice would shout, "Mr. So and So, Miss So and So," and one of the groups who had reseated themselves would rise and walk in a body over to the long desk. Then there would come a mumbling for a few moments, after which they would turn about and leave the hall. This operation was repeated several times until Mr. M——'s name was called, when we marched up, as did the others. His excellency, after some preliminary performance by an underling, addressed Mr. M—— in a hurried and "Let-us-get-through-with-this-thing-quick" tone. "Do you take Miss X—— to be your wedded wife?"

Then instantly turning to the young lady he asked if she would take Mr. M—— to be her husband. On her reply in the affirmative he declared them wedded, and turned his head about with a hored look very much as if he was about to say, "Next!" Some more unimportant ceremony followed, and then we went out after the wedded couples into the open air. Considering the gravity of the occasion, this whole performance seemed to me shameful in the entire absence of dignity or respect for the participants.

Among those who exercised an influence on the life of Saint-Gaudens were Joseph Wells, Stanford White, Thomas W. Dewing, and Charles F. McKim. Of Stanford White we hear a good deal, one of the most striking references being contained in a note supplied by the editor:

White also continued to maintain a strong influence in my father's life during the next ten years, when often he could be found in the vicinity of the studio. Undoubtedly the architect's criticism meant much to the sculptor. It held, indeed, so important a place that once, when White scored a medallion of himself which my father was modeling, the latter destroyed the work and never attempted a new one. Still, for the most part Saint-Gaudens refused to be dominated over, for he soon discovered his friend's idiosyncrasy of foisting his emphatic assertions on every timorous soul around him. I think that the first conscious reaction against this attitude came very shortly after the incident I have mentioned, while the sculptor was completing a relief of White's wife near the time of their marriage. The architect, on discovering Saint-Gaudens at work on this one afternoon, gazed at the relief for some moments and then cried out, "Oh, Gus, that's rotten!" Whereupon, though first my father again smashed the medallion into bits, later, after his passion was spent, he set patiently at reconstructing the relief. The waste of time seemed unfortunate, yet Saint-Gaudens had learned his lesson, as was soon proved in an encounter over the Ames monument in which the two were interested. Among other things this scheme included a wreath carved in relief on a flat stone. It had been an endless subject for contention between them. So at last one afternoon White decided to settle the matter, and rushed into the studio with his usual effect of being shot from a landslide.

"Is Gus in?" he yelled.

"X-no," was the shaky response.

Whereupon he dashed by the door-boy in search of the unfortunate decorations.

"Awful!" he exclaimed, discovering a couple of the experimental wreaths upon the floor. "Which does Gus like?"

They pointed to the highest relief.

"Huh!" he gurgled. "You might as well paint it green!" and tore out again.

Then they hid the wreaths safe from any impatient and destroying hand and warily brought the news to my father, and silently waited the thunder-clap.

But it did not come. All my father said was, "Isn't it peculiar how opinions differ?"

It was with Stanford White as a companion that Saint-Gaudens undertook a pleasure jaunt through the western portion of the United States, a trip that supplies many anecdotes and incidents. Here is an extract from a letter written by the artist from Tacoma on September 14, 1883:

Before I close, I must not forget one little incident that happened way back in my journey. The night we crossed the plains of Kansas we went through the gilt-edged edition of Hell. But I had one recompense. The sleeping-car conductor, after hard spelling, got my name. "Why, you're the man who made that great statue in New York? Well I declare! Allow me to congratulate you!"

Then a squeeze with his big fist. Such is fame.

The editor has something interesting to say of his father's "studio rages," bred by the nervousness which was engendered by his concentration upon his work. Most of these, he says, were due to variations in the temperature of the studio, for being naturally a cold-blooded man he was able to detect a change of two degrees from his favorite amount of heat. In this connection Mr. Weinman writes to the editor:

Here is an anecdote told me by a friend, Herman Parker, who worked for your father in the Thirty-Sixth Street studio. This young man was then courting a girl, and, as he wished to appear at his best when he met her crossing on the ferry each night, he took great care to brush up and put a gorgeous polish on his shoes before leaving the studio. The lengthy process of cleaning seemed to get on your father's nerves. So one evening, when Herman dropped the shoe-brush accidentally, making a great racket, your father, at the time working on the elevated platform and standing on a lot of piled up boxes, suddenly took box after box and threw or kicked them to the floor below, shouting and swearing. Then all was quiet. Herman, from the little office in front, ran back with shaky knees, expecting to find the whole Shaw monument on the floor in pieces. When he regained his speech and asked what had happened, your father calmly replied, "That was the echo of the brush."

Robert Louis Stevenson figures somewhat largely in these reminiscences. Saint-Gaudens remembers Stevenson's approbation of a careless remark of his that "everything is right and everything is wrong":

I also recall his saying, "The man who has not seen the dawn every day of his life has not lived." And again, in speaking of crossing the ocean and traveling by sea, he referred to its charm and danger and added, "The man who has not taken his life in his hands at some time or other has not lived."

In connection with this vein in his personality, I remember visiting him one evening when he lay on his bed in the half-gloom, the lamp being in another room. I sat on the bed's edge, barely able to discern his figure in the dimness. He talked in the monotonous tone one frequently assumes when

in the twilight, speaking of his keen admiration for Lawrence, governor of India. Then I first realized his reverence for men of action, men of affairs, soldiers, and administrators. Moreover, he said with great feeling that his chief desire in the world was the power to knock down a man who might insult him, and that perhaps the most trying episode in his life was one in which he had a conversation with a man which, had it taken a certain direction, would have left no alternative but one of personal altercation in which he himself could present but a pitiable figure. This impressed me as being the most feeling thing he ever said to me.

Soon after that Stevenson went to Saranac, and the following spring he came south and took a little house at Manasquan, New Jersey, near his friend, Mr. Low:

Here occurred a delightful episode. After having modeled the head I had determined to make Stevenson's medallion large enough to include the hands, and for that purpose, in order not to disturb him, I had begun them from those of Mrs. Saint-Gaudens', whose long, slender fingers I had noticed resembled his. But the result would not come out successfully; so, on his arrival at Manasquan, I begged for a sitting, that I might make a drawing and some casts. He assented and a day was appointed. I took with me my son Homer, a child of eight, and on the way down on the boat endeavored to impress on the boy the fact that he was about to see a man whom he must remember all his life. It was a lovely day, and as I entered the room about eleven o'clock in the morning Stevenson lay as usual on a rather high monumental bed. I presented Homer to him with mock formality, as one does with a child. But since my son's interest, notwithstanding my injunctions, was, to say the least, far from enthusiastic, I sent him out to play.

I then asked Stevenson to pose, but that was not successful, all the gestures being forced and affected. Therefore I suggested to him that if he would try to write some natural attitude might result. He assented, and taking a sheet of paper, of which he always had a lot lying around on the bed, pulled his knees up and began. Immediately his attitude was such that I was enabled to create something of use and to continue drawing, while he wrote with an occasional smile. Presently I finished and told him there was no necessity for his writing any more. He did not reply, but proceeded for quite a while. Then he folded the paper with deliberation, placed it in an envelope, addressed it, and handed it to me. It was to "Master Homer Saint-Gaudens."

I asked him: "Do you wish me to give this to the boy?"

"Yes."

"When? Now?"

"Oh, no, in five or ten years, or when I am dead."

Saint-Gaudens put the letter into his safe for delivery at the appointed time. It was dated 27th May, 1888:

Your father has brought you this day to see me, and he tells me it is his hope you may remember the occasion. I am going to do what I can to carry out his wish; and it may amuse you, years after, to see this little scrap of paper and to read what I write. I must begin by testifying that you yourself took no interest whatever in the introduction, and in the most proper spirit displayed a single-minded ambition to get back to play, and this I thought an excellent and admirable point in your character. You were also, I use the past tense, with a view to the time when you shall read, rather than to that when I am writing, a very pretty boy, and, to my European views, startlingly self-possessed. My time of observation was so limited that you must pardon me if I can say no more: what else I marked, what restlessness of foot and hand, what graceful clumsiness, what experimental designs upon the furniture, was but the common inheritance of human youth. But you may perhaps like to know that the lean flushed man in bed, who interested you so little, was in a state of mind extremely mingled and unpleasant; harassed with work which he thought he was not doing well, troubled with difficulties to which you will in time succeed, and yet looking forward to no less a matter than a voyage to the South Seas and the visitation of savage and desert islands.

There is another story in which Stevenson plays a part, although the chief actor was General Sherman, upon whose bust Saint-Gaudens was at work:

While modeling the relief of Stevenson I had in my studio another absorbing portrait, a bust of General Sherman, the chance to make which Whitelaw Reid had been instrumental in obtaining for me. This task was also a labor of love, for the general had remained in my eye as the typical American soldier ever since I had formed that idea of him during the Civil War. The bust I made in about eighteen periods of two hours each. It was a memorable experience, and I regret nothing more than that I did not write down a daily record of his conversation, for he talked freely and most delightfully of the war, men and things. I can only recall the pride with which he spoke, the force of his language, and the clear picture he presented as he described the appearance of his army in the great review at Washington when the final campaign was over. He explained how the other divisions, or armies, cleaned themselves up, so to speak, for this grand event, and of replying to some one who asked him if he was not going to do the same: "By no means. Let them be seen as they fought." The general was an excellent sitter, except when I passed to his side to study the profile. Then he seemed uneasy. His eyes followed me alertly. And if I went too far around, his head turned too, very much, some one observed, as if he was watching out for his "communications from the rear."

As I have said, at the same time that I was at work upon Sherman I was modeling the relief of Stevenson. The author admired the general intensely and asked me if I could have them meet.

So one day I said to Sherman, "Robert Louis Stevenson, whose portrait I am making, is very desirous of seeing you, and asked if you would grant an appointment for that purpose."

"Who is Robert Louis Stevenson?" questioned the general. "Is he one of my boys?"

The fact was the general came into such constant contact with his old soldiers that he supposed the average man desirous of meeting him likely to be one of his "boys," as he called them. I told him that Stevenson was the writer of the New Arabian Nights and a man of great distinction. He shook his head. He did not know him. Recalling that the general loved the theatre, I explained that Stevenson was the author of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," then creating a sensation in New York.

He answered, "The man who wrote that is no fool," and said he would be glad to meet Stevenson.

Here we must leave these delightful memoirs, and with the first volume still unexhausted. Mr. Homer Saint-Gaudens has done his work with remarkable success, a work that required no ordinary skill in view of the uncompleted material with which he had to build. The result is a finished literary portrait of a great artist and a fine character.

THE REMINISCENCES OF AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS. Edited and amplified by Homer Saint-Gaudens. New York: The Century Company; \$7 net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Love in a Hurry.

Mr. Gelett Burgess uses an old theme in a new way. Indeed he says as much in his dedication of a one-day story which he describes as a "sherzo variation of an old theme." Hall Bonistelle, who is described as an artist photographer, finds that his uncle has left him a large sum of money on condition that he marries, and as there was a delay in finding the will the time limit expires that very day. The reader knows at once that Bonistelle ought to marry that very attractive stenographer, Flodie Fisher, who has ministered to him with the devotion that comes only from love. But Flodie is so close at hand that Bonistelle can not see her, a thing that often happens. In his desperation he proposes to three ladies in the course of an hour or so, and as they all promise to give him their answer at the studio party to be held that night we foresee that the festivity is likely to be an interesting one, especially as they all intend to accept him. But Flodie is a young woman of resource, and she fully intends to marry her employer herself. How she manages it must be left for the reader to discover in the orthodox way, but the problem gives Mr. Burgess an opportunity for the display of the cleverness and resource that we have learned to associate with his name. The story contains no profound psychological puzzle, but its humor and originality are guarantees that the reader will not lay it down until he has reached the last page. At the same time the author would have done well to acquaint himself with photographic processes before introducing them so largely into his story.

LOVE IN A HURRY. By Gelett Burgess. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25 net.

The Charming of Estercel.

The historical novel has lost much of its popularity, not because it is historical, but because it is usually so badly told. The authors have little conception of the characters of great men and still less of an "atmosphere" that can not be expressed by a sprinkling of out-of-date words.

But "The Charming of Estercel" is quite free from these taints. It is a story of the O'Neil insurrection in the north of Ireland and of the expedition under Essex that was sent by Queen Elizabeth for its suppression. Estercel is the hero and he is much loved, although unknown to himself, by Mistress Sabia, who seeks to win him with a charm. She places a ring in the nest of a bird under the conviction that the hatching and the fledging of the brood will so saturate it with love that whoever wears it must perforce fall victim to the tender passion. Then her old nurse slips it on Estercel's finger while he is asleep. We know that the charm will work, otherwise why write the book at all? Moreover, such charms always work. But the attraction of the story is not wholly a sentimental one. The author gives a striking picture of Irish life at the time of Elizabeth, and if the romantic incidents sometimes verge upon the domain of the improbable we have to remember that it is Ireland with which we are dealing, and he would indeed be rash who limited the romantic possibilities of Ireland at any time in her history. Therefore the story may be safely recommended as a serious and careful and successful attempt at fiction in its worthiest form.

THE CHARMING OF ESTERCEL. By Grace Rhys. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

Minimum Wage and Syndicalism.

This book is described as an independent survey of the two movements, and certainly it is in no way a plea for either of them. Those who are anxious to know the results of actual experience turn naturally to Australia and New Zealand, where the minimum wage has been fairly upon trial, and the author tells us that a "review of the evidence as a whole certainly indicates that the general and increasing tendency in Australasia is for the minimum to become the maximum." In conclusion he appropriately quotes from Machiavelli, who says: "Let no man who begins an innovation in a state expect that he shall stop it at his pleasure or regulate it according to his intention."

So far as syndicalism is concerned, the author believes that it is no more than a temporary phenomenon, but that before it is consigned to its ultimate fate it will bring much suffering, turmoil, and even bloodshed.

MINIMUM WAGE AND SYNDICALISM. By Hon. James Boyle. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company; \$1 net.

The Librarian at Play.

Those who wish to know something of the duties of the librarian and to shed a tear over his—or her—unhappy lot would do well to procure this delightfully humorous book by Edmund Lester Pearson. But it must be in a spirit of grim irony that he describes the librarian as ever engaging in anything resembling play. The lot of the policeman is certainly a far happier one. Here, for example, is a specimen of the day's work:

Mrs. Sullivan returned two books, one which was to be reissued immediately to Margaret Clancy, while the other was to be returned on the card of Nora Clancy, who

was sick with ammonia and so couldn't come to the library that evening. But the book which Margaret returned must be loaned to Teresa—that is, one of them must be, while the other was to be given into the keeping of Mary Finnegan, who, in her turn, brought back three books (two on her own cards, and one on her mother's) and her mother wanted the book that Eustacia O'Brien had returned (there it is right on the desk in front of you—that's Eustacia over there at the water-cooler) and please, Mary Finnegan herself wants this book that Mary Diver has just brought in on her white card, and on her blue card she wants the one she is going to get (if sundry elbow jabs in the ribs will have any effect) from Agnes Casey, and that ain't nothin' on the cover except a teeny little piece of tolu gum, and Nellie Sullivan wants to know if "Little Women" is in, and if it isn't will you please pick something out for her, mister, 'cause she has tried four times to get "Little Women," and please give me this book that Lizzie Brady has just brought in on my white card, and this is my blue card, and father says that this book on electric door knobs ain't no good and he wants another.

Henceforth we shall have not only respect but veneration for those harassed attendants who so admirably suppress a profanity to which mere human nature would instantly succumb.

THE LIBRARIAN AT PLAY. By Edmund Lester Pearson. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1 net.

The Primitive Family.

This curious work on "The Primitive Family as an Educational Agency" is intended to reassure those timid souls who look upon every social change as a presage of disaster. Property and the family have become our sheet anchors to communal salvation, the *sine qua non* of continued evolution. The author seeks to show that we have given an exaggerated value at least to the family, and that while it may be true that the family is now the social unit and the basic educational agency it has not always been so and may even now cease to be so without any necessarily destructive effect upon the social system. He says that those who would make the family the type and foundation of all education "because it is the unit and basis of society," or "because it is divine and therefore *a priori* superior to any other educational institution," or because "it has always been so" are really spending their time and energy in chasing their tails. The structure and function of the family have already changed many times and may continue to change. Not only is monogamous pairing not an innate instinct, but it is not even a thoroughly acquired characteristic any more than are parental and filial relations. They are all the results of education, and as such liable to modification.

The author's evidence must be allowed to speak for itself. Suffice it to say he has amassed a large amount of information on primitive habits, customs, and beliefs that is well worthy of perusal even though we may dissent from the conclusions based upon them. The author has at least succeeded in rendering his readers chary of attributing to innate instinct whatever may happen to be a deeply rooted custom or belief. For this sort of racial egotism there is no better remedy than history.

THE PRIMITIVE FAMILY AS AN EDUCATIONAL AGENCY. By Arthur James Todd, Ph. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.75 net.

Succession.

Those who read Miss Sidgwick's "Promise" will either hasten to procure what may be described as its sequel or they will studiously refrain from doing so. At least there will be no indifference. "Promise" was the early story of a young violinist who has proved himself so hopelessly unsuited to English life that his father has sent him to France, where the artistic temperament is better understood and excites more sympathy. Here it is that we find him in "Succession." Antoine Edgell is supposed to be a genius, and his genius shows itself in an extraordinary musical capacity combined with a childish temperament that weeps on small provocation and does most of the other things for which the artistic temperament is supposed to be accountable. If the reader suspects himself of having the artistic temperament he will probably sympathize with Antoine. If he is of the more robust order he may find that Antoine bores him.

But there is no doubt that the author has succeeded in doing what she set out to do. Whether it is worth doing is another matter. She has a perfectly clear impression of the character that she wishes to depict, and we feel that the presentation is exactly as it was intended to be.

SUCCESSION. By Ethel Sidgwick. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Captain O'Shea.

There is always so warm a welcome for well-written books of adventure in which the eternal sex interest is subordinate or absent altogether that one wonders that there are not more of them. But Mr. Ralph D. Paine has partially made good the deficiency. Captain O'Shea, the hero of these four yarns, is so distinctive a personality that we shall confidently expect to hear more of him. We make his acquaintance while he is running a cargo of arms and ammunition to Cuba and

doing what he can to evade the Spanish ships who are specially on the look-out for just such pirates as himself and Johnny Kent, his engineer, who spends his few leisure moments in planning the little vegetable and flower garden which he hopes to own and care for when his life shall be a little less strenuous. These interesting gentlemen appear later on in other capacities and in other parts of the world, but always when and where there is "something doing." Mr. Paine is to be congratulated on a careful piece of character delineation set into a background of wholesome adventure, and in a day of slovenly work this is no small achievement.

THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN O'SHEA. By Ralph D. Paine. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.35 net.

Educational Practice.

Dr. Paul Klapper now adds his voluminous and detailed treatise to an educational library that the layman may be excused for believing to be already overfull. There will probably be a reaction from the extraordinary emphasis that is now being laid on education, and from a tendency to an excessive analysis of the mind of the child and of its capacities. It will probably require a generation or so to demonstrate the extent of our failures and to reinstate what may be called a policy of wholesome educational neglect, but that there will be some sort of reaction may almost be taken for granted. And it will be hastened by such pleas for eugenic restraints and the many quackeries that have grown from the modern teachings of heredity as the present author sets forth in his concluding passages.

But Dr. Klapper has much to say that is of serious value. His conceptions of the objects of education are always sane, as are his insistences that the child shall be so taught as to develop his true values as a unit in a system. Beginning with a useful chapter on "The Meaning and Function of Education" he goes on to deal with "Education as Physiological Adjustment," "Education as Sociological Adjustment," and "Education as Mental Adjustment." Incidentally we have a most valuable chapter on "Manual Training and Vocational Education," although the author seems to underestimate the moral values that result from the creative use of the hands.

PRINCIPLES OF EDUCATIONAL PRACTICE. By Paul Klapper, Ph. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Syndicalism and Socialism.

Mr. John Spargo has a reputation for accuracy of statement and for a certain moderation of tone that commend his writings to those who wish for information rather than preachments. He himself is a socialist, and he seems to dislike syndicalism just as much as syndicalism dislikes socialism. Socialism, he says, must never compromise with syndicalism, and probably he may make his mind easy on that point. Syndicalism does not seem to be of the compromising kind.

Mr. Spargo's best chapter is on sabotage, a word that is unfamiliar in America, although the thing itself is unfortunately familiar enough everywhere. Sabotage is the willful destruction of the property of an employer, and the author enumerates the many forms that such a policy may take. As an illustration of the devil in human nature the exposition has its value. Altogether Mr. Spargo may be congratulated on the production of a book unusually full of information and a useful addition to the economic shelf.

SYNDICALISM, INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM, AND SOCIALISM. By John Spargo. New York: B. W. Huebsch; \$1.35 net.

Brief Reviews.

The Century Company is to be congratulated upon a particularly fine edition of Kipling's "Jungle Book." The pages have decorative colored margins and there are sixteen full-page illustrations in color by Maurice and Edward Detmold. There could be no more attractive gift-book than this.

"The Children's Book of Christmas Stories," edited by Asa Don Dickinson and Ada M. Skinner, is a collection of thirty-five of the best-known stories by the great writers of the world. The selection has been well made and the print and binding are attractive. The publishers are Doubleday, Page & Co. Price, \$1.25 net.

D. Appleton & Co. have published "The Life of Jesus in the Light of the Higher Criticism," by Alfred W. Martin, A. M., S. T. B. (\$1.50 net). The author is associate leader of the society for ethical culture of New York, and his work is therefore along the rationalistic lines to which the new theology has accustomed us.

Admirers of the late James Allen will appreciate the volume of "Meditations" that has just been published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company (\$1 net). It is in the form of a year-book of passages by the author, one page being assigned to each day throughout the year. The selections are well made and the volume is a handsome one.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company has published a beautiful holiday edition of "Tangle-Wood Tales," by Nathaniel Hawthorne. The stories are "The Minotaur," "The Pygmies," "The Dragon's Teeth," "Circe's Palace," "The Pomegranate Seeds," and "The Golden

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Fleece." Each of these is provided with two or more well done colored drawings, to the number of fourteen in all, and with many full-page drawings in black and white, as well as numerous smaller drawings scattered throughout the text, all the work of George Soper. The price is \$1.50 net.

"The Wilderness Castaways," by Dillon Wallace (A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.25 net), is a story of the adventures of a pampered New York youth and a sailor lad who are lost from a hunting party in sub-Arctic regions and pass a winter among the ice and barren coasts. The plot is a wholesome one and the story is told with energy and force.

Charles Scribner's Sons are to be congratulated on a handsome edition in one volume of "The Poems of Eugene Field." The volume is divided into "Western and Other Verse," "Poems of Childhood," "Echoes from the Sabine Farm," "Various Translations," and "Sharps and Flats." The type is of comfortable size and the binding and general workmanship all that they should be.

"Broadway Jones," by Edward Marshall, is a novelization of the play of George M. Cohan. These novelizations usually bear the marks of their origin in a certain staccato style inappropriate to their new form, but Mr. Marshall has minimized this evil to a great extent and has succeeded in producing a readable piece of fiction. The publishers are the G. W. Dillingham Company and the price is \$1.25 net.

"Book of Indian Braves," by Kate Dickinson Sweetser (Harper & Brothers; \$1.50 net), is made up of admirably written biographies of Powhatan, Oseola, Sequoyah, King Philip, Joseph, Sitting Bull, and Pontiac. The stories are not only historically accurate, but they are told with a literary skill that knows how to preserve the element of romance. The illustrations are necessarily somewhat fanciful, but well executed and vivid.

"The American Hymnal" contains 726 hymns, chants, and responses, original communion and baptismal services and a section of the best-known Gospel hymns. While it contains much new material, both in hymns and tunes, it also includes all of the most important familiar hymns with their well-known associated tunes. The publishers, the Century Company, announce that the introductory price in half Morocco binding is \$100 per hundred and in full cloth \$85.

Thanks to the industry of Mr. James Otis the readers of hooks for boys must now be familiar with Silver Fox Farm, the scene of so many delightful adventures. Now comes "Airsail Cruising from Silver Fox Farm," which appears to be quite as exciting as its predecessors. There is a wireless telegraph system, a steam yacht or two, and of course the aeroplanes that do all sorts of marvelous things, although none of them transgress the boundaries of actual achievement. For the boy with a turn for aviation nothing could be better. The publishers are the Thomas Y. Crowell Company. Price, \$1.50.

The Old Spanish Missions of California

By Paul Elder

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Longhead.

This is a very readable although a somewhat fanciful sketch of primitive man and of the earliest steps in human evolution. We have a description of the first discovery of fire and of the consequent improvement in weapons, in the preparation of food, in social organization, and of the dawn of invention, art, marriage, and religion. It seems to be written on the assumption that mankind as a whole has proceeded steadily upward from primitive conditions, an assumption that is probably not sustained by the facts. Civilization and barbarism seem to have existed always side by side, and the writer who speaks of the first knife that ever existed upon earth is upon somewhat uncertain ground. But the story is an eminently readable one, and with certain reservations a correct one. It is well calculated to give young people an idea of the earlier stages of evolution, since it easily holds the interest from the first page to the last.

LONGHEAD: THE STORY OF THE FIRST FIRE. By C. H. Robinson. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; \$1 net.

Young Working Girls.

This useful book that has been edited for the National Federation of Settlements by Robert A. Woods and Albert J. Kennedy is a summary of evidence from two thousand social workers who were invited to answer certain questions as to the status and welfare of working girls. The replies cover well nigh every phase of the girl's life. Evils and weaknesses are pointed out and remedies are indicated wherever remedies seem to be possible. For some years, we are told, there has been a gradual though appreciable tendency toward deterioration among a great proportion of adolescent girls in tenement districts, and for this the chief causes are the general laxity of the age and the breakdown of family and neighborhood life. The seeds of contamination are sown in candy stores, in the day schools, and "especially in the Sunday-schools," and in the very homes of the children.

It is unnecessary to survey the ground covered by this admirable study of a situation that can hardly fail to produce a feeling of profound discouragement. The evils appear to be so deeply rooted, to be so much a part of the spirit of the day as to be almost beyond the reach of a public effort that so rarely rises much above the level of apathy. None the less it is well that we should know the facts, and here we find them in their main outline, and set forth without exaggeration or eccentricity.

YOUNG WORKING GIRLS. Edited by Robert A. Woods and Albert J. Kennedy. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Greece and Rome.

Emilie Kip Baker is to be congratulated on the thirty-three stories of the gods and goddesses of ancient Greece and Rome that are contained in this attractive volume. Presumably they are intended for young people, and that there should be any doubt on this point is a testimony to the clarity of the style and the simplicity of the language. It is much to be wished that parents would give their children such books as this in preference to the many fatuous "works for the young" that are now so popular.

STORIES OF OLD GREECE AND ROME. By Emilie Kip Baker. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

The authors of "Modern Cities," Horatio M. Pollock, Ph. D., and William S. Morgan, Ph. D., were closely associated for several years in active work for municipal betterment in the city of Albany, New York. While thus engaged they came in touch with the principal movements for social progress in America. The book is published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company.

Edna Turpin, author of "Happy Acres," a story for girls, is a Virginia farmer, short-story writer, text-book maker, and ardent home devotee, all in one. Few people are able to do as many things as Miss Turpin and do them all well. Her specialty in a farming way is the growing of prize cotton. The book is published by the Macmillan Company.

"Alias 'The Night Wind,'" by Varick Vanardy, has just been published by the G. W. Dillingham Company. It recently ran as a serial in the *Cavalier*.

The identity of the authorship of "The City of Purple Dreams" has not yet been revealed. Medill Patterson, Hobart Chatfield-Taylor, and Robert Herrick have been named, but all have denied their responsibility, and the publishers, the Browne & Howell Company, Chicago, are saying nothing.

Four books announced by the Houghton Mifflin Company for publication October 18 were postponed for a week, October 23. They are "The Railroad Book," by E. Boyd Smith; "Ballads of the Be-Ba-Boes," by D. K. Stevens; "The Religious Revolution of Today," by James T. Shotwell, and "Story-Telling Poems," edited by Frances Jenkins

Olcott. Other books also of that date are Mary Johnston's new story, "Hagar," "The Summit of the Years," by John Burroughs, and "The Art of the Great Masters," by Frederic Lees.

Harper & Brothers announce that they are putting to press for reprinting "The Way Home," the new novel by Basil King, author of "The Inner Shrine," which was published less than a month ago.

Mrs. Annie Fellows Johnston, who is best known as the author of "The Little Colonel" series, and who is said to be the most widely read author by young people since Louisa Alcott, has a new book this fall, dealing with entirely new characters. "Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman" is the name. It is published by the Century Company, with many pictures by Reginald Birch.

For "The Arthur Rackham Mother Goose," which the Century Company published October 24, the famous English illustrator not only made the pictures—twelve in color and over sixty in black and white—but chose the verses and their wording.

That the George Barr McCutcheon stories are interesting and that the American public likes this type of writing may be attested by the fact that according to a recent announcement of his publishers, Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., over three million copies of McCutcheon's books have been sold. This fall there is again a McCutcheon contribution in his best vein. "A Fool and His Money," from the Dodd, Mead & Co. press.

"The Old Franciscan Missions of California," the forthcoming book of George Wharton James, will be published by Little, Brown & Co.

A third series of plays by August Strindberg has just been published by the Scribners. As in the case of the two earlier stories, Edwin Bjorkman is the translator. This volume contains "Advent," "Simoom," "Swanwhite," "Debit and Credit," "The Thunderstorm," and "After the Fire."

Dr. Fred Morrow Fling, co-author with his wife, Helene Dresser Fling, of the just published book, "Source Problems on the French Revolution," is a native of Maine, and a graduate of Bowdoin College. He holds a Ph. D. from the University of Leipzig and has held the chair of European history at the University of Nebraska since 1891; is a member of the American Historical Association, of the Société de la Revolution Française, and one of the electors to the Hall of Fame. "Source Problems on the French Revolution" is the second book of Harper's Parallel Source Problems, the first having been "Parallel Source Problems in Mediaeval History."

Margaret Blake's "The Voice of the Heart," a Dillingham Company publication, is now in its ninth edition.

A famous wanderer is John E. Patterson, whose latest novel, "His Father's Wife," has just been published. Mr. Patterson was born in a little village in Yorkshire in 1866, of Scotch-Irish parentage on his father's side and pure Yorkshire on his mother's. When he was twelve years old he ran away from home and worked in a coal mine. After that he "bolted" to sea, and spent between four and five years in the North Sea fisheries. He was mate at eighteen. The sixteen years following were spent afloat and ashore. He was twice lost overboard and finally left a cripple by rheumatism.

Robert Francis Harper, professor of Semitic languages in the University of Chicago, has given the past year to the preparation of Volumes XII and XIII of his collection of Assyrian and Babylonian Letters, transcribed from the clay tablets in the British Museum.

Will N. Harben, whose new novel, "The Desired Woman," is just published, says the story was suggested to him at a convention of country school-teachers he once came across. Among the number was a young mountain girl of a type so different from her companions, so full of life, that she became for him the "Dolly" of "The Desired Woman," and the plot of the story shaped itself about her.

Garrard Harris, author of the just published book, "Joe, the Book Farmer," was born on a Georgia plantation in 1876. His boyhood was spent partly in that state and partly in Tennessee. At one time he held the office of district attorney for the Jackson district. Finally he determined to exchange the law for journalism. He is now associate editor of the *Mobile Register*, and a contributor to leading magazines.

New Books Received.

THE HISTORY OF DAVID GRIEVE. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: The Macmillan Company; 50 cents net.

THE STREAK. By David Potter. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net.

THE NEW MEDIAEVAL AND MODERN HISTORY. By Samuel Bannister Harding, Ph. D. New York: The American Book Company; \$1.50.

Issued in Essentials of History. Based upon

the author's "Essentials in Mediaeval and Modern History," prepared in consultation with Albert Bushnell Hart, LL. D.

TWO ON A TOUR IN SOUTH AMERICA. By Anna Wentworth Sears. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2 net.

The story of a journey made by a New York woman and her husband.

NEW BROOMS. By Robert J. Shores. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25 net.

A volume of essays.

ROSE OF THE GARDEN. By Katharine Tynan. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

THE ASSURANCE OF IMMORTALITY. By Harry Emerson Fosdick. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1 net.

Intended to appeal to the man who wonders what difference it makes whether or not immortality be true.

THE POISON BELT. By A. Conan Doyle. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.20 net.

A story.

ROADS FROM ROME. By Anne C. E. Allinson. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

A volume of essays.

A WOMAN RICE PLANTER. By Patience Pennington. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.

A picture of life in the South.

JOB: HIS OLD FRIENDS AND HIS NEW FRIEND. By John S. Hawley. San Diego: Frye & Smith.

A study of what the book of Job means spiritually to all mankind.

SONNIE-BOY'S PEOPLE. By James B. Connolly. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25 net.

Short stories, mainly of adventure.

THE HONORABLE SENATOR SAGE-BRUSH. By Francis Lynde. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

EARLY MEMORIES. By Henry Cabot Lodge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.50 net.

Autobiography.

ON THE PLAINS WITH CUSTER. By Edwin L. Sabin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net.

A story of adventure.

MESSMATES. By William O. Stevens. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net.

A story of the sea.

THE ROMANCE OF SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY. By Charles R. Gibson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50 net.

A popular and non-technical account of some of the most important discoveries in science from the earliest historical times to the present day.

THE MAKING OF AN ORATION. By Clark Mills Brink. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50 net.

An aid to public speaking.

BRAVE DEEDS OF REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS. By Robert B. Duncan. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Stories of military and naval achievement.

THE POEM BOOK OF THE GAEL. By Eleanor Hull. Chicago: Browne & Howell Company.

Translations from Irish Gaelic poetry into English prose and verse.

"OUR NEIGHBORS" THE CHINESE. By Joseph King Goodrich. Chicago: Browne & Howell Company.

A survey of the Chinese empire and people.

HOW THE PIANO CAME TO BE. By Ellye Howell Glover. Chicago: Browne & Howell Company; 50 cents net.

A treatise on the origin and history of the piano.

SIAM. By W. A. Graham, M. R. A. S. Chicago: Browne & Howell Company.

A handbook of practical, commercial, and political information.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS. By Charles Dickens. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.

Retold for children by Alice F. Jackson.

FLAMEHAIR THE SCALD. By H. Bedford-Jones. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.20 net.

A boy's tale of the days of King Harald Hardrede.

THE COMING CANADA. By Joseph King Goodrich. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

A general survey of the Dominion and its prospects.

THE ESCAPE OF MR. TRIMM. By Irvin S. Cobb. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

A series of adventures.

A KINGDOM OF TWO. By Helen R. Albee. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

A novel.

HUNTING THE ELEPHANT IN AFRICA. By Captain C. H. Stigand. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50 net.

Recollections of thirteen years' wanderings.

MARK TIOD. By Clarence B. Kelland. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1 net.

A story of boys.

CAMPING ON THE GREAT LAKES. By Raymond S. Spears. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.25 net.

A story for boys.

"PEANUT." By Albert Bigelow Paine. New York: Harper & Brothers; 50 cents net.

The story of a boy.

IN THE SUNLIGHT OF HEALTH. By Charles Brodie Patterson. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$1.20 net.

A New Thought volume.

THE PUBLISHER. By Robert Sterling Yard. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.

Descriptive of the publishing profession and the publishing business.

RIPPLING RHYMES TO SUIT THE TIMES, ALL SORTS OF THEMES EMBRACIN'; SOME GAY, SOME

SAD, SOME NOT SO BAD, AS WRITTEN BY WALT MASON. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.25 net.

"DAME CURTSEY'S" BOOK OF CANDY-MAKING. By Ellye Howell Glover. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; 50 cents net.

How to make all kinds of candy.

COBB'S BILL OF FARE. By Irvin S. Cobb. New York: George H. Doran Company; 75 cents net.

An illustrated table d'hôte menu in four courses: Vintres, Music, Art, and Sport.

THE PRICE OF PLACE. By Samuel G. Blythe. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

"A revelation of the atrophy of the moral sense in American public life."

THE BOY'S LIFE OF GENERAL SHERIDAN. By Warren Lee Goss. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.50.

A biography.

THE RIPPLE. By Miriam Alexander. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

WATER-SPRINGS. By A. C. Benson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

PRAYER: WHAT IT IS AND WHAT IT DOES. By Rev. Samuel McComb, D. D. New York: Harper & Brothers; 50 cents net.

"The latest conception of the oldest force in the world."

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL. By Marie Montaigne. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1 net.

"Written by an authority."

POLITICIAN, PARTY, AND PEOPLE. By Henry Crosby Emery, LL. D. New York: Yale University Press; \$1.25 net.

A political study.

THE RENAISSANCE, 1485-1560. By Arthur, Count Gobineau. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.75.

Savonarola, Cesare Borgia, Julius II, Leo X, Michael Angelo. English edition edited by Dr. Oscar Levy.

MEMOIRS OF AN AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA. By Clara Louise Kellogg. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50.

A volume of autobiography.

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"THE BIRD OF PARADISE."

This play has attracted a sufficiency of favorable attention to show that Mr. Richard Tully has an idea for its central motive that is worth while. And, besides, complaisant though the American public is to an atmosphere of joyous purity in its musical comedies, it yet favors strictly moral or ethical conclusions in its serious drama.

The ethics of "The Bird of Paradise" are sound. Every one who has lived in the tropics is aware of the dangers of an insidiously loosened moral, mental, and physical fibre that threatens the young men who go there in an attitude of inquisitive exploration. For the fate of the older ones who go deliberately to wallow and sink in the quicksands few have pity, but it is sad to see young manhood perverted and decayed by the amiability of the natives and the lazy lure of the atmosphere. The play might easily serve as a warning, for the two examples of such deterioration that it offers are only too well founded. It has a number of other good points, although in some cases the intention of the author is not adequately conveyed. The contrast between the native helle and the American university graduate is weakened by his comparative failure in creating the character of Diana Larned, who is a rather stiff and hookish young woman, instead of being mellow, sweet, and womanly. By hookish I mean that the character is artificially conceived, and its lines are expressed in terms that belong to old-fashioned conventions of the stage. "Ten-Thousand-Dollar" Dean, the headcomber, is much more challenging to the interest in his degraded state than as a reformed and rehabilitated member of society. For at that stage he, too, falls into the language of stage lay-figures of other days.

Mr. Tully has given us atmosphere; any amount of it. Indeed, even as in "The Rose of the Rancho," the atmosphere is so thick that it subtracts from the simplicity and directness of the dramatic action. This atmosphere, however, has nothing cheap about it. It has been purchased in terms of hard cash. The scene-painter, of course, has contributed the conventional tropic drops. But there are both exterior and interior sets of a native hut. There are some old-time native costumes, a number of native utensils, and Hawaiian musical instruments, and several Kanaka performers who dance and sing in native style. There is a priest, to whom Mr. Robert Harrison has given a very striking make-up; a poi-maker, some hula-hula dancers, a planter, a missionary, and so on. It is very plain that Mr. Tully knows his Hawaii. He recognizes the primitive simplicity of the native character, which offers fruitful soil upon which superstition may flourish. He is aware that the missionary carries his intolerance with him, and that he is sometimes noble and sometimes ridiculous, and varies constantly between helping and harming the artless islanders. He sees that dramatic situations sometimes develop from the too intimate relations between incongruous races, but I am not sure whether he recognizes that to the sophisticated Occidental mind the native type is essentially uninteresting. The native keeps his complexities to himself; if he has any. He may reveal the more intimate shadings of his character to a few trusted white friends, but I notice that Robert Louis Stevenson failed to make the Samoan, and Pierre Loti to make the Tahitian really interesting when characters from those races were incorporated in literature.

The interest in the fiction or drama that deals with the South Sea islanders must dwell in the effect that intercourse with them has on the white race. In "The Bird of Paradise," however, it seems to have been the "laissez aller" of the tropical life that was the undoing of Dean, while Wilson is such a native, inborn cad that his character fails to inspire interest or his deterioration pity. Compassion, however, is supposed to be awakened in our bosoms for Luana. But there, again, the author has made a mistake. The character is cheapened by the introduction of banal and trivial comedy, which has a tendency to minimize the romantic interest which we are supposed to feel in Luana; whereas, in the lighter scenes, she is like a pretty and rather winning pet, in the later developments the whole episode seems to remote to awaken any pronounced emotion. Miss Lenore Ulrich, however, portrays the character very prettily, especially in its lighter phases. She was surprisingly success-

ful in giving Luana the appearance of a native, her rippling, dusky hair and line of figure being especially adapted to the representation of one of these round-limbed, dark-skinned daughters of the tropics.

Although the players seem to have been chosen with care, as witness the two missionaries, especially Mrs. Missionary, yet the stiff conventionality of the lines in the more serious scenes, and a certain lack of conciseness, too, detracted from the naturalness of the characters; also the humor is flat and forced. There is a lack of finished workmanship in the play that makes it seem too crude to be regarded as a work of art. I think if Mr. Tully had brooded over his piece half a year longer he would have turned out a much more polished and possibly more realistic play.

Pictorially the finale is very striking. The view of Pele in angry mood is very fine and extremely suggestive of the boiling crater enclosing its lake of crimson fire. We hear the hissing of the flames and see the plumes of lurid smoke, while above on a projecting platform of rods lit by the glow is the rapt figure of Luana, regarding with the calmness of the fanatic victim the crimson billows of her fiery grave.

"THE TRAFFIC."

Oakland and Berkeley have been rent and torn by contending factions on the subject of "The Traffic." Cluh women, clergymen, the mayors of the two towns, chiefs of police, and even members of the board of education have taken a hand.

One chief declares the presentation of such a play violates the laws of public morality, the other is not so broad in his statement. One clergyman says that it makes the innocent viciously precocious, another that it wisely enlightens dangerous ignorance.

Some of the cluh women consider the play an affront to modesty, others that it should serve as a heacon light, to warn girls who are drifting to the reef.

Such diversity of opinion challenges one to form his or her own judgment. In the meanwhile "The Traffic" has left Oakland and Berkeley to settle the vexed question, and, much advertised, returns cheerfully (if such a word is allowable in connection with such a play) to the Savoy for a final week in San Francisco.

"The Traffic," of course, like "The Lure," is inevitable. Drama must irresistibly reflect current thought. As well try to stem the tides of the ocean as keep from the stage plays that discuss the problems of the day. As to which of the two factions is right it will take time to tell. Ten years, or five at least, must elapse before we will know whether plays hearing on the traffic in women will continue to hold the stage. As to the charge that the play is vicious in its effects on public morals, the impression it makes duplicates that left by "The Lure." Vice, to be tempting, is not made to look like suffering and agony, nor are its ministers depicted as brutal, callous, and repellent. The play, in fact, is the depiction of a long agony. It makes so violent an appeal to the sympathies that the sensibilities are overtaxed, and the sympathetically responsive spectator is apt to become exhausted. In that respect it violates the canons of art. A drama of purpose in its purest art-form should hold out some message of hope to humanity, and "The Traffic" on the face of it seems like a drama of despair, tragedy without beauty. But perhaps not entirely so. It preaches the doctrine of "a stitch in time." It forces the conclusion that innocence must be a luxury of the rich, and that the girl worker out among the harpies must, for her own salvation, be sadly enlightened.

When it comes, however, to the question of polemics, or public morals, it is really laughable to consider the play as inculcating other than absolute morality. No vicious images are presented or suggested. The act of Agnes Burton is a sacrifice to save her child-sister from death. Its after effects are crime, agony, and despair. We see the cadets at work, urging on the victim, but not by vicious suggestion. Their methods are to utilize the most unselfish impulses of family affections as levers, tools of their trade. They are depicted as utterly calloused and insensible by their experience in strategically manipulating human agony.

None but the degenerate, or the helpless pervert, could, after seeing this play, feel anything but horror at contemplating the fully developed types of the cadet and the courtesan, with their deadened sensibilities and their frozen hearts.

The story of the play, which centres in Agnes Burton, a sweatshop worker, is that of poverty, hard work, apprehension for the health of a cherished little sister, her only family tie, and her affection for whom is used as a sharp-edged tool by her tormentors. A doctor's verdict of death for the child unless she is removed from the reek of the tenements brings the human pack about her heels. There is a long, long struggle, rebellion, terror, and final defeat. The death at her hands of the cadet who uses her as a chattel is brought about by his attempt to have her sister's destiny duplicate her own. The end is acquittal for her, a refusal to

cloud her sister's life by her soiled and stained companionship, and her listless acceptance of the old routine.

Rachel Marshall and Oliver Bailey, the two authors of "The Traffic," have unquestionably moulded into dramatic form a well-knit and interesting play, which makes a strong appeal, not only to the sympathies, but to the reason. The methods by which Agnes's tormentors brought about her compliance are shown in careful gradation. We are not spared a single one of the victim's pangs of terror, anguish, and defeat. That, I think, viewed from a technical standpoint, is too extreme. Enjoyment is not a word that one would use in conjunction with "The Traffic." The spectator is erect, tense, painfully interested, poignantly sympathetic, but unless he is a cadet out with his girl (they say they go there by the score) he is not enjoying himself. However, although the dialogue and scenes are too lengthy in the matter of scoring a point the authors have succeeded with those who go with an open mind. Those who call the play immoral are probably suffering from the unpleasant sensation of being forced to look into an abyss full of writhing sufferers and uncomfortably facing the intrusive question, "Can anything be done to lessen this torment?" On the whole they are made so uncomfortable that they cry out and accuse.

The play is well acted, the protagonist, Miss Nana Bryant, in particular being gifted with a highly dramatic temperament in which a quick and responsive imagination plays a very important part.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Mme. Schumann-Heink to Sing at Cort.

Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink, the great favorite among concert singers, is to be heard in two magnificent programmes at the Cort Theatre. The first concert will be given Sunday afternoon, November 9, when the artist will sing arias from Mozart's "Sextus," and the almost forgotten opera by Lortzing, "The Armorer," four Beethoven works, and songs by Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Grieg, Delibes, Ross, Malloy, and the modern German master, Max Regner.

The second and last concert will be given Sunday afternoon, November 16, when in addition to songs in German, Italian, French, and English the diva will sing the complete song cycle by Robert Schumann, entitled "Frauenliche und Leben" (Woman's Love and Life), consisting of eight of the most exquisite melodies in the literature of song.

The sale of seats opens at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's next Wednesday, and mail orders will receive courteous and prompt attention if addressed to Will L. Greenbaum with funds enclosed.

In Oakland Mme. Schumann-Heink will inaugurate the musical season at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Friday afternoon, November 14, at 3:15, when she has promised to sing four excerpts from the Wagnerian operas, viz: "Rheingold," "Götterdämmerung," "Tristan und Isolde," and "Tannhäuser."

Chamber Music Concerts.

Mrs. Robert M. Hughes, pianist, Hother Wismer, violinist, and Herbert Riley, cellist, announce a series of three chamber music concerts at the Sorsis Cluh Hall, 536 Sutter Street, at 8:15 p. m. The first concert will be given on Tuesday, November 18, the programme being the subject of a later announcement.

Hall Caine's home, Greeha Castle, on the Isle of Man, is furnished throughout with antique furniture which the author has gathered on his many wanderings around the world, and also many remembrances of his early life. In the library there is the couch upon which Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the poet and painter, who was a friend of Hall Caine, died. Many of the pictures have some interesting connections. The fireplace in a living room was taken from the home of George Eliot and was the one at which she often sat while writing her novels.

Wilton Lackaye is the silent but active partner in one of the leading publishing houses of Boston, passing upon the literary quality of all manuscripts submitted to the firm and conducting its sales department. He is also the owner of one of the finest fruit orchards in Vermont and his income from these sources would keep him quite comfortably, even in the present-day high cost of living.

Robert Edeson has a large estate at Sag Harbor, where the actor makes his home. He is one of that place's leading citizens, a director of its principal bank, and is interested in several of its business enterprises. He also draws royalties from plays he has written, among them "Where the Trail Divides," and is a partner in a successful moving-picture producing company.

Julian Eltinge is to be at the Columbia Theatre following Henry Miller, and will play for one week only. Eltinge is to return with "The Fascinating Widow," a production which scored heavily here last season.

A Thanksgiving Cause

Thanksgiving, though some little distance off, will have a newer meaning this year to the Pacific Gas and Electric Company and the army of men who have been toiling in the high Sierras for many months. For by Thanksgiving the great Drum power plant, part of the gigantic Lake Spaulding hydro-electric undertaking, will be in operation, a monument to the nerve and ability of the engineers, who threw themselves into the work with an enthusiasm which has broken a world's record in pouring concrete.

The completion of the Drum plant means that ere long a vastly increased electric voltage will be brought to the cities about the hay for every use, as well as distributed in other parts of the great field covered by "Pacific Service."

As may be recalled, the world's record was broken in August. In September the engineers poured 28,887 cubic yards, which raised the dam to an elevation of 210 feet above river bottom on the south side and 135 feet on the north bank, at which point it will be necessary to transport the concrete to elevations out of reach by the gravity system. This delivery will be carried on by a system of belt-conveyors, one of which is now being operated successfully with the free delivery of concrete, with rate of progress the same as with the gravity system.

The wasteway through the dam, made for the outlet of freshet waters during the early construction period, was closed October 3, and the storage of water is now under way.

The concrete lining in the lower gate intake and pressure tunnel is now practically completed. The four steam shovels are in their last period of work upon the canal. Only some trimming and rock wall masonry remain to complete the canal.

The Drum Forebay is practically finished, and at the present the head-works, which is being built of concrete, is nearing completion. The gigantic steel pipes leading from the forebay to Drum power-house are 6214 feet in length, and will deliver water under a head of 1375 feet.

The two generating units of 12,500 kilowatts each are in place in the Drum power-house and will be ready for operation by Thanksgiving. The two machines were assembled in the building. The transformers are arranged in two banks of three each with one spare, and are fed direct from the generators at 6500 volts, and are stepped to 125,000 volts for transmission without intermediate transformation.

Scores of steel towers, carrying the high-power lines from the Drum plant to Cordelia sub-station, are in position, and in fact the tower line can be said to be complete, with the exception of stringing a few wires, and Cordelia is receiving the final adjustment of equipment where the voltage delivered will be 100,000 volts for general distribution at 60,000 volts to bay points and valley towns.

All the work is far ahead of schedule, and much has been accomplished that seemed, at the beginning, almost impossible. New engineering problems developed and were solved on the spot, and the entire undertaking is in such splendid condition that it will furnish extra cause for thanksgiving.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Grand Opera Continues at the Tivoli.

As the season of grand opera at the Tivoli Opera House advances greater and greater becomes the interest, the musical public now being thoroughly aware that there is a wonderful collection of artists here. The third week will be brought to a conclusion with the matinee today and performance tomorrow night of Leoncavallo's latest opera, "Zingari," with Melis, Chiodo, Montesanto, and Brilli in the cast, and the faultless production of "La Bohème" tonight, in which Botta has scored so brilliantly.

The fourth week will be inaugurated Monday with "Rigoletto," which will be repeated at the Thursday matinee and Saturday night with a cast including Simzis, Anita, Botta, Modesti, and Sesona. On Tuesday and Sunday nights "Zingari" will be repeated, with the same cast as before, and Wednesday night "La Bohème" will be sung again. Thursday night and at the Saturday matinee "Thais" will be given for the first time this season, with Carmen Melis in the titular rôle. Montesanto will sing Athanael, and a splendid production of Massenet's opera will undoubtedly be given. On Friday night "Aida," with the same big cast and ensemble which created such a sensation on the opening night of the season, will be revived.

The orchestra, under the magnetic leadership of Ruggiero Leoncavallo and Nini Belucci, is one of the features of the grand operatic season, and is made up of the best instrumentalists obtainable, while the chorus is probably superior in every respect to any that has ever been brought to San Francisco by a traveling organization.

Anna Held Company at the Cort Theatre.

The Anna Held All Star Variete Jubilee, which is touring the principal cities of the United States and Canada, and which will come to the Cort Theatre next Sunday for one week only, with a special matinee every day excepting Friday, carries the new standard of refined vaudeville into new and brighter heights.

Six of the latest and most startling acts of advanced vaudeville have been projected into the production, and the scope of the bill ranges from the latest word in eccentric burlesques to the most exquisite gem of the drama in miniature—George Beban's dramatic idyl, "The Sign of the Rose." Infinite tenderness in artistic expression vie with the most excruciatingly funny numbers.

In addition there is the "Imperial Pekinese" Company of six in a new and sensational novelty; Frances and Florette, fresh from their European triumphs, go through dances that attract all who love dancing, introducing some new gyrations of the "Tango"; Hirschel Hendler presents an amazing pianologue, while the Charles Ahearn troupe of dervishes of the wheel have a laugh-provoking act, and Ward and Curran are seen in their roaring farce, "The Stage Door Tender."

Distinction is written all over Anna Held's Variete Jubilee, and the exposition of splendid acting, laugh-making buffoonery, acrobatic wizardry, exceptional music, enticing dances, superb costuming, and startling stage effects must denote the sincerity and determination of John Cort, under whose management Miss Held appears, to give to the American public the best of the world's best in gracious, clean, and memorable entertainment.

Henry Miller in "The Rainbow" at Columbia.

Henry Miller's new play, "The Rainbow," by A. E. Thomas, is the biggest success Mr. Miller has had in ten years, and San Francisco is prepared to give both the star and the play a warm welcome.

As suggested by its title, "The Rainbow" is a charming, colorful comedy, sparkling with wit and with the strong pulsing throb of real life. The chief characters of the story are a man, his wife, who has obtained

a legal separation from him, and a seventeen-year-old daughter, who meets her father for the first time when she walks into his Fifth Avenue apartments one beautiful morning in May.

The married couple of the story have drifted apart as the result of marital misunderstandings. When his little daughter comes to pay him a visit a big new interest comes into his life and a close bond of sympathy and affection is established between father and child. In the second act, however, the girl is taken away from him, and the breach between husband and wife is widened. The story has a beautiful and entirely satisfactory ending that is as convincing as it is appealingly interesting.

"The Rainbow" ran for many months at the New York Liberty Theatre. Mr. Miller will be surrounded by many of the players who were in the New York cast, in his supporting company being Ruth Chatterton, Louise Closser Hale, Alice Baxter, Muriel Hope, Charles Hammond, Robert Stowe Gill, Daniel Pennell, and others.

Mr. Miller's engagement at the Columbia Theatre will be for two weeks, beginning Monday night, November 3. Matinees will be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

"The Candy Shop" Continues at the Gaiety.

When "The Candy Shop" was announced as the opening attraction of the Gaiety, the newest San Francisco theatre, the management promised \$2 worth for \$1. They have made good. It is even declared by many who have seen the attractive musical revue to be better than a number of those given at double the money.

There have been dollar entertainments in the theatres of this country since the man who now sits in the first row of the orchestra sat in the gallery and long before that. But in late years the producers have drifted to \$2 for first-class entertainments in the musical-comedy line, and they have told the public, and the public has believed them, that it was impossible to do otherwise. Now the progressives have arrived and G. M. Anderson and his principal aid, J. J. Rosenthal, are the chiefs of the progressives. They have maintained that \$1 is enough. A few of them hissed back "traitor," but Anderson handed Rosenthal his purse to organize the company while he erected the beautiful Gaiety Theatre and made it big enough to make money at \$1. San Francisco was the scene of the first experiment, and the unqualified success of Anderson's undertaking makes it clear that the consequences will be far-reaching.

The third week of this splendid entertainment with Rock and Fulton and the big collection of comedians begins Sunday night, with many new novelties, songs, and fun. Matinees Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

Miss Kathryn Kidder, the distinguished American actress, will head the Orpheum bill next week in a one-act play entitled "The Washerwoman Duchess," in which she will impersonate Mme. Sans Gêne, the rôle she made famous. It was through Miss Kidder that Victorien Sardou's play, "Mme. Sans Gêne," was first brought to America. She purchased it before the great Rejane produced it in Paris and was the first to present it in the English language. In "The Washerwoman Duchess" is presented a complete play, and not a series of scenes. The great historical figures of Napoleon and his favorite marshal, Lefebvre, and the indomitable marchioness who became a duchess are presented in a thrilling and human story dealing with the domestic life of these famous people.

James J. Morton, fittingly described as a "Fellow of Infinite Jest" and without a peer among monologists, will amuse with his original humor and quaint mannerisms.

The Chung Hwa Comedy Four, a quartet of Chinese, all of whom were born in this city, have obeyed the call of vaudeville and will appear as exponents of harmony and fun in an act in which they found favor in the East. They sing in Chinese and in English and their humor is naturally on original lines.

The Three Ellisons will present a musical setting to Longfellow's immortal poem, "The Village Blacksmith," to which they have given a picturesque and unique scene which depicts the village smithy and its accessories. The Three Ellisons enact the blacksmith and his assistants and from anvils, shoes, bells, and various other specially contrived instruments produce the most delightful music.

Next week will be the last of Sam Chip and Mary Marble, Agnes Scott and Henry Keane, Conlin, Steele, and Carr, and Clara Morton.

Scott Expedition Pictures at Savoy Theatre.

"The Traffic," that gripping sociological play by Rachael Marshall, will be presented for the last times at the Savoy Theatre this Saturday and Sunday afternoons and evenings, and the forthcoming week will bring back to San Francisco the complete and vivid animated record of the late Captain R. F. Scott's memorable Antarctic expedition. This remarkable entertainment, which recently created a sensation at the Cort Theatre, is accompanied by an interesting lecture by the eminent actor, Charles B. Hanford, and a matinee will be given every day during the engagement, which is limited to two weeks.

The entertainment is programmed as "The Undying Story of Captain Scott" and "Animal Life in the Antarctic," and is a pictorial record of the most striking features of the daily routine and strange adventures of the party, together with features of the animal kingdom of the South Polar Continent. There is laughable comedy induced by comical little penguins, exciting adventures with the ferocious killer whales, and lastly Captain Scott and his four intrepid comrades taking leave, twelve degrees from the pole, of their supporting party, of which Herbert G. Ponting, the cinematographer, was a member. Just before this scene was filmed, by the light of the midnight sun at two a. m. on the morning of November 11, 1911, Captain Scott and his companions, who made the dash for the pole, were cinematographed in the very tent that was destined to become their tomb, and wriggling into the frozen sleeping bags which were later to serve as their shrouds. Without doubt this is the most soul-stirring picture ever flashed upon a screen.

Theatre Francais Announces Opening Night.

The first performance of the Théâtre Français will be given at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Thursday night, November 13, when Jules Sandeau's comedy, "Mlle. de la Sieglère," will be given a most careful production. This work is one of the most charming in the literature of the French drama and has long been one of the standard favorites at the Comédie Française. While the work is a comedy of the highest form it is full of delightful romance and sentiment.

THE MUSIC SEASON.

Alda Farewell this (Saturday) Afternoon.

Mme. Frances Alda, whose superb voice and splendid artistry has been the main topic of conversation in musical circles this week, and her assisting stars, Gutia Casini and Frank La Forge, will give their farewell programme at Scottish Rite Auditorium this Saturday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

Of the violoncello playing of Casini and the solo and accompaniment work of La Forge there is nothing but praise.

The farewell programme will include works by Franz, Schubert, Brahms, Gilberte, MacDowell, Massenet, Richard Strauss, and La Forge, and there will be novelties never before heard here by Wolf-Ferrari, Sigurd Lie, Gretchaninow, and Cesar Franck.

Casini and La Forge will play the "Sonata" for piano and cello by Grieg, and each of these artists will also play important solo numbers.

The box-offices down town will be open until one o'clock and after that seats can be secured at the hall.

Harold Bauer Will Be Heard Tomorrow.

Tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon, November 2, at 2:30, Harold Bauer, one of those master-pianists whose art appeals to musician and layman alike, will give the first of a series of three programmes arranged in compliance with requests from local music-lovers.

The programme for the opening concert will include Bach's "Suite" in G minor, Schumann's "Davidsbündlerstänze," Chopin's "Tarantella" and "Polonaise" in F sharp minor, Schubert's rarely played "Laender," and some works by Maurice Ravel, Cesar Franck, and Enrique Granadas never before heard in this city.

The second programme will be played next Thursday night, November 6, and the features will be Cesar Franck's "Prelude, Chorale and Fugue," Schumann's "Faschingsschwank," Bach's "Italian Concerto," a group of four Chopin gems, and Liszt's transcription of the "Liebestod" from "Tristan und Isolde." The farewell programme will be played on November 8.

Complete programmes are to be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's, where seats are now on sale.

Symphony Orchestra and Schumann-Heink.

The second programme of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra's current season will be given at the Cort Theatre Friday afternoon, November 7, at three o'clock sharp. The occasion will be made notable by the first appearance in San Francisco this season of Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink. This will also be the first appearance here of the great contralto with full symphony orchestra.

The singer will appear twice on the programme and sing identically the same numbers given when Mme. Heink appeared last March as the soloist of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra: The Recitative "Jetzt Vitiellia," aria "Nie Soll mit Rosen," from Mozart's "La Clemenza di Tito," and the big scene and aria, "Gerechter Gott" from Wagner's "Rienzi."

Mr. H. B. Randall will play the clarinet obligatory to the first number. Not only will the words of Mme. Heink's numbers be printed on the programme in Italian and German, but a splendid English translation by William F. Athorp will also be found. The orchestra is

rehearsing most diligently and will give splendidly Schubert's C major symphony.

Seats, which will go on sale Monday morning at the box-offices of Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase, and the Cort Theatre, will be sold at the regular prices asked for all concerts of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra.

NEXT FRIDAY
SAN FRANCISCO
SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
HENRY HADLEY - CONDUCTOR

Mme. ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK

Second Symphony Concert at the Cort Theatre, Friday aft. Nov. 7, 3 o'clock sharp

Tickets on sale Monday at box-offices Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase, and Cort Theatre. Prices \$2, \$1.50, \$1, 75c. Box and Loge seats, \$3.

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ARTISTIC VAUDEVILLE

KATHRYN KIDDER as Mme. Sans-Gêne in the new playlet, "The Washerwoman Duchess"; JAMES J. MORTON, "A Fellow of Infinite Jest"; CHUNG HWA COMEDY FOUR, Chinese Exponents of Harmony and Fun; The THREE ELLISONS, presenting to music Longfellow's "The Village Blacksmith"; CLARA MORTON (of the Four Mortons) in "Finding the Family," assisted by Frank Sheen; AGNES SCOTT and HENRY KEANE; CONLIN, STEELE and CARR; Special Feature—"Too Many Tents," Taken Exclusively for the Orpheum Circuit. Last Week Great Comedy Hit, SAM CHIP and MARY MARBLE, in the picture-book playlet, "The Land of Dykes," introducing by request "If I Only Had a Leming Pie." Evening prices 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats \$1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and Holidays) 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone Douglas 70.

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TWO WEEKS—Beginning Monday, Nov. 3
Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays
Special Prices at Wednesday Matinee, 25c to \$1.50

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Anna Held, Geo. Beban and Co., Ward and Curran, Chas. Ahearn and Co., Imperial Pekinese Troupe, Francis and Florette, Hirschel Hendler
\$1 MAT. EVERY DAY (Except Friday)
Nights, 50c to \$2.

Next—Sunday, Nov. 9, "The Chocolate Soldier."

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Eddy Street near Market. Phone Sutter 4200.

GRAND OPERA SEASON

Mat. Today at 2 Sharp and Sunday Night, Leoncavallo's Zingari, with Melis, Chiodo, Montesanto and Brilli, under the direction of the composer. Tonight, La Bohème, with Moseiska, Simzis, Botta, Modesti and Sesona. Monday, Thursday Mat. and Saturday Rigoletto, with Simzis, Anita, Botta, Modesti and Sesona. Tuesday and Sunday, Zingari. Wednesday, La Bohème. Thursday Night and Saturday Mat., Thais, with Melis, Montesanto and Sesona. Friday, Aida, with Crestani, Anita, Chiodo, Modesti and Sesona. Prices—\$2 to 50c. Boxes seating 8, \$40. Mail orders filled. Send funds to W. H. Leahy, Tivoli Opera House.

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Matinees Thursday, Saturday and Sunday.

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Van Ness at Sutter

Mme. ALDA

CASINI, "Cellist LA FORGE, Pianist
This Saturday aft. Nov. 1, at 2:30



Harold Bauer

Master-Pianist

This Sunday aft. Nov. 2,
Thursday eve, Nov. 6,
and Saturday aft. Nov. 8

Tickets \$2, \$1.50, \$1, at Sherman,
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Mason and Hamlin Piano.



SCHUMANN-HEINK

at CORT THEATRE

Two Sunday afts. Nov. 9 and 16

Tickets \$2.50, \$2, \$1.50, \$1, ready
next Wednesday at Sherman, Clay
& Co.'s, and Kohler & Chase's.

IN OAKLAND

Friday aft. Nov. 14 YE LIBERTY
Box-office opens Monday, Nov. 10

Steinway Piano.

Coming—CARRENO, Pianist.

VANITY FAIR.

We are rapidly revising our ideas of the European aristocracy. There was a time when we supposed that the lords and princes of the old world were chartered libertines with a special prerogative to swagger through the land and insult whomsoever they pleased just like an American policeman. We thought that they had powers to pass laws just like our own suffragettes and that common people had to cringe before them just as we cringe to a waiter or a sleeping-car porter. But either we have been mistaken or the European is stiffening his back. It seems that the European aristocrat must not only obey the law, but he must smile and look pleasant over it. He must not answer back. *Noblesse oblige* must be not only his motto, but his practice.

For example, take the case of Prince Charles of Wrede, who is not only a prince, but a captain of German cavalry, and captains of German cavalry are comparable only with our West Point graduates in the unshakable conviction that the earth and the fullness thereof belong to them. It seems that the prince had occasion to telephone, and his temper was so far ruffled by one of the nymphs who presided over the Ansbach exchange that he described that institution as a hogpen and expressed the belief that the attendant sprites were reading novels instead of attending to their official duties. Now the prince ought not to have used the word hogpen. We ourselves have had our little difficulties with telephone operators in the past, but we never used language of this kind. We used no language at all. We intended to, but lacked the opportunity. There is no satisfaction in stating precise opinions into a telephone receiver when you know that the lady at the other end has "hung up," so we had to take it out on the office boy and subsequently on the domestic circle.

But to return to the Prince of Wrede. You would hardly believe it, but he was prosecuted for being rude to a telephone girl. He was charged with *beamtenebeleidigung*, or words to that effect, which seems a very terrible thing to be charged with. And he was fined \$7. His plea that the service was execrably bad did not avail him in the least. The court admitted that the service was bad. The court said that there were no words in the language that could describe its badness. But that was not even a mitigating circumstance. Princes and cavalry captains must not be rude to telephone girls. It was a distinct case of *beamtenebeleidigung*, and as soon as the court had extracted that word from its system it imposed the aforesaid fine and adjourned.

It seems that Dr. David Starr Jordan is preparing a book intended to show the illustrious origin of a large number of American families. We are interested in that book because we are of illustrious descent ourselves, although we never boast of it. We are descended from Adam, the father of the human race, and although we usually conceal this fact from a certain innate modesty that has been our handicap all through life there seems no reason why we should not now advance our claims to recognition in Dr. Jordan's new book. If other scions of noble families are to be included why should we be omitted, seeing that we are prepared to advance the necessary proofs and credentials? It is all very well to be diffident, but this thing can be carried too far.

There are quite a number of names in Dr. Jordan's book if we can rely upon the advance notices. It seems that Henry C. McPhike is descended from Charlemagne. Now who would have thought it? We do not know McPhike, but evidently we have been entertaining angels unawares, and if McPhike wishes to run for sheriff he should mention this little matter of Charlemagne. Then there is Mrs. Mary Newbury, who is descended from William the Conqueror. The family lives in Dubuque, Iowa, now. There is a Mrs. William Washington Gordon of Savannah, who also is descended from Charlemagne, and therefore she ought to get acquainted with the aforesaid McPhike. It is really wonderful how families drift apart nowadays. Home life seems to be a thing of the past. There ought to be a reunion of that Charlemagne bunch. What a time they would have chatting over old days. Then there is Mrs. John J. Bagley, who is descended from William the Conqueror. She lives in Detroit, but she ought to get into touch with Mrs. Mary Newbury of Dubuque and renew the domestic tie. Frederick Hastings Ringe is descended from Alfred the Great. He lives in Los Angeles. And so it goes. These scions of royalty are scattered all over America. Some of them live in San Francisco, and there is actually a descendant of Edward I living over in Berkeley, and we never even knew it. What a descent it is, too, and what ups and downs there are in life.

The Louisville Courier-Journal asks if it is not about time for the recognition of Maurice Splain, author of the "Splain cocktail"? Let nobody be misled by the quotation marks. They are used merely in deference to the militant cocktail drinkers who would regard

the label as being misleading. The "Splain cocktail" is not a literary effusion. It is not a mixed drink. It is merely a tall glass of pure orange juice. The originator, a gentleman of convivial disposition in the higher and purer sense, but not inclined to alcoholic indulgence, created the drink to fill a long-felt want. It serves a purpose when the conversation has progressed to such a point that thirst has developed, or is supposed to be existent, and a thoughtful participant in the discussion of ships or shoes or sealing wax or cabbages or kings, as the case may be, interrupts the feast of reason and flow of soul with "what'ly-have?"

Grape juice comes in bottles. It may, perhaps, be made by a trust. Nearly everything is nowadays save noise, in which there is no monopoly, despite the militant efforts of the suffragettes. But the "makings" of a "Splain cocktail" grow on trees. Three oranges of average size and succulence, and a lemon squeezer of suitable power, and there you are! A drink of seductive appearance and aroma, six or seven fingers tall, democratic in simplicity, and no mystery about the formula. A cold drink for a hot day. A cooling drink for heated discussions upon a cold day. A healthful nightcap and, for those who like that sort of a "mawnin's mawnin'," an excellent "mawnin's mawnin'." Harmless to children, and for women a safe substitute for tanglefoot in the various insidious forms in which it is now, unhappily, much too popular with a sex bent upon equality in vices. Of course the President knows Mr. Splain, and knows that his cocktail is not his only claim to recognition. He is a journalist of standing, and a Washingtonian of long standing. His popularity is wider than that of his cocktail.

A New York newspaper gives us an awed description of a ball held on an Atlantic liner just before its arrival at New York. The ostensible purpose of the festivity was to raise money for the destitute families of seamen, and Judge Gary, who was one of the passengers, estimated that the total wealth of the dancers was \$850,000,000. The amount raised for the charity was a little less than five thousand dollars.

One wonders why it is considered necessary to tack on the name of a charity to an affair of this sort. We may suppose that these people danced because they wished to dance and that they were utterly indifferent to the families of the destitute seamen. Imagine the absurd spectacle of \$850,000,000 worth of people deciding to hold a dance in order to relieve the necessities of the poor and producing \$5000 as a result. Surely it would have been easier to draw a check and have done with it. It reminds us of some of the charitable ladies of San Francisco who sell rubbishy lead pencils in the streets for a profit about equal to the cost of a pair of cheap gloves and who then imagine that they are doing good to some one.

A correspondent of the London Standard gives some amusing details of the particular smoking tastes of popular Frenchmen and foreign sovereigns. M. Briand smokes nothing but cigarettes, of all sorts; M. Pelletan half-penny cigars; and M. Lépine, ex-prefect of police and now deputy for Montbrison, clay pipes, which he breaks as soon as he has finished using once. The late King Edward, he says, smoked the longest and thickest cigars ever known, they being exactly eight and a half inches in length and two and a half inches in diameter. These were made expressly for his majesty in Havana, and cost 5s. each, whilst the workman received 10d. per cigar for the making. The Kaiser patronizes the same manufacturer, but his cigars are of smaller calibre and more modest price, being only six and a half inches long, and costing £6 a hundred.

The Emperor Francis Joseph has never smoked but one sort of cigar, which is a favorite with the working classes in Austria and Hungary, namely, the long, thin black article, tapering at both ends, and traversed by a straw. His apostolic majesty can get through more of these than most men, and it must be a distinctly educated taste to enjoy these "puros," which burn the tongue like a coal. The Czar has a special cigarette made for him of choice Turkish tobacco, grown and selected exclusively for his own consumption. King Alfonso scarcely smokes anything but cigarettes, but is such a slave to the habit that he is miserable when court etiquette prevents him for more than an hour from indulging.

Out of 142 models for the monument to Alexander II of Russia sent in by French, German, Austrian, and Italian sculptors, that presented by Professor Raffaele Romanelli, of Florence, has been selected by the Czar for the first prize, and the model, with certain modifications suggested by the Czar, will form the basis of the monument.

Press Agent—Miss de Star, I'm going to work up a story that your pet Pomeranian poodle swallowed all your diamonds. Miss de Star—Why, sir, do you think I want people to think I have only enough diamonds to fill a poodle?—Chicago News.

November 16th

AND DAILY THEREAFTER

THE NEW

"Sunset Limited"

NO EXTRA FARE

Will leave San Francisco for New Orleans
via Los Angeles

DAILY SCHEDULE

Lv. San Francisco (Third St. Station) 5:00 p. m., Sun.
Lv. Los Angeles 8:15 a. m., Mon.
Ar. New Orleans 8:50 p. m., Wed.

TIME

San Francisco to New Orleans . . 73 h., 50 m.
Los Angeles to New Orleans . . . 58 h., 35 m.

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There is no transcontinental route of greater interest or diversity than that of "Sunset Limited"—from San Francisco, via Los Angeles, through southern California, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas and Louisiana to New Orleans.

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Also with steamers of Southern Pacific Atlantic Steamship Line, sailing to New York every Wednesday and Saturday.

For rates, Sleeping Car and Steamer reservations
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Southern Pacific

THE EXPOSITION LINE—1915

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An unprepared man went to address a Sunday-school. Thinking to be funny, he asked this question: "What would you do before so many bright boys and girls, who expected a speech from you, if you had nothing to say?" "I'd keep quiet," replied a small boy.

Dinny was taking dinner with Hogan at a brilliant café. They weren't accustomed to eating at such a place, but they got along fairly well. When they had finished, the waiter said: "Shall I bring you a couple of demi-tasses?" "Not on yer life," exclaimed Dinny. "Our wives might come in an' see us sittin' wid them."

Two negroes were once matched for a boxing contest. Finally one began scoring heavily, and the other went to his corner at the end of the round badly beaten. He failed to respond when the bell rang. "Come on neah, niggah, dis am a fight to a finish," challenged the more lively of the pair. The hattered one simply sat in his corner head down, dejected. "Yes, an' I'se finished," he grunted.

Brian was quite unaccustomed to the ways of society, but he had obtained a very good post as footman. The morning after taking up his duties his lordship rang for him and told him to ask her ladyship if she was "at home." "She is, sor," said Brian; "she's just gone into the drawing-room." "Please do what I ask," said his lordship. Brian went timidly to the drawing-room. "If you please, your ladyship, his lordship wants to know if you're at home." "No, tell him; not today." "Bedad!" said Brian, "they're both mad."

Oscar Wilde was once much annoyed by a fellow-guest at an English country house, who loudly stated that all artistic employment was a melancholy waste of time. "Well, Mr. Wilde," he said one day, "how have you been passing your time this morning?" "I have been immensely busy," replied Wilde gravely; "I have spent the time poring over the proof-sheets of my book of poems." The Philistine inquired the result of that. "Well, it was very important. I took out a comma." "Indeed," returned the enemy of the literatie, "is that all you did?" "By no means; on mature reflection I put back the comma," said Wilde sweetly.

At some army manoeuvres two officers of the Royal Artillery were disputing about the classification of a tree. One said it was a birch tree and the other an oak tree. They could not agree, so they called a gunner who was sitting near-by and asked him if he could tell them what kind of a tree it was. The gunner looked up and down the tree, walked around it, drew his sword, and began cutting it. The officers asked him what he meant by this behavior, when he looked up at them and answered: "I am trying to discover what kind of tree it is." Inspecting the gash he had made with the air of a sage, the gunner at length delivered his verdict: "It's a wooden one, sirs."

He had plastered his touched-up hair down over his bald spot, and he had assumed the sort of smile that his female friends called "childish" when he was in college. His shoes were shined, and so was his nose. And then he called on the young lady. "My object in calling on you this evening, Gertrude," he began, and then he coughed and added in a trembling voice, "I may call you Gertrude, may I not?" "Sure you can," answered the young girl. "I allow all of papa's elderly friends to call me Gertrude. The oldest of them even call me Gert. You may say 'Gert' if you wish. What was it you wanted to talk about?" He coughed again, and then talked about how much warmer it was in the summer of 1872.

The difficulties of conveying the true idea of Christianity to the Eskimo mind is related by Vilhjalmur Stefansson. "Now it seems that in Kotselue Sound, where the Christian doctrines of the Colville people had originated, fishing is by nets only. As fishing is practically the only work done there, the missionary had probably said to them, 'Do not put out your fish-nets on Sunday,' meaning thereby, 'Do not work on Sunday.' However that may be, the prohibition came to our community in the form: 'God has said you must not use fish-nets on Sunday.' Accordingly, the entire community pulled their fish-nets out of the river Saturday night, fished with hooks all day Sunday, and put the nets back into the water Monday morning."

The late A. L. Williams of Topeka, general attorney for the Union Pacific, was once on a trip with a party of friends in a private car, and while in Denver one of the party, a man of convivial habits, came in the car late one night and found Mr. Williams playing solitaire. The convivial one was enough under the influence of liquor to be talkative and proceeded to tell Mr. Williams a long story of his domestic unhappiness. The next morn-

ing, when sober, he mentioned the fact that he had talked too much the night before and requested that anything he might have said would not be repeated. Mr. Williams, in order to relieve the man's embarrassment, said: "That's all right; I never listened to you and have no idea what you said." That night the man returned in the same condition. Looking sternly at Mr. Williams, he said: "Now, darn you, you said you didn't listen to me last night, so I'm going to tell you the whole story again and you've got to listen."

It was on the *Auguste Victoria*, homeward bound, that two Americans, a Frenchman, and an Englishman were discussing the relative value of European and American waiters, with the balance much in favor of the transatlantic variety. To illustrate his point, the American related the experience of a New Yorker in a Broadway café, whose bill of fare afforded a choice of mince pie, cherry pie, custard pie, and apple pie. "You may bring me," said the guest, "a piece of apple, of cherry, and of custard pie." "Well," ejaculated the waiter, "what is the matter with the mince pie, sir?" After the laugh had subsided the Englishman leaned across the table. "Beg pardon, Dr. Smith, but what was the matter with the mince pie?"

An old negro went into a drug store in Richmond and said: "Boss, will you please, suh, call de colonel on de telephone?" This was done, and the old dandy said: "Colonel, dat ar mulc done stall right in de main street right out here in front of de store. Yaas, suh; I done tied strings round his ears, but he didn't hudge. What's dat? What's dat? Yaas, suh, I build a fire under him, but it didn't do nutbin' but scorch de harness. Yaas, suh; yaas, suh; I took de things out, but he wouldn't hudge. Yaas, suh; yaas, suh. What's dat? No, suh; no, suh, colonel, I didn't twist his tail. Yaas, suh; yaas, suh, another gemman twis' his tail; he look like a Northern gemman. What's dat, colonel? Yaas, suh, dey tuk him to de hospital."

THE MERRY MUSE.

II.

Those silhouet costumes
Are stylish, we're told;
But if girls don't wear 'em
They may not catch cold.
—Springfield (Mass.) Union.

Joy in Prospect.

Why talk of the "war of the sexes"
As though men and women were foes?
Such chatter the spirit but vexes
And might lead to quarrels and blows.
We're all of us sisters and brothers,
With no cause for quarrels or strife,
And what blesses one blesses others—
Louisa will soon be my wife!

Louisa says: "Let's make concessions;
From each is some sacrifice due.
You give me your worldly possessions
And I'll give my kinkfolks to you!"
Ah, love will hostility banish!
So nothing but joy will be known
And all forms of sorrow will vanish
When I make Louisa my own!

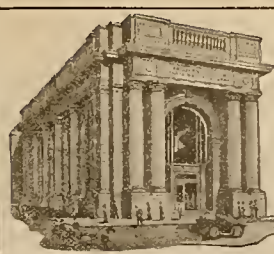
An era of bliss is now due man,
'Twill come when we follow this plan:
Let the bank book be kept by the woman
The cook book be read by the man!
Then the lamb shall lie down with the lion
And all shall be happy and free,
And a great peace shall come upon Zion
When Louisa is married to me!
—New York Sun.

Tempora Mutantur.

I remember when, not very long ago, our youthful merry
Sports were frowned upon, when night was coming on—
When a guardian with gumption would be scared
We'd get consumption
If we stayed outdoors between the dusk and dawn;
When a boy discovered lying on the ground was mourned as dying—
Or as good as dead! And I remember when
'Twas reckoned simple suicide to cast a shirt or shoe aside—
But times have changed a little bit since then.

We could read of how our fathers didn't have such pesky bothers,
How the old-time Injuns slept upon the grass;
How Arcadian Amaryllis never heard of a bacillus,
Though she lived among the lilies—lucky lass!
Eudymion might charm us, but his moonlight naps would harm us,
And we couldn't sleep in dew damp moor or fen—
For when we called attention to his tale, our folks would mention
That times had changed an awful lot since then.

We're returning now, you'll notice, to the lovely Land of Lotus,
And the "night air" doesn't cause, but cures a cough.
We defy the windy season now, for "listen, there's a reason—"
Clothing cures consumption (if you take it off!).
Our grandmothers were silly when they warned us that a chilly
Day was rather hard on narrow-chested men.
And we moderns hear no more of what, perhaps, was true a score of
Years ago. You see the times have changed since then.
—Ted Robinson, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.



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June 30th, 1913:

Assets.....\$55,644,983.27
Capital actually paid up in Cash. 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.. 1,757,148.57
Employees' Pension Fund..... 158,261.32
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TWO CLUB RATES WITHDRAWN

Beginning November 10th the management of "Cosmopolitan" and "Harper's Bazar" will withdraw from all combination offers. "Argonaut" subscribers who are now receiving the benefit of club rates with these publications are kindly requested to note the change.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Elva Korbel of Petaluma and Mr. Thomas C. Melleisch. Miss Korbel is a sister of Mr. Leo Korbel, who married Miss Miriam McNear a year ago. The wedding will take place in January.

Colonel Charles A. Phillips, U. S. A., and Mrs. Phillips announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Calli Phillips, to Lieutenant Ralph Harrison, U. S. A. The wedding will take place in January.

Mrs. Frank D. Nicol announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Helen Nicol, to Lieutenant Joseph Leroy Neilson, U. S. N. Miss Nicol is a sister of Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith of this city. Lieutenant Neilson is attached to the U. S. S. Pittsburgh. The wedding will take place in January.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Sherwood announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Avis Sherwood, to Mr. George F. Newton.

The wedding of Miss Muriel Coombs and Mr. Joseph C. Gyle took place Tuesday afternoon, October 21. The bride is a daughter of Mrs. Katherine Coombs of Napa. Mr. and Mrs. Gyle will reside in Corning.

The wedding of Miss Nancy Leishman and Charles, Duke of Croy, took place Monday in Geneva, Switzerland. Miss Leishman is the daughter of Mr. John G. Leishman, former ambassador to Germany, and Mrs. Leishman, and a sister of the Countess Martha Goutant-Eiron and of Mr. John Leishman, Jr., of New York.

The wedding of Miss Chelana Nesbitt and Assistant Naval Constructor Lee Scott Border, U. S. N., will take place Wednesday, November 5, at the Church of the Incarnation at Santa Rosa. A reception following the ceremony will be held at the home of Miss Nesbitt's aunt, Dr. Elizabeth Linn. The young couple will leave next month for Shanghai, China, where they will reside.

The wedding of Miss Olga Schulze and Mr. Horace Bradford Clifton took place Wednesday evening, October 29, at St. Luke's Episcopal Church. The bride, who is a daughter of Mrs. Oscar Schulze of Dixon, was attended by Miss Elizabeth Brice as maid of honor. The bridesmaids were the Misses Madge Wilson, Helen Wright, Laura Curry, and Helen Johnson. Captain Alfred Clifton, U. S. A., was his brother's best man. The ushers were the Messrs. Leonard Abbott, Beverly Tucker, Ronald Rolph, and Maurice Hall. A reception following the ceremony was held at the Bellevue Hotel.

Miss Ethel Shorh entertained a number of friends Friday evening at a Halloween party at the home on Broadway of her mother, Mrs. J. de Barth Shorh.

Mrs. Frederick Sharon has issued invitations to a luncheon Thursday, November 6, at the Palace Hotel, in honor of Mme. Emma Eames de Gogorza.

Miss Helen Johnson was hostess Wednesday at a luncheon at her home on California Street in honor of Miss Olga Schulze.

Miss Constance Collier was the guest of honor Wednesday at a tea given by Mrs. Frederick Sharon at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sabla gave a luncheon Sunday at their home in San Mateo in honor of Count B. Merveldt and Count W. de Genfeld of Vienna.

Mr. Murray McEwen gave a supper party Thursday evening in honor of the Count and Countess Casary.

Mr. Walter Hobart was host Wednesday afternoon at a tea at the St. Francis Hotel.

Mrs. Paul Butte entertained the members of the Auction Bridge Club Friday afternoon at her home on Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Vail gave a Halloween party Friday evening at their home on Lake Street.

Mr. William G. Goldsborough was host at a dinner Friday evening in honor of Miss Elsie Clifford and Miss Lillian Hall.

Mrs. J. G. Barker was hostess recently at a dance at her home in Belvedere.

Miss Harriet Pomeroy gave a dinner Friday evening in honor of Miss McKenzie, who is visiting her from Portland. Later Miss Pomeroy accompanied her guests to the dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Edgar De Pue.

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst was hostess Wednesday evening at a dinner preceding the Portola ball. The affair was given in honor of Miss Conchita Sepulveda.

Mr. Adrian Applegarth was host Friday evening at a dinner in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Walter A. Scott and Mrs. Louis Cummings.

Miss Helen Wallach will be the guest of honor Friday, November 7, at a tea given by her sister, Miss Louise Wallach.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar De Pue entertained a number of young people last evening at a dance at their home on Sacramento Street. The affair was in honor of Miss Ruth Zeile, a debutante of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk gave a dinner Wednesday evening at the Hotel Fairmont.

A hundred and fifty members of the Bohemian Club gave a dance Tuesday evening in honor of Mr. Harry Francis.

Mrs. Earl Shipp has issued invitations to a bridge party Monday, November 3, in honor of Miss Ha Sonntag.

Count Casary was host Wednesday evening at a theatre party in honor of the Misses Milo and Margaret Abercrombie.

Miss Kathleen Farrell gave a dinner Wednesday evening at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Miss Elsie Clifford.

Dr. Grant Selfridge gave a stag dinner Tuesday evening at his home on Clay Street.

Mrs. Dent Robert was hostess Thursday afternoon at a tea at the Palace Hotel. The affair was in honor of Miss Conchita Sepulveda.

Mr. Ethel Woodward Glenn entertained a number of friends Tuesday evening at a bridge party.

Miss Nina Jones was the guest of honor Friday at a luncheon given by Miss Edith Rucker. Mrs.

Alan Macdonald also entertained for Miss Jones Tuesday afternoon at a tea at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Marcia Fee entertained a number of friends recently at a luncheon and bridge party.

Miss Helen Jones was hostess Thursday evening at a theatre and supper party.

Mrs. Earl Shipp was the guest of honor Monday evening at a bridge party given by her cousin, Miss Katherine MacAdam, at her home on Franklin Street.

The officers of the U. S. S. South Dakota gave a luncheon Sunday in the ward room of the cruiser. The party was chaperoned by Mrs. Charles Soule.

Lieutenant Kirby Crittenden, U. S. N., and Mrs. Crittenden entertained a number of friends Friday afternoon at a the dansant on board the U. S. S. Charleston in honor of Miss Ruby Bond.

Lieutenant Harvey Heaslip, U. S. N., and Ensign Whitley Perkins, U. S. N., were hosts Saturday afternoon at a the dansant on board the U. S. S. South Dakota.

Lieutenant Peters, U. S. N., entertained a number of friends Thursday evening at a dinner-dance on board the U. S. S. South Dakota.

Colonel R. C. Davis, U. S. A., and Mrs. Davis were the guests of honor Friday evening at a dinner given by Captain Wertenbaker, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wertenbaker at their home at Fort Winfield Scott.

Mrs. Maxwell Murray was hostess recently at a bridge party at her home at Fort Winfield Scott.

Captain Ruch R. Wallace, U. S. M. C., and Mrs. Wallace entertained a number of friends recently at a bridge party at their home at Vallejo. The affair was in honor of Captain William Brackett, U. S. M. C., and Mrs. Brackett, who have just returned from Guam.

Mrs. T. J. J. See gave a bridge party Wednesday afternoon at her home at Mare Island.

Captain Benjamin Willis, U. S. A., and Mrs. Williams entertained the members of the Fort Scott Card Club Tuesday evening at their home at Fort Winfield Scott.

Colonel Euclid Frick, U. S. A., and Mrs. Frick entertained a number of friends at a bridge party Wednesday evening at their home at the Presidio.

Lieutenant Joseph A. Atkins, U. S. A., and Mrs. Atkins gave a Halloween party Friday evening at the Presidio.

Captain Edward T. Nones, U. S. A., and Mrs. Nones entertained a number of friends at bridge Thursday evening in honor of Captain Leonard T. Waldron, U. S. A., and Mrs. Waldron.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe have closed their home in Menlo Park and are established for the winter in the Mountford S. Wilson house on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. Charles N. Black and his daughter, Miss Marie Louise Black, have returned from a few weeks' visit in the East.

Mrs. Frederick W. Van Sicken has returned from Munich, where she has been visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Dr. George Lyman and Mrs. Lyman, who will sail December 3 for America after an absence of two years.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton have returned from Coronado, where they went recently on Mr. J. D. Spreckels's yacht.

Miss Janet von Schröder was in town during the week of festivities, and was a guest of Mrs. Eleanor Martin.

The Misses Hannah and Emily Du Bois have given up their cottage in Belvedere and are established for the winter at the Hotel Monroe.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis and their sons have returned to their home in San Mateo after having spent a week at the Fairmont Hotel. They have leased the residence on Washington Street of Mrs. Phoebe N. Rideout and will be in town about December 1.

Mrs. Louis Parrott sailed Wednesday from Europe, where she has been traveling during the summer.

Miss Ysabel Chase has returned to her home in Napa County after a visit in town with Miss Ruth Winslow.

Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Sypher have rented the apartment on Gough Street of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight.

Mrs. Marmaduke B. Kellogg left a few days ago for New York en route to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin will spend the winter in Ross. Mr. Baldwin is recovering from an operation in his throat.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding and Miss Lena Blanding are occupying their apartments at the Fairmont Hotel, where they will be joined shortly by Mrs. Edith Blanding Coleman.

Mrs. A. Stewart Baldwin and Miss Laura Baldwin have gone to Portland to visit Mr. and Mrs. James Lowe Hall (formerly Miss Mildred Baldwin).

Mrs. Frederick Vandevender Stott has returned to her home in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Lilly and their little son are in town for the winter, and are occupying a house on Jackson Street near Steiner.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bancroft have returned from San Diego, where they have been spending several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Green are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Green at their home in San Mateo.

Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver and her daughter, Miss Isabelle Beaver, have returned from a visit in Monterey.

Mr. Loring Pickering has returned from Europe, where he has been spending the past two years.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent have opened their town house on Washington Street, after having spent the summer in Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Effingham Sutton have moved from Pacific Avenue, where they have resided since their marriage, and are settled in a home on Clay and Cherry Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinckard will close their home in San Rafael next week and will spend the winter in town. They have rented an apartment on Sacramento Street near Laguna.

Mr. and Mrs. Emory Winship, their children, and Miss Margaret Casey left Wednesday for the

East. They will spend the winter in Macon, Georgia.

Mrs. Horace L. Hill left last week for her home in New York after having spent the summer in Los Altos. She will be joined later by her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Jr., who will spend the winter in New York.

Miss Mary Gayley has been spending the past week as the guest of Miss Cora Smith at her home on California Street.

Mr. Albert Hooper has dismantled his home on Presidio Avenue with the intention of spending several years in Europe.

Mrs. A. P. Hotaling and her daughter, Miss Jane Hotaling, have been spending the past few weeks in New York. Miss Hotaling will visit Mr. and Mrs. Emory Winship and Miss Margaret Casey before returning home.

Mrs. J. J. Spieker, Mrs. John Drum, and Miss Virginia Jolliffe have returned from New York.

Mrs. S. R. Rosenstock and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall have gone East to spend a few weeks in New York.

Lieutenant Oswald F. Henning, Medical Relief Corps, U. S. A., has been relieved from further duty at Fort Columbia, Washington, and will proceed to the Presidio at Monterey.

Lieutenant F. E. Wilson, Sixth Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to Fort McPherson, Georgia, for temporary duty.

Lieutenant J. S. Perkins, Second Field Artillery, U. S. A., has been transferred to the Third Field Artillery.

Lieutenant Charles R. Castlen, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at Fort Worden, Washington, and ordered to Fort Columbia, Washington.

Captain Leonard T. Waldron, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at Fort Baker and ordered to Fort Stephens.

Lieutenant-Colonel Oscar I. Straub, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been granted a leave of absence for fifteen days.

Colonel Lea Febiger, Sixth Infantry, U. S. A., stationed at the Presidio, and who has been on sick leave, has been granted an additional leave of absence for four months. Colonel Febiger will take a sea voyage in the hope of regaining his health.

Lieutenant-Colonel A. W. Gates, U. S. A., is stopping at the Hotel Stewart for several days.

Lieutenant-Commander David F. Sellers, U. S. N., will leave here shortly on a detail of several months' duration.

Lieutenant-Commander Ralph Earl Bach, U. S. N., has been placed in command of the U. S. S. Dolphin.

Naval Constructor J. H. Walsh, U. S. N., has been ordered to Olongapo, Philippine Islands, to await orders.

Surgeon C. C. Grieve, U. S. N., has been ordered to the Naval Hospital at Los Animas, Colorado.

Lieutenant Frederick C. Rogers, Sixteenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted a three months' leave of absence. He will visit the Panama Canal.

Major H. W. Schull, Ordnance Department, U. S. A., in command of the Watertown Arsenal, New York, is in this city on leave of absence.

Captain Arthur Kerwin, U. S. A., and Mrs. Kerwin are en route from Fort Seward, Alaska, to this city, where they will reside. Captain Kerwin has been ordered to the Quartermaster's Department.

Major Adrian S. Fleming, U. S. A., adjutant-general at Vancouver Barracks, Washington, has been granted a five days' leave of absence.

Will Give Benefit Concert.

On Wednesday evening, November 5, a benefit will be given in Sequoia Hall, 1725 Washington Street, for the Refuge for Girls, the affair being under the auspices of the Vogt Ensemble Club. Among those who will be heard on the programme are Miss Helen Heath, Mr. Hother Wismer, and Mrs. William Ritter. The accompanists will be Miss Nellie Pratt and Mr. Benjamin Moore. Tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and may also be obtained at the hall on the night of the concert.

Possessing a municipal playhouse of great beauty, built at a cost of \$1,500,000, and with leading companies from Europe occupying the boards, Rio de Janeiro is beginning to feel the need of encouraging its home talent. Brazilian dramatists are now finding fame throughout South America, and Brazilian music has been accorded appreciation in Buenos Aires, for instance, such as has opened the eyes of the people of Brazil themselves to the value of the material near at hand. There is good reason for believing that the recent successes of Brazil's foremost composer, Alberto Nepomuceno, in Buenos Aires, has had much to do with the present enthusiasm. Señor Nepomuceno's opera, "Ahul," has been produced at the Argentine capital, where it won a tremendous success. One reason why it could not be performed at Rio was the lack of a ballet. As a result a corps is now training there. Señor Nepomuceno is a professor of the Rio de Janeiro Conservatory of Music. He has been prominently before the public for some years. His former work, "Artemis," established him as a composer of quality. He is now engaged on another opera and expectation is that it will have its premiere in the city where Señor Nepomuceno is so intimately connected with all musical activities. Other popular composers in Brazil are Henrique Oswald, Menelau Campos, Francisco Braga, Dr. Abdon Milanez, and Carlos de Mesquita. Señor Oswald was the winner in the great international music contest organized by *Le Figaro* of Paris. He took the prize over 600 competitors with his "Il Neige." No estimate of Brazilian musical achievement is complete without the mention of Carlos Gomez.

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INDIVIDUALITIES.

Professor Waentig, recently recalled by his university in Germany, has for three years been professor of economics in the Imperial University, Tokyo. Prior to going to Japan he was an exchange professor to America.

Mr. Shiro Ikegami, who has been elected mayor of Osaka, was born in Fukushima Prefecture, and started his career as official of the Metropolitan Police Board. He now holds the post of chief of police of Osaka prefectural office and is fifty-eight years of age.

M. Brieux, author of "La Robe Rouge," "Les Avarices," and other plays, has declined to succeed M. Jules Claretie as director of the Théâtre Française. "I wish to write dramas of my own," said Brieux, "not produce the plays of other men."

Chevalier W. F. L. C. Van Rappard, whom the Dutch government has just chosen to succeed Jonkheer J. Loudon as minister at Washington, was formerly Dutch minister to Morocco. He has received a long training in the diplomatic service and is recognized as a man of brilliant attainments.

Allan Aird, winner of the Victorian Rivers and Water Supply Commission scholarship, entitling the holder to a four years' course in an American University for the study of irrigation and engineering, is a young Gippslander who entered Scots College, Melbourne, on a scholarship from St. Andrew's College, Bairnsdale. At present he is attending the agricultural course at the Melbourne University. He will leave shortly for California.

Sir Rufus Daniel Isaacs, succeeding Lord Alverstone, resigned, as lord chief justice of Great Britain, was born in London in 1860. His father was a merchant of the city, but the law appealed to the son, who was afforded every means to assist in his education, which was obtained in England and on the Continent. In 1910 he was made attorney-general, and the forecast was made at the time that he would likely become the chief justice. When not occupied with his profession he turns to tennis, riding, and rowing for recreation.

F. R. Benson, on whom McGill University, at Montreal, recently conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws, is the first actor in North America who has been so honored. He was born in England in 1859, attended Oxford, and is noted both as an actor and manager, having for years devoted himself to Shakespeare. He has been responsible for twenty-six of the annual Shakespeare festivals at Stratford-on-Avon. For recreation he turns to cricket and rowing, and in his younger days he achieved considerable fame as winner of the Inter-Varsity three miles.

Professor Thomas C. Chamberlin, head of the department of geology in the University of Chicago, received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Toronto at the meeting of the International Geological Congress in Canada. Professor Chamberlin has been for many years connected with the United States Geological Survey, his special field being that of glacial geology. He has been an investigator of the fundamental problems of geology for the Carnegie Institution since 1902, has written several treatises on the science, and from its beginning has been editor of the *Journal of Geology*.

Mrs. Elizabeth Armstrong Reed, mother of the late novelist, Myrtle Reed, has for many years been considered an authority on Persian and Hindu literature and holds the unique distinction of being the only woman whose work has been accepted by the Philosophical Society of Great Britain. For two years this book was sent the rounds among the leading scholars of the world, but passed the test and was thus honored by the critics. She has served many years as president of the Illinois Woman's Press Association, is a member of the International Congress of Orientalists, Royal Asiatic Society, and Victoria Institute.

Sir Edward Elgar, whose symphonic study, "Falstaff," has just been produced for the first time at the Leeds (England) festival, has occupied the position of Britain's foremost musical creator since the production of his oratorio, "The Dream of Gerontius," at Birmingham in 1900. Born at Broadheath in 1857, Elgar spent the greater portion of his youth in Worcester. With the exception of a few violin lessons from Pellitzer he is a self-taught musician and some of his remarkable mastery of orchestral compositions Elgar obtained from his five years' experience as bandmaster in a lunatic asylum, the musicians under his direction having been the attendants of the institution.

Henry Ford, whose automobile of eighteen years ago was jeeringly called "Ford's Folly," has risen from the position of a farmer's boy to the head of an institution employing 15,250 workers and is said to pay the third largest income tax of any man in the world. He was born on a farm in Michigan, near Detroit, early deserted school, and for several years did farm work of all kinds. He had a fondness for machinery, however, and going to Detroit, he was employed as assistant en-

gineer at the Edison Illuminating Company's plant. There he built the first gasoline engine, of which he had long dreamed. Finally he began the manufacture of automobiles, and his factory now turns out 1000 finished machines daily. He is a man of modest desires, is an extreme lover of nature, and owns a large farm, part of which is given over to birds and animals.

Dr. Basil Gildersleeve, professor of Greek at Johns Hopkins University, who has just celebrated his eighty-second birthday anniversary, was professor of Greek at the University of Virginia in 1856. He has been at Johns Hopkins since 1876. A member of the leading scientific societies of the world, author of text-books and other volumes, he is active and enthusiastic and expects to be at his post for years to come.

CURRENT VERSE.

Evoc!

Many are the wand-bearers;
Their windy shouts I hear,
Along the hillside vineyard,
And where the wine runs clear;
They show the vine-leaf chaplet,
The ivy-wreathen spear,
But the God, the true Iacchus,
He does not hold them dear.

Many are the wand-bearers,
And bravely are they clad;
Yes, they have all the tokens
His early lovers had.
They sing the master-passions,
Themselves unsad, unglad;
And the God, the true Iacchus—
He knows they are not mad!

Many are the wand-bearers;
The fawn-skin bright they wear;
There are among them menads
That rave with unbound hair.
They toss the harmless firebrand—
It spends itself in air;
And the God, the true Iacchus,
He smiles—and does not care.

Many are the wand-bearers.
And who (ye ask) am I?
One who was born in madness,
"Evoc!" my first cry—
Who dares, before your spear-points,
To challenge and defy;
And the God, the true Iacchus,
So keep me till I die!

Many are the wand-bearers.
I bear with me no sign;
Yet, I was mad, was drunken,
Ere yet I tasted wine;
Nor bleeding grape can slacken
The thirst wherewith I pine;
And the God, the true Iacchus
Hears now this song of mine.

—Edith M. Thomas, in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Out from Lynn.

When I came down the road to Lynn
The surf was beating loud.
Across the sea a ship came in,
Each sail a clinging shroud.
I stood upon the windy hill,
The vagrant heart within me still.
The world was larger to my view,
That moment, than my boyhood knew.

When I put out to sea from Lynn
The tide was dropping down.
I saw the evening lights begin
To glint out in the town.
Straining my eyes across the night,
I watched them till they vanished quite.
My father's house, the day before,
Had seemed as distant as the shore.

When I was out of sight of Lynn
I caught the seaman's tread.
I had a hole to stow me in
And hard boards for my bed.
Like one enchanted, through my work
I watched the stars out in the murk,
Above and in our wake of foam,
The changeless stars I knew at home.

When I go back some day to Lynn,
I know the street that leads
To country lanes I loitered in
Before my manhood's needs.
I shall not mind the buffets then,
The earnest give and take of men,
If some one stands within the door,—
If some one stands—I ask no more.

—Lewis Worthington Smith, in the *Forum*.

Faith.

I jes' don't know ef de cohn'll grow,
But I plants hit jes' de same;
I jes' don't know ef de wind'll blow,
But I watch an' pray, an' I reap an' sow,
An' de sun he rise, an' de ribber flow,
An' de good Lawd know my name.
I jes' can't tell ef de cotton sell,
But I toils on jes' de same;
De birds they build where de spring sap swell,
An' dey know enough for a rainy spell,
An' dat's lots more dan dey gwine tell—
An' de good Lawd know my name.

So I watch an' pray as I goes my way,
An' I toils on jes' de same;
De rose is sweet, but de rose can't stay,
But I'm mighty glad when it blooms my way;
De night fall dark, but de Lawd send day,
An' de good Lawd know my name.
—Frank L. Stanton, in *New Orleans Picayune*.

On October 22 the new Graduate College of Princeton and the Cleveland Memorial Tower was dedicated. The Cleveland Tower, which is built into the Graduate College, has been erected by national subscription.

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THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Robert Donaldson, assistant marine superintendent of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, who was convicted in the United States District Court more than a year ago of conspiracy to smuggle opium into this port, began Tuesday to serve his long deferred sentence of one year's imprisonment in the Alameda County Jail.

Internal Revenue Collector J. J. Scott has been informed that an income-tax division will be created in his office to handle all matters relating to the new revenue which is to be levied against all individual incomes exceeding \$3000 and against corporations.

Charles Fay, who was sworn in as postmaster of San Francisco on Tuesday afternoon, will take office November 1 if arrangements can be completed.

After investigating conditions in other large cities, the declaration of City Engineer O'Shaughnessy is set forth as follows in a letter to the board of fire underwriters: "I have visited New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, and while there have taken pains to inform myself concerning their fire protection systems, and I can unhesitatingly state that the system constructed in San Francisco is superior to any other in this country."

Golden Gate Park Memorial Museum has been enriched by the receipt of a rare old army chest, a relic of the battle of Waterloo, the gift coming from Ralph Deane Aslatt of this city. It was once in the possession of Captain Deane, who served under Wellington at Waterloo. Captain Deane was the grandfather of the donor.

The Ocean Pier Amusement Company on Monday presented a petition to the board of supervisors for permission to build a pier from the end of the municipal railway on Cabrillo Street to and across the Great Highway and out to high-water mark in the ocean, the length to be 750 to 1000 feet and the width 150.

City Engineer O'Shaughnessy's plans for Twin Peaks tunnel were adopted on Monday by the board of supervisors. This action, it is announced, clears the way for commencing actual construction of the subway and tunnel before the first of the year.

The sum of \$10,000 from the estate of the late Adolph Sutro was distributed the first of the week by Judge Coffey to Vassar College. The money is to be used to establish two scholarships.

The City Hall was dedicated last Saturday, when Mayor Rolph spread the mortar for the cornerstone on a lot near McAllister Street and Van Ness Avenue. The contractors expect to finish the structure in 1915.

The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company, through the courtesy of President G. E. McFarland and General Manager J. C. Nowell, tendered a banquet Monday night in the tapestry room of the Hotel St. Francis to the recently organized Telephone and Telegraph Society of the Pacific Coast. The dinner was attended by 250 members of the

organization, including the related organizations of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company, the Western Union Telegraph Company, and the Western Electric Company.

Edward Rolkin and other representatives of the San Francisco Hotelmen's Association appeared before the supervisors' exposition committee Wednesday in support of the association's petition that action be taken to prevent the Panama-Pacific Company from granting a concession for the "Inside Inn" on the exposition grounds. The petition was denied. The inn will accommodate about 2500 guests.

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S. S. Tenyo Maru...Tuesday, Dec. 16, 1913

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Did you say that she appreciates a joke at her expense?" "She married one."—*Town Topics.*

Smith (on steamer in mid-ocean)—Going across, old chap? Brown—Yes. You?—*New York Times.*

Hewitt—He is a heat. Jewett—Don't say that; call him an article of vegetable diet.—*Town Topics.*

"Mind cures are not always successful." "Of course not. They've got to have something to work on."—*Baltimore American.*

"In the old days doctors used to bleed patients for most of the diseases." "They still do it, my boy; they still do it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Passenger—You're very clumsy with your feet, conductor. Conductor—What d' y' expect for a 'alpeny a mile? Pavlower?—*Punch.*

Teacher (describing her encounter with a tramp)—And then—I fainted. Little Johnnie Jeffries—Wi' yer left or wi' yer right, ma'am?—*London Tailor.*

Mrs. Nextdoor—I suppose your daughter is happily married. Mrs. Nogsby—Indeed she is. Why her husband is actually afraid to open his mouth in her presence.—*Princeton Tiger.*

Mogistrate—You are charged with being drunk and disorderly; what is your name? Culprit—Angus McNicol McNah. Mogistrate—H'h! Who paid for your liquor?—*London Opinion.*

Lady (to tramp)—Now I hope you won't spend the money I've given you for vile liquor. Tramp—I'll get the best I know about, mum; but I aint no connysoor.—*Boston Transcript.*

Mother (sternly)—Young man, I want to know just how serious are your intentions toward my daughter? Daughter's Voice (somewhat agitated)—Mamma! Mamma! He's not the one!—*Puck.*

"Judge," said the forewoman of the jury of ladies, "we want to speak to you about that sealed verdict we just rendered." "Well, ladies?" "Can we unseal it and add a postscript."—*Washington Herald.*

"Henry," called Mrs. R over the partition in the voting booth, "how are you going to vote on Amendment No. 5?" "I am going to vote 'yes'," replied Henry. "No, you're not; you're going to vote 'no'; I have changed my mind."—*Life.*

A month-old Jersey calf was nibbling at the grass in the yard and the summer girl eyed it doubtfully. "Tell me," she said, turning impulsively to her hostess, "does it really pay to keep as small a cow as that?"—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

"You will," said the attorney, during the course of their consultation, "you will get your third out of the estate." "Oh!" exclaimed the widow, aghast, "how can you say such a thing, with my second scarcely cold in his grave!"—*Green Bog.*

Mrs. Neurich (who has advertised for a Christmas pianist)—So you are the music teacher that answered my advertisement? Pianist—Yes, ma'am. Mrs. Neurich—Well, sit down and play a couple of duets, so that I can see what you can do.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"But," she objected, "you must remember that one of my ancestors came over in the Mayflower. I am afraid my people would object to you on the ground that your grandfather was an immigrant. We descendants of the Pilgrims are very proud of our stock, you know." "Well, I suppose you have a right to be. I've got three or four descendants of Pilgrims working for me, and they seem to be good, honest fellows."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

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William Bastian, burglar and exquisite, demonstrated to the police yesterday how he was able to rob the homes of the rich in San Francisco and escape detection for five years.

Bastian illustrated his mode of operating as a burglar in a trip he paid to the Wood home at 1438 Page Street and to the home of Miss Jennie Dehrunner at 2909 Clay Street. It was at the Wood home that Bastian stole diamonds and other gems valued at \$3000 last December.—*Examiner*, October 28.

What are you doing to prevent a Bastian from looting your home? Now is the time to heed advice and secure a safe deposit box in the Crocker vaults for the safe-keeping of your jewels and valuables. A Bastian might just as easily get into your house.

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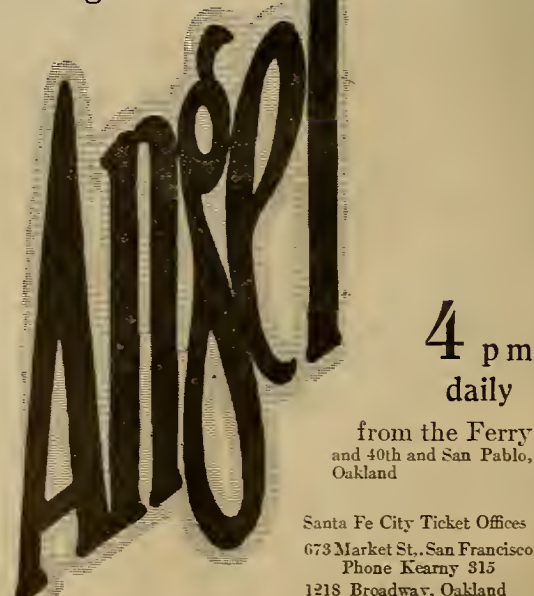

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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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A Projected Nuisance.

Strength to the arm of Park Commissioner Lindley in his protest against the construction of an "amusement pier" at the ocean beach near the terminus of the Geary Street road! The proposed construction would add not at all to the convenience of the public and it would certainly prove an obstruction and an eyesore. In the bold point upon which the Cliff House stands nature has given us all that anybody need desire in the way of an out-thrust into the sea. An artificial construction could afford no greater facilities for studying the ocean in all its moods; and such a construction could not fail to mar the beautiful beach which many thousands now find retreat and refreshment upon every pleasant holiday. No possible benefit could come to anybody through the construction of a pier from the beach beyond the surf line, excepting perhaps to a group of speculators who would thereby be provided with a building site without having to pay for it. The beach at the western extremity of the park is an asset of immeasurable value in the recreational life of San Francisco, and it would be ridiculous, not to say wicked,

to permit it to be marred by a grimcrack construction certain to destroy its charm without adding anything to its interest. Judge Lindley is right, absolutely right, and we trust there will be a sufficient measure of common sense in the board of supervisors to heed his protest and give the project for an "amusement pier" short shrift.

The Elections.

We shall make no attempt to analyze the returns of purely local and municipal elections in various parts of the country on Tuesday of this week. In nearly every instance the result hinged upon domestic issues or was so largely affected by them as to be without significance, nationally speaking. Yet in merely reading over the list of returns one can not fail of the impression that Democracy has been very much stimulated in its hopes and energies by the events of the past year. Another obvious suggestion of the returns is that the spirit of radicalism, by whatever name you may choose to call it, is very generally sustained. Plainly this is the day of the innovator and experimenter as distinct from the conservative. But not all the radicalism of the country calls itself by the name of the party or faction which assumes to represent the progressive movement. Progressivism has seized upon and possessed the Democratic party; it appears likewise largely to dominate the Republican party. Whether or not there remains any ground which the faction which styles itself the Progressive party may claim for itself is as yet a matter of doubt. Nevertheless the Progressive party holds up its head, languidly for the most part, but here and there with a certain spirit of assurance. Plainly the Progressive party, though still far short of practical equality with the old historical parties, is a force to be reckoned with.

The "smashing" of Tammany would be a more dramatic and convincing circumstance if this stunt had not been pulled off in precisely similar fashion so many times before. Tammany is beaten—very badly beaten—upon a straight issue. Occasional beatings are to Tammany precisely what fleas are said to be to a dog, a discipline, a stimulus, and an assurance of the underlying force of sustained vitality. Occasional beatings of Tammany are not only good for New York City as affording much-needed assurance of its underlying virtue, but they are good for Tammany itself. Give to Tammany an unbroken course of successes and it would ultimately smother in its own fat. A good walloping now and then, while by no means limiting it to a career of commonplace decency, does restrict its more grossly criminal tendencies. Defeat does for Tammany precisely what a period of hard times does for a community; it tones down the exuberations of its spirit, recalls to it the maxims of prudence and moderation and holds it within the lines essential to ultimate and sustained success.

Although beaten, Tammany remains the most closely knit, the most firmly fortified, the strongest local political machine in the country. And it is far from being bereft either of ultimate or immediate resources. It is still in possession of a very considerable share of the official patronage of the city and state. It possesses unnumbered hold-over contracts for public supplies. It holds in its very name a tremendous force of political terrorism. And despite all that may be said against it, it has a continuing support in the good-will of forces not wanting in respectability which prefer its rule to that of less definitely organized, regulated, and limited powers. It has, too, an important element of strength in its own undaunted spirit.

It will be observed that Tammany wasted no time in repinings. Even on Tuesday night, while the streets of New York City reëchoed with the victorious acclaim of its victorious opponents, Tammany through its leaders was studying its maps and laying its wires for the next campaign. Tammany will remain on the job,

for its leaders know that the immediate defeat is very far from implying ultimate annihilation.

Political management, like railroading or the hardware business, is a specialty. It calls for certain conditions, propensities, habits, and qualities which Tammany possesses or has learned how to deal with. No matter what anybody may say, politics is and must be a species of professional business. The Tammany leaders understand this business better than their rivals. Next campaign Tammany will be as active as ever and probably as successful as ever. All of which is very far from approval of the methods or the morals of an association founded upon appetite, inspired by appetite, sustained by appetite.

The success of Sulzer, convicted embezzler of political funds, a proven perjurer and an evicted and discredited official, is unaccountable only to those who have not closely followed the developments of his recent career and who shut their eyes to the tendencies of human sympathy. Sulzer has in himself the flamboyant and spectacular qualities which appeal to the vulgar mind. He is a master of the arts of political appeal to the ignorant and the vicious. He was for long years a servant and tool of Tammany in Congress. Then Tammany elected him to the governorship. Upon assumptions of his continued subserviency Tammany put upon him certain gross demands. It went too far. The creature who had borne much and yielded much, rebelled. And because he rebelled Tammany drove him from the governorship. To be sure, his own crimes and sins were made the instruments of his ejection from office. But he would have remained in office and have had what is ordinarily called a successful administration if instead of resisting he had cringed and yielded. In effect, Sulzer was thrown out of the governorship of New York, not for the wrong things of his career, but for the best thing he ever did. Somehow the logic of all this penetrated the rather dense mind of New York. Nobody denies or can question Sulzer's infirmities of character and his faults of conduct; but for all that there was—and deservedly so—a certain sympathy with the man.

Then it was the Sulzer incident which served to bring before the public afresh and with offensive emphasis the infamies of Tammany. The same forces of aroused political conscience and resentment which worked in support of Mitchel on Tuesday, worked likewise in support of Sulzer. The line of sympathy, to be sure, is one of some subtlety. But it is there nevertheless, plainly in the view of whoever has carefully studied the open facts and the more or less obscure tendencies of a very mixed situation.

Mr. Sulzer's assumption that the result of Tuesday's election is a "complete vindication" of his claims to public respect, a thorough deodorization and pasteurization of his character, is mere bombast. If Mr. Sulzer had any real sensibilities he would know that the claim is absurd. Sympathy has reëlected him, but sympathy can not turn black into white. It can not make a decent man of Sulzer. The extent to which it has operated in the present instance is merely an illustration of the confusion and degeneracy which prevails in the political sphere just now, here and everywhere.

In Massachusetts Democracy has won the governorship by a decisive majority. But this success is not so significant as is the division of the minority vote. Very important is the fact that the Progressive candidate far outran his Republican rival. However the situation may stand elsewhere, the Progressive party as compared with the Republican party is in Massachusetts active and in the ascendant. The result of Tuesday's voting will not tend to the healing over of recent wounds or to the consolidation of once affiliated forces. This, let us frankly declare, is to the Argonaut, matter both of surprise and regret. From the result some weeks ago, and on the basis of other

stances, we have believed that Republicanism and Progressivism in the New England region had practically come together. But it seems not—at least in Massachusetts.

The returns of Tuesday's election in our neighboring state of Oregon inspires the hope that a grievously reform-ridden community is returning, even by the new paths, to old standards of political action. Under the Oregon system it is practicable for any disgruntled or pestiferous group attached to any theory or devoted to any cause to raise fifty-seven varieties of devilment in connection with legislative acts. This has been done during the past summer. For example, the regular appropriations for the state university were held up under the referendum law by the labor unionites because, forsooth, their special pleaders were not permitted to use university rostrums as a hunting ground. Half a dozen other similarly trivial motives founded in malice or partisanship intruded upon the situation. It is extremely gratifying to see that the whole brood of meddlers under the referendum has been smashed by the recoil of their own machine. Appropriations for the university, referred to a referendum vote, are carried two to one; and the various other protests against worthy legislative acts have been buried out of sight. Oregon indeed has wandered in recent years from the standards of common sense and sound principle in the sphere of public affairs. But it appears that the spirit of the late Harvey Scott in the forty-five years of his great career as a public teacher and leader still survives. It will, let us hope, continue to assert itself until the chaos which reckless forces of innovation have imposed upon Oregon shall be succeeded by justified standards of judgment and of political action.

The President's Mexican Policy.

If it be true, as it is asserted in public dispatches, that the President has ordered General Huerta to resign his office and in other respects to eliminate himself from the public affairs of Mexico, the act marks a departure alike from our history and our traditions. It is an act without the authority of law or of any recognized principle related to our system or practice. The Monroe Doctrine, even in the most radical interpretation, assumes nothing more than to protect minor American states against aggression on the part of European powers, while this action, by its implications, is in effect a declaration of the rights of domestic supervision and of corrective discipline. It is, in truth, in relation to Mexico, an act of imperial assumption.

The judgment of the country will not justify the President in a policy founded in a whimsical estimate of Mexican conditions and urged upon the authority of autocratic pretensions. The universal feeling is that Mexico should be left to settle her own troubles by whatever processes may please her, subject only to the rights of foreign property-holders, including ourselves. If indeed the outcome of the present policy shall be to bring on a war of aggression, no doubt the country will rally to the administration. None the less there will be a widespread sense that the crisis was unnecessary, brought on by an impertinent and foolish insistence on the part of Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan. A war on the basis of whimsical theories, waged to sustain unjust pretensions, is bound in the nature of things to encounter condemnation at home and abroad; and such a war, whatever its outcome may be, can hardly fail to discredit the government which begins it—as indeed it ought to.

Not only is the President's attitude toward Mexico unjustified by theory or precedent, it stands discredited by comparison with our course with other countries, notably China. Under the President's urgency the farcical republic of China has been duly recognized, and its autocratic head, Yuan Shi Kai, who in no sense represents legitimacy or regularity, much less the "free will of the people," and who only yesterday completely subverted all legislative authority, has been the recipient of complimentary communications from Washington. We have not, to be sure, the same relationship to China that we have to Mexico; but conditions which in the one country command approval and congratulation ought not in the other to be made the subject of unsparing censure and of threats of aggressive warfare.

That Huerta will tamely submit to President Wilson's order is unthinkable. To yield under the circumstances would from the Mexican standpoint be shameful and it would ill accord with the character of Huerta himself. Probably he will reject the President's dicta-

tion with scorn; and if he does this he will not find it difficult to fire the Mexican heart, if there be such a thing. Carranza, the rebel chieftain, has already declared himself as opposed to American interference. Under the pressure of military aggression on our part, if it shall come to that, he and Huerta no doubt will make up their differences, somehow divide the dignities of authority between themselves, rally Mexico to the common standard and fight as only your Latin American can fight under the stimulus of offended vanity and wounded pride. And if they shall do this the sympathies of the world, including multitudes of Americans, will be with them.

It will be interesting to observe the effect of the President's assumption of authority over Mexico upon the other countries of Central and South America. At best, since the piracy at Panama, their feeling is none too kindly toward us, and now, under inspirations of the President's interference with the domestic affairs of Mexico, they are more than likely to rally to the defense of the country which stands at the front of resistance to American aggression. It would not be surprising if practically the whole resources of Central and South America should be enlisted against any military movement which the President may undertake. And who is there to say that it would not serve him right if this should prove to be so?

Socialism and Education.

If our sex reformers would cast a heedful eye in the direction of Berkeley they might get some indication of the deep waters into which their hysteria is leading them. The Berkeley school board is practically a Socialist organization. The president of the board is a Socialist and the majority of its members are Socialists. This means that the education of the children of Berkeley is relegated to a position of secondary importance and that its place has been taken by a sort of revolutionary crusade subversive of order and social justice. It is one of the peculiarities of the modern electorate that it chooses its officials, not because they are competent for the duties assigned to them, but because they hold political opinions that have nothing whatever to do with those duties.

The Berkeley school board, thus intent upon Socialism instead of education, naturally hailed with delight the advent of a certain filthy play written by filthy people and for filthy purposes and demanded that it be produced under their auspices in the auditorium and before the usual mixed audience of children and adults. The play had no conceivable educational value. It was a mere mess of corrupting nastiness hateful to every decent instinct. But it contained a few lines intended to impute to what is called "capitalism" the responsibility for certain vice conditions that have no more to do with economics than with geology. A play given under the auspices of the school board would naturally have a special attraction for children. Ignorant but well-meaning parents would inevitably accept the same fact as a guaranty of propriety. And this licentious play would actually have been produced before hundreds of children but for the action of the mayor, who rightly used his official powers and vetoed the performance.

The resentment against the school board is said to be wide and deep. Let us hope that it is so. It is probably shared by a good many parents who are slow to recognize their own responsibilities for the whole shameful business. The school board was chosen by popular vote. Its members were elected, not on the plea that they were educators, but that they were Socialists. Now we see them at work, not on the task of educating the children, but of corrupting them and debauching them. Actually these unclean creatures are less to blame than the people who voted for them and gave them their majorities.

There is another plea that these Socialist "educators" might urge in their own defense if they were so inclined. There was no evidence that the public was prepared to draw the line anywhere at all in the campaign of filth created by hysteria and profitably fostered by literary and dramatic bawds and pimps. If press and pulpit were to be applauded for their share in the dirty work masquerading under the name of sex hygiene, if the schoolroom is to be used for purposes of an intellectual libertinism, why should there be any reluctance to produce the dirtiest of dirty plays and to invite children to come and be ruined? Apparently there were no limits to what the public could stand without being sick. It could tolerate the sex parson, the sex novelist, the sex suffragette, the sex school-

teacher. It could permit the most elaborate and insidious education in vice from a dozen different quarters, indeed from any quarter so long as the label was a correct one. Why should it suddenly be qualmish over a sex play to which children were inferentially invited? Why should it suddenly resent a reek to which it must have been growing used?

But questions on the psychology of the public are notoriously unanswerable. We may be thankful that there is some kind of limit to the apathy that has encouraged an evil fatal to youthful morality and fraught with irredeemable consequences. We may hope that a resentment once aroused will be extended to the complete extinction of all agencies, whether clerical or educational, that seek a notoriety for themselves by the removal of reticences that lie at the root of decency and virtue. Perhaps we may even hope that the electors of Berkeley will henceforth choose their educational authorities, not because they hold certain views on economics, but because they are competent for their educational duties.

Some Miscellaneous Reflections.

The more or less reverend Anna M. Shaw, suffragette, preacher, lecturer, and miscellaneous agitator, announces a plan on behalf of herself and others like-minded to go into the congressional districts of the country and make war upon any candidate for Congress who will not pledge himself to support woman's suffrage. Miss Shaw does not propose to discriminate against men who are sentimentally opposed to her views: she doesn't care anything about their sentiments, but plans merely to reduce to obedience to the will of the suffragists any and every man aspiring to Congress. Here we have illustrated a principle which must soon practically eliminate from Congress every man of real character. If acceptance, with or without conviction, of every particular purpose or fad which finds organized support in the country is to be essential to membership in Congress, then our Congress must soon be filled up with creatures whose attitude is a parody of that of the weathercock toward the wind. Does Miss Shaw in her enthusiasm imagine that there can be any advantage in woman suffrage secured through this kind of intrigue that will compensate for the deterioration in the mind and character of Congress which her plan would produce?

This projected campaign leads to significant reflections connected with the movement for woman's suffrage. While, regarded from the standpoint of principle or from that of expediency, it is a subject of very grave doubt, none the less it seems to the *Argonaut* destined to be successful throughout the country. And for this reason: To oppose woman's suffrage under any circumstances is, in the present posture of affairs, to incur penalties. While on the other hand to favor it involves no penalties. The suffragists in their enthusiasm and general recklessness are disposed to "punish" any and every man aspiring to public office—likewise every editor—who does not sustain their cause. Those opposed to suffrage or doubtful about it have no such intensity of feeling. Regarding it as an incidental and minor interest, they do not subordinate all things to it. In other words, a candidate who frankly opposes or doubts suffrage will lose many votes; while one who supports suffrage does not thereby lose any votes. The logic is irresistible. All candidates for office excepting very few of unusual honesty and independence will declare themselves for suffrage and thus practically range themselves in support of the movement.

Any careful consideration of Miss Shaw's plan to impose conditions upon congressional candidates, with its promise of penalization for all who decline to give pledges in support of the movement for suffrage, exhibits it as even more serious in its practical relations to the public welfare than the methods devised and approved by our sweet-hearted national guest, Mrs. Emmaline Pankhurst. Bomb-throwing, letter-destroying, window-breaking, horse-whipping, and arson may indeed be matters subject to criticism on the part of conservatism and overrefinement. But the operation of them is brief; there comes an end to them. But to establish a permanent terrorism in the political sphere is to inaugurate a system that must break down the character of all candidates for office and in the end give us in the public life of the country weak-fibred and subservient creatures only. For under this rule no man of independent mind, no man of decent self-respect, will be a candidate for any office. It would

be sad truly if a movement which loudly vaunts its purpose to moralize the politics of the country should be the direct cause of its abasement and degradation.

In recent years—especially since the adoption of the direct primary system—San Francisco has afforded an instructive if not edifying illustration of this principle in working operation. Under this law the authorities of the municipality print and circulate (at the public cost) prior to each election a pamphlet in which each candidate for office is permitted to air his private vanities, including the heroics implied in a youth of poverty succeeded by years of successful endeavor, leading up to the number and sex of his children, and other facts illustrating the sweetness of his personal character and the happiness of his domestic relationships. It has not escaped critical notice that in recent years only one out of many hundreds of candidates has declared himself as favoring freedom in the industries with equal enforcement of the laws. All the rest have been at the pains to bend low before organized labor. Every coward of them all has presented himself as a subservient creature only waiting to know the will of that element which assumes for itself a monopoly of labor in San Francisco and respects no law of God or man which stands opposed to the enforcement of this cruel claim. Read over the declarations of the last grist of supervisory candidates and you will find no cringing creature of them with the manliness to declare an honest doubt with respect to even the most advanced pretensions of organized labor. And the plain meaning of this is just this, that we have come to a condition in our political life where there is no room in it for simple integrity and independence of mind.

We see the same principle illustrated in our daily newspaper press. At this moment there are on in San Francisco no less than half a dozen strikes great and small—mostly small. In several minor industries the unionists are maintaining a reign of terror, petty to be sure, but none the less positive and cruel. Non-union workmen going to and from their places of employment are assailed with vituperative and vulgar speech, tripped up as they walk along the street, and (under cover of darkness) now and then slugged in the back, of course by those patriots and "revolutionists" (they have now President Wilson's authority to be so regarded) who represent the sweetness and light of organized unionism. Women and young girls going decently to their business in establishments proscribed by unionism must on their way to and from work hear themselves jibed at and called by every nasty name that vulgarity and malice can invent. These things, we repeat, are constantly recurring in San Francisco. Yet our daily press presents no reflection of it all. Read the newspapers and you will imagine San Francisco in a state of profound peace—that the lion of unionism and the lamb of industrial freedom have lain down together. If by any chance it becomes necessary to report an incident in which a unionite thug has broken the arm, or cracked the skull, or stabbed in the back some honest fellow whose only offense is that he is earning his living upon his own contract without asking leave of the union or paying taxes into its treasury, the newspaper merely recites the names and the bare facts, omitting any reference to the really significant conditions. You will read, for example, that Pat Finnerty and Ramon Angellotti, meeting not far from the mayor's home in the Mission, "began a discussion" and "got into an altercation," whereupon Finnerty hammered Angellotti over the head with his club before the latter could get out his knife. There is no reference to the fact that Finnerty was a union picket and that Angellotti was earning his living without obeying the orders and paying dues to the union. Not on your life, does the courageous newspaper present these facts. Because forsooth it might rouse the resentment of some unionists, whereupon Prager and Hale and Einstein and all the rest of them would take their "announcements" out of the paper. The daily newspaper, even when well intentioned, finds that the law of its life requires it to be a coward and a liar—and by the same token, a pander—whenever the interests or prejudices of labor unionism are concerned.

Again this same principle does its perfect work in dominating men in public office. Take the case of our poor little rag of a mayor. Who does not remember the circumstances connected with the reconstruction of his house a year or two ago, including the canceling of contracts which happened to be let to

an out-of-town material firm, because the unionists objected to "imported" materials? Imported, forsooth—from Santa Clara! Again who, who keeps his ears open, has not heard this same mayor preach the cheap political philosophies of a truckling subserviency to every mandate of union labor in its character of an organized political force? And who, who keeps his eyes open, can avoid seeing that our police, instead of enforcing the laws and protecting citizens in their rights without fear or favor, are both blind and deaf whenever unionism is concerned? Arms may be broken, eyes may be gouged out, skulls may be cracked, men may be jibed at and women insulted by the pickets and adherents of laborite proscription, but the police, even when they are on the ground, never see it or hear it. They know upon which side their bread is buttered. They know that the mayor has neither the courage nor the virtue to enforce the laws, even though it may involve the demoralization and degradation of the police. They understand that that measure of protection which was given to independent industry, even under the mayoralty of P. H. McCarthy, is now denied by an administration which seeks to mask its subserviency behind high pretensions of conservatism and respectability.

Autocracy and Asininity.

The most obvious result of the new tariff is the prospect of a serious trade dispute with some half-dozen European countries, including Germany and England. Now there may be occasions when disputes become inevitable, and they should then be prosecuted with vigor, but the disputes that arise from a crass and headlong ignorance are likely to produce nothing but humiliation.

The trouble has arisen over the tariff clause granting a five per cent reduction in duties on all goods brought in American ships. Now this may be an estimable effort to stimulate the building of vessels, and doubtless it was so intended. But the fact remains that Congress has passed and the President has signed a bill which does something that we expressly bound ourselves by many treaties not to do. It was the right of all countries in the world to favor their own shipping in just this way, but that right was mutually waived by the treaties in question. It may be further pointed out that since there is no American shipping to speak of the advantages of the five per cent clause are purely prospective, whereas other countries that have shipping in large quantities can instantly and effectively retaliate by adopting this same clause just as it stands in our tariff bill.

If this clause were due to mere silliness there would be no more to say, since silliness is usually incurable. But it was due to ignorance, and ignorance is a vice and not a misfortune. The tariff bill was debated with some deliberation. Its proposals must have been intimately known at least to every official in the office of the Secretary of State and to every member of the congressional committees on foreign affairs. But apparently no one knew that the five per cent clause was in flat violation of treaty obligations, and of treaty obligations that it would be not only immoral to violate but also unprofitable. Not until the bill has been signed, sealed, and delivered is there any recognition of its nature. It would be hard to find a more stupid proceeding or one more humiliating to national dignities.

And now the folly is intensified by a hectoring demand for the retention of the clause. Senator Martine tells us that if Germany is disposed to grumble we can bring her to reason by cutting off her supply of potash. An asinine suggestion, truly! It is America that buys potash from Germany, not Germany from America. And even if there were any supply of potash to be cut off, how does Senator Martine suppose that it can be done, or are we to assume that he is as ignorant of the constitution, which forbids an export duty, as he is of treaty obligations? And it is men of this calibre who are empowered to pass laws that affect a hundred million people.

Editorial Notes.

Those who have been unable to understand why Mrs. Rand, daughter of ex-Governor Gage of California, should have been arrested for aiding destitute children of Liverpool will be interested in particulars which have come to the *Argonaut* in a personal letter. There has been on now for some weeks a strike of Liverpool dock laborers, with intense determination and bitterness of feeling on both sides. Mrs. Rand's activities in behalf

of the children of the dock laborers has been construed as aid and comfort to one of the parties in this contest. It has therefore a partisan as well as a social aspect, and it is on this account that Mrs. Rand has found herself in conflict with the government. That the British authorities have released Mrs. Rand as the result of intervention from Washington is a sufficient demonstration that her interest in the suffering children of the strikers is purely humanitarian. We had an issue involving this same principle some two years ago in connection with the great textile workers' strike at Lawrence, Massachusetts. During that trouble, it will be remembered, certain charitable persons working in the interest of humanity undertook to care for the children of the strikers and were denounced for interference in an industrial fight. In such a situation public sympathy is and always must be on the side of those who come to the relief of distressed childhood. Whatever the rights or wrongs of such a struggle may be, innocent and helpless children have no proper part in it; the spirit of civilization can not consent that children shall be regarded as pawns in a game of this sort.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

An American Military Officer on the Mexican Problem—Only a Strong Man Can Govern Mexico.

WASHINGTON, November 1, 1913.

The administration has had several special representatives in Mexico, including John Lind, William Bayard Hale, and R. F. Del Valle, the latter being a personal friend of Bryan. Not one of the reports of these men agreed with any other. Former Ambassador Henry Lane Wilson persistently defended the recognition of Huerta, while one of the other envoys believed that there should be intervention. The President himself said that the greatest difficulty with which the administration has had to contend is due to the divergent reports received from Mexico from our own representatives.

Recently Major Cassius E. Gillette returned from Mexico, where he owns several mines and farms, and made an effort to see President Wilson in order to give him some actual facts with reference to conditions there and what should be done. Major Gillette resigned from the army some years ago in order to take charge of the filtration plant then in construction in Philadelphia. Previously he had been assigned by the War Department to investigate the conduct of Gaynor and Green, who were involved in a scandal relating to harbor contracts, and both were sent to the penitentiary as a result of Gillette's diligence. Since leaving the army Gillette has been engaged in mining operations in Mexico and has traveled over practically every foot of the country. The revolutionists have seized and burned some of his property, and he knows by experience just what the conditions are. President Wilson refused to discuss Mexican affairs with Major Gillette. The major then went to see Senator Bacon, who told him that he regretted to say that he was unable to give him any time, but asked that he put his statement into writing, saying that it would then be considered by the Committee on Foreign Relations.

"But I have already done that," said Major Gillette, "and apparently you have not even read the statement."

Senator Bacon admitted that he had not done so, but said that it was useless to discuss the matter any further.

Major Gillette in the appeal which he filed with President Wilson and with Senator Bacon made this significant statement:

If there could literally be a full and free election in Mexico tomorrow there is not the shadow of a doubt that Guana, the leading Mexican bull-fighter, would be overwhelmingly elected president, just as "Jack" Johnson, the negro pugilist, would be overwhelmingly elected governor of Mississippi under similar conditions. The Southern negro was duly enfranchised by the national government—the Southern people have deliberately disfranchised him and President Wilson does not raise a hand for a "full and free" election there. He knows that if he did he would ruin the South. We can only assume that he does not want to ruin Mexico, and that his appearing to do so is because he does not understand that peon domination would be far worse than ex-slave domination in the South, because the latter would be under state control. In Mexico it would be both state and national.

After fifty years of blood and chaos in an attempt to make a stable Republican government out of a population three-fourths peon, the intelligent people of Mexico under the Diaz regime tacitly consented to disfranchisement to save themselves from peon domination essentially the same as the citizens of the District of Columbia consented to disfranchisement to save our capital city from negro domination, the difference being that the people of Mexico kept up a form of voting, while Washington people do not vote at all, even on their own civic affairs.

President Wilson takes the disfranchisement of Washington as a matter of course. Why should he object to it in Mexico? Nothing is so easy to start as a rebellion in Mexico. The peon comes from a war-like ancestry to whom the shedding of human blood was a routine part of religious life, and in a rebellion he has nothing to lose, but everything to gain.

He can loot to his heart's content from the haciendas or small villages; live a free life on horseback, drink and eat without working, carry off and outrage women, and steal clothing, horses, and equipment without difficulty. If pressed by the government forces, his troops scatter to the winds in practical safety.

There are plenty of leaders for such bands of bandits of intelligence and nerve, of the Quantrill, Jesse James

Evans "bad man" type. Under a strong government, able and ready to throw heavy forces at once against them, banditism does not thrive, but under a weak government, like that of Madero, it spreads like wildfire.

Gillette takes the frank stand that if Huerta ordered the killing of Madero he was justified in doing so. Had Madero merely been kept in prison, Gillette says that it would have meant constant uprisings to rescue him, and if he had been liberated he would have organized another revolution to upset the new régime. In a country like Mexico, he says, the only thing to do is to kill the agitators. If Huerta had been recognized by the United States and permitted to borrow freely, Gillette says, he would have put down the revolution by killing off a few of the leaders and grasping the situation with an iron hand. "No weak man," says Gillette, "will ever be able to control Mexico. A cruel man is needed at the helm." IRA E. BENNETT.

Important deposits of kieselguhr, the rare infusorial earth, which has many and varied industrial applications, but which is chiefly of importance as the absorbent medium in dynamite, are newly reported in Chile. Although the deposit of kieselguhr in the departamento of Castro, in the island of Chiloe, had been examined and reported upon by the Seccion de Geografia y Minas as long ago as 1895, it seems, however, to have been ignored until about a year ago. In appearance the kieselguhr of Castro is a white, friable, earthy substance, fine grained and porous, very smooth to the touch, and of so low a specific gravity that a brick made of it floats in water. In Castro it is regarded as chalk and used as such. Examined under the microscope it is seen to consist of the frustules or shells of many kinds of diatoms, and is practically pure silica. Kieselguhr occurs in certain districts of Germany, Switzerland, and Sweden, and a few other countries as a deposit of still, fresh-water lakes. The Chilean deposits are not limited to Castro and the neighboring department of Ancud, but are also found in Llanquihue, Traiguén, and Nuble, and in the north of the country. The kieselguhr of Castro is, however, much whiter and therefore purer than any yet found elsewhere in the world. The discovery may result in reducing the cost of dynamite.

Elaborate precautions were taken in the eighteenth century to insure the fitness of ale. The official sugar-seeker was an institution. His post, though no sinecure, required little brain work. But leather breeches were indispensable. Here is his programme: "He would enter an inn unexpectedly, draw a glass of ale, pour it on a wooden bench and sit down in the little puddle he had made. Here he would sit for thirty minutes by the clock. He would converse, he would smoke, and he would drink with all who asked him to, but he would be very careful not to change his position. At the end of the half-hour he would make as if to rise, and this was the test of the ale, for if the ale was unpure, if the ale had sugar in it, the tester's leather breeches would stick to the bench."

Were it possible to transport natural gas as coal, petroleum, or other fuels now in use are transported, it would be the leading fuel of the world and its value would probably exceed that of any other commodity. As it is, enormous quantities are wasted annually, quantities too great even to be estimated. The utilization of waste gas from the oil wells in different parts of the United States has been an important means of conserving this fuel, and the increasing number of plants erected and being erected for the extraction of gasoline from this "casing-head gas" was one of the most important features of the natural-gas industry in the year 1912.

Kyoto, Japan, abounds in picturesque temples and quaint shrines, but perhaps no more interesting or beautiful spot will be found than a small shrine below the Kiyomidzudera. In the valley beneath this temple is the Otawa-no-Taki, a small stream springing out of the rocks, led through bamboo pipes, and splashing on to the praying-stones in front of the shrine below (says the *Strand Magazine*). On these the devout kneel reverently, sometimes for thirty or forty minutes, with cold water playing on their backs, supplicating the deity of the shrine for the safety and welfare of some beloved friend or relative.

When Mrs. Monroe became mistress of the White House she brought a love of the French roses developed in a long residence in France. In the old rose garden of the President's home offshoots of those roots transplanted nearly a hundred years ago still fill the air with perfume. There are hedges of La France and Etoile de Lyon and Gloire de Dijon roses in the south end, near the circle, and nearer the south veranda aristocratic-looking Paul Neyrons bloom high above surrounding flowers.

During the fiscal year nearly 32,000 grazing permits were issued in the national forests, and more than 20,000,000 head of domestic animals were given advantage of the privilege. Out of the vast number of permits issued only 144 cases of grazing trespass were observed.

On account of the large production of petroleum in Galicia and its use for fuel, coal mining is lessened in this state, the production in 1912 being only 10,978 tons.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

At a time when so many of us are busy passing resolutions to the effect that we do not believe that Jews are in the habit of murdering Christian babies we may as well remind ourselves that we did believe this very thing not so very long ago. Israel Zangwill, writing for the *New York American*, says: "Some years ago a great Christian organ, the *London Spectator*, said that it was scarcely possible that so old and so ubiquitous a legend as the 'blood accusation' against the Jews could be without some germ of truth, however minute; perhaps Mr. Zangwill would explain. I replied that I might be an authority on Jewish psychology; I was not an authority on Christian psychology. I repeat today the thing does not concern us Jews at all, except in its tragic consequences; it is a piece of Christian madness or Christian criminality that concerns commissioners of lunacy or directors of prisons." Lord Rothschild, similarly appealed to for an opinion says: "It is entirely a Christian invention." We may also remember that Jews were excluded from the British Parliament within the memory of the present generation. Russia seems to have moved somewhat more slowly than other parts of the world, and while we may regret her dilatoriness we can hardly pretend to a very intense indignation because she still holds the beliefs that were quite general among ourselves until a few years ago.

Speaking of Russia, it is interesting to note that the empire has added 100,000,000 people to her population within the last half-century. At a time when we are prone to identify progress and size it is well to remember that in fifty years Russia's growth has been equal to the total population of the United States. But ethically and morally her growth seems to have been downward.

Some people have curious ideas of vindication. William Sulzer in a recent speech said, "I want to thank Judge Cullen and the members of the court who voted for my vindication." Here are the words of the vindication for which Sulzer was so thankful: "I find that the respondent did take advantage of his nomination and candidacy ipso facto to seek to personally enrich himself by diverting the contributions which he might receive for campaign purposes. I find that he did verify that by his oath, knowing it to be false. His acts displayed such turpitude and delinquency that, if they had been committed during the respondent's incumbency of office, I think they would require his removal." This kind of vindication usually precedes a sentence to the penitentiary, and that it did not do so in this case perhaps explains Mr. Sulzer's gratitude.

Jane Addams says pointedly in an interview: "When men and women use force against each other there can be but one result; men with their brute force will win." How true.

A Scotch newspaper having referred to the old story that Walter Scott, son of the great novelist, had never read his father's novels, the *Dunfermline Court Journal* reprints a letter that first appeared in its columns on September 17, 1859. It was signed "Veritas," and the writer says: "From 1810-1833 I resided in Edinburgh, and was on intimate terms with Walter Scott. Sitting together one winter evening, several years before his father made the famous declaration at the Theatrical Fund dinner held in the assembly rooms of Edinburgh, that he was the author of the *Waverley Novels*, I put the following question to my friend: 'Do you not really and truly believe your father to be the author of the *Waverley Novels*, or who do you suppose the author to be?' His answer was: 'I have really no idea who the author is; if my father is the author he keeps the secret to himself, for none of the family knows.' And then he added, 'The moment a new novel (by the author of '*Waverley*') is announced, my father orders a copy from his bookseller, and the whole family assembles in the parlor in the evening to hear the novel read by myself and by my sisters, each taking their turn.' He further added: 'When anything very droll or funny occurs in the reading of the novel my father joins most heartily in the laugh, perhaps more so than any of the family.'"

Mr. Roosevelt has certainly reached Bahia. Thus far at least we can identify his footprints in the sand since he is reported to have said that the Brazilian correspondent of a Buenos Ayres newspaper was a liar. This evidence of Mr. Roosevelt's identity would satisfy even a detective, and we may therefore be well assured that all is well with Mr. Roosevelt so far and that he is feeling hully, thank you.

The publication of the memoirs of Li Hung Chang enable us to see some of our own celebrities through Chinese eyes. Speaking of Mrs. Cleveland, the great viceroy says that "of all those fair women who have been mistresses of the executive mansion she is one of the most lovable. I do not know when or where I have seen a face or form more pleasing to the eye. I would call her the mother of graciousness and the sister of heavenly love." This is high praise even for Mrs. Cleveland, who is fortunately still alive to appreciate it. But Li Hung Chang had also a great admiration for Mr. Cleveland. He says: "I can not compare Mr. Cleveland with any man whom I have met unless it is with Prince Bismarck. But I am sure he is not possessed of the same quick temper. Bismarck kicked one of his hounds and slapped a lackey for letting the hound get in his way. I can not imagine President Cleveland doing that, or getting so red in the face as Bismarck did." It seems that the Chinese statesman provoked some criticism in England for a too obvious display of preferences, and he refers to this in his memoirs when he says: "What had these other people to offer me? Bread and wine and musical entertainments? I

had never heard of them, any of them, and what would I be spending my time with them for? The queen, her son who will be king if he lives, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Morley, Lord Tennyson, and the Houses of Parliament, those were what interested me in England, and the ships."

The news items sometimes give us a glimpse of the miseries of poverty to be found in the old world, a poverty that is degrading because it is so hopeless. The recorder of Dublin, referring to the case of a man named Larkin who was involved in the rioting that occurred recently in the Irish capital, said: "This is one of those cases which show the condition under which the unfortunate poor of the city live, because in this one room in Gloucester Place there live Patrick O'Leary, William O'Leary, and his wife and seven children, ranging from fourteen years down to infancy—all in that one room; sleeping, eating, and passing a great portion of their time. I need hardly say what a shocking state of circumstances that presents to any one who chooses to think. I said some years ago that if this state of things was to go on the matter would be solved by pestilence or crime, and I regret to say that crime is making its appearance on the horizon."

M. Jean Richepin demands that the French Academy shall admit journalists to its ranks as well as "mere writers of hooks." The journalist, says M. Richepin, writes history while it is happening, and this, if anything, is a higher art than writing history after it has happened. But this contemporary history must be written "with absolute regard for the truth," and here we seem to have a stipulation that would considerably narrow the field of choice. The French newspaper gives very little news at all, but it has never been accused of inaccuracy in what it does give. Newspapers elsewhere give a great deal of news, but only a very little of it is true. By all means let the truthful reporter be honored by official recognition. It is the only honor he is ever likely to get. But it will be necessary to catch him first.

The American Medical Association tells us that ozone has no hygienic value, which seems too had considering how carefully we have been trained to believe in its efficacy. But perhaps there is hope for us yet, since Dr. Hill, who is professor of physiology of the University of London, takes issue with his American colleague. Dr. Hill says that ozone has a distinct value, not because it kills germs, but because it removes odors and the like that are injurious because they are unpleasant. Now here we have a distinct indication of better things in medical practice. We have long been of opinion that whatever is unpleasant is bad for us, and we have endeavored in our humble and unscientific way to rule our lives accordingly. That is why we object to cold mutton and to be contradicted. They are bad for us. We felt it was so without knowing the reason. And now here comes the new medical science to confirm our convictions and to urge us—unnecessarily as it happens—to the pursuit of pleasure.

It can hardly be said that Yuan Shi Kai has acted unconstitutionally in "firing" some three hundred members of the Chinese Parliament from their official positions. Actually there is no constitution in China. The evicted members were engaged on the task of constitution-making when the presidential wrath descended upon them, and now the great work will have to go on, if it goes on at all, without their aid. Evidently Yuan Shi Kai knows exactly the kind of constitution that he wants, and he will accept no substitutes. It must be a constitution that cheers but not inebriates, a sort of toy gun warranted to make a great deal of noise but to hurt no one. The nearest historical parallel to the action of the Chinese president is that of Oliver Cromwell when he dissolved the Long Parliament. Conscious that he himself "by the grace of God" was ruler of England he saw no reason why a lot of rather absurd people should even pretend to divide authority with him. Doubtless Yuan Shi Kai feels the same way. He knows that these shoddy parliament men are merely a crowd of rakes and roués with the brains of guinea pigs and the morals of tomcats, and he waives them to one side as soon as they become really troublesome. Such a violation of democratic principles is, of course, very dreadful. None the less we feel a certain gratification that here at least is a man who knows his own mind.

The Jews of Adrianople have petitioned the great powers to permit the continued government of the city by the Turks and upon no account to hand them over to Christian rule. The Turkish system has been by no means ideal, but there is such a thing as jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire, also of being scourged by scorpions instead of by whips. The Jews of the Turkish empire have enjoyed a large measure of freedom under Mohammedan rule, and they know well that a transfer to Bulgaria would mean their speedy and bloody extermination. Certainly the Jews of Russia have good cause to envy the lot of their co-religionists in the south who are still under Mohammedan jurisdiction.

SIDNEY G. P. CORVY.

As an incidental feature of its topographic mapping in the State of Colorado the United States Geological Survey has established bench marks that have been found of inestimable value by engineers and others who are required to have knowledge of the exact elevation of the locality at which their starting points are founded. From 1896 to 1910, inclusive, the Geological Survey marked more than 1800 exact elevations in the state. These datum points have been marked by means of tablets, caps on iron posts imbedded in the ground, or small metal disks driven into trees, posts, etc., the number stamped with steel dies on the bench marks representing the elevations to the nearest foot as determined by the levelman.

THE TROUBLE AT SAINTS' REST.

Miss Miggins Upsets Calculations at the Thanksgiving Ball.

The group of waiting idlers who had followed in its course the shade of the big pine in front of the stage office were listening with languid though critical interest to Long Jake's story. Old man Summers walked slowly over to the stage road and gazed down into the valley.

"Here she comes!" he shouted, standing in the middle of the road, with his right hand over his eyes. The listeners sprang to their feet and hastened to the roadside.

A swirl of dust appeared around the bend, and out of it came the noise of the rattling of wheels and the beating of hoofs. Then a stage appeared, and a minute later the driver made his usual theatrical stop before the office.

The guard, jumping lightly to the ground, held open the stage-door. Mrs. Miggins, fat, fair, and certainly more than forty, awkwardly descended to the ground, and then appeared Miss Miggins. Miss Miggins was young and Miss Miggins was pretty. Charming glances from her melting blue eyes accompanied her musical voice, while her red cheeks and hair of gold made the surrender of the hearts of the men of Saints' Rest unconditional.

The last roll of blankets had found its owner, the horses had been led away, and the sleeping stage-coach stood to one side. The major was enthusiastic and the group before him was attentive: "At last the eye of the world is becoming focused upon the great natural resources of Saints' Rest. It is quite evident, suh, even to a superficial observer, that Mrs. Miggins and her lovely daughter have been lured hither by the unparalleled attractions of Saints' Rest to spend their days in rapturous contemplation of the beauties of nature."

"Yer mistaken, major," said old man Summers, who had been diligently scraping his pipe. "Mrs. Miggins ez goin' to open a boardin'-house."

"Who said so?" demanded the major, blankly.

"That sage-brush pirate who pilots the stage. Mrs. Miggins told him."

The major looked out across the valley for a moment and then stalked silently away. No one thought of disputing the word of the stage-driver, who was to the camp what a weekly newspaper is to a rural community—an unquestioned source of enlightenment.

Old man Summers gazed after the retreating form of the major with twinkling eye. "Oh, yes, Miss Miggins ez purty," he remarked. "So's a Sierra rattler sunnin' hisself in a trail. But I'll bet a pair of giraffes agin' a one-eyed hippopotamus that trouble an' this Miggins travel together."

On the evening following the day of Miss Miggins's descent upon the peaceful camp of Saints' Rest, every miner in the Lost Horse Gulch, from the crest of the ridge to the bed of the wash, found that he had pressing business on the main street of the camp.

Among those who took their ingenious ways up and down the uneven paths was Jim Bowloe. Nature had not been niggardly with her materials in his building, and Jim was fully aware that his appearance justified the turning of heads in admiring glances. When he stumbled on the best claim in the gulch he accepted the fact nonchalantly, realizing that it was but the due of a man of his superior gifts; and when black-eyed 'Cencion joined her mother, who ran the Bonita restaurant, the camp unobtrusively recognized his right to be first in love as well as business. But now, with the spell of Miss Miggins over them all, Jim was pained and surprised to note that about every other able-bodied man in the gulch was obtrusively present.

Jim Bowloe had a bunk-house partner, Bobby Henderson, who being in stature and ambition rather insignificant in comparison with his partner, was usually referred to as "Bowloe's partner." He, too, was with the crowd, wearing a look of conscious innocence, and Jim wasn't exactly pleased to observe that his hair, which had not heretofore had an encounter with a brush since he left the states, was now combed as nearly straight as nature would permit.

Great changes in the social life of Saints' Rest followed the arrival of Miss Miggins. Every day there was that noticeable air of dressed-up stiffness which had before appeared at first-class funerals only. Certain prominent citizens declined to get hilarious except after nightfall, a tribute to the influence of Miss Miggins which at first excited some uncasiness among the dispensers of various elixirs, but when they found that her presence did not prevent the scrupulous ones from remaining under the rule of Bacchus the following day they accepted the reform with great good nature.

The partners, who lived in a cabin on the hillside, did not become guests of the new boarding-house, partly because of pride, partly because of an indisposition on the part of either to broach the subject, and largely because of the very great distance of the Miggins establishment from their claims. But neither was long in obtaining an introduction to the daughter of the house.

Since the junior Summers was a fiddler whose fame stopped not short of two days' travel from the camp, there was really no good reason for not having a Thanksgiving ball. A committee secured for a ball-room the large card annex of the Saints' Retreat, a resort with a somewhat misleading name, and the camp resolved itself into a committee of the whole to see that the ball was a success. Invitations were not issued,

for in the perfect democracy of Saints' Rest the right of every sober inhabitant to be present was recognized without debate.

Old man Summers and Long Jake discussed the social situation with interest. "It strikes me," said Summers, "that the favorite lightnin'-rods hyarabouts air Bowloe and Henderson."

"It do look that way," admitted Long Jake; "but the head man at a funeral aint always the most joyful. You know that cabin o' theirs—two rooms and three doors. They say ez how since this Miss Miggins arrived that the spiders hev cobwebbed the door 'tween the rooms and tied the han'le to the walls 'thout ever bein' bothered."

As Thanksgiving approached, the excitement in the society circles of the gulch increased. Hair that before had found no barber in the wilderness now made the acquaintance of the shears; clothes which had never before given their owners any anxiety now became the objects of critical inspection; and boots and bandanda handkerchiefs received equally careful attention. And what thrills of delight were experienced by the owners of "sto" clothes of the Sunday-go-meetin' style, relics of San Francisco civilization! The partners were among this lucky number, but neither rested on his laurels.

The express agent had closed his books for the day and was balancing them in his usual easy manner, cash-book in one hand and report-book in the other, when he was interrupted. Jim Bowloe leaned upon the counter, holding in his hand a soiled copy of a San Francisco newspaper. "I want yeh to help me out," he said, in answer to the agent's look of inquiry. A low-voiced conference followed. Together they examined the advertising columns of the paper.

"Forty-five dollars, did yeh say?" said Jim.

"Forty-five dollars."

"Pears to me that's steep, purty steep, but I aint the man ter kick about trifles. Here's yer money. Git it started as soon as yeh can." The agent smiled softly, while Bowloe trudged away in the darkness.

Strange happenings, like calamities, often come not singly. It was the very next evening, and the express agent was engaged in a hopeless effort to make every dollar in the cash-drawer balance two in his accounts, when he glanced up and found Bobby Henderson attentively regarding him over the counter. He, too, was confidential, and he, too, had a copy of a San Francisco paper. There was a whispered conference.

"Forty-five dollars?" said Henderson. "Aint that rather high?"

"Oh, no," answered the agent, smilingly; "such things don't grow on every mesquite bush."

"Well," said Henderson, "this aint a question of 'dobs, so here's yer dust."

The next stage brought two packages to the camp that were exactly alike, outwardly. One was addressed to Bowloe and the other to Henderson.

It was the evening of a day not long before Thanksgiving, and Jim Bowloe was preparing to take his departure from the Miggins parlor. He hesitated for a moment as he arose, and Miss Miggins smiled encouragingly.

"Of course, Miss Miggins, you'll be down at the big time Thursday night. An' I'll feel most uncommonly obliged if you'll let me have the pleasure of seein' you down thar an' back. I'll fix it up so I won't be any disgrace ter you." And Bowloe threw back his shoulders and looked down at himself admiringly.

To this Miss Miggins, smiling sweetly and holding open the door, replied: "I'll be ready to go not later than eight o'clock."

The next evening Henderson stood on the door-step, twirling his hat. Miss Miggins regarded him with a pleasant look of inquiry.

"Miss Miggins," said he, "I know I aint equal to the occasion, but neither's nary other man in the gulch. But I reckon you'll want to see the dance, an' if you need a feller to kind o' pint out the way, it'll be great joy ter me to be the favored man. An' I'll fix up as much for the occasion as Californy will allow."

Miss Miggins was kind-hearted. She looked at the face of the young man before her, and then said simply and sweetly: "I'll be ready at eight o'clock."

It was supper-time in the gulch. The express agent leaned idly against the stump of the big pine that used to mark the bend in the cañon and, with an expression of amusement curling his lips, regarded 'Cencion, who stood before him with her black eyes flashing.

"It will be a good joke," he said, "and that is the reason I spoke of it to you, for I am of your opinion that Jim needs taking down a little. But you'd better take both outfits, for neither of them knows what the other has done, and if either lost his layout and then saw the other arrayed in purple and fine linen—well, there would be trouble and a funeral, to say the least."

"It is well," said the girl, and disappeared among the growing shadows.

The express agent gazed after her departing form curiously. "If she could write," he murmured reflectively, "there is one word she would certainly begin with a capital letter. And that is 'Revenge.'"

The candles sputtered bravely that night in front of the tin reflectors, the lone fiddler played with all the fervor the occasion demanded, and the floor creaked and groaned under the grand march, but neither Bowloe nor Henderson saw the opening of the grand ball.

The partners did not arrive at the cabin on the hillside at the same time after supper. Bowloe, with thoughts of neckties of flaming hues, white collars of

wonderful heights and stiffness, and shirts upon the fronts of which were pictured all the flowers of the field, arrived home early. It is not known just what his feelings were when he comprehended the situation, but the opinion prevailed in the camp that by not being present it lost the effect of the most expressive and artistic burst of profanity ever uttered in the mountains. Jealousy fathers distrust, and Bowloe searched his partner's room, but uselessly. Then, relying on the natural graces of his person, he arrayed himself as best he could and started for the Miggins home. If Henderson had— He shut his teeth hard at the thought.

"Oh," said the freckle-faced young lady who answered his rap, "Miss Miggins went ever so long ago with another gentleman." And she smiled as only a neglected young lady can under such circumstances. Bowloe stared at her for a moment, speechless, and then, filled with astonishment and rage, turned away in the darkness toward the scene of the festivities.

Ten minutes later the maid, who was gloomily reflecting upon the unkindness of fate that made her stay at home the night of the ball, heard another knock. This time it was Henderson that the light of the candle shone upon, and his face, too, gave evidence of inward trouble. "Miss Miggins," said the maid, "has been gone quite a while. She went with another gentleman." Bobby's face turned to flint.

Jim Bowloe did not find Miss Miggins at the dance. He felt relieved, for if she had disappointed him, she had, at least, not favored any one else. And so, having a great regard for the reputation of James Bowloe, Esquire, he affected an air of great enjoyment and to one or two inquiries regarding Miss Miggins he shrugged his shoulders as much as to say that that was a subject in which he was not interested. His laugh was the loudest, his jokes the most numerous, and his dancing the liveliest of all the company. Bobby Henderson, coming down the street, had no thought of the pleasures of the ball. He was fully satisfied that Bowloe was a thief and that he was the victim of the robbery. At the door of the improvised ball-room he paused for a moment, and then, in the whirl of dancing figures, one caught his eye and he saw nothing else. His lip curled scornfully. Bowloe the brave, Bowloe the mighty, had stolen his clothes, but was afraid to wear them! Straight across the floor he strode, heedless of the dancers' rights, and in another moment Bowloe was gazing into the angry eyes of his partner. Then Henderson spoke. His tones were not loud, but his tense voice caused every dancer to stop and listen, and the scorn and rage expressed in every word and gesture held their attention.

"A man might jump a widder's claim and then try to distract her attention by killin' her six small children, or he might trade all the good words on his mother's tombstone fer a drink of bad whisky; but that man's a gentleman 'longside of a feller that steals his partner's layout and then is too big a coward to use it."

In the moment of silence that followed, every man drew his breath and turned his face squarely to where the forms of the partners stood statued in the candle-light, and every woman shrank instinctively toward the door. Bowloe's red face swelled darkly with rage.

"You scoundrel!" he shouted, as he leaped forward. And then the trouble began.

It was well that it had been made the unwritten law of Saints' Rest that no gentleman should carry a weapon to a social entertainment, for if it had not been so the population of the camp would have been sadly less by sunrise. As it was, there were many private scores to be paid off, many personal grudges to be settled, and the population of Saints' Rest rose joyfully to the occasion.

* * * * *

The major and Superintendent McAdoo of the Starlight Stage Company rode side by side in the moonlight, while two officers and a detective loped close behind.

"His reports," said Superintendent McAdoo, "have not been satisfactory for some time, but I thought it was the result of incapacity or carelessness rather than dishonesty."

"I suspected him," returned the major, "just as soon as he refused to snap up some of those bargains in fifty-foot lots on Hermosa Boulevard, which we are going to build."

Not a trace could be found anywhere that night of the stage agent, Joe McLeary. The next morning brought no better success. Indeed it is a difficult matter to get information out of a man who has his head handgaged with a towel or carries a newly lamed arm in a sling, or who is perchance, like Henderson or Bowloe, confined to his bed with aches and sprains and bruises. So sore a subject was the Thanksgiving ball that strangers for months afterward found it unprofitable to introduce it as a topic of discussion.

The next day at noon old man Summers dismounted from his burro in front of the Saints' Retreat and ahhed inside. He smiled grimly as he listened to Long Jake's history of the Thanksgiving ball. Then he laid down his pipe and took off his old felt hat. The crowd gathered around him, for they knew he had some important news.

"I was comin' down the Elk Flat trail when I met these parties last night. I can't say what they war talkin' about, but this I observed: the man had on a l'iled shirt an' a white collar which the

Miss Miggins, and the mews walked el ter."

PAGE

TAMMANY AT BAY.

"Flaneur" Describes the Struggle in New York and Some of the Causes of the Tammany Strength.

Before this letter is in print the New York mayoralty contest will be a matter of history. Mr. Gaynor's chair will be filled either by proved rascality or by a respectability that may be real enough, that doubtless is real enough, but that has not yet been tried by fire. John Purroy Mitchel is only thirty-four years of age. He has been president of the board of aldermen, and his bearing and policies have been irreproachable. He has also been commissioner of accounts under Mayor McClellan and his career was never tainted even by suspicion. But the mayoralty of New York is quite another proposition. The banks of the national stream are simply strewn with the wrecks of reformers, and the sight of their melancholy remains is small justification for enthusiasm. And they all began so well.

Certainly there was never a contest fought with more passionate energy than this one or with so many cross currents to hinder political navigation. Mayor Gaynor though dead yet speaketh, and we are reminded a hundred times of almost the last public utterance that he ever made when he said that all these Tammany men are "of the same stripe." If Gaynor were alive and not himself a candidate he would of course throw all his weight on the side of Mitchel, and it is to the credit of New York that she is sufficiently grateful to Gaynor to remember what he said.

Then there is Sulzer, and Sulzer will play a large part. It is of no use to say that he ought not to play a large part and that he is a poor, tattered charlatan whose posings and mouthings have disgusted all decent people. We have to take human nature as we find it, and human nature as found in New York has decided that every one whom Tammany hates must necessarily be a saint, a Galahad, and therefore to be followed with reverence. Sulzer demands that his "vindication" shall take the form of the head of Tammany on a charger and there are thousands of people who will do whatever Sulzer says.

For these and for many other reasons we may assume that the forces against Tammany are irresistibly large. Moreover, Murphy has made the grave mistake of not putting his best foot foremost. He could have found many better men than McCall, men whose odor is not so overpowering, who are not so flagrantly and unashamedly brutal. McCall has been well described as a "roughneck," the idol of the Bowery tough, an example of graft in its crudest and ugliest form. Every one knows the part played by McCall in the insurance scandals. Every one knows that he would play that same part over again, and that he is entirely incapable of regarding any public office whatsoever other than as a cow to be milked. During the next four years New York will have to spend three hundred and thirty million dollars upon its public transit system. The spectacle of McCall wallowing in that heap of gold is enough to stagger the imagination. Murphy should at least have put up some sort of a bluff of honesty, he should have found some kind of a figure-head not so obviously felonious. But who knows? Doubtless Murphy has his little domestic difficulties like the rest of us.

Tammany will probably be beaten and by a substantial majority, but Tammany has been beaten before and has survived its tribulations. Municipal virtue is always spasmodic, but municipal vice is a permanent institution. Tammany will not be exterminated, although Murphy himself will probably be a retired country gentleman before the sun shines once more over the wigwam. It is easy enough to attribute the strength and vitality of Tammany to what Artemus Ward would call the "innate cussedness" of human nature. New York electors are not any more "cussed" than the rest of us, and the average voter has just those same vague aspirations toward righteousness that are to be found elsewhere. Tammany has flourished, not because of its villainies, but in spite of them. To understand the power of Tammany we have to allow for various factors in human nature that are usually ignored. In the first place Tammany is an eminently human institution and one that has had an invariably kindly eye upon human weaknesses. It has always appealed successfully to the large numbers of people who want to be let alone, and who object to a domination of their private lives by the pietistic views of other people. The desire to be let alone may have a far from sinister motive. Mayor Gaynor himself was constantly wielding his cudgel over the heads of those who refused to let other people alone and whose one conception of civic righteousness was incessant interference with the relatively innocent pursuits of their fellow-citizens. The successes of Tammany have usually marked not so much a desire to be misgoverned as a resentment against being governed too much. And so long as reform means an inquisition into the private lives of citizens and a compulsion to regulate those lives in accordance with some particular standard of purity there will always be Tammany organizations. Action and reaction are equal and opposite. To forbid a man to drink a glass of beer is to invite a saturnalia at some future time.

When Tweed lay on his deathbed he said: "I have tried to do good to everybody, and if I have not it is my fault. I am ready to die and I know God will forgive me." Now that was not hypocrisy. It proved a sacred ideal, but it was an ideal. Tweed's concep-

tion of doing good was a personal charity and kindness, and to it he owed all the success that he ever had. Tammany's strength lies in precisely this same direction. It is a friend of the lower classes, and to say that its charity is only of the self-seeking kind is to prove one's ignorance of the facts. No one is so "down and out" as to be beneath the ministrations of Tammany. No one's case is so hopeless that Tammany will not find the necessary bail. Tammany furnishes the amusements for the East Side. Its excursions, dinners, and dances are always in evidence. That all these charities have some kind of political motive is true enough, but then where shall we find any one whose charities have no ulterior motive whatever, either here or hereafter? All political organizations depend largely upon the social characteristics of their leaders. Tammany is not to be blamed for seeking power by means of its charities and beneficences, but it is to be blamed for using that power in nefarious ways. But the charities and beneficences are genuine enough in their way, and as such things go nowadays.

It is to be remembered that Tammany was originally a benevolent institution and nothing else. Its original charter of incorporation says that it was established "for the purpose of affording relief to the indigent and distressed members of the said association, their widows and orphans, and others who may be found proper objects of their charity." Those objects were carried out so successfully that the temptation to bend them to political purposes became irresistible. There are a good many churches that have done very much the same thing. The separation of religion and politics has not been an unvarying principle in our life, and moreover these church politics have not always been of the best kind. Tammany made a peculiarly vile use of the power that it gained through benevolence, but it would be a mistake to suppose that the benevolence is only a pretense. And it may be said, moreover, that the Tammany force will never become extinct so long as reform continues to mean an unwarranted interference with private life or the imposition of a compulsory virtue upon individuals.

NEW YORK, October 30, 1913.

FLANEUR.

On the May, the rocky islet which lies in the north side of the mouth of the Firth of Forth, on the coast of Fifeshire, Scotland, is located probably the smallest golf course in the world. The island is about a mile in length and two and a half furlongs in breadth, and has a surface of rather more than 160 acres, but as a large part of it is unplayable, for one reason or another, the course consists of only three holes. To make the "round" it is necessary to play the course six times. The distance between the holes, however, is considerable, and the links are decidedly difficult of negotiation. The best score is said to be 70. The population of the island is very limited, consisting entirely of the crew of the great lighthouse which stands on the west side of the May, at a height of 160 feet above the sea. The golf "club," therefore, is as small as the course, but nowhere is keener interest taken in the game or are the greens kept in better order. There is an "Isle of May" cup, which was presented to the club by a gentleman from the west coast of Scotland, who visited the place some time ago and gave this trophy for annual competition to those lonely keepers of the lighthouse.

Icelandic settlers have played no small part in the progress and prosperity of the province of Manitoba, Canada, and it is claimed that the story of the foreign population of Winnipeg must necessarily begin with the Icander. He has set the pace for all the incoming races. He is the illustration par excellence of how a people of ambition and industry can master difficulties, triumph over prejudice, and attain their desired place in the commercial, the political, the intellectual, and social life of a hustling and growing city in a strange land. In Winnipeg there are Icelanders worth from \$100,000 to \$500,000. Stepping outside the city, it is not unusual to find Icelanders with farms of one thousand acres, all of which they have earned in this country, for few of them possessed \$100 when they arrived. The log cabins of the first settlers have given way to neat and comfortable frame dwellings, and the farming is carried on with the most advanced type of implements.

Kinkazan, the sacred island of northern Japan, now one of the most attractive spots for sightseers, was held so holy in the ancient days that no woman was allowed to land upon its shores, although it was visited yearly by hundreds of devotees from whom the priests reaped a rich harvest. But in 1873, when the temples were handed over from Buddhism to Shintoism, it lost much of its sacredness, and since that time the buildings have been gradually allowed to fall into decay, several having been completely destroyed by fire.

During the calendar year 1912 one of the banks of Naples received in small remittances from emigrants domiciled in foreign countries \$11,870,885; of this sum \$9,824,120 came from the United States. It is estimated that in a normal year the total remittances by emigrants to their relatives and friends in Italy amount to about \$70,000,000.

Eighteen hundred Japanese emigrants left for Brazil recently. This makes the total in that country 4800, all of whom are engaged in coffee plantation in Sao Paulo.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Son's Defiance.

I said to sorrow's awful storm
That heat against my breast:
"Rage on! thou may'st destroy this form,
And lay it low at rest;
But still the spirit that now brooks
Thy tempest, raging high,
Undaunted on its fury looks
With steadfast eye."

I said to Penury's meagre train:
"Come on! your threats I brave;
My last poor life-drop you may drain
And crush me to the grave.
Yet still the spirit that endures
Shall mock your face the while,
And meet each cold, cold grasp of yours,
With hither smile."

I said to cold Neglect and Scorn:
"Pass on! I heed you not;
Ye may pursue me till my form
And being are forgot:
Yet still the spirit, which you see
Undaunted by your wiles,
Draws from its own nobility
Its high-horn smiles."

I said to Friendship's menaced blow:
"Strike deep, my heart shall hear!
Thou canst but add one bitter woe
To those already there:
Yet still the spirit that sustains
The last severe distress
Shall smile upon its keenest pains,
And scorn redress."

I said to Death's uplifted dart:
"Aim sure! oh, why delay?
Thou wilt not find a fearful heart,
A weak, reluctant prey.
For still the spirit, firm and free,
Unruffled by dismay,
Wrapt in its own eternity,
Shall pass away." —*Lavinia Stoddard.*

My Dream of Dreams.

Alone within my house I sit;
The lights are not for me,
The music, nor the mirth; and yet
I lack not company.

So gayly go the gay to meet,
Nor wait my griefs to mend—
My entertainment is more sweet
Than thine, tonight, my friend.

Whilst thou, one blossom in thy hand,
Bewail'st my weary hours,
Upon my native hills I stand
Waist-deep among the flowers. —*Alice Cary.*

Rural Sounds.

Nor rural sights alone, hut rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid nature. Mighty winds,
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
Of ancient growth, and make music not unlike
The dash of Ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind;
Unnumber'd branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves fast fluttering, all at once;
Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighbouring fountain, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and, chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course.
Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
But animated nature sweeter still,
To soothe and satisfy the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The live-long night: nor these alone, whose notes
Nice-finger'd Art must emulate in vain.
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and even the boding owl,
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
Yet heard in scenes where peace forever reigns,
And only there, please highly for their sake,
—*William Cooper.*

A Woman's Wish.

Would I were lying in a field of clover,
Of clover cool and soft, and soft and sweet,
With dusky clouds in deep skies hanging over,
And scented silence at my head and feet.

Just for one hour to slip the leash of worry
In eager haste from Thought's impatient neck,
And watch it coursing—in its heedless hurry
Disdaining Wisdom's whistles, Duty's heck.

Ah, it were sweet where clover lumps are meeting,
And daisies hiding, so to hide and rest;
No sound except my own heart's steady beating,
Rocking itself to sleep within my breast,—

Just to lie there, filled with the deeper breathing
That comes of listening to a free bird's song!
Our souls require at times this full unheating—
All swords will rust if scabbard-kept too long.

And I am tired!—so tired of rigid duty,
So tired of all my tired hands find to do!
I yearn, I faint, for some of life's free beauty,
Its loose heads with no straight string running through.

Ay, laugh, if laugh you will, at my crude speech,
But women sometimes die of such a greed,—
Die for the small joys held beyond their reach,
And the assurance they have all they need.

—*Mary Ashley Townsend.*

In England it was the old practice to impeach for conduct out of office. Private citizens could be impeached. Dr. Sacheverell was impeached for preaching an unpopular sermon, the Duke of Richmond for proposing an adjournment of the House of Lords, and Inigo Jones for tearing down a church. But in America impeachment has been restricted to men in office for conduct in office.

A BOOK ABOUT AMERICA.

Mrs. Alec-Tweedie Writes Some of Her Impressions of the Land and Its People.

When Mrs. Alec-Tweedie allowed it to be known that she intended to write a book about America she was warned that if "you write about America and don't lay eulogy on with a spoon you will never be able to set foot in the United States of America again, they will hate you so." Mrs. Alec-Tweedie admits to some skepticism upon this point. She believes that Americans are now wiser and kinder in this respect. In any case she has now written the book against which she was warned.

Certainly no time is lost in preliminaries. The author plunges at once in *medias res* and she begins with a heresy of the most flagrant kind. She says that she has never been able to see any particular "rush" in American life. On the contrary she thinks that if the people of America were not slow by nature and slower by habit they would not wait for hours at barber shops to be shaved, and loiter about on sofas during the process. Men would not waste precious moments standing in queues to have their boots blacked, or sit in "rows, and rows, and rows," at all hours of the day and night in hotel lounges. Americans, she tells us, are not only slow, but they show their slowness by not understanding how slow they really are. American hustle is a myth; "it is merely false haste."

The American wants power, says Mrs. Alec-Tweedie, and he shows it by his endless questionings, since knowledge and power, as we all know, are synonyms:

The American, God bless him, always wants to know things. He is right. We can not know things unless we take the trouble to learn them.

"Money-making is the lowest form of intellect," said one of America's most prominent lawyers to me.

"How so?"

"Often it is mere chance; often it is merely cheap cunning that amasses wealth. The creative brain is the real brain. The arts are the only things that really count. Amassing money, becomes a disease and seldom consorts with a big brain."

I suppose I looked surprised, for he continued: "A man may be a genius, but if he has not a genius for making money he is no good in America. That is probably why the arts are so little encouraged, and why the professions generally have not the high position they have in other lands."

Sometimes we seem to detect the author in an inconsistency. Americans, she tells us, are extraordinarily conventional, while at the same time they are much addicted to fads. One ordinary American must and shall do exactly the same as another ordinary American or he is called "crazy," and that settles him:

America is not only a country of conventionality, but it is a country of fads. Something is taken up most warmly; lectured upon; discussed; read about; organized into a society, which holds its meetings and works the subject to death; and then a few months later a new idea comes along and out goes Fad Number One to make room for Fad Number Two.

At the moment, the latest fad in America is eugenics. They are just founding the Eugenics Education Society of New York along the same lines as ours in England, which has been going strong for three or four years. Every one is talking eugenics or trying to talk eugenics; but, no doubt, that too may be a fad and may pass away like many others before it.

A certain touch of asperity is discernible here and there. For example, we are told that American women prefer fashion to individuality, whereas English women prefer individuality to fashion. Probably it would be more accurate to say that it is only the Parisienne who has made individuality fashionable, and that an indiscriminating adherence to the mode is a feminine failing that is common to the rest of civilization:

Let me explain myself: Whenever one enters an American shop one is immediately told that "this is the very latest." If it is the latest it is sure to sell, no matter if the purchaser is short and stout and the dress is made for some one long and thin. It is the latest. That is sufficient for the customer, and she accordingly orders it to be copied. The result is that American society women are like a fashion-plate. They wear the most costly material, fitted to perfection on good figures: hundreds of dollars' worth of plumes of every hue cover their heads, white apparently for choice; but if it is the fashion to wear tight skirts, each vies with the other to see how tight her skirts can possibly be, and if Dame Mode decrees that hats should be worn over the face, every woman pulls her hat a little further over her nose than the other, and so on, right down the line.

The American woman, says Mrs. Alec-Tweedie, is delightful. She takes pains to be nice to other women, wears her smartest clothes at other women's functions, and is always determined to enjoy herself. But she can take herself seriously at the same time, as witness the forty or more clubs for women in Chicago and the philanthropic work accomplished by their members:

Yes, American women strive after culture; culture is a craze, and so hard do they work at self-improvement it is really sad to see how few women have risen to acknowledged prominence in art, science, literature, or music, in comparison with Europe. But America is young yet, she tells us so every day and all day; but she is growing older and more matured rapidly. There are nevertheless crowds of brilliant women in the states. They are clever and they are fascinating; they lay themselves out to be charming. But, in spite of their charm, they appear to make the most unhappy marriages, and divorce stories thicken the air. A large number of Americans seem to be divorced, and the others to have had appendicitis. They do not seem particularly moved by either. Every state has a different divorce law, and really it seems as easy to be set free as it is to be married.

The American reporter strikes the author with dismay, although she has met many members of the craft to whom her gratitude is sincere. She finds that if she fails to say what the reporter wishes her to say it will make no difference to the result. She will be represented as saying it just the same, and she will probably be made to say it in American slang:

American reporters are a type of the American brain.

They often fail to get the best or the most characteristic information from their subject; and in their desire to be smart endeavor to force their victims to say things they do not think, and never could think or say.

For instance, before one has set foot in a town the reporter asks:

"What do you think of our town?"

You have never been to "our town"; you have not had time to think anything at all about it, and gently say so, and fence about, while the interviewer persists in plying questions about his own particular city, its municipal work, its buildings, its beauties, and above all, its faults. One is always asked to point out faults, and then roundly abused for doing so. For the American reporter dearly loves to suggest faults and tries hard to get his subject to agree with him.

Mrs. Alec-Tweedie has a good word to say for the art of America, and here she finds a marked progress since the days of her earlier visits. American artists are now "a noble army of talent to which the states may be proud to have given birth":

On reflection, one of the things that has most advanced in the states this century is her art. In 1900 I went to the Metropolitan Museum in New York to see what the American painters were doing.

"Will you tell me where the American pictures are?" I mildly asked one of the custodians. The man was not sure, so I waved me to a colleague.

"Where are the American pictures?" I again asked.

"In such-and-such a room," he replied.

To such-and-such a room I repaired, but I had made a mistake. So back I went to the custodian, and told him he had directed me wrongly.

"Such-and-such a room," he persisted, "is where you will find the American pictures."

After a little more explanation how to get there, I went back; but was again confronted with canvases by Gainsborough, Reynolds, Hoppner, Lawrence, and Constable. This was ridiculous, so I sought another porter.

"Could you tell me where the American pictures are?" I inquired.

"Right there," was his answer.

"Oh, no, those are all English."

"We call them American; anyhow that's all we've got," he answered. There were no American paintings. The stranger could not study American art, because there was no American art to study.

I collapsed. One picture, by George Boughton, who was born in America, but studied and painted in England, was the only representative of American art that I could find. This is now all changed. There is a room devoted to several excellent American canvases.

The author devotes some space to education in America and finds something to praise and to blame. She is inclined to think that the principles of democracy have been carried a little too far, but "the American education is probably better today than in our private schools, and certainly more practical than that of our public schools." And she admires the patriotism of the American boy:

All the time their god is the American flag. The patriotism of the country is simply splendid, and it is all due to youthful education being centred round the star-spangled banner. Every morning in many schools the teachers salute the flag. Every pupil does the same. And further, the Sons and Daughters of the states have been known to pack the Stars and Stripes in their boxes when traveling in foreign lands. Great Britain is not outwardly patriotic.

Why, we appear to be almost ashamed of our flag, we fly it so seldom. One can walk down Regent Street and see almost every other nation's flag floating in the wind, and not a single Union Jack. The English seem as shy of flying their flag as they seem ashamed of demonstrating affection. Englishmen invariably show their worst side to strangers, largely from shyness, their best side is generally packed away in the store-room.

Mrs. Alec-Tweedie tells us that she once asked a delightful American to give her some of his impressions of London while she was writing her own of his country. The following is an amusing extract from his ready response:

Many, many things are different and interesting: clothes, shoes, attitude of the audience in a theatre—oh, dear, I always feel in an English theatre (not a music hall) as though, presently, some one will tap me on the shoulder and say, "Sorry, sir, but you must go out, sir; you smiled, sir; not allowed to smile, sir; thank you, sir; yes, sir."

Checking the trunks; that was a shock. You see your trunks delivered to the railway official, but when you ask for checks you are told that "that is not the custom," and "There you are, sir." When you reach your destination you pick out whatever trunks you like and take them away. "You are expected to take only your own, sir, you know." It is funny, and one only smiles. You are put on honor, as it were.

"Ticket to Edinburgh, sir? that's the train, sir;—oh, no, sir—don't bother to pay, sir—you can pay some one else, sir—some other time, sir, will do—when you're coming back will do, sir."

England expects every man to be honest.

The question of American speed and hustle is evidently a sore point with the author. She refers to it more than once, and always with a certain indignation at what she evidently regards as an aspersion upon the rapidities of Europe:

New Yorkers are still having hoots blacked at odd corners, they are still enduring the sight of dust-bins in the middle of the afternoon in the best thoroughfares, and they have more dorkies than ever and more magnificent stores. They still talk of us as "mighty slow," and themselves as "mighty quick." They forget that our letter post crosses London in a couple of hours, while theirs sometimes takes a couple of days. They do not realize that we can buy a thing at a shop in the morning and have it delivered before tea-time in the afternoon, while they are lucky if they get it next day. They still think that we are very slow in London, and imagine that we are living in the fifteenth century on our side of the globe. They still charge much more for their telegrams than we do, and one can not prepay the reply to save time. They are only just struggling with the joys of a parcels post, and they still omit to put the numbers of their telephones on their private letters.

Wake up, Brother Jonathan, you are more asleep than you are aware of; your strenuousness is often mere formula.

When will the states rouse up and copy some of our time-saving systems! Dear old Uncle Sam, you really do nap sometimes.

For instance in England, I write a twelve-word wire to Jones, that costs sixpence or one cent a word. In the corner of the form is an allotted space on which I put "R.P."; these two letters are not charged for, but denote that sixpence has been given for a paid reply. When that telegram arrives at

its destination, it is typed off and a reply-form is put with it into the envelope. The boy, who delivers it (on a bicycle if its destination is in the country), waits because he knows it is reply paid. Time is saved—also temper.

The sleeping car is another American institution that is capable of some improvement. The author does not like to have to dress and undress by a process that "resembles a miner lying on his back, picking for coal." Moreover, she does not like to see her fellow-passengers in those various stages of undress that are sometimes necessitated by modern travel:

One simply would not dare to retail some of the sights seen in American cars. Some people undress entirely, especially men; women seem, on the whole, to be a little more self-respecting. These men with hair on end, blue chins, and bleary eyes, walk about in pajamas, or, worse still, unfastened garments and loose-hanging braces—collarless, shoeless, anyhow, at any hour of the night or morning. An uncombed, unshaven male being should never show himself to man or beast, and certainly not to woman. He is not pretty to look upon.

They have my sympathy, however. How is one to dress on a shelf, six feet four inches long and four feet wide? One can not stand up; one can not dress sitting. The experiment is a Chinese puzzle, and the solution has not yet been found.

Mrs. Alec-Tweedie likes Thanksgiving Day, although the stranger within the gates is likely to be forgotten during a festival of a wholly domestic nature. She says that it is a delightful time of restfulness, although her efforts to discover the meaning of Thanksgiving Day were apparently fruitless:

I was in Boston for the great national fête. It really was rather amusing to ask some ordinary persons what they thought of Thanksgiving Day.

Number One replied, "Something to do with Pilgrim Fathers, but I don't know what."

Number Two answered, "Thanksgiving? Guess it's for getting rid of English rule."

Number Three vouchsafed that "he had no idea."

Number Four, an hotel porter, answered, "Thanksgiving for the birth of Christ."

This is not so strange as it seems when one considers that of the population of the United States seventy-five per cent are not of American origin. But whether American-born or not, they all participate in the joys of feasting.

The author discovered that there was always some one to tell her that she could not possibly know anything about America unless she had visited some particular state or locality. First of all it was Boston, but when she had reached Boston and was beginning to congratulate herself that at last she was in the way to learn something of representative America she found a new mentor who told her that all her efforts had been wasted inasmuch as she had not visited California:

Yes, at last I have reached my American Mecca. After three visits of about three months each in the United States, I have seen Boston; so no longer can Americans twist me for knowing "nothing" of the country.

I am satisfied. Boston I saw, and Boston conquered me.

Stay.

"I beg your pardon," says some one in my ear. "But you have not been to—"

"Oh, yes, I have. I have been to Boston," I reply eagerly.

"But have you been to California?"

"Cal—?" I stammer.

"Yes—have you been to California?" persists the interrogator.

"No, I have not—only to Texas and Arizona and New Mexico and Missouri and—"

"But you have not been to California?"

"No, I have not," I am obliged to confess.

"Oh, then you don't know anything of America," is the reply.

Collapse of the writer.

She must return again to see California before she dies, or remain entirely ignorant of America from the Southern Argentine to beyond the St. Lawrence, all of which she knows a little, although she has dared to omit California.

The author has something to say about the colored problem, which she rightly regards as one of the most intricate that the future will be called upon to solve:

These colored people are queer folk. They are so insolent one wants to knock them down, even a woman feels like that; or they are so polite one feels it is a joy to be waited on by them. People say they assimilate the ways of those about them, and a master can be judged by the manners of his servant. A good dandy is a joy, a bad one wants kicking for his insolence. In one of the best hotels in America I asked the hall porter the way to a certain house.

"Walk along two blocks and turn west."

"Which is west?" I ventured to ask.

"West is west," he surly replied, all the time keeping a long lighted cigar between his teeth.

"I am a stranger and would be much obliged if you would explain whether I am to go left or right."

"Left," he insolently snorted, and puffed a great whiff of smoke into my face.

That man wanted kicking.

In her concluding paragraphs the author reverts to a supposed American resentment of criticism and suggests that it is only English criticism that is resented. This kind of resentment has of course been much exaggerated, but perhaps there is something in the theory advanced. It is a well-known fact, says Mrs. Alec-Tweedie, that we will accept criticism from strangers and reject it from relatives:

The unfortunate writer has probably heaped a blazing furnace upon her head by daring to joke or compare, or to admire (even admiration is resented sometimes) a people she likes and esteems, and calls her friends, and hopes to embrace yet more warmly. If the public or the press do not accept her kindness of spirit she will be more than ever convinced that—

HYPERSENSITIVENESS IS THE AMERICAN SIN.

The author has given us a volume that is by no means a profound study of American life, nor intended to be, and that often falls into the inevitable sin of generalization. But she is always kindly and shrewd, and the reception that will doubtless be given to her work will help to correct her opinions of a hypersensitiveness that may once have existed, but that is now conspicuous by its absence.

AMERICA AS I SAW IT. By Mrs. Alec-Tweedie. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$3.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The End of Her Honeymoon.

Mrs. Bellec Lowndes uses an old plot in a way that is startlingly novel and dramatic. When Mr. and Mrs. John Dampier, three weeks married and just at the end of their honeymoon, reach Paris, which is to be their home, they stay for a night at a suburban hotel which is so full that they are accommodated in separate bedrooms. In the morning the young wife finds that her husband has disappeared, and her perplexity is increased by the amazing conduct of the hotel proprietor and his wife, who deny all knowledge of the missing man and assert stoutly that Mrs. Dampier arrived alone on the preceding night and that they only received her out of consideration for her youth and the crowded state of the city. With the aid of an American family who take pity on her plight she institutes an exhaustive search of Paris, but without result. The police appear to aid her in every possible way, but we get the impression that they know more than they are willing to admit, and the impression is deepened when the persistence of the inquiry produces a sort of veiled official warning that the search had better be dropped. The same idea has of course been used before, but never with more skill or energy. Not until almost the last page is the mystery cleared up, and it is done with a deft cleverness that increases the charm of an exceptional story.

THE END OF HER HONEYMOON. By Mrs. Bellec Lowndes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25 net.

Lincoln and Slavery.

This review of Abraham Lincoln's attitude toward slavery and emancipation is an extension of the address delivered by Mr. Albert E. Pillsbury at Howard University on the fiftieth anniversary of the emancipation proclamation. Mr. Pillsbury is firmly convinced that Lincoln realized from the beginning that the extinction of slavery was as necessary to a restored Union as the winning of battles. In his reply to Horace Greeley he had said, "If I could save the Union without freeing any slave I would do it." This declaration, says the author, has been misquoted, misunderstood, and perverted.

Already resolved upon emancipation, for which he must have the people with him, he seized the occasion of Greeley's protest to make a public declaration which would help disarm the conservatives of the North against the policy of freedom which he was about to proclaim, as he had disarmed the border states against it by the offer of compensation. It was pure hypothesis to say that he would save the Union if he could without freeing a slave. With equal truth, and as little significance, he might have said that he would save the Union if he could without sacrificing a man in battle. Thousands of slaves were already freed, by course of war, as thousands of men were fallen in the field.

Mr. Pillsbury pleads well for his contention, and incidentally he gives us a finely literary appreciation of the character and work of Lincoln.

LINCOLN AND SLAVERY. By Albert E. Pillsbury. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 75 cents net.

A History of Russia.

Professor Kluchevsky died some two years ago, after establishing an almost unrivaled reputation as an historian in the best sense of that word. It is unfortunate that he never wrote a connected and comprehensive story of his country. His preference was for the selection of certain periods and epochs of Russian history, and these he elaborated with extraordinary attention to detail, although never losing sight of their share in a national unity. His present work therefore is not so much a history as a collection of historical essays, each devoted to some phase of Russian national life, but necessarily lacking in the continuity usually associated with our conceptions of history.

In these two volumes the author leads us to the end of the sixteenth century. He shows us that Russian development has been the result of economic forces, of the necessities of defending the trade of the country against aggression, and of the rivalries between trade and agriculture. As the country gradually became unified the form of government changed to meet the changed conditions, and the autocracy came into being. Serfdom owed its rise, not to the natural tyrannies of early communities, but rather to a system of taxation which made the whole community responsible for the imposts. On the other hand we find Ivan the Terrible formulating a system strangely like democracy, not from a love of liberty, but that he might the more easily focus his own power over the people. He even established a sort of parliament based upon a franchise.

It would be impossible within a convenient space to give an adequate description of such a work as this. Written for Russians and not for foreigners, it naturally supposes a certain amount of information on Russian affairs that the average reader does not possess. At the same time it can be read with interest by those who admire a trenchant style and scholarship that is based on broad geographic conceptions of human progress

and that is by no means confined to the collection of facts.

A HISTORY OF RUSSIA. By V. O. Kluchevsky. Translated by C. J. Hogarth. In two volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5 net.

Brief Reviews.

George W. Jacobs & Co. have published "Great Expectations," by Charles Dickens, retold for children by Alice F. Jackson. It seems a pity that Dickens should be "retold" by any one. Children who read abridgements and adaptations are never likely to read the originals.

The American Book Company has published "Principles of Bookkeeping and Farm Accounts," by J. A. Bexell and F. G. Nichols. The volume teaches a simple system of keeping such accounts as are of value to farmers, and deals only with the commodities and conditions of farming. The price is 65 cents.

"The Boy Woodcrafter," by Clarence Hawkes (Browne & Howell Company; \$1.25 net), is a story of a boy's adventures in the woods with an experienced woodsman for a companion. The story is not only told in such a way as to attract the boy reader, but also to encourage in him a genuine love for the outdoor life.

"The Principles of Character Making," by Arthur Holmes, Ph. D. (J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50 net), is a practical treatise on the training of the child, and is intended for use as a text on applied psychology in regard to the home, the school, and the nation. The author has had a wide experience along the lines of his book and he writes in a sane and wholesome way.

Sberman, French & Co. have published "The Ministry of Evil," by Charles Watson Millen. The volume is made up of a collection of poems and also a theological discussion of a future life. The author seems to suppose that his theory of a long succession of lives to follow this one is original. It is one of the oldest speculations of the human mind. The price is \$1 net.

"Representative Cities of the United States," by Caroline W. Hotchkiss (Houghton Mifflin Company; 65 cents net), is intended as a geographical and industrial reader and to offer to boys and girls in the grammar grades a fresh point of view for the final study of the United States. The cities dealt with are San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Denver, New Orleans, Duluth, Minneapolis and St. Paul, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Gary, Savannah, Boston, and New York.

Among the novels called forth by the reform movement in the world of politics is "The Vision Splendid," by William MacLeod Raine (G. W. Dillingham Company; \$1.25 net). There is, of course, the usual combination of saint and sinner, and, equally of course, the saint is very saintlike and the sinner is very sinful. Normal experience, on the contrary, seems rather to show the goodness of the bad men and the badness of the good men. And this is especially true of politics.

"Your Child Today and Tomorrow," by Sidonie Matzner Gruenberg (J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net), has been added to the increasing number of books intended to emphasize the importance of the home life and of the direct influence of parents and teachers. The author discusses such topics as reasoning, fear, will, obedience, imagination, punishment, plays and games, ideals, lies, adolescence, heredity, playmates, and friendships. Mrs. Gruenberg's book is the result of wide experience, and it may confidently be recommended as of practical value.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. have concluded arrangements with the Librarie Fischbacher of Paris by which they will issue a French edition of Mrs. Dorothy Canfield Fisher's "A Montessori Mother," which is already in its fifth edition and has been republished in England, while active negotiations for a German translation are under way.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson, whose books "Common Diseases" and "A Handbook of Health," have been so widely read, recently in a lecture on "Human Misfits," said: "The eugenic scheme of physical selection and efficient mating is being abandoned because of the inability to decide what type is desirable and because types are so rapidly changing."

"A Changed Man," by Thomas Hardy, has just been published by the Harpers. It is the first volume of Hardy's fiction to appear since "Jude the Obscure," in 1895.

"The Truth About the Railroads," just issued by the Houghton Mifflin Company, is from the pen of Howard Elliott, the new president of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

Walter Archer Frost, whose first novel, "The Man Between," has just been published by Doubleday, Page & Co., is the latest addition to the ranks of the athletic novelists. He is a Harvard man, class of 1901. He was prominent as an undergraduate—belonged to the famous Hasty Pudding Club, sang in the Glee Club, was a member of the historic

Union Boat Club, and won his numerials for his lustihood with the oar. Then he studied law at the University of Wisconsin and developed a taste for roving. He joined the National Geographic Society, and he took up magazine writing.

Mr. Cleveland Moffett's "The Land of Mystery," just published by the Century Company, is founded largely on adventures and experiences of his own during extended travel in Egypt and the Holy Land. The book is now being dramatized by George Hazeldon, author of "The Yellow Jacket."

Whitelaw Reid's writings on education, government, history, and literature are about to be published by the Scribners. "American and English Studies" is to be in two volumes. The first of these volumes, which is devoted to government and education, treats of such subjects as "The Rise of the United States," "Organization in American Life," "The Diplomatic Point of View." The second volume, filled with studies in biography, history, and journalism, embraces chapters on "Abraham Lincoln," "Thomas Jefferson," "Edmund Burke," "Lord Byron," etc.

"Behind the Beyond," Stephen Leacock's new book of humorous sketches announced for October 24, was postponed to October 31, in order to allow for simultaneous publication in Canada and in England. It is published by the John Lane Company.

William Richard Hereford, who was for four years the Paris correspondent of the New York World, is about to issue his second book. Hereford was born in St. Joseph, Missouri, and had been a reporter on the old Kansas City Times. He left this work to attend the Harvard Law School, but he was not a barrister for long. His first book, "The Demagog," a story of New York newspaper and political life, appeared three years ago. The Bobbs-Merrill Company is publishing Hereford's new book.

With the publication of "The Facts About Shakespeare," by Professor William Allan Neilson and Ashley H. Thorndike, the Tudor Shakespeare is complete in forty volumes, thirty-nine of which are given over to the plays and poems. The Neilson text has been used throughout.

The proofs of Mabel Osgood Wright's new novel, "The Stranger at the Gate," have been finally passed. The story is scheduled for publication by the Macmillan Company early in November.

A new and thoroughly revised edition of Francis F. Browne's "The Every-Day Life of Abraham Lincoln," which has been out of print for years, is to be issued this month by the Browne & Howell Company. The volume will comprise over six hundred pages, the aim being to present every authentic incident and anecdote of Lincoln's life. Many of them have been obtained at first hand from surviving friends and acquaintances.

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writers, James Francis Dwyer, whose latest book, "The Spotted Panther," is just published by Doubleday, Page & Co., has returned to Australia. Mr. Dwyer is a native of Australia. Before he came to the United States Mr. Dwyer was a trader in the South Seas and later a newspaper and magazine correspondent in Australia. When he came to this country it was with such a staggering load of material that once he got well launched on the literary sea his stories were snatched up at fabulous prices almost before they were completed.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

France Today.

Those whose conception of the religious situation in France is confined to vague ideas of conflict between church and state, to clericalism, and those even more intolerant forces opposed to clericalism, would do well to read this weighty volume by Paul Sahatier, who is peculiarly qualified for the task and who finds a proof of his success in the abuse leveled at him by every church and party. The author reviews the whole religious field throughout his country, estimates the power of the contestants, and finally reveals to us the presence of a vast religious sentiment that is no less actual and no less sincere for its present inability to attach itself anew to the old organization or to create for itself a new one. That an actual religious sentiment does exist he has no sort of doubt. It rests on a recognition of human duty and of the fact that no effort can avail unless it is based on the principle of self-sacrifice. How will this sentiment finally orientate itself? Will it be drawn back to the church, and will the church meet it with the welcome of concession? These are questions that the author wisely refrains from answering, but he supplies us with all the facts upon which we can build our own conclusions. The separation of church and state has involved heavy material losses upon the church. But this is by no means an evil. It has purified the church from all those "whose vocation was scarcely more than a lively desire to become officials," and it has drawn to her a sympathy which will more than compensate for the losses sustained. The author believes that if the church can now separate herself from a political, aggressive, violent, and intolerant clericalism, the awakening of idealism which is everywhere astir, both in France and elsewhere, will quite naturally translate itself into a Catholic religious spring.

FRANCE TODAY: ITS RELIGIOUS ORIENTATION. By Paul Sahatier. Translated by Henry Bryan Binns. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2 net.

New Books Received.

TRAINING YOUNG HORSES TO JUMP. By Geoffrey Brooke. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Advice to those who wish to excel in horsemanship.

IN MUSICLAND. By George P. Upton. Chicago: Browne & Howell Company; \$1.25 net.

Fifteen firesides "stories" on what children should know of music.

THE TRAIL TO YESTEROAY. By Charles Alden Seltzer. New York: Outing Publishing Company; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

THE BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM. By J. H. Kellogg, M. D. Battle Creek, Michigan.

Its history, organization, and methods.

YANKEE SWANSON. By Captain A. W. Nelson. New York: Sturgis & Walton Company; \$1.50 net. Chapters from a life at sea.

AMERICA AS I SAW IT. By Mrs. Alec-Tweedie. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$3 net.

A volume of personal experiences.

LITTLE WARS. By H. G. Wells. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.20 net.

A book for children.

TOBY. By Elizabeth E. Goldsmith. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

The story of a dog.

THE GARDENER. By Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

Translated by the author from the original Bengali.

IN SUNNY SPAIN. By Katharine Lee Bates. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1 net.

Issued in the Little Schoolmate Series.

LOVE AND LIBERATION. By John Hall Wheelock. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.50 net.

The songs of Adschel of Meru and other poems.

THE EIGHTH HUSBAND. By May Howell Beecher. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

LOITERER'S HARVEST. By E. V. Lucas. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25.

A volume of essays.

MELCHIZEDEK. By G. W. Reaser. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A religious inquiry.

PRINCIPLES OF CHARACTER MAKING. By Arthur Holmes, Ph. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net.

Volume XI of Lippincott's Educational Series.

CURRENT ACTIVITIES AND INFLUENCES IN EDUCATION. By J. P. Garber. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Volume XII of Lippincott's Educational Series.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF SOCIAL EVOLUTION. By F. Stuart Chapin, A. M., Ph. D. New York: The Century Company; \$2 net.

The prehistoric period.

THE EVOLUTION OF A THEOLOGIAN. By Stephen K. Szymanowski. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$2 net.

Discussions of some religious problems.

SONS AND LOVERS. By D. H. Lawrence. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

THE THOUSANDTH WOMAN. By E. W. Hornung. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1 net.

A novel.

MISS SANTA CLAUS OF THE PULLMAN. By Annie Fellows Johnston. New York: The Century Company; \$1 net.

A Christmas story.

HOME FURNISHING. By George Leland Hunter. New York: John Lane Company; \$2 net.

Facts and figures about house furnishings.

A YEAR WITH A WHALER. By Walter Noble Burns. New York: Outing Publishing Company; \$2 net.

A story of life at sea.

PAUL BOURGET. By Ernest Dimmet. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 75 cents net.

A biographical sketch.

TIDE MARKS. By Margaret Westrup. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

THE FAUN AND OTHER POEMS. By Genevieve Farnell-Bond. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net.

A volume of verse.

HAGAR. By Mary Johnston. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.40 net.

A novel.

VOTES FOR MEN. New York: Duffield & Co.; 50 cents net.

A little book that seems to be from the anti-suffrage standpoint.

DEERING AT PRINCETON. By Latta Griswold. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.35 net.

A story of college life.

THE STUDY OF LITERATURE. By P. H. Pearson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Written for the general reader.

VAN CLEVE. By Mary S. Watts. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL. By Zona Gale. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

A story.

THE STORY OF THE PONY EXPRESS. By Glenn D. Bradley. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; 75 cents.

An account of the most remarkable mail service ever in existence.

THE LAMP OF MYSTERY. By Cleveland Moffett. New York: The Century Company.

A story of adventure.

THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS. By Kenneth Grahame. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2 net.

For children. Illustrated in colors.

VALENTINE. By Grant Richards. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

BLISTER JONES. By John Taintor Foote. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.20 net.

A novel.

PACIFIC SHORES FROM PANAMA. By Ernest Peixotto. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

With illustrations by the author.

BARKS AND PURRS. By Colette Willy. New York: Desmond Fitzgerald; \$1.25 net.

Dialogues between two pets.

THE FIERY MINSTREL OF GLENMALURE. By Edmund Leamy. New York: Desmond Fitzgerald; 75 cents net.

A volume of imaginative tales.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BOARD OF REGENTS OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, 1912. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Operations, expenditures, and conditions of the institution.

SHAKESPEARE AS A PLAYWRIGHT. By Brander Matthews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$3 net.

An attempt to relate Shakespeare more intimately with the theatre of his time.

YOUTH'S ENCOUNTER. By Compton Mackenzie. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

THE EYE OF DREAD. By Payne Erskine. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

THE HONORABLE MR. TAWNISH. By Jeffery Farol. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1 net.

A novel.

ATHENS THE VIOLET CROWNED. By Lilian Whiting. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2.50 net.

A description of the history and life of Athens.

THE ROMANCE OF THE AMERICAN THEATRE. By Mary Caroline Crawford. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2.50 net.

An account of the old theatres and the old stars.

THE DARK FLOWER. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

THE LOST ROAD. By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

MASCAROSE. By Gordon Arthur Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1 net.

A story.

ART IN SPAIN AND PORTUGAL. By Marcel Dieulafoy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Issued in General History of Art.

THE HOUSE OF HAPPINESS. By Kate Langley Bosher. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

FAMILIAR SPANISH TRAVELS. By William Dean Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2 net.

A volume of travel sketches.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.50 net.

With illustrations by Louis Rhead.

A ROSE OF OLD QUEBEC. By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

FRENCH PROSE COMPOSITION. By C. Fontaine. New York: American Book Company; 35 cents.

A school book.

LETTERS OF CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$5 net;

In two volumes. With biographical comment by

his daughter, Sara Norton, and M. A. de Wolfe Howe.

MOTHER GOOSE. New York: The Century Company.

Old nursery rhymes. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham.

STORY-TELLING POEMS. By Frances Jenkins Olcott. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

A volume of verse.

THE HOUSE OF GOOD TASTE. By Elsie de Wolfe. New York: The Century Company.

A handbook on furnishing.

THE OLD SPANISH MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA. By Paul Elder. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.; \$3.50 net.

A historical and descriptive sketch. Illustrated chiefly from photographs by Western artists.

THE COLONEL'S EXPERIMENT. By Edith Barnard Delano. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1 net.

A story.

T. TEMBAROM. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: The Century Company; \$1.40 net.

A novel.

THE JINGLE-JUNGLE BOOK. By Oliver Herford. New York: The Century Company.

Illustrated rhymes.

THE NEAR EAST. By Robert Hichens. New York: The Century Company; \$6 net.

Dalmati, Greece, and Constantinople. With illustrations by Jules Guérin.

THE RELIGIOUS REVOLUTION OF TODAY. By James T. Shotwell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.10 net.

A review of the position in the religious world.

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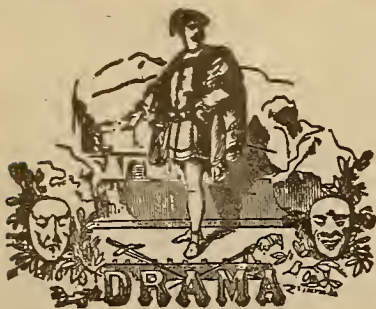
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"THE RAINBOW."

Henry Miller and San Francisco theatre-goers are old friends. We have always had rather tender sentiments for him ever since he put us back again on the theatrical map (from which the majority of managers had for a time ousted us) by coming to us annually for many long summer seasons with first-class companies and first-class plays. In our resultant appreciation of him we have perhaps sometimes gone to extremes in including his name on the roll of the famous ones as a great actor. He is not, and never will be, but he is a very accomplished and painstaking one, always striving faithfully to attain to a high standard which ever beckons him on, and bringing to his work an intelligence, a devotion, and an infallible stage instinct which enlighten him as to what the public wants, and which have contributed toward his high standing as a manager and producer.

His usual instinct has guided him in the selection of "The Rainbow." The play treats of the havoc caused by severed domestic ties, and more particularly of the tender joy flooding the heart of a man that nature had made a father by instinct, when, after long years of separation, his little girl, now grown to be a pretty maiden, is restored to his home and his affections. One of the prettiest things in life is to see that chivalrous, idealizing, protecting father-love toward the woman-child, which in men should, and often does, take in later years the place of the romantic ardors of young love. Psychologists have established that, in parents, there is an instinctively strong bond existing between the mother and son on one side, and the father and daughter on the other. And it is upon the strength and tender beauty of this latter tie that "The Rainbow" is built.

The French, who occasionally escape from their eternal triangle and write charming plays bearing on other themes, have recognized it. Even that ruthless heart dissector Hervieu allows such an inference incidentally in "Le Loi de l'homme." Brieux treats of this phase of family affection in "Simone," and in that delightful play, "Son Père," which possibly suggested to Mr. A. E. Thomas his theme for "The Rainbow," the gradual growth of a loving comradeship between a long-divided father and daughter is tenderly and charmingly depicted. Although the bare outlines of the two plays are nearly identical, Mr. Thomas has written his own play in his own way, making quite a poignant appeal to the affectional sensibilities of men, who contribute many soft-hearted tears to the unfolding of his little drama of paternal love.

I shouldn't wonder if among the men who weep most freely over this play are many who, like Neil Sumner, are regarded as rather a bad lot, their experience of the stains and smirches of life having a tendency often to make them emotionally responsive to wholesome and sweet influences which they think might have saved them. However, all kinds of men wept; old and young, fat and thin, bald and thatched. I saw the tears sparkling in little runnels in their crow's feet, for they were boyishly afraid to give themselves away by producing shamefaced handkerchiefs to dry them. Those numerous tears constitute a very strong testimony to the emotional efficacy of Mr. Thomas's play, for they are the kind of tears which people enjoy. Everybody had a refreshed look. Their dusty (the men's, I mean by this disrespectful adjective) sensibilities had been refreshed by a halmy spring shower, and the expression on every face showed the cleansing and healing effect.

I think, on the whole, that an evening of that kind of appreciation is much more enjoyed by men retrospectively than the sultry banalities which they so often flock to enjoy. Poor, soft-hearted, grown-up babies, every now and then they make the novel discovery that the sentiments are a little nearer the centre of one's being than the risibles.

Mr. Miller, with his usual good judgment, has, in securing "The Rainbow," not only achieved possession of a play of wide popular appeal, but also of a rôle that suits him particularly well in his present phase. He has definitely renounced the rôles of young, romantic lovers, and that quality which makes you like him is very valuable in the rôle of a particularly lovable man, whose affections, if want of a normal vent, have expended themselves upon horses, sporting people, and sponges. He plays his emotional scenes very well, with due restraint, and yet heedful to indicate, by little paroxysms of muscular re-

volt during the good-by scene, the mental suffering, all outward expression of which it is cruelly decreed that a man must restrain.

There are about a dozen people in the supporting cast, Louise Closser Hale's being perhaps the name best known. They are carefully selected and carefully drilled, Miss Ruth Chatterton, a slender stripling apparently in her teens, playing very daintily, sweetly, and prettily the rôle of the daughter. In her attempt at naturalness, however, the young actress forgets that, softly and prettily audible though her murmurs are to us at close range, there must have been sufferers in the upper circles that could not hear her.

Excellent stage director though he is, I have a theory that Henry Miller suppresses too much the individuality of his players. His productions are always marked by the utmost care and detail. The same standard that has urged him on to make it a lifelong solicitude to curb and control his natural tendency to indistinctness causes him to work hard in the same way with each individual member of his company. But a family resemblance may be detected in their delivery of their lines, a sort of meticulous elaboration of their reading, which makes it just faintly artificial. Louise Closser Hale is, among the women, the one who most escapes it. She is fortunate in being provided with a rôle that suits her particularly well, that of the soft-hearted sister with an irresistible impulse toward neat and sometimes sharp-edged repartee. Robert Stowe Gill, who plays the rôle of Nick Hollins, the blackest of Neil's black sheep, has his own manner and style—a very good one—and sticks to it. All the players, however, deserve commendation for the general thoroughness which they have put into the work, and—an important point to many—the women are either pretty or nice looking, and well dressed.

It is pleasant to see upon the stage a play so popular in tone, which puts family affections upon a sweet, sound, and wholesome basis. The only point in the play that invites criticism is the author's occasional tendency to let the fond talk between father and daughter sink to a childishness of tone which skates the edge of silliness. Not to deny that silliness can sometimes be enchanting and delightful, yet stage silliness should never reach that point that permits the auditor to recover consciousness of judgment and say to himself: "Come, now, this is really getting silly." However, the play has so many merits that they altogether overbalance the few defects. Beside the sense of refreshment that it offers to the wholesome emotions it has compactness of structure and generally agreeable and sometimes quite witty dialogue.

The author has wisely thrown a very masculine atmosphere around the hero, the play beginning with a man's card party in his bachelor quarters; and the contrast between the two opposing phases of Neil Sumner's character is one of the points that is so thoroughly and sympathetically responded to by male auditors.

"I ZINGARI."

There are occasions when we have reason to feel that, in spite of its remoteness, San Francisco is really on the map. For we have seen Mascagni wielding the baton here with one of his own operas, and now Ruggiero Leoncavallo is in our midst, directing not only his new opera "I Zingari"—for the first time in this country—but "I Pagliacci" as well.

"I Zingari" is rather a short work, being only two acts in length. This, by the way, adds very much to the dramatic intensity of the composition, there naturally being little or no opportunity in an opera thus abbreviated for a composer to pad his work with poorer or weaker passages.

As it stands "I Zingari" is full of color and intensity, and fairly glowing with the fiery love emotions of the gypsy nomads, whom tradition credits with loving all the harder because of their constitutional avoidance of work. Leoncavallo, however, introduces a nobleman into the story, who, because of his love for Fleana, the gypsy girl, renounces his dignities and casts in his lot with the tribe.

The music of the first act is charmingly conceived, the love themes being treated as light and almost gay in contrast to the sinister shadowings of the second act. Fleana is a very earthy creature, but she loves as do her fellow-women, with ardor and tenderness. Her love for Radir blossoms with the springtime of earth, and her lyrics express the buoyancy and huddling sweetness of that happy period. The composer, too, has sought to indicate not only the sense of young romanticism upon which her regard for the prince is founded, but also the essential lightness and inconstancy of her character. The blossoming chorus sung at the primitive wedding is characterized by a joyous melodiousness and by the simplicity appropriate to the music of the gypsies. In rich and shadowy contrast to the buoyant, ardent love music are those passages sung by Tamar, the gypsy youth who sees Fleana lost to him before he has declared his love.

Between the first and second acts there is introduced an interlude which, with the long sighing of the strings, and the hodings of the cellos, foreshadows the coming of tragedy. The music now changes with the change in the inconstant Fleana and her pair of lovers. Fleana loves but to give, and in her thoughts she plans treason against her spouse. The romantic glamour having faded, she has transferred her affections to Tamar, as she is of that order of being of whom Tennyson wrote when he said:

For bright and fierce and fickle is the south;
And dark and true and tender is the north.

Except for the enamoredness of lovers, nobody is given to tenderness in "I Zingari." Tamar in the first act threatens his successful rival with his dagger, and the second Radir, when he hears the voice of his faithless wife in Tamar's tent, revengefully fires the lovers' shelter with a flaming brand and the guilty pair are burned to death. As the hut is consumed before our eyes, and as smoke and flames ascend from its fiery centre, we hear the long, thrilling death scream with which Fleana meets her fate. All the music of this second act is finely in accord with its tragic and sinister action, the expression of the recklessness and defiance of Fleana's mood, and her hardening of her heart toward Radir, working up toward its real climax in the number with which Radir records his frenzied male revolt against the desperate anguish of a denied and deceived love.

This, Chiodo sang with a prodigality and intensity of tone that won the audience to enthusiastic demonstrations. All the silver strength of his beautiful tenor he hurled at them with a youthful wastefulness that means havoc with those argente tones in the near future. Chiodo, indeed, in the rôle of Radir was particularly well placed, both dramatically and vocally. His handsome, baby face is suited to the character of the enamored prince, "who wants what he wants when he wants it," and he gave the hitherto repressed emotionalism in his temperament free rein.

In striking contrast to Chiodo's vocalism was the artistic restraint exercised by Montecarlo, who never lets his emotion run away with him, and always has his smooth, beautiful haritone under perfect control. His assumption of the rôle of Tamar was singularly well balanced, the dramatic side being equally fine and well sustained with the vocal. In make-up, too, this singer excels, as was shown by the dark-browed tragic physiognomy of the gypsy lover.

Mme. Melis, however, as Fleana, is the dominating figure. This singer is gifted beyond the ordinary, for to her thrilling and glorious soprano she adds beauty of person and an unfettered dramatic instinct which enable her to lend as much realism to a rôle as one can ever expect in the conventionalities of opera. Conventional, however, she herself is not. She is full of gesture and emotion and she vivifies and differentiates an operatic rôle by the freshness and abandon of her acting.

With these three beautiful voices to interpret such music it seems as if we could not in reason have asked for a better performance of "I Zingari," which was delivered from beginning to end with a glow and élan and a dramatic and vocal fervor which should have greatly pleased Leoncavallo. Whether or not the presence of the composer had anything to do with firing up the performers to their particular degree of intensity we may not know, but as a director I should say that Leoncavallo is far from inspiring. He leads rather mechanically, with his eyes, the greater part of the time, fastened to the score. He is man who does not indulge in any gallery play, and is not characterized by the Latin expansiveness of Mascagni. In fact he impresses me as a serious, sincere man who would rather not be bothered by being brought before the public, but having submitted to this affliction, goes through all due forms with good manners and resignation. He is short and stout, and gives no hint whatever of greatness in his appearance,

and no suggestion of being particularly sympathetic with the ardors that shake the souls of the earthy three in "I Zingari." Nevertheless he looks to me, as are most musicians, a very thorough materialist; almost too much so for his health's sake.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The Power of the Snowflake

A snowflake softly drifting down is a beautiful sight. In all the world there is nothing else quite like it. Tiny, soft, and light as a feather, it contains no hint of its power. It is only when the Sierras are piled high with masses of snow, ten, twenty, thirty feet deep, that one begins to obtain an idea of the vast strength reposing so majestically in the great white blanket. Were it not for the snowfall each winter California would be little more than a barren waste. It is the snowflake that fills the streams, bubbles up in countless springs and wells, flows along through the irrigating canals, helps to operate the great gold mines and sawmills, and generates hundreds of thousands of horsepower in electricity to light cities and hamlets, farm houses and trains, operate street-car lines, mines and mills, and aid in a million different ways in making the state a better place in which to live.

To harness the snowflake, however, and make it amenable to man's bidding is no child's play. It is a man's size job, one requiring unlimited optimism, an almost uncanny far-sightedness, and, last of all, vast financial outlay before the financiers can begin to hope for any return on the capital turned into the enterprise. Without this combination of skill, labor, material, and wealth the snowflake would meet with little more utilization than was made of it by the native Indians, and the most of California's population would not be enjoying the benefits and blessings of electric power, and water to flood the fields and gardens, causing them to hear wonderful, golden harvests. Without this combination just mentioned "Pacific Service" would mean nothing to California, whereas two-thirds of the people in California are now enjoying its manifold benefits. It is this same combination which enables "Pacific Service" to carry its message to 284 towns, for it supplies that number with one or more commodities—electricity, gas, or water; it supplies 209 towns with electricity for lighting and power purposes; furnishes fifty-six with gas, operates sixteen gas plants and pipes an abundant supply of pure mountain water to twenty-five towns. Numbers of these places could not afford to maintain water, gas, and electric plants of their own, nor could small companies find it profitable to engage in such undertakings.

The public has been told from time to time of the great hydro-electric undertaking at Lake Spalding, where the Pacific Gas and Electric Company is expending millions of dollars to utilize the snowflake and make "Pacific Service" greater and better than ever. Another feature of the enterprise is the Bear River Canal, which the company has enlarged to carry 14,000 miner's inches of water. It is eight feet deep, ten feet wide at the bottom, and eighteen feet wide at the top. It will carry water from Bear River, near Colfax, to a great storage reservoir near Clipper Gap, whence it will be drawn off to irrigate the fertile hills and valleys of the foothill region, and lend its inducement to the settler to clear the land and begin homemaking in a favored region. It is carrying the snowflake to the people.



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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"The Chocolate Soldier" at the Cort Theatre.
"The Chocolate Soldier" is enjoying its third season of unabated popularity and has broken the old rule that "familiarity breeds contempt." In the case of this masterpiece of Oscar Strauss and the Viennese school of music, the familiarity that the American people possess of "The Chocolate Soldier," with its captivating melodies and its scintillating wit, has only made them more eager to repeat the experience of an evening in the company of "The Chocolate Soldier."

This explains the coming of the exquisite opera bouffe that Oscar Strauss and his associates fashioned from George Bernard Shaw's immortal comedy, "Arms and the Man," to the Cort Theatre for one week commencing Sunday, November 9, with popular matinees Wednesday and Saturday. Not content with the strength of his company last season and the widely remarked beauty of his scenic equipment, Mr. Whitney, the producer of "The Chocolate Soldier," has sought to surpass his former achievements and to increase, if possible, the power of the spell that the romantic Bulgarian atmosphere and the witching music casts over every audience.

The Whitney Opera Company is something of a phenomenon among light opera companies, for it is a rule of Mr. Whitney's, one which he rarely breaks, that every member shall have had a grand opera training. This means a richer and more intelligent rendering of all the subtleties of the music, and insures a dramatic union which is all important to the success of an opera which offers as many dramatic opportunities as does "The Chocolate Soldier." Such well-known names as Antoinette Kopetsky, Lottie Collins, Lucille Saunders, Charles Purcell, Francis J. Boyle, George Tallman, Sylvain Langlois, and the Whitney Opera Comique Orchestra of picked musicians under the direction of Signor Charles Plevin are a guaranty that each and every opportunity will be taken advantage of to the fullest extent.

"The Merry Countess" follows.

Henry Miller's Success at Columbia Theatre.

One of the most delightful dramatic treats which San Francisco playgoers have enjoyed in years has been Henry Miller's performance in "The Rainbow," which begins its second week at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night next, November 10. The engagement of Mr. Miller in "The Rainbow" will continue up to and including Saturday night, November 15. There will be matinees on Wednesday and Saturday. The Wednesday matinee will be played at special prices ranging from 25 cents to \$1.50.

Fourth Week of "The Candy Shop."

"The Candy Shop" at the Gaiety pursues its merry, melodious way, and, like old wine, it gathers flavor with age. There is no sign that any of its ingredients are growing stale, but the management has so many more good things up its sleeve that some of the specialties must perform soon give way to new and added novelties. It is the aim of the Gaiety to provide a perpetual string of surprises for its patrons.

The opening of the fourth week of the run will therefore see several important changes. Meantime the folk who are looking for sparkling entertainment that never palls, and laughs at the rate of sixty or more an hour, are crowding the pink and gold house on O'Farrell Street. Those whom the management have regretfully had to turn away at recent performances owing to lack of accommodation have the satisfaction of knowing, at any rate, that "The Candy Shop," like all other peculiarly Californian products, is here indefinitely, and their desire to see the sparkling show once, twice, and as often as they want can assuredly be gratified.

Those veritable headliners, William Rock and Maude Fulton, have introduced a cracker-jack novelty this week in their "newspaper

dance." It is almost as much of a sensation as the now famous song and dance of the whitewash man.

The usual matinee will be given today at the special prices. Of all the days in the week Thursday is the one that the children look forward to most.

Savoy Crowded To See Polar Pictures.

The official cinematographic record of the late Captain Robert Falcon Scott's memorable expedition to the South Pole is serving to crowd the Savoy Theatre every afternoon and evening with deeply interested and highly entertained audiences.

These motion pictures were made by Herbert G. Ponting, F. R. G. S., who accompanied Captain Scott as official camera artist to within twelve degrees of the pole. He was very fortunate in securing some of the most remarkable pictures ever taken of life in a strange zone and he recorded series after series showing the comical little penguin courting, building a nest, incubating its eggs, hatching the young, and lastly indulging in Antarctic ragtime. Probably the most thrilling incident flashed upon the screen is that of a school of Killer whales pursuing a mother seal and her baby. The old seal jumps out of the water on the ice and frantically endeavors to lift her little one out after her and, failing in this, she dives almost into the jaws of death to rescue her young. No one knows what the climax of this tragedy was, but Charles B. Hanford, whose lecture is such an interesting part of the entertainment, thinks that a harpoon, shot from the vessel, saved the mother and her baby.

"The Undying Story of Captain Scott," which is another title for the entertainment, will be continued at the Savoy Theatre every afternoon at 2:30 and evening at 8:30 all of this and next week.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum announces another splendid new bill for next week. The Six Musical Cuttys, whose claim to be the world's greatest musical family has never been disputed, will be the headline attraction. Since infancy these brothers and sisters have been tutored in music, the result being that every one of them today is an artist vocally and instrumentally. The Cuttys play a wide variety of instruments, and play all of them splendidly. They also possess pleasing and well-trained voices.

Joe Welch, the eminent character comedian, will appear in "A Study from Life," which is a vivid and interesting bit of characterization, constructed principally on comedy lines. Welch is one of the brightest stars in vaudeville.

S. Miller Kent, who has triumphed both on the legitimate and vaudeville stage, will present a unique comedy playlet by Maverick Terrell and H. O. Steckham, entitled, "The Real Q," the Raffles of Vaudeville. It has a sustained interest and keeps the audience guessing until the fall of the curtain.

The Three Collegians, genuine college men, will introduce a bit of college life called "The Rehearsal." The scene is an undergraduate's apartment, and three distinct types of college men are depicted. They sing, play, dance, swing clubs, and act cleverly.

Fred Warren and Effie Conley will appear in a classy vaudeville mixture consisting of singing, dancing, and piano playing.

Ralph Smalley, for the last six years 'cello soloist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will delight with his remarkable technique, mellow tones, and soulful rendition of popular and classic numbers.

Next week will be the last of the Chung Hwa Comedy Four and also of that splendid legitimate dramatic star, Kathryn Kidder, in her immensely successful delineation of Mme. Sans Gene in "The Washerwoman Dubess."

Grand Opera the Tivoli Attraction.

The fourth week of the grand opera season at the Tivoli Opera House is drawing to a close with a constantly increasing interest on the part of the music-loving public. The performances are more than satisfactory from every viewpoint, and it will be many a day before so strong an aggregation will be gathered together again in this city. This afternoon "Thais" will be given again, with Carmen Melis in the title-role, Montesanto as Athanael, and Andre Ferrier, who has been especially engaged, as Nicias, the Alexandrian voluptuary. Tonight "Rigoletto" will be sung for the last time, with Simzis, Anitaua, Botta, Modesti, and Sesona, and tomorrow night will witness the final rendition of the double bill, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Zingari." Leoncavallo directing his own opera, and with the same big cast as before, except in "Cavalleria," where Fanny Anitaua will sing Lola.

The repertory for the fifth and last week but one of the present grand opera season is full of good things and opens Monday night with Verdi's "Otello," with Crestani, Anitaua, Chiodo, and Montesanto in the principal roles. Chiodo created a furor on the continent in his characterization of the Moor, while Montesanto's Iago also comes highly heralded. "Otello" will be repeated at the Thursday matinee and Saturday night. Tuesday even-

ing "Madama Butterfly," will be repeated, by request, with Moseiska, Cecchetti, Botta, and Modesti, and Wednesday night and at the Saturday matinee "Thais" will be the bill, each time with Mascari as Athanael. A single performance will be given Thursday of Verdi's beautiful opera, "Rigoletto," with Simzis, Anitaua, Botta, Modesti, and Sesona in the principal roles, and Friday and Sunday nights Leoncavallo will direct, for the first time in America, his own opera, "Zaza." Carmen Melis will be heard in the titular role and the rest of the superb cast will include Anitaua, Botta, Montesanto, and Brilli.

Theatre Francais Announces Opening Date.

All who are interested in the study of the French language or its literature will be delighted to learn that the first performance of the Theatre Francais, under the management of Will L. Greenbaum, will be given next Thursday night, November 13, at Scottish Rite Auditorium. The performance will consist of the four-act comedy, "Mlle. de la Seigliere," by Jules Sandeau, one of the masterpieces of the French stage.

The company is under the artistic direction of M. Andre Ferrier, who will be seen in the role of Bernard Stampely, and Mme. Gustin-Ferrier will assume the title-role. Mme. Martel and MM. de Villers, Gassion, Gilles, Pary, and Lechten will complete the cast.

A bijou orchestra under the direction of Emilio Puyans will play some charming French works between the acts.

Tickets may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and at the hall on the evening of the performance.

The second performance will be given early in December, when a double bill will be presented, consisting of the one-act comedy, "L'Ete de la Saint-Martin," and the charming opera comique, "Marriage by Lantern," by Offenbach, for which Miss Esther Mundell has been specially engaged.

Julian Eltinge to Play Return Engagement.

When Julian Eltinge, the famous and popular star of "The Fascinating Widow," comes back to the Columbia Theatre for a week's engagement commencing Sunday night, November 16, he will bring with him an entirely new wardrobe of Parisian gowns, which are said to mark absolutely the last word in the modiste's art.

Eltinge has been known for some time as an extraordinary artist in his particular line and unique specialty, not of imitating, but of really impersonating various types of femininity. In "The Fascinating Widow" Eltinge's art is put to the severest possible test by being surrounded by the most beautiful girls Manager A. H. Woods could secure to make up the chorus. The same cast of principals seen here with Eltinge last year returns to the Columbia Theatre.

Mrs. Fiske comes to the Columbia Theatre early next month and will be seen here for the first time in Edward Sheldon's successful play, "The High Road." Mrs. Fiske will have as her leading man the well-known actor, Arthur Byron.

One of the offerings coming shortly to the Columbia will be "Stop Thief," a roaring farce. Later will be seen "Kismet," a spectacular dramatic triumph, and "Milestones," a romantic comedy which claims the distinction of being one of the most delightful plays America has seen in a decade.

Made in 1625 by the master artisan, Nicolaus Mandescheit, and described as the finest instrument of the kind in the world, an organ has been purchased abroad by an American dealer, who is said to have paid \$100,000 for it. The purchase is linked with the name of Henry C. Frick. The instrument is of large cabinet size, with a keyboard about three feet long. The case is richly carved and inside is the maker's portrait and inscription giving his age and the honors accorded him. The organ was found in an old chateau in the Ardennes region of France, where it is said to have rested for two hundred years. It is supposed to have been seized by a French officer at the time of the Thirty Years' War. Saint-Saens played on it some years ago and pronounced it the finest he had ever touched.

M. Anatole France, at the age of seventy-two, has returned to Paris to resume his literary labors, and is about to write in a new vein—stories for young persons. He has already commenced in part this enterprise, which amuses and delights him. He inhabits a curiously furnished but reposeful house in a retired part of the Avenue Bois de Boulogne known as the Villa Said. Here he is correcting the proofs of his novel, "Les Angles," which has appeared serially in *Gil Blas*.

May Irwin will shed her starry joy at the Columbia Theatre about holiday time, using as the vehicle for that purpose her latest farce, called "Widow by Proxy." May Irwin has been a stranger to San Francisco for many seasons, and her return to this city will attract much attention, for she has always been well received here.

Pavlowa Scores a Triumph.
Pavlowa and Novikoff with the Imperial Russian Ballet and Orchestra opened the season at the Metropolitan Opera House, and every seat was sold a week before. The press reports are most glowing, and the scenery attracted almost as much attention as the dancers. A special symphony orchestra played the beautiful Russian music, and this complete orchestra will accompany Pavlowa to this city by arrangement with Manager Greenbaum.

The success of "Adele," the musical comedy now in its eleventh week at the Longacre Theatre, New York, has encouraged Mr. Joseph P. Bickerton, Jr., managing director of this organization, to form a second company which will open in Omaha in December and play the Pacific Coast and Southern time. The cast will include the most notable artists identified with light opera productions in America.

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SIX MUSICAL CUTTYS, the World's Greatest Musical Family; JOE WELCH, the Eminent Character Comedian, in a Study from Life; S. MILLER KENT and Co. in "The Real Q," the Raffles of Vaudeville; the THREE COLLEGIANS, present "A Bit of College Life"; FRED WARREN and EFFIE CONLEY in a Classy Vaudeville Mixture; RALPH SMALLEY, Cello Virtuoso; CHUNG HWA COMEDY FOUR, Special Feature—"A Phoney Alarm," Taken Exclusively for the Orpheum Circuit. Last Week, KATHRYN KIDDER as Mme. Sans-Gene in the New Playlet, "The Washerwoman Dubess."

Evening prices 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats \$1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and Holidays) 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone Douglas 70.

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New York Liberty Theatre Cast and Production
"The Rainbow" for Happiness.—Chronicle.

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ANNA HELD All-Star Variete Jubilee

Commencing SUNDAY NIGHT, Nov. 9—1 Week
Whitney Opera Company Presents
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With the Whitney Opera Comique Orchestra
Nights, 50c to \$2. Best Seats \$1 at Wednesday Mat. \$1.50 Saturday Mat.

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GRAND OPERA SEASON

Mat. Today at 2 Sharp, **Thais**, with Melis, Montesanto and Ferrier. Tonight, **Rigoletto**, with Simzis, Anitaua, Botta, Modesti and Sesona. Sunday, Double Bill, **Cavalleria Rusticana**, with Crestani, Anitaua, Schiavazzi, and Mascari, and **Zingari**, under the direction of the composer, **Leoncavallo**, with Melis, Chiodo, Montesanto and Brilli. Monday, Thursday Mat. and Saturday, **Otello**, with Crestani, Anitaua, Chiodo and Montesanto. Tuesday, **Madama Butterfly**, with Moseiska, Cecchetti, Botta and Modesti. Wednesday Night and Saturday Mat., **Thais**, with Melis, Mascari and Ferrier. Thursday, **Rigoletto**, with Simzis, Anitaua, Botta, Modesti and Sesona. Friday and Sunday, **Zaza**, under the direction of the composer, **Leoncavallo**, with Melis, Anitaua, Botta, Montesanto and Brilli.

Prices—\$2 to 50c. Boxes seating \$8, \$20.

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Mason and Hamlin Piano.

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This Sunday aft., Nov. 9, and
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Tickets \$2.50, \$2, \$1.50, \$1, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's. Sunday at Cort Theatre.

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Friday aft., Nov. 14, at 3:15
Coming—TERESA CARRENO, Pianist.

THEATRE FRANCAIS
at SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM
Next Thursday eve, Nov. 13, at 8:15
The Comedy in 4 acts by JULES SANDEAU
MLLE. DE LA SEIGLIERE
Tickets 50c, 8t, \$1.50, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

VANITY FAIR.

A reporter of the New York Times has discovered a cloak-room girl who is employed in a Broadway hotel and who has views on the subject of society. She sees a good deal of society, and her name is Edna Violet Ostler. She is only sixteen years of age, but she is described as tall, pretty, graceful, and with a manner. It is a satisfactory specification. It fills the bill.

Miss Ostler says you would hardly believe some of the experiences of the cloak-room girl. There are women who are not satisfied with the fascination that they exercise over their escorts, but who must also dazzle the attendants and resort to all kinds of tricks to do it:

One of the commonest is to pretend that she has a hole in her stocking, so that all the dressing-room attendants can gather around and investigate. It is all done so that she can show the fact that she has a golden garter or that there is a big roll of hills stuffed in her stocking, and deliver much talk about the value of the garter and how she came to get it.

Another favorite trick is to lose your la valliere. You drop it down your neck and then give a scream. All the girls in the dressing-room promptly rush to the rescue. While they are trying to explore your person to find the necklace you produce much conversation about how immensely valuable it is and what other jewels you have at home. Finally they get it for you and you sail out, firmly convinced that you have made a great impression on the dressing-room girls.

All New York, says this discerning young woman, wants to be thought rich. There are men who will come in with a crowd of friends ostentatiously flashing their diamond rings and never giving a smaller tip than a dollar. Next day those same men will sneak in with their rings turned in and the tip does not assume even the proportions of a nickel.

But Miss Ostler is particularly severe upon her own sex. It is rather a way women have. Miss Ostler has been trying to find a beautiful woman, and so far she has failed. There are plenty of women who might be beautiful if they would only allow themselves to be so, but they won't. They seem anxious to extinguish whatever beauty they have by their dress:

Even the pretty ones do everything they can to disguise their beauty. If there is a pretty girl in New York she spoils her beauty with paint. Why do they do it? What is the use of paint to a naturally pretty girl? But they will insist on splashing it on and ruining otherwise beautiful faces. The trouble with the American beauty is paint.

I think I am entitled to be considered a judge because of the procession that passes in review before me as I stand here howling submissively and taking their cloaks from them. If there is anybody in the world who ever sees the typical New York woman it is the cloak-room girl.

If they don't paint, they resort to every possible device to accentuate the bad points of their features. For instance, if a woman has a long face she wants to wear a striped dress, and generally there is something sticking up in front of her hat. The New York woman's idea of the way to overcome every defect is to bang a diamond on it. And she always bangs a diamond exactly where it will show what her particular physical defect is.

It seems that the cloak-room girl has other duties than those that belong strictly to her profession. She is expected also to make loans to her needy clients when the wind of adversity is blowing in their direction, as the wind of adversity will sometimes do. They are asked for anything from a quarter to five dollars, and these loans are usually contracted by women whose appearance is not of the kind to indicate poverty:

I remember especially one girl who came in here with a golden mesh bag and diamonds sticking out all over her and begged me piteously for a loan of a dollar, saying that she was absolutely down and out. I gave it to her. Since then she often comes into the hotel and tips me a dollar haughtily and languidly, with the air of never having seen me before. Times have changed with her. Of course I never refer to it, and am always abjectly thankful for the dollar.

The usual tip is a quarter, but a great many women give nothing, and they are usually the women who are most exacting. The suburbanite is the chief offender. The suburban women come in laden with bags and parcels, hand them all over to be taken care of, and then make their raid on the dressing-room. It is so much cheaper than taking a room:

You see, in one drawer of the little dressing table we keep powder. In the big middle drawer we keep every kind of make-up, every kind of rouge, cold creams, and everything of that sort that anybody can ask for. In the other side there is a drawer containing small individual towels. Some women object to using the same powder puffs that other women do, although the maid keeps them in perfect order, and so for their benefit she keeps in a glass bowl little bits of antiseptic cotton; but for those who don't use this there is an ordinary rabbit's foot and powder puffs of various degrees, thickness, and size. And then there is another drawer where we keep cigarettes of every kind. Handing those out is one of the best things we do. It's funny to see how the women come slipping into the dressing-room, obviously dying for a smoke,

and how their faces light up when we trot one out. Of course, that's more in another department than mine. And, by the way, when one of them comes in and asks for the loan of a couple of dollars I always ask her to step into the dressing-room. I have learned that much about New York; I think there is a Western expression describing it, called "passing the buck."

The reporter asked Miss Ostler if the people who failed to give tips ever come back again. "Yes," she said vindictively, "and when they do I get square with them. I bang their coats on either No. 13 or No. 23." Now there's malice for you.

Pearls of great variety, in long ropes, necklaces, brooches, and pendants, are included among the wedding gifts to the Duchess of Fife, these gems, according to the leaders of fashion, being the most popular of the season.

Discussing with a London Standard representative the vogue of the moment, Mr. Hugh M. Allom, of Messrs. Debenham, Storr & Sons, Covent Garden, said that there had been a strong tendency among the gem buyers at the firm's recent sales to secure pearls at greatly enhanced prices. There was no doubt, he said, that fashion had decreed a revival at a time when pearls were dearer than ever before. They are becoming more and more rare owing to the fact that most of the important fisheries are being depleted, and because of the extra cost and the difficulties of working the deep-sea fisheries. No new pearl fisheries of any importance have been discovered within the last few years, with the result that anything like gems "of purest ray serene" are becoming more and more scarce and are consequently sought after by dealers and collectors. The contrast between prices now and a few years back is remarkable. A pearl necklace which was sold for a very large sum at Messrs. Debenham, Storr & Sons' rooms recently was originally bought at a retail shop about twenty years ago for under \$1700. Other recent sale figures for pearl necklaces were one at \$80,000 and another at \$110,000.

There has also been a curious change in fashion owing to the wonderful way in which the jeweler has perfected the color and texture of imitations. This change is in the color. Formerly fine pearl necklaces were judged by, among other things, the similarity of the color to that of quicksilver, but this color has been so closely imitated that it is now of less value. The more fashionable necklace is of a slightly pink shade, which up to the moment the "copyists" have not been successful in reproducing. The more valuable pearls are the black and bronze species and also the drop or pear-shaped pearl of perfect skin, which can be used singly. Many wealthy men will give fabulous prices per grain. The gradation of the pearls in the finest necklaces of the present moment is marvelous, and vast sums are spent on the choosing. As much as \$20,000 or \$25,000 has been given for a centre pearl. Many men in the jewelry trade have strings of pearls that they have been collecting for years—each gem in its proper place—and have not yet secured the absolute perfection in the shapes, color, and general effect aimed at.

A North Dakota paper offers the following apology to one of its readers: "We wish to apologize to Mrs. Orland Overlook. In our paper last week we had as a heading 'Mrs. Overlook's Big Feet.' The word we had ought to have used is a French word pronounced the same way but spelled fete. It means a celebration and is considered a very tony word."

M. Henri Menier, the famous chocolate manufacturer, whose death occurred recently, was better known in England as "the man who would be king." In 1895 he bought the island of Anticosti, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, for £25,000, and set up what was practically a government of his own there. Under the name of "rules" he made laws to which all who lived on the island had to conform, and he evicted eighteen families of old settlers on the island who refused to recognize his authority. The ownership by a Frenchman of an important British island like Anticosti—it is 130 miles long, with an average width of twenty-seven miles—caused some uneasiness in England at the time, which (says the London Daily Express) M. Menier's assumption of sovereignty did not tend to allay. When Queen Victoria died his "governor," M. Commettant, sent a telegram of condolence to Lord Minto, then governor-general of Canada, which Lord Minto refused to accept, as it involved an assumption of sovereignty. Later, however, matters were smoothed over, and M. Menier explained that he had no intention of claiming any rights except those of an ordinary landowner. He spent about £300,000 in developing the island, but it did not repay his expectations, and he had done little with it in recent years. In France his model city of Noisiel was planned on similar lines to Port Sunlight and Bournville in England.

"I understand the text all right," remarked Aunt Ann Peebles, after the sermon was over; "but the preacher's explanation of it puzzled me a good deal."—Chicago Tribune.

November 16th

AND DAILY THEREAFTER

THE NEW

"Sunset Limited"

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Will leave San Francisco for New Orleans
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DAILY SCHEDULE

Lv. San Francisco (Third St. Station) 5:00 p. m., Sun.
Lv. Los Angeles 8:15 a. m., Mon.
Ar. New Orleans 8:50 p. m., Wed.

TIME

San Francisco to New Orleans . . 73 h., 50 m.
Los Angeles to New Orleans . . . 58 h., 35 m.

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Also with steamers of Southern Pacific Atlantic Steamship Line, sailing to New York every Wednesday and Saturday.

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THE EXPOSITION LINE—1915

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Up in Alaska there used to be a district attorney who was long on native oratory, but short on education. Once, while prosecuting a big case, coming to the finish of his argument, he leaned across the rail and made this plea: "All I asts of you, gentlemen of the jury, is that you now retire and mete out justice as she deserves to be met!"

The trial of a notorious old moonshiner was over and he had been found guilty. The judge lectured him severely on his long criminal record and then sentenced him to thirty-six years' imprisonment, saying that the court had no feeling of anger toward him, but only of pity. The prisoner listened stolidly and said as he left the courtroom: "Well, I suah am glad he wasn't mad at me."

Patrick O'Grady attended a social session given by some fellow-citizens in the second story of a town hall and became exceedingly convivial. An hour later he was found by a friend lying at the foot of a stairway leading to the street. "Begorra, Pat, an' is that you?" asked the astonished friend, pausing to assist him to his feet. "An' did yez fall downstairs?" "Sure, an Oi did. But it's all roight. Oi was comin' down anyway."

A visitor who had an exalted opinion of his golf ability was extended the courtesy of the club, and the first day he went over the beautiful course in the Highlands, accompanied by a bright caddy. He had succeeded in burying his ball in every bunker, gully, and burn on or near the links, when he turned to the caddy and said: "Really, this is the most difficult course I have ever played on." "Hoo dae ye ken?" asked the caddy, gravely. "Ye havna played on it yet."

He was lurching home very late one evening, much the worse for a bachelor's supper or something of that sort. He came to a clock tower, and paused and looked up at the illuminated dial to see the time. As he did so, the clock slowly began to strike. One—two—three—four—the inebriate listened, counting the strokes carefully, and when at last twelve sounded he said, as he prepared to stagger on again: "Durn you—hic—why couldn't you shay that all at once?"

A New England farmer's wife laid down the magazine that she had been reading and soulfully sighed. Her husband glanced up from his newspaper. "What's the matter, Mariar?" asked the old man. "Have ye finished that story?" "Yes, Henry," answered Maria; "just this very minute." "I s'pose," said Henry, resuming his paper, "that it ended happy?" "Yes," answered Maria. "The beautiful heroine got over a long spell of sickness, an' what's more, the story gives the name an' the price of the medicine what cured her."

One of the best-known judges of the king's hench division and an ex-cavalry officer by no means unknown in London's social world met one evening at a reception and found themselves side by side. The judge shook hands warmly with the officer and said, "I know we have met before; I recall your face perfectly. Do you remember where it was?" The soldier smiled grimly. "Yes," came the blunt reply, "it was at the Old Bailey, when you were good enough to tell me that I ought to thank my lucky stars that I was only in the witness box and not in the dock!"

A seedy-looking man applied to the late Mr. d'Oyly Carte, in the days of his management at the Savoy, for a job. Mr. Carte was just then trying some candidates for the chorus, and, as the man was very persistent, he turned to the pianist and asked him to play an accompaniment for him. With some hesitation the stranger raised his voice. "What do you mean by this tomfoolery?" shouted Mr. d'Oyly Carte. "You have the impudence to ask me for a job?" "I aint no singer," replied the man. "I don't want to sing. I'm a stage carpenter, and only sang to please you!"

When Jacob M. Dickinson, formerly Secretary of War, as a member of the Alaskan Boundary Tribunal, was called upon suddenly to make his argument because Sir Edward Carson had concluded his remarks one day ahead of time, he began by telling a story. "So far from feeling any sense of confidence," he said to the president of the court, "I am in a position very deeply to sympathize with the feeling of the Confederate soldier who, when the battle line was sweeping forward in the last fearful charge at Chickamauga, and a rabbit jumped up and ran through to the rear, cried out: 'Run, cottontail! If I did not have any more character at stake than you have, I would run, too.'"

The German boy who presided over the soda fountain in the only drug store in an Ohio town was accustomed to patrons who did not

know their own minds, and his habit of thought was difficult to change. "Plain soda," said a stout woman entering one day in haste. "You haf vanilla, or you haf lemon?" calmly inquired the Teutonic lad. "Plain soda—without syrup! Didn't you understand me?" demanded the stout woman, testily. "Yas, I understand," came from the boy, whose placid German countenance did not change in expression, "but what kind of syrup you vant him mitout? Mitout vanilla or mitout lemon?"

Representative Charles C. Carlin, in the National Congress, has a district in Virginia just across the Potomac River from Washington. Among his constituents are many colored people, and one day an old darky, having found his way to the door of the House of Representatives, wanted to walk in and talk to Carlin. The doorkeeper explained to him that he would have to send in his name. While the old man was waiting for the congressman to appear he looked up and down the vast corridor in which he stood, gazed at the ornamented ceiling, and glanced at the oil paintings on the walls. "Fore de Lawd!" he finally exclaimed. "Is dis hyah Chollie Carlin's awfice?"

Levinsky, despairing of his life, made an appointment with a famous specialist. He was surprised to find fifteen or twenty people in the waiting-room. After a few minutes he leaned over to a gentleman near him and whispered: "Say, mine frient, this must be a pretty good doctor, aint he?" "One of the best," the gentleman told him. Levinsky seemed to be worrying over something. "Vell, say," he whispered again, "he must be pretty expensive, then, aint he? Vat does he charge?" The stranger was annoyed at Levinsky's questions and answered rather shortly: "Fifty dollars for the first consultation and \$25 for each visit thereafter." "Mine Gott!" gasped Levinsky. "Fifty tollars the first time and twenty-five tollars each time afterward!" For several minutes he seemed undecided whether to go or to wait. "Und twenty-five tollars each time afterward," he kept muttering. Finally, just as he was called into the office, he was seized with a brilliant inspiration. He rushed toward the doctor with outstretched hands. "Hello, doctor!" he said, effusively. "Vell, here I am again."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Oral Testimony.

To kiss a maid is very well,
But it is base indeed to tell
When you the honey sip.
And yet the truth I must confess,
A kiss has little worth unless
It pass from lip to lip. —Life.

Socratic Argument.

Straight, at his ruler's stern command,
The contents of the cup, offhand,
Inclusive of its dregs and lees,
Was promptly drained by Socrates.
More than his foes—perhaps his wife—
Caused his Nantibipethy for life.
—John Carvel Alden, in Century Magazine.

The Fresh Freshman.

There was a fresh freshman named Reese
Mixed some chemicals in with some grease,
Held it over the flame
And exploded the same.
Now they're sending him home piece by piece.
—Livingston Lance.

Childhood Memories.

Though dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood
When fond recollection presents them to view,
I'd not care to live there again in the wildwood,
Amid those remembered surroundings, should you?
My health was superb and my appetite splendid,
I ate my sowbello and greens with a zest,
But I'm glad that comestible ordeal is ended—
Such food nowadays I could never digest.
My bickory shirt and my shoes of rough leather,
My jeans pantaloons that could stand up alone.
My 10-cent straw hat—all my wardrobe together,
Perhaps cost my father a round silver bone.
Ah, those trusty jeans breeches! Those rusty jeans breeches!
Those stiff, scratchy breeches that stood up alone.
You had to undress if you'd get to your itches—
Those unyielding breeches were hard as a stone.
The draughty old farmhouse, the windows that rattled,
The fireplace to which after dark we'd draw near,
All facing the fire like troopers embattled,
While roasted in front, frozen stiff in the rear.
And the cold of the bedroom. The feather bed bulging.
The bliss of sweet sleep—then the four o'clock call.
Dear memories. You'll pardon the tears I'm indulging,
I am weeping for joy to be rid of it all.
—New York Sun.

The man glared at the telephone. He would fain relieve his mind, but there were ladies present. "Why," he at length exclaimed ingeniously, "should I say 'hello,' when the reverse is true?" —Lippincott's Magazine.



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Assets.....\$55,644,983.27
Capital actually paid up in Cash. 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.. 1,757,148.57
Employees' Pension Fund.....158,261.32
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TWO CLUB RATES WITHDRAWN

Beginning November 10th the management of "Cosmopolitan" and "Harper's Bazar" will withdraw from all combination offers. "Argonaut" subscribers who are now receiving the benefit of club rates with these publications are kindly requested to note the change.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Dora Winn and Dr. Lovell Langstroth. Miss Winn is the daughter of Major Frank L. Winn, U. S. A., now in the Philippines, and a granddaughter of Mrs. George C. Boardman, with whom she makes her home. Dr. Langstroth is a brother of the Messrs. Frank and L. Langstroth.

Mrs. John B. Martinon announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Leonide Martinon, to Renato Capocelli, Marquis di Manduria. Miss Martinon met the Italian nobleman while studying art in Paris. The wedding will take place in the near future, after which the young couple will return to Naples, where they will reside.

Mrs. Talbot has issued invitations to the marriage of her daughter, Miss Amylita Talbot, and Mr. Charles Frederic Wilson, Saturday, November 22, at St. John's Church, Washington, D. C. A reception following the ceremony will be held at the family residence on Connecticut Avenue.

From Coronado comes the announcement of the engagement of Miss Josephine Smith and Lieutenant-Commander Frederick Freeman, U. S. N., of the U. S. S. *Pittsburgh*.

Mrs. William J. Landers announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Eleanor Landers, to Mr. John Speyer. Miss Landers is the sister of Mrs. John Johnston of this city and a niece of Mrs. Frederick Tallant and Mrs. Vincent Whitney. Mr. Speyer is the son of Mrs. Charlotte Speyer and a grandson of Mrs. Henrietta Zeile.

The wedding of Miss Dorothy Gatewood and Lieutenant Earl North, U. S. A., took place Wednesday evening, October 29, in Washington, D. C. Miss Gatewood is the daughter of Medical Director James Duncan Gatewood, U. S. N., and Mrs. Gatewood. After the ceremony at St. Margaret's Church a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents on Nineteenth Street. Miss Hildreth Gatewood was her sister's maid of honor. Lieutenant John Marble, Engineer Corps, U. S. A., attended Lieutenant North as best man.

The baptism of the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Millen Griffith took place last Sunday at St. Luke's Church. The baby was named after her mother, Constance Elizabeth. The godmothers were the Misses Dora Winn and Sara Coffin. Mrs. Griffith's twin brother, Mr. Norman McLaren, was the godfather.

The son of Lieutenant Maxwell Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray was christened recently at their home at Fort Mason. He was named Arthur Murray, after his grandfather. Mrs. Henry Cougar Pratt was the godmother and the godfathers were General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., and Mr. Arthur Hagan, the latter a brother-in-law of Mrs. Maxwell Murray.

Miss Gertrude O'Brien made her formal bow to society last evening at a dance given by her mother, Mrs. William Smith O'Brien, at her home on Buchanan Street.

Mrs. Joseph S. Oyster has issued invitations to a ball Wednesday evening, November 12, at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Oyster.

Miss Gertrude Hopkins entertained a number of friends Monday evening at a bridge party at the home on Scott Street of her mother, Mrs. George Ebricht.

Mrs. Henry Payot was hostess Friday afternoon at a bridge party and tea.

Mrs. Grant Selfridge gave a luncheon Tuesday at her home on Clay Street. The affair was in honor of Mme. Emma Eames de Gogorza.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel have issued invitations to a dance Friday, December 5, in honor of Miss Ruth Zeile and Miss Marie Louise Black, two of the season's debutantes.

Miss Cora Otis entertained a number of friends at tea Thursday afternoon at her home on Broadway.

Mrs. George Tyson was hostess Thursday afternoon at a bridge party and tea. Miss Marie Louise Tyson assisted her mother in receiving her guests.

The first Assembly dance, under the auspices of Mrs. Jessie Bowie Detrick, took place Saturday evening at Scottish Rite Hall.

Dr. Davis Conrad and Mrs. Conrad of Santa Barbara were the complimented guests at a dinner Tuesday evening given by Mr. and Mrs. Howard Holmes.

Miss Marian Doe gave a dinner Saturday evening preceding the Assembly dance.

Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale and her daughter, Miss Linda Bryan, entertained a number of friends at luncheon Monday in honor of Mrs. Emery Winship and her sister, Miss Margaret Casey, who with Lieutenant Winship will leave shortly for Macon, Georgia, where they will spend the winter.

Mrs. Watson D. Fennimore was hostess recently at a luncheon at the Francesca Club in honor of Mrs. F. M. Gardner.

Miss Beatrice Gerberding entertained a number of her young friends Saturday evening at a dance at the home on Florence Street of her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Gerberding.

Mrs. William D. O'Kane was hostess Friday at a luncheon at her home on Hyde Street in honor of Mrs. Edgar Zook of San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Stone entertained a number of young people Saturday at a children's party at their home in Burlingame. The affair was in honor of their two sons, the Messrs. Andrew and William Stone.

Miss Helen Nicol was the guest of honor Thursday at a luncheon given by her aunt, Mrs. Washington Dodge, at her home on Laguna Street.

Mrs. Richmond P. Davis was the guest of honor Friday afternoon at a bridge party and tea given by Mrs. Edward Porter Noyes at her home at Fort Riley.

Lieutenant Charles E. Ide, U. S. A., and Mrs. Ide are entertaining the former's mother, Mrs. Charles Ide, at their home at Fort Barry. Mrs. Ide will leave shortly for a trip around the world.

Colonel Euclid Frick, U. S. A., and Mrs. Frick entertained a number of friends Wednesday afternoon at a bridge party and tea at their home at the Presidio.

Captain Harry Mitchell, U. S. A., and Mrs. Mitchell gave a dinner recently at their home at the Presidio.

Lieutenant Charles Soule, U. S. N., and Mrs. Soule entertained a number of friends Friday evening at a dinner at their home on Pacific Avenue. Accompanied by their guests they later attended the ball at Scottish Rite Hall given by the bluejackets of the U. S. S. *South Dakota*.

Commander Herbert Jones, U. S. N., was host Friday at a the d'ansant on board the U. S. torpedo boat *Hull*. Commander Jones's marriage to Miss Margaret Carson of Los Angeles will take place the first week in January.

Lieutenant Joseph Neilson, U. S. N., and his fiancée, Miss Helen Nicol, were the complimented guests Saturday at a luncheon given by Lieutenant Will, U. S. N., on board the U. S. S. *South Dakota*.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker have returned from New York and are again in their home at Burlingame. Miss Ethel Crocker is in Paris with her uncle and aunt, Prince André Poniatowski and Princess Poniatowski.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan sailed Wednesday on the *Olympic*, and will make a brief visit in New York before returning home.

Dr. Herbert C. Moffitt, Mrs. Moffitt, and their children sailed on the same steamer and expect to arrive here November 22.

Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tohin and Mrs. Thomas A. Magee, Jr., returned Wednesday from New York, where they have been spending the past month.

Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Miss Marion Baker, and Mr. Livingston Baker returned Tuesday from a six months' visit in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Macdonald have moved into their new home at Seaciff. Since their marriage they have resided in Presidio Terrace.

Miss Leslie Page will leave the last of this month for the East, where she is planning to spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Jr., have returned from the McCloud Country Club and will leave Monday for New York, where they will join Mrs. Hill, Sr.

Miss Elsa Schilling has returned from Fresno, where she was the guest of Miss Marjorie Harris. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Chickering and Miss Florence Henshaw have returned to their home in Oakland after having spent the summer in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Calvin and their daughter, Miss Carrie Calvin, have returned from a visit in Salt Lake City.

Mrs. Downey Harvey and Mr. and Mrs. Ward Barron have returned from Europe.

Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor has recovered from a severe illness that has confined her to her home for the past three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Dean will move next week from San Rafael to this city, where they will reside permanently. They have been spending the past few years in their country home and have recently leased the house on Vallejo Street of Mr. and Mrs. Lansing Kellogg, who have rented an apartment on Jackson and Devisadero Streets.

Mrs. J. D. Peters and her daughter, Miss Anne Peters, have come from Stockton to spend the winter at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. William Geer Hitchcock is very ill at the Adler Sanatorium.

Miss Helen Bowie is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Bowie Detrick, at her home on Jackson Street.

Bishop William Ford Nichols and Mrs. Nichols have returned from a visit to the East.

Mrs. Harold Dillingham has been spending the past week with her mother, Mrs. Hyde-Smith. Mrs. Dillingham came up from Honolulu to meet Mr. Dillingham, who has arrived from a visit in the East. They will sail Tuesday for their home in Honolulu.

Miss Miriam Gibbons is visiting her sister, Mrs. Kennedy Rodgers, at her home in Baltimore.

Mrs. George W. McNear, Mrs. George W. McNear, Jr., and Miss Ernestine McNear arrived Saturday at their home in Oakland. Miss McNear, who has been abroad for the past year, sailed from Europe with Mrs. James Otis and Miss Fredericka Otis.

Mrs. W. D. Fennimore and Mrs. Arthur Fennimore have gone to Los Angeles to spend two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Greenwood are contemplating a visit in Europe and expect to leave soon after the holidays for an indefinite stay.

Miss Gertrude Jolliffe is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford at their ranch near Pleyto.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Marks have returned from Europe and are established for the winter at the Hotel Bellevue.

Mrs. Henry J. Crocker and her daughters, Miss Marion and Miss Mary Julia Crocker, will leave in December for New York, where they will spend the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Block Ryan and Miss Ryan, their daughter, have closed their country home at Menlo Park and come to the city for the winter months. They have apartments at the Hotel Cecilia. Later on they will be located at the Hotel Cecil.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker will close their home in Woodside December 1 and will occupy the residence of Mrs. Cyrus Walker, who will spend the winter in Europe.

Mrs. Claus August Spreckels will sail November 18 for Europe and will spend the winter at Cap Martin on the Riviera, where she has rented a villa. She will be joined in December by Mr. Spreckels and Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Eddy.

Mrs. Charles Soule and Miss Katherine McAdam left Wednesday for Long Beach, where they will spend two weeks.

Mrs. Arthur Murray left Monday for Washington, D. C., where she will be the guest for several weeks of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Ord Preston.

Lieutenant George A. Speer, U. S. A., and Mrs. Speer have returned from their wedding trip and are established in their new home at the Presidio.

Lieutenant H. R. Vaughn, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., reported Tuesday for duty at Fort Winfield Scott.

Mrs. W. K. Wright, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. S. R. Merriam, for the past two weeks, will leave shortly for the Presidio at Monterey, where she will join her husband, Colonel Wright, U. S. A.

Lieutenant Jason McV. Austin, U. S. A., has been granted a month's leave of absence from Fort Flagler.

Captain Albert A. King, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Eighth to the First Cavalry.

Captain Leonard T. Waldron, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been granted a month's leave of absence from his station at Fort Winfield Scott.

Colonel William Forsyth, First Cavalry, U. S. A., has returned from leave of absence and reported for duty.

Mrs. Charles S. Andrews is visiting Colonel Thomas C. Rees, U. S. A., and Mrs. Rees at their home at the Presidio. Mrs. Andrews will sail December 5 for the Philippines, where she will join her husband, Captain Andrews, U. S. A.

Colonel William Forsyth, U. S. A., Mrs. Forsyth, and Miss Dorothy Forsyth have returned to San Francisco after spending several weeks in the East.

Major K. J. Hampton, U. S. A., who has been chief quartermaster at the Presidio for several years, left Tuesday for the East to prepare for his departure December 5 for the Philippines.

The home in Washington, D. C., of Mr. and Mrs. Ord Preston has been brightened by the advent of a son, born Sunday, November 2. Mrs. Preston was formerly Miss Caroline Murray, the daughter of General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray.

The home in San Rafael of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Foster has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Foster was formerly Miss Margaret Calhoun, the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun of Cleveland, Ohio.

The home of Major Joseph Knowlton, U. S. A., and Mrs. Knowlton has been brightened by the advent of a son.

Charity Ball to Aid Orphans.

On November 21 a ball in aid of the Catholic Humane Bureau, which supports 700 orphans, half-orphans, and foundlings in private homes, will be given in Scottish Rite Hall. Supper will be served. Tickets, which may be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, the St. Francis, Fairmont, and Palace hotels, are \$5.

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THE MUSIC SEASON.

Harold Bauer's Third Programme.

There have been a few changes on the Harold Bauer programme announced for this Saturday afternoon, November 8, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, on account of many requests received. Of course the principal features, viz, Schumann's "Carnevale," Mozart's "Fantasia" in C minor, and the Chopin "Sonata" in B minor, will be played as scheduled, but in place of the "Hungarian Dance" by Brahms, Mr. Bauer has consented to play the "Legend of St. Francis Walking on the Waves," by Liszt, and as a special attraction he will probably play a genuine "Tango."

The tickets can be secured at the hall after one o'clock on Saturday, and prior to that at the usual music stores.

Mr. Greenbaum is trying to arrange to have Bauer give the famous Bach-Beethoven programme, his recent New York sensation, as an extra concert before he returns East.

Schumann-Heink at Cort Theatre Tomorrow.

Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink will give her first concert at the Cort Theatre tomorrow—Sunday—afternoon, November 9, at 2:30, and will undoubtedly meet with the same warm and hearty reception that has always been accorded her in this city.

The programme will consist of the "Aria" from Mozart's "Sextus," four songs by Beethoven, three by Schubert, and gems by Schumann, Brahms, Max Reger, Lortzing, Grieg, Delibes, Reichardt, and others.

Miss Nina Fletcher, violinist, will be the assisting artist.

The second and positively farewell concert will be given Sunday afternoon, November 16, when the special feature of a most attractive programme will be the complete song cycle, "Woman's Love and Life," by Robert Schumann, and which consists of eight gems of song.

The tickets for the Schumann-Heink concerts are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's, and on Sunday the box-office will be open at the Cort Theatre after ten o'clock.

In Oakland Schumann-Heink and her assisting artists will give a special programme at Ye Liberty Playhouse next Friday afternoon at 3:15 o'clock, when the special feature will be a group of four scenes from her greatest roles in the Wagner operas, "Rheingold," "Tannhäuser," "Götterdämmerung," and "Tristan und Isolde."

For this event the sale of seats will open at Ye Liberty box-office on Monday.

The Third Symphony Concert.

The third concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will be given at the Cort Theatre Friday afternoon, November 21, at three o'clock sharp. This concert will be the means of introducing a talented local girl, Miss Ada Clement, a native of San Francisco, who has been identified with the musical life of San Francisco for the past fifteen years. She has had a most thorough preparation, years of conscientious study under the best of local instructors, European assistance, and stimulating instruction from Joseph Lhevinne and Harold Bauer. Miss Clement will play the Beethoven concerto for Pianoforte No. 5, E flat, Opus 73. This concerto, the last and greatest of all the master's pianoforte concertos, is more universally known as the "Emperor."

A decided novelty at this concert will be Max Reger's Suite "Romantic." This, the very latest of Reger's contributions to orchestral literature, was published only last year and performed for the first time this season by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

Mozart's wonderful symphony in E flat major and Mendelssohn's overture to "Fingal's Cave" complete a most interesting programme.

Seats will go on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Kohler & Chase's, and the Cort Theatre the Monday preceding the concert. The prices will be as follows: Box and loge seats, \$3; orchestra, \$2; balcony, \$2, \$1.50, and \$1; gallery, \$1, 75 cents.

Teresa Carreno, Pianist, Is Coming.

The next of the great pianists to play here will be Mme. Teresa Carreno, the woman who is hailed by such men as Bauer, Rosenthal, Hofmann, and Paderewski as a "brother artist." In Berlin, Vienna, Paris, and London the mere announcement of the fact that Teresa Carreno is to give a concert means a house crowded to its utmost capacity. Carreno is one of the women who have helped make musical history, and her career has been one succession of triumphs since her debut at the age of nine. Manager Greenbaum announces the Carreno opening for Sunday afternoon, November 23.

The Melba-Kubelik Combination Concerts.

After appearing separately in the leading cities of the East and to record-breaking audiences, Mme. Nellie Melba and Jan Kubelik will combine forces for what promises to be one of the most sensational concert tours ever planned in this country. In addition to the two principal stars there will be Edmund Burke, the famous Irish-Canadian baritone

from Covent Garden; Marcel Moyse, the foremost flute virtuoso of Paris, and Gabrielle Lapiere, pianist and composer, in the organization. The salary list is so colossal that only cities with very large auditoriums can be visited unless a prohibitive scale of prices are charged. A concert by this galaxy of stars will cost just five thousand dollars in addition to the local expenses. The intrepid Greenbaum has secured two of the events.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Sir James Dewar, the first man to obtain liquid and solid hydrogen, recently celebrated his seventy-first birthday. He was also the co-inventor of cordite, the smokeless powder, and has taken a lifelong interest in chemical research.

Sir Edward Carson, who gave \$50,000 to the Ulster Indemnity Fund, has during the last few years made more money at the bar than any British practitioner. His income for five years is said to have been not less than \$150,000.

B. L. Baldwinson, deputy provincial secretary for Manitoba, Canada, is an Icelander. He arrived at Toronto at the age of seventeen, and was a shoemaker there for nine years. He is also a former member of the provincial parliament.

Colonel W. C. Gorgas, chief sanitary officer of the Panama Canal Zone, will sail shortly for South Africa, where he will investigate sanitary conditions among the 200,000 employees of the Consolidated Mines at Witwatersrand, at the request of the Chamber of Mines at Johannesburg.

Mrs. Amelia Fowler, under whose direction the navy's battle-flags and trophies are being restored, took up the study of scientific embroidery when a girl as a pastime, and later adopted it as a profession. She began her work at Annapolis last year, and is assisted by several score of needlewomen. Mrs. Fowler is a resident of Boston.

Edwin L. Neville, American deputy consul-general in Seoul, who has been promoted consul at Antung, has lived in Seoul for some years and on account of his high character and tactfulness has won for himself great popularity among foreign residents and many Japanese. He is a good Japanese scholar and speaks the language like a native.

Dr. F. E. Lutz, associate curator of zoölogy of the American Museum of Natural History, has just returned from an expedition to Cuba in the interests of the museum with 10,000 specimens, consisting of various insects, spiders, and land snails, which will form one of the best collections of Cuban insects ever acquired by an institution in America. To give some idea of the magnitude of the task of classifying and identifying the numerous specimens gathered on the island Dr. Lutz said it would be necessary to consult at least 4000 references.

Robert W. Emmons, II, who has been selected to manage next season the America Cup defender that is to be built by Nat Herreshoff for a syndicate of New Yorkers, is a Boston man, and is well known in the world of yachting. In 1911 his *Biblot* was one of the three boats selected to go across the ocean, and at Kiel Mr. Emmons won with her the Emperor's Cup. The German yachtsmen were so taken with the *Biblot* that they sought her and she never was brought back to the United States. Mr. Emmons is a member of the German-American race committee and was rear commodore of the Eastern Yacht Club in 1908 and 1909.

Dr. Charles E. Hedinger of Canton, Kansas, who recently attained his ninety-third birthday, is, as far as known, the oldest practicing physician in this country. He has been a member of the medical profession for sixty-five years, and now at his advanced age attends to the most minute details of his practice. Dr. Hedinger is a graduate of Goettingen University, Germany, but has lived in America since 1848. He has been a navy and army surgeon, and during the Civil War served as assistant surgeon with the rank of first lieutenant in the Second Colorado Cavalry. During his long residence at Canton he has served seven consecutive terms as mayor.

Charles C. Craig of Galesburg, recently chosen for the Illinois supreme bench, was educated at Knox College and Notre Dame University, and was appointed a cadet to the United States navy. He, however, had no liking for that life in time of peace, and after finishing his course at the Naval Academy resigned from the service. He afterwards studied law and acquired a large practice. In November, 1898, he was elected a member of the general assembly and reelected in 1900, serving on the judiciary and other important committees. In 1904 he was appointed a member of the Illinois commission to the St. Louis World's Fair, and was made chairman of the committee of agriculture of that body. In 1909 he was nominated by the Democratic party for judge of the supreme court in the fifth district, and was defeated by a small vote, although he carried several of the Republican strongholds of the district.

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"He is in 'Who's Who,' I believe?" "Yes, but he is much more prominent in 'Here's How!'"—Houston Post.

She—Did you have any trouble with your French when you were in Paris? He—I didn't, but the Parisians did.—Boston Transcript.

"I remember very well the first dollar I ever put in the bank." "The first? Then you have put in more than one?"—New Orleans Picayune.

Mistress—Did the mustard plaster do you any good, Bridget? Bridget—Sure it did, mum; but, begorry, it do bite the tongue!—Boston Transcript.

"Did your uncle remember you when he came to make his will?" "Yes; he remembered me so well that he left my name out altogether."—Buffalo Express.

Salesman—Now, here, madam, is a piece of goods that speaks for itself; I— Customer (interrupting)—Then suppose you keep quiet a moment and give it a chance.—Boston Transcript.

"Get me a cop," panted the excited stranger. "Somebody stole my coat." "Sb!" cautioned the New Yorker, glancing fearfully about. "Do you want to lose your shirt?"—Cornell Widow.

"Mamma," said Gladys Cumrox, "you haven't any *savoir faire*." "My child, I must remind you that it is not polite to ask for anything that is not served at the table."—Washington Star.

The Parson (to workman who keeps taking nips from his bottle)—Do you know, my man, I never tasted spirits in my life. Working-man—No; an' you aint a-goin' to begin 'ere neither.—The Tatler.

Mrs. Casey (sitting up in bed)—Moike, did yez put out the cat? Mr. Casey—Oi did. Mrs. Casey—Oi don't believe it! Mr. Casey—Well, if yez think Oi'm a liar, get up and put 'er out yerself.—Sketch.

Mrs. Hoolihan—This paper says there do be sermons in stones. Phwat d'yez think of thot? Hoolihan—Oi dunno about the sermons, but many a good ar-gument has coom out av a brick.—New York Post.

"This wine," said Mr. Bluffer, proudly, "has been in my cellar for thirty years." Mr. Kauler, who is something of a connoisseur sipped his portion critically. "I don't wonder," he murmured.—Cleveland Leader.

"This towel is disgraceful," declared the drummer at the mining camp hotel. "Boss," said the colored porter, "seventy-five men done wiped dey han's on dat towel dis mawnin', an' you is de first to complain!"—Denver News.

"Who's dead?" be inquired of the corner grocer, who was standing near his door gazing at the funeral procession. "Chon Schmidt," replied the grocer. "John Smit! You don't mean to say John Smith is dead?" "Vell, py golly, vot you dink dey doing mit him—practicing, hey?"—Life.

"What do you mean by suing me for breach of promise?" he demanded. "I never proposed to you in my life." "Wby, of course you didn't," she answered, in a conciliatory tone. "And I wouldn't have accepted you if you had. But you know I am going on the stage, and I must make some preparations."—Judge.

"Here," said the proprietor of the place, "is a little gift for you and Jake. Each bottle is finest old Kentucky rye. You drop in at Jake's on your way and give him his, will you?" "Sure," replied the grateful one. On his way he fell and broke one bottle. "Poor Jake," he murmured, picking himself up.—Nashville Tennessean.

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[Extract from "Chronicle," May 1, 1906.]

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7:30 p. m.	Oakland, San Leandro, Hayward, Niles, Idylwood, Pleasanton, Livermore, Altamont, Carbondale, Lathrop and Portland.....	6:30 p. m.
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The Argonaut.

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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Milk in the Cocoanut.

Another election Tuesday and—bang goes another fifty thousand dollars! It calls approximately for this sum on account of incidental expenses for each election; and herein perhaps lies one of the reasons why we have so many of them. Some eight thousand persons directly and indirectly find a day's profitable employment in an election. They either haul or set up tents or act as judges or clerks or tally-list makers or in some other way get a day's easy work at big pay. It follows quite naturally that every blessed one of these eight thousand or more are ready under any and all circumstances to vote yes on the question of whether or not we shall have an election. Then every mother's son—or daughter—of them has a husband or a wife or a brother or a sister or a sweetheart who by way of accommodation likewise votes yes. So there is a fixed quantity of anywhere from eight thousand to sixteen thousand votes always in ready and eager support of a proposal for an election. Then there are the printers who print the ballots and the multitudes of others who in one way or another find profit in political activity. Is there any wonder that we have elections and more

elections and still more elections? The wonder is under the conditions that we have so few of them. In time no doubt we shall come to have elections every day in the year. In the meantime, boosted by the growth of election expenses, municipal taxation grows higher and higher. The people who vote for the elections don't have to pay the bills. Nobody, of course, cares for the poor taxpayer; and his own protests don't count.

Some Political Pointers.

When Governor Johnson abandoned his administrative duties some four or five weeks ago to do a turn of partisan spicing in New Jersey, Massachusetts, and elsewhere he had not, according to inside gossip, determined whether he would be a candidate for the governorship or the senatorship. He would greatly prefer the latter, but circumstances, including the claims of certain associates urgently pressed, stood in the way. Mr. Rowell and Mr. Heney, both eager to enter the lists for the senatorship, have insisted that Johnson shall limit his ambition to the governorship at this time, and it has not been easy to deny them. Then circumstances have conspired to make it almost obligatory upon the man who has played so important a part during the past three years to present himself for vindication or reproof to the voters of the state. Under these several influences Mr. Johnson has given over his higher ambitions and will again be a candidate for the governorship. Within his own faction he will have no rival, since nobody will presume to contend with McGregor for the head of the table.

Both Heney and Rowell are slated as candidates for the senatorship. The former has already announced his candidacy and the latter is practically an avowed though not yet, we believe, a formal candidate. And it will be more or less of a scrap. The two men, albeit representing very different types, being of different purposes and temperamental qualities, have long worked in coöperation, and now it will be interesting to see what will happen when they engage competitively. Heney always sees the devil incarnate in anybody who opposes him. His temperament inclines him to acrimonious contention. It has been remarked that such is the inherent combativeness of his disposition that he could not assist a sister of charity across a muddy street without entering into a quarrel with her midway. It is safe to say that within the first hour of open competition with Rowell he will fall to denouncing the latter in terms which would bar a verbatim report thereof from the United States mails. Rowell, while infinitely a man of higher intellectual grade, and incidentally with a lower blood pressure, is not without idiosyncrasies of his own. His pose is always in tune with the good, the true, and the beautiful. His habits of political thought were established in the days when he was a critic of organized politics, and he carries these habits into his more recent character of machine politician. In his political character he is something of an ostrich—himself very much in view, he takes care to avoid seeing anything that is going on. In Mr. Rowell's view Mr. Rowell is always representative of all the virtues; those who oppose him are always corruptionists, and otherwise creatures of the baser sort.

Now when these two fine gentlemen have come to want the same thing, and want it bad, and when each sees in himself a prophet of righteousness and the hope of political virtue, there is apt to be as between them something in the nature of fireworks. Before he is done with it Heney will be denouncing Rowell for all the sins of the Progressive régime—and they are many—and Rowell will be denouncing Heney for "those amiable vagaries which invariably leave a sizzling luridly in his immediate wake.

The question as to whether or not the Progressives will repeat the high-minded trick which so marked

their policy in the campaign of 1912 remains to be answered. There is high authority for the report that they are considering the matter. Mr. Rowell himself in his character of pontifical counselor of the Progressive press has declared the project to be in mind, but not as yet determined. In a letter to Editor Davis of the San Bernardino *Index* under date of September 16 he said:

We are in possession of the party, and if nothing but California were involved we would have as good a right to the name "Republican" as to the name "Progressive," if we thought it worth while to keep it. We had already made the name "Republican" mean "Progressive" in California, and there would be nothing illogical or stultifying to continue in the way we started. The difficulty is that we can not definitely continue a situation in California inconsistent with that in the rest of the United States. If, in the rest of the country, the struggle should be revived to make the Republican party Progressive, we will be authorized in California to take the leadership in that struggle, because here we have already accomplished the result. * * * This question will have to be gone into, but if the law should turn out to mean what it was intended to mean, it may be entirely possible for local organizations to follow their local preferences as to nominations, and while maintaining the Progressive party intact, grab the Republican party also, wherever that seems to be worth while.

The all-virtuous Rowell, it will be seen, is uncertain whether or not it will be politic to "grab" the Republican name—he does not consider the question of its morality. Evidently the good Rowell has been an apt pupil in the practices of machine politics.

In a letter from which the above excerpt is taken the virtuous Mr. Rowell proceeds to cast further light upon the inside activities of the Progressive organization, though without coming to anything definite. "The governor," he says, "would himself prefer to wait for a few weeks, * * * but necessity may compel earlier action." It is up to the governor to determine whether the Progressive party shall after the manner of honorable dealing go before the people under its own name or whether in addition to its own name it shall "grab" the Republican name. This leaves the question still in the air, but it is not without interest as illustrating the state of political morals within the inner counsels of that party which professes to create in the political life of the country and of California a new heaven and a new earth.

Word comes as we write that Governor Johnson has returned from the East. It may be presumed that following his spicing tour he held conference with Progressive leaders in regions where political morality has not become so corrupted as here by the chicaneries of organized reform. Last year the Eastern Progressive press condemned emphatically the "grab" by which the supporters of Mr. Taft were disfranchised. We may well believe that the Eastern Progressive leaders, if their opinion has been asked, have counseled Governor Johnson to abandon the dishonest and shameless project of again "grabbing" the Republican name in California. Nevertheless the governor in an interview which has marked his homecoming has left this particular point in the air. There will, he declares, be a "fighting Progressive programme," but he is at pains neither to accept nor to decline Mr. Rowell's suggestion as to "grabbing" the Republican name. He has yet to hold conference with Rowell and so have the benefit of his moral counsel.

Governor Johnson's programme, as outlined in the interview above mentioned, includes a proposal singularly at odds with his general scheme of rule-of-the-people. There is to be, he declares, a "conference" of the Progressive party in December to formulate plans for the 1914 campaign. Do we hear aright, a conference? Now in the word conference there is a distinct echo of historic villainies; for where is the difference between a conference and a convention? The one difference we can think of tends to the advantage of the latter; for whereas a convention is a regular

tive body, a conference is something very different. Only those are eligible as members of a conference who have been invited. This difference we may easily believe has been duly calculated by our astute governor. A conference will fit into his political scheme with precision and nicety. It avoids all embarrassment by putting the game wholly in his own hands. It limits not at all his fine scheme of arbitrary politics even while carrying the pretensions and wearing the look of rule-of-the-people.

Quite naturally both Democrats and Republicans have been slower in formulating their plans than the Progressives. Nevertheless gossip has been busy with various names in connection with next year's campaign. Mr. Phelan of San Francisco is all but an avowed candidate for the senatorship on the Democratic side, probably with the approval and support of the Washington administration. Mr. Tarpey of Fresno is a receptive candidate, under the somewhat questionable patronage of Mr. Hearst and his *Examiner*. A dinner recently given to Mr. Tarpey in San Francisco thanking him as the "savior" of the California wine industry in connection with recent negotiations at Washington, had for its main purpose the launching of his senatorial boom. And in this connection Mr. Tarpey made a rather stupid tactical mistake. He was not the only man active at Washington in behalf of the California winemakers and he ought not in modesty (or good politics) to have accepted a compliment which presumed for him the whole credit. If Mr. Tarpey had been clever he would have thanked those who proposed to honor him with a banquet, at the same time declining an ovation addressed to him in connection with an effort in which others were as much entitled to thanks as himself. Another possible, even probable, candidate on the Democratic side for the senatorship is Representative Raker, a fine lawyer, an experienced legislator, and a man of approved vote-getting qualities. Still another possible candidate is Senator Curtin, likewise a man of parts and of wide and approved reputation as a lawyer and debater. Either of these gentlemen might make a formidable campaign as against Phelan or Tarpey.

If there is anything actively doing in connection with the Republican side of the coming campaign it has not developed publicly. Mr. Shortridge, well-known lawyer and spellbinder, is a probable candidate for the senatorship. Mr. Shortridge is understood to be "willin'" but he has made no public announcement. Another possible candidate whose name is discussed with a good deal of approval is Mr. Frank Short of Fresno. Mr. John McNab, late United States prosecuting attorney and recently brought into public notice in connection with the Diggs-Caminetti case, is also spoken of, though it is assumed, on some account not explained, that he is more likely to be a candidate for the governorship than for the Senate.

Leaving McNab's name out of consideration, we hear nothing to indicate that there are other candidates either on the Democratic or Republican sides for the governorship in ultimate competition with Governor Johnson, if he shall be the Progressive nominee. The governorship, if Johnson shall enter the field, appears to be regarded as a hard fight, and nobody shows any particular eagerness to get into it.

We note in the *Graphic* of Los Angeles of November 8th a remark to the effect that "a change of administration in the state can come only through a merger of the Republican and Democratic parties and the election of a fusion ticket." Whether this is the chance observation of one editor or a reflection of Southern California sentiment we are not informed. That such a project would be generally acceptable to Democrats and Republicans we very much doubt; yet in view of the situation, and of the circumstances of last year's presidential election in California, it seems worth attention. Speaking for itself, the *Argonaut* does not think much of mergers in politics. Almost always they represent negative rather than positive states of mind and purpose, and in the long run it is commonly more profitable and certainly more gallant and honorable either to win or lose in a straight championship of definite principles than to win under a cooked-up scheme which robs even victory of moral significance.

Mr. Bryan to Take a Rest.

The announcement that Mr. Bryan—the once Peerless One—is going to Florida for a rest, and, this, too, at the height of the most acute foreign crisis of

recent times, tends to reflection. It is possible that Mr. Bryan in foregoing his summer vacation in the interest of his financial fortunes reckoned too confidently upon the vigor of his own constitution. Possibly the demands upon his vitality incident to his tour with the Tyrolean Yodlers and the Alsatian Bell-Ringers was greater than he had anticipated and that it has left him in a state where rest is imperative. The experience would indeed have made most of us very tired. Then there are other possibilities in the case. It may be that Florida will provide a certain relief for a man of abounding energies who finds himself in an office of high dignity but with nothing really to do. It has not failed to be noted in connection with the Mexican mess that the President is pretty much the whole thing. Assistant Secretary John Bassett Moore does, indeed, figure industriously in certain phases of recent negotiations, but the only relation of Mr. Bryan to immediate affairs appears to be that of a buffer. So far as we can discover his whole part in the affair is to maintain a dignified silence in the presence of the reporters. This must be a severe strain upon one to whom the practice of any species of reticence is wholly new. But whatever the occasion may be, the country will wish Mr. Bryan all manner of joy in his sojourn in Florida. And there is further satisfaction in the reflection that things will go on just the same as if he were on the job. Come to think of it, the *Argonaut* made some prophecies not more than half a year ago of what would happen to Mr. Bryan in the course of administrative events—prophecies which this jaunt into Florida is in the nature of an indirect fulfillment.

The Financial Bill.

If it be conceded that certain public questions, the tariff, for example, have become so fixed and adjusted in hard-and-fast connections and relationships that there is no practical way of getting at them excepting through the agency of political parties, it still remains to be said that the financial question stands on another basis. Excepting in relation to transient issues and for brief periods, the parties have not formulated definite financial theories. If we may accept their own platforms, they stand alike for one general purpose. All want a system so adjusted as to sustain the business activities of the country; and there is nowhere, unless it be in the fertile and futile brain of Mr. Bryan, any wish to enter upon radical and experimental projects.

All this being so, there is neither rhyme nor reason in policies which tend to make the pending financial bill a football between contending political parties. It is a case calling for action under business motives quite distinct from political motives. It is not a case where anybody—the administration or anybody else—ought to have a cut-and-dried "policy" so definitely under commitment as to be closed against suggestion or alteration.

The bill undoubtedly contains many good elements. From any standpoint it is probably seventy-five per cent good. But it was formulated—pulled together—may be a more descriptive phrase—by a group of congressional politicians having little or no experience with financial matters and it contains some provisions of doubtful value. At least this is the opinion of experts. Now the common sense of the matter is to take up objections and suggestions as they have been presented and to give them careful consideration in detail, even though it may throw the whole matter over to another session of Congress. That it is important to have the question of a financial system settled is not questioned; nevertheless it is far more important to have it settled right. A bad settlement will be worse than none. So there would better be delay with caution and judgment than haste without regard for prudence.

It is wrong, even ridiculous, to reject without examination proposals by a man so eminent in finance and so worthy of respect as Mr. Vanderlip because the measure is already in a clerical sense "complete." No measure ought to be deemed complete while any proposals from competent and worthy sources remain unconsidered. Again it is wrong and something worse than ridiculous to urge this bill upon Congress under influences designed to make it a strictly partisan measure. It is not a proper matter for partisan contention and it can only be forced into this attitude by administrative precipitancy. Democrats in Congress and out of it are by no means unanimously favorable to the plan as it stands; and there is no

reason why Republicans in and out of Congress should be forced into an attitude of opposition to it. The case is one calling for a truce between parties under a patriotic purpose to do the best that may be done for the business welfare of the country, which is but another phrase for the universal welfare.

While vital suggestions from authoritative and competent sources remain unconsidered is no time for forcing through Congress a measure which represents a mere partisan effort to solve a great governmental and social problem. Those members of Congress who are insistent for further delay and for more careful study of the matter in all its relations have the rights of the immediate situation and the administration is wrong if it shall urge immediate action over their protests.

A Bluff That Failed.

President Wilson's policies—if a wishy-washy, shilly-shally and meddling impertinence may be so characterized—in the matter of Mexico have failed. General Huerta declines to resign. He meets the bluff and passes it back. And now it is explained the ultimatum given him last week by President Wilson was no ultimatum at all—only a polite request that he quit, with the added suggestion that this course would be for the good of Mexico. Out of this small hole the Washington administration is trying to crawl, and there is little consistency and less dignity in the process.

Huerta's pose is carefully and adroitly calculated. He assumed the dictatorship, he says, in conformity with a specific authorization of the Mexican constitution. His authority was recognized by the Mexican Congress and the Supreme Court in conformity with other articles of the constitution. He called the extraordinary election of October 26 to meet a national emergency as required by the constitution. He dissolved the Congress because the Chamber of Deputies was engaged in fomenting armed rebellion, and called an election for a new Congress. He refused to be a candidate for president in obedience to a constitutional prohibition. The election was illegal and will be declared null and void by the new Congress. Until a legal election can be held he must continue to act as dictator because there is no other government that can enforce the law or even call a new election, even if he wished to resign. There is nobody to whom his resignation might be addressed, nobody with any shadow of authority to carry on the functions of government.

This sounds well. It is specious even if not wholly convincing. Even regarded as a pose it is entitled to a certain respect; and that it has a certain respect is made evident by the formal recognition of Huerta as the *de facto* head of the Mexican government by certain important countries, including England. If it does not acquit Huerta of blame in connection with recent events in Mexico it at least goes far enough to justify his claims to consideration as a man of responsibility and authority in Mexican affairs—as the man on the job, so to speak.

Now what is President Wilson going to do about it? The threat implied in his action of last week is that of intervention. The word falls trippingly from the tongue, but how is intervention to be achieved? Will Mr. Wilson batter down the city of Vera Cruz because forsooth General Huerta declines to step down and out? Or will he march an army into Mexico, take possession of the capital, and administer the government? Manifestly he can do neither of these things unless he chooses to disregard law and precedent and his own express pledges made in various addresses during the past year. It is suggested that he may recognize the rebel chieftain Carranza. But there is nothing in Carranza's character or in his situation which gives him title to consideration. He is quite as much of a ruffian as Huerta and he is without even the pretense of legitimate authority. His sole title to consideration is that he stands at the head of a few hundreds or thousands of unorganized ruffians in protest against the Huerta régime. If recognition of Huerta, who has a definite claim to legitimate authority and who is *de facto* in possession of the capital and of the administrative machinery, is unthinkable, then surely the recognition of a mere rebel chieftain would be ridiculous.

Mr. Wilson is obviously embarrassed by the failure of his stupid bluff, but up to now—we write on Wednesday—he has made no statement. But there are

suggestive hints of his plan. It is (1) to decline any dealings with Huerta; (2) to endeavor to incite the European countries to abandon him; (3) to give aid and comfort to his enemies. Here in this last suggestion we have the kernel of Mr. Wilson's diplomacy. He will conspire with the rebel chief Carranza—possibly to the extent of nullifying the rule which closes American markets to the agents of insurrection.

Viewed from the standpoints of national dignity and common sense, it is a cheap, unworthy, and foolish policy, but it is what it is and the country will have to make the best of it. Perhaps it is no worse than we deserve for electing a sentimentalist and a theorist to the presidency.

U. S. Policy and the Monroe Doctrine.

In its essence the Monroe Doctrine is a declaration of independence on the part of the relatively new hemisphere as respects the relatively older hemisphere. If it means anything it means just this, namely, that America—that is, all the regions of America—must be left to pursue their own schemes of social and political life undisturbed by European schemes of aggression or aggrandizement. It is not under any interpretation a theory implying suzerainty of the American countries on the part of the United States.

And this being so, the common sense of the proposition calls for coöperation on the part of the several American countries. The way to sustain the Monroe Doctrine, regarded as a protective ordinance, is first of all to establish and second to maintain among the several Americas a definite unity of purpose. It would seem, then, that the very first requirement in the matter of sustaining the Monroe Doctrine would be a policy on the part of the leading or paramount American government tending to unify the sentiment, thereby to consolidate the forces of the Western Hemisphere.

What, then, is to be said of national policies the effects of which are to create, not unity of feeling and mutual good-will among the American countries, but suspicion, hatred, and fear on the part of the weak as against the strong? It is the common testimony of all observers that the so-called Spanish countries of Central and South America both hate and fear the United States. It was not always so; it is within the period of easy memory that our relations to the southward were cordial and in a sense fraternal. But that was before we "took" the Isthmus, likewise before our regulation of the financial affairs of Nicaragua and prior to the troubles which have created political chaos in Mexico.

If in future the Monroe Doctrine is to be anything better than a tattered and disregarded scarecrow it must not be under the exclusive patronage of the United States, but it must have the support of practically all the American countries. It must represent, not an aggressive and dominating purpose on the part of a possible and prospective suzerain, but rather it must reflect the feeling and the will of the several countries of the Western Hemisphere.

The course of the Washington government in recent months has tended to augment the fears and terrors aroused by the Panama incident. The effect has been to break down the best and in the last resort the only support of the Monroe Doctrine. Take away from that principle or doctrine the moral powers involved in acceptance and consent on the part of the American countries other than the United States and it must surely fall of its own weight.

A protection urged in behalf of the Central and South American countries against their wish and in contempt of their protests and resentment would have in it elements of impertinence, futility, and absurdity. In any careful view of the case it is plainly to be seen that the very acts recently done by the administration at Washington in the name of the Monroe Doctrine tend surely to break down that doctrine. For whatever tends to create distrust and to destroy unity of feeling between the several American countries must in the very nature of things knock from under the Monroe Doctrine that moral prop which is the surest of its supports.

The Pankhurst Mission.

Mrs. Pankhurst was admitted to this country on the ground that she was a sort of political emissary and that the crimes of arson and murder are not crimes when they are committed by some one who wants something. Now it appears that Mrs. Pankhurst's mission is to raise money by the sale of indecent literature. It is the kind of literature that twenty years ago

would have been seized and burned by the police as a part of their normal and unchallenged duties. The *Suffragette*, in which this filth appears—it seems not yet to have reached California—is described by the *New York Sun* as "the product of a sexually perverted mind, which for sheer morbid prurieny puts in the shade any book that the most venal publisher dares to offer for sale."

It need hardly be said that Miss Christabel Pankhurst is the author of this literary offal. The delightful daughter writes the obscenities and the delightful mother sells them. The sale of indecent books and newspapers is a profitable trade. It always was, but it was once also a crime, until some one discovered the ingenious expedient of putting them forward in behalf of a "cause." Reports of Mrs. Pankhurst's lectures seem to indicate something like a failure, but perhaps the sale of her filthy literature will make amends for her losses on the platform. There is always a market for lewdness.

Miss Pankhurst is said to be indignant at the criticisms of her writings. Evidently, she says, these criticisms emanate from white slavers. The "interests," she tells us, are alarmed, and as a result they have subsidized the press. Christabel's defense is of a kind that is already quite familiar to this country. Any one who disapproves of any sort of "reform," no matter how crazy it may be, is obviously either a white slaver or in the pay of the particular abomination that the reformer happens to be denouncing at the moment. No matter whether it be white slavery, or child labor, or prohibition, or a minimum wage, there can be no mere difference of opinion anywhere. Whoever fails to join in the shrill falsetto of hysteria must be a son of Satan, born in sin and reared in iniquity.

But it is hard to credit the Pankhurst brood with even the sincerity of hysteria. Hysteria never counts the dollars with quite such careful fingers. Hysteria never trades upon the basenesses of human nature nor so carefully fosters a market for prurienies. It is criminals who do these things, and it is a peculiarly evil form of criminality that shows an indifference to the extent of the corruption that it spreads so long as the flow of money is undiminished.

Editorial Notes.

In Mr. James J. Hill's declaration that the country is waterlogged with bond issues we have a definite warning at the hands of an expert. There is in this country no practically wiser man than Mr. Hill, and it is always worth while to listen when he speaks seriously. In the immediate instance Mr. Hill is obviously right. Financeering, if it may be so called, under the bonding method has been made too easy—so easy that it has become the fashion for any and everybody, including states and municipalities, to get into debt. Under the fatal facility for borrowing there has come about a complete change in the standards of financial policy. In other days prudence was regarded as a virtue; now the rule is directly the other way round. It appears to be the ambition of every community, great or small, to get into debt to the limit of its capacity. Let it be proposed anywhere in this state down the line from San Francisco to Los Gatos to put out an issue of bonds for any purpose and the thing is certain to be done so long as anybody can be found to take the securities. It does not seem to be comprehended that every bond sold becomes a fixed obligation which must be redeemed with interest. The whole motive appears to be to get money from any possible source for immediate expenditure, putting the burden of payment upon the future. There seems no realization of the certainty that a time must come when redemption of these multiplied obligations must put upon each community a tremendous hardship.

Since the beginning of 1913 the state of Victoria, Australia, has taken 1850 boys between sixteen and twenty years of age from England. All these boys have been granted steamship passages at less than half the minimum fare, which is \$87.60, and they have been given a government guaranty of farm work immediately upon landing in Melbourne. Hitherto both Australia and Canada have been following the policy of trying to take only experienced British farm workers for the agricultural work of the Dominions. Australia now takes any healthy boy of good character of all classes and calling and guarantees to place him with a good farmer at \$1.82 to \$3.65 per week, according to efficiency, in addition to board and lodging.

One of the principal by-products of the national forests of Japan is furnished by mushrooms, which have yielded in one year a revenue of a million dollars.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The War Lord and the Schleswig Danes

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., November 10, 1913.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: On November 5 a dispatch in a morning paper read: "Captain Amundsen has been forbidden to lecture in Schleswig and the Danes and Norwegians are indignant."

Why should the Emperor of Germany prohibit the great discoverer from lecturing in the province of Schleswig? The answer is, simply because the War Lord has relentlessly, unremittably determined to subdue, cow, and destroy any national feeling the Danish people have and show in Schleswig. Captain Amundsen lectures in the Danish language, and not since 1864 have the Danish people of Schleswig enjoyed the treat of hearing their native language in public, be it in church, school, or rostrum.

These lectures in Danish would fire their enthusiasm and intensify their love of Mother Country and make their desire still deeper rooted to remain Danes. For years in the province of Schleswig no Danish songs have been tolerated, no display of Danish banners or flags, and no demonstration commemorating anything Danish allowed. No Danish taught in schools. Ladies are not allowed to wear white dresses trimmed with red ribbon or vice versa, under threat of arrest, as red and white are the Danish colors.

The War Lord's disposition is well illustrated in the poem which our Captain Coghlan recited at the Union League Club dinner in New York years ago:

Der Kaiser of dis Fatherland
Und Gott on high all dings command.
Ve two—ach! don't you understand?
Meinself—und Gott.

How would he like to be browbeaten on every turn? Let him put himself in their place. J. B. CLIFFORD.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

A Look-In On Congress During the Dull Season—Pitchfork Tillman and Jim Ham Lewis on the Rostrum.

WASHINGTON, November 9, 1913.

"Have been suddenly taken drunk, and feel sure I am going to miss my train." This was the excuse telegraphed once by a business man to his wife, and it is not more remarkable than some of the excuses which have been given by the 400 members of the House of Representatives who are "unavoidably detained" from the sessions of the House.

The House is still in session. Out of a total of 435 members there are thirty-five who attend the sessions. Each day a few more of these members arise to ask for leave of absence. The entire proceedings of the House in these days, when the Mexican situation is sizzling and when great public questions remain to be decided, are devoted to a discussion as to the validity of the excuses offered for the absence of various members.

Mr. Raker of California pointed out several days ago that he had been in attendance upon the House constantly except on one day, when he attended the hearing of the Hetch Hetchy bill before the Senate Committee on Public Lands. "I feel," he said, "that I ought to be home for at least a week, and it is a long way. I should like to go with the permission of the House, therefore I ask unanimous consent that I may be excused until the 25th of November." Upon this simple motion, however, a dozen members addressed the chair.

Representative Mann of Illinois, the minority leader, hoped "that these requests will not become catching." He suggested that the House should pass a resolution for adjournment or attend to business, and added that "as the gentleman from California can not put sufficient backbone into his conferees on his side of the House to do either I am unwilling, under the circumstances, to keep him on the gridiron any longer."

Mr. Raker thanked the gentleman from Illinois, but Mr. Buchanan of the same state insisted on making a long speech as to the duties of a member of Congress. He finally concluded that he did not see what any intelligent member need fear in leaving when there is nothing to do.

Up rose Representative Donovan of Connecticut, who observed that he was surprised that Mr. Mann, the great upholder of the constitution and the law, should be a party to a violation of a statute. He insisted that the House could not grant leave of absence to any member, except on the ground of sickness or sickness in his family.

Mr. Mann said that Mr. Donovan seldom stated the facts. "The gentleman from Connecticut knows as much about this subject as he usually displays about others," said Mann, sarcastically. "The House has full power to grant leave of absence, and just as much power to grant it for one reason as for another."

Mr. Candler of Mississippi wanted to be excused because his father was indisposed, and he remarked that "dear old mother" had sent for him.

Several points of order were made, but in the course of a general discussion, which sounded like a meeting of the button-hole makers' union, Mr. Mann sharply criticized Donovan because he used the expression "for he." Mann insisted that Donovan's facts are just as correct as his grammar.

Throughout the afternoon the discussion continued. Occasionally some one would ask permission to have printed in the *Record* a speech delivered by some member before a bar association or farmers' grange, and then some one else would insist on making a fifteen-minute speech on the fact that the House is doing nothing. This is a fair sample of the daily sessions of the House of Representatives.

Over on the Senate side Senator Benjamin R. Tillman of South Carolina, who years ago pitchforked his way into the Senate by attacking everything very-

body, has been performing the functions of a senator by insisting that the *Congressional Record* be illustrated with cartoons. In an effort to show how his prediction of eighteen years ago had been fulfilled he obtained permission to have printed in the *Record* two cartoons which he had designed. One shows a cow, symbolical of national resources, feeding on the farmers out West, while her golden milk is drawn by men of ability in Wall Street. The other cartoon shows the result of the attempts of the farmers to turn the big cow around, to permit her to feed on the income tax in the East, while they might milk her in the West.

But the cow, as Senator Tillman originally pictured her, is not a reversible cow. As soon as she tried to feed on income tax the Supreme Court in the words of the South Carolina senator, "seized her by the throat as a reminder that she must do her eating entirely in the agricultural regions. The farmers in the West at that time were disappointed, and got no income-tax market."

Senator Tillman said that he had drawn his cartoons in March, 1896, after the Supreme Court had declared the income tax unconstitutional. Since then, he said, many of the reforms which he had predicted had come to pass, and the farmers of the country were facing a more cheerful prospect. Mr. Tillman also stirred the Senate by inserting some poetry, so that certain issues of old might become new again. He read into the *Record* a little protective pastoral entitled "A Girl With One Stocking." The South Carolina senator claimed no credit for the contribution, but acknowledged that it was originally presented by Senator Zeb Vance in the tariff debate of 1889:

Our Mary had a little lamb,
And her heart was most content,
To make its wool, beyond its worth,
Bring fifty-six per cent.

The classic went on to tell that:

Where'er that poor girl went
One leg was warm with wool, and one
With fifty-six per cent.

"Do United States senators spend their time reading such doggerel and amusing themselves with pictures of cows?" the reader asks. They do.

Is it not just as well then that most of the senators and representatives should wander off to their districts and leave Congress to revolve like machinery that has no real work to do? When the senators are out of town they really provide more entertainment. For instance, Senator Tillman, forsaking the cartoons and poetry of the *Congressional Record* for a while, jumped into the campaign in South Carolina, and in attacking the governor of his state, Colonel Blease, said: "Blease has stolen the livery of heaven to serve the devil, and he has done it very good. He has stolen most of his thunder from my speeches. I was the originator of the phrase, 'To hell with the constitution.' I used it in Chicago, and afterwards, in season and out of season, whenever I have spoken on the subject, proclaimed that lynching ought to follow assaults on women. Yet this has been Blease's stock in trade. He has used it whenever opportunity offered, and the people have such long memories that they have forgotten that the idea was mine. That is how he has deceived the people so."

It may be inconceivable that two statesmen would quarrel over the authorship of such campaign material, but good live issues are scarce these days, and as something must be done to electrify the voters, lynching bobs up as a red-hot public question that may be decided at the polls in South Carolina.

In like manner, Senator J. Ham Lewis of Illinois does not reach his true greatness until he actually takes to the stump. It was fairly interesting to see Mr. Lewis on the floor of the Senate telling witty anecdotes to the other members, but it was positively inspiring to find him in the campaign in Massachusetts, telling the people that unless David I. Walsh, the Democratic candidate for governor, were elected war might result with Japan and Mexico. "Just now," said J. Ham, "before the nations of the world tremble two serious problems. One is the effort of President Wilson and his administration to maintain before the Orient, particularly Japan, the doctrine of home rule. Again, in Mexico, we have a delicate situation. Foreign governments do not understand state politics, but they do know Massachusetts. You decide this election against the Democracy, and the Japanese in the Orient will cry aloud that Massachusetts has repudiated the President. England, Germany, and Spain, misunderstanding the result, would at once conclude that President Wilson's Mexican policy had been overthrown."

Fortunately, however, Walsh was elected, and the Emperor of Japan, the German Kaiser, and the King of England, who probably had their money down on the Democratic candidate, were so much relieved that they decided to forego—temporarily at least—any notion of declaring war on the United States.

PRENTICE ARMSTRONG.

Over the site of the ancient city of Memphis, once the fair city of the world, now buried by a thick deposit of Nile mud, stand stately palms, which yield a luscious fruit. Over the city the peasant Egyptians carry on their agricultural pursuits, and the palms yield the entire food of the peasants during a large part of the year.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Professor Karl Pearson has a word of comfort for those nations that are deploring a falling birth rate. He says that nature is merely trying to protect herself against an invasion of feeble children. The women who object to having children are just those women who ought to have them and whose offspring would be a source of weakness to a nation rather than of strength. Now this seems to be one of those obvious things that science is continually discovering. The strength of a nation is to be found in the quality of its people and not in their quantity. It is far better to have no babies at all than to have feeble babies, and it is precisely the women who would be likely to have feeble babies, physically and mentally, who are responsible for the parrot cry of race suicide.

A correspondent is somewhat disturbed by Mr. Zangwill's statement that the ritual murder case now progressing in Russia is due to a "Christian invention." Russia, says our correspondent, is practically a barbarous country, and its barbarism happens to take the form of anti-Semitism. It is only in Russia that these savage beliefs prevail. Now a recent issue of the New York *Evening Post* contains a weighty letter from its Berlin correspondent on this very topic. He says: "Today in many parts of Germany the cry of ritual murder would infallibly be raised if a Christian boy were murdered in such a manner as the young Yushinsky at Kiev." He says further that there are numbers of educated men in Germany who profess belief in the existence of these ritual murders, and that many serious newspapers are protesting against the defense of the Jews against this very charge. In 1883 there were several Jews on trial in Hungary on the accusation of murdering a Christian girl, and at this very moment an Austrian Jew is under sentence of lifelong imprisonment for the ritual murder of a boy and all efforts to release him have proved unavailing. Therefore it is obvious that this vile superstition is not confined either to Russia or to barbarism. It is theological, not racial.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions has received assurances that Turkey can be Christianized for one million dollars. But surely there must be some mistake here. There are about thirty-five million Turks, and even a wholesale rate of somewhere in the neighborhood of three cents a Turk seems to be absurdly low. But possibly the Turks are peculiarly susceptible just at present, thanks to the ingratiating example of Bulgarians, Servians, and Greeks. Practice, as we all know, is better than precept.

The plea that Sulzer was "the people's choice" is just as futile as all other pleas that have been made on behalf of this strutting mountebank. Sulzer was elected by a vote of 649,559. The total vote against Sulzer was 917,656. He ran behind every man on his own ticket with the exception of two, and but for the division in the Republican ranks he would have been swamped by nearly 200,000 majority. If Sulzer is actually so proud of being "the people's choice" he may remember that he shares that honor with Barabbas.

There was a time when we "pointed with pride" to the public honors bestowed upon virtue and intelligence and displayed them to the rising generation as incentives to right conduct. What must be the effect upon the rising generation of today when it sees William Sulzer honored, garlanded, and idolized after a public conviction as a poser, a perjurer, and a peacemaker. We can hardly condemn those who imitate William Sulzer or who determine henceforth to choose the easiest way.

Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, the English suffragist leader, is very angry with Sir Almonro Wright because that eminent physician described the suffrage agitation in its more extreme forms as "sex mania." Mrs. Lawrence says that the sex mania has always been on the other side, and asks us to remember the persecution in the Middle Ages which "enlisted church and judgment chamber in a horrible war against women and spread sex mania all over Europe like a virulent disease that lasted for over two centuries and brought hundreds of thousands of women victims to their death by torture and flame." Now this is very dreadful to think of. We can only wonder that it never got into the newspapers. Hundreds of thousands of women tortured and burned to death and Mrs. Lawrence has only just made the facts known! She should have spoken before.

It is reasonable to suppose that General Porfirio Diaz knows something of the temper of Mexico, possibly even more than President Wilson himself. It seems that the ex-president has just been interviewed in Paris and he was naturally asked if he intended to return to his country. He replied: "I will only return to my country in case a foreign nation attacks it, and you may rest assured that in such an eventuality all Mexico will be solidly united in its efforts to throw out the invader." General Diaz would express no opinion as to the policies emanating from Washington, but he said with some significance: "None should forget that Mexico is now a very great country and must be considered by all as such."

Dr. Jordan is probably watching with some attention the progress of the Krupp trial in Germany. Nowhere could there be a more positive confirmation of his theory that armament companies, whose trade is war and who would be ruined by peace, are hardly to be counted among the forces that make for righteousness. At the present time the German court is investigating the activities of an official named Von Metzen. His duties seem to have been many and varied. Among them was the task of discovering in devious ways the plans of his own government in the matter of armaments. But Von

Metzen was also a good deal of a traveler. He liked to see the world. We read of trips to France, Belgium, Portugal, and Italy. There is a little natural reluctance to disclose the object of these excursions, but German critics seem to have no doubt about their meaning. They were intended, so we are told, to stir up the war fever and to pull such wires as might be necessary to set nations by the ears. Amiable Von Metzen. How inspiring for all of us to behold this little sunbeam darting about Europe and setting things on fire. How gratifying to observe the bursts of patriotism in France and Italy in response to the orders of an official of the Krupp gun factory.

This Krupp business makes us all a little suspicious. Henceforth when we hear of a sudden explosion of patriotic zeal we shall think of Krupps, who make a business of explosions. For example, here is the government of New Zealand filled with a sudden dismay by the realization that it has no navy, and without a navy how can it possibly be "supreme" in the Pacific. Apparently the Kruppsian brand of patriotism demands, not justice and equality, but supremacy. So New Zealand has decided to build a navy and to be supreme. Canada's conception of an earthly paradise also is to build a navy. Is it possible that the ubiquitous Von Metzen has visited New Zealand and Canada "unknownst"? Or that Von Metzen is only one of a number of busy little bees offering up their tributes on the holy altars of patriotism—other people's altars?

Mme. de Hegemann-Lindencrone, writing some more reminiscences in *Harper's*, tells us a good story of Sarah Bernhardt and Longfellow. Sarah Bernhardt came to Boston in 1877 and expressed her wish to make a bust of Longfellow. Some difficulty intervened and the project could not be carried out, but Longfellow asked the great actress to take a cup of tea with him, and invited Mme. de Hegemann-Lindencrone to be present also. "You must come and chaperon me. It would not do to have me alone with such a dangerous and captivating visitor." The writer continues, "We all accompanied her to her carriage, and, as she was about to get in, she turned with a sudden impulse, threw her arms round Mr. Longfellow's neck, and said 'Vous êtes adorable,' and kissed him on his cheek. He did not seem displeased, but as she drove away he turned to me and said, 'You see, I did need a chaperon.'"

The students of Bristol University have taken swift revenge upon the suffragettes for the destruction of the pavilion in the university playing fields. A few days after the outrage had been committed a band of a hundred students silently assembled and made a swift descent upon the suffragette headquarters. It took them about fifteen minutes to wreck the place. All the windows and doors were smashed, furniture, desks, and typewriters destroyed, and books and documents burned. When the police and fireman arrived there was nothing for them to do but extinguish the flames. It seems to have been great fun while it lasted and quite in accord with the spirit of the day. But it might be well to inquire where that spirit is leading us all, for it is now discernible everywhere. It means the paralysis of law. It means the abrogation of civil government. It means the settlement of social problems by bands of armed gladiators whose recourse to dynamite and petroleum is so immediate and so frequent as hardly to be noticed.

Li Hung Chang tells us in his reminiscences that when he visited Russia he was much impressed by the precautions that were taken against the assassination of members of the imperial family. He says, "I do not think I would like to exchange positions with the Czar, even to have the fine Czarina as wife and my choice of the rarest tea." The fine old Chinaman had at least the gallantry to put the wife before the tea, but one would like to know his actual estimate of the relative values. But Li Hung Chang himself was not wholly a stranger to the assassin. He continues: "Once in Tientsin a low fellow came into my courtyard and told the banner captain that he intended taking my life. He had a long piece of wire, and said he was going to hang me to my own gateposts. I had to have his head cut off before he would stop talking." Happy China, where it is possible to cut off a man's head in order to stop him from talking. And yet we say that the Chinese are lacking in civilization.

Was it not Lord Chesterfield who recommended his son to go forth and see with what little wisdom this world is governed? We are reminded of the admonition by the fact that William Sulzer, that "same old Bill" who received a campaign contribution of \$10,000 from Thomas F. Ryan, was chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee and was consequently largely in control of the foreign relations of the country.

SIDNEY G. P. CORVY.

Consumption is said to claim more victims in Japan than in any other civilized country, and the government is about to take decisive steps to combat its spread. The Department of Home Affairs has decided to establish sanatoria in the cities having a population of more than three hundred thousand, namely, Tokyo, Osaka, Kyoto, Kobe, Yokohama, and Nagoya. Those for Tokyo and Osaka will be constructed to accommodate five hundred patients, that for Kyoto four hundred, and for the remaining cities three hundred.

Arkansas is first among the states in the production of two minerals, bauxite and novaculite, the former being the ore of aluminum and the latter the source of the larger part of the oil-stones produced in the United States.

THE VOICE ON THE PHONE.

Venturing Forth to Save a Lady in Danger

The clock and the telephone sounded together and I looked up from one of Wilkie Collins's ghostliest psychologies with a start at the curious medley.

The clock said half-past eleven. What the telephone had to communicate remained to be seen.

"Hello!"

"Oh, John! Is that you, John?" The voice was shrilly nervous, terror-stricken, wholly unfamiliar.

I essayed to reply that my name is not John, but the voice, unheeding, cut me short.

"Oh, John—come quick!" it almost shrieked.

"Hurry! *Hurry!* There's somebody in the next room—some thief. I heard him break in and I'm all alone. Oh, John—he's coming in here. POLICE! HELP! J—O—H—N—"

The last was a wail of abject fear and horror. There came the sound of an oath, a scream broken sharply in two—then silence.

For a moment my brain throbbed with excited, futile queries. Then I rattled the telephone hook and a voice snapped out: "What is it, please?"

"What number did I have just now?"

"I can't tell. They've hung up."

"Find out! A woman is being murdered there. QUICK!"

At once I saw my mistake. Instead of stimulating the operator to intelligent action I confused her utterly. She could only stammer, idiotically: "I can't—I don't know—they've hung up."

"Think hard," I urged. "What number did they call for when you gave them mine?"

"Isn't this Brown 4583?"

"No," I said, "get that number, quick."

"The lines must have crossed, then," said Central perplexedly. "Hold your phone and I'll try."

For five solid minutes she rang Brown 4583, informing me tremulously every thirty seconds that she was trying to get my "party." Just as the case seemed hopeless a faint "hello" came over the line.

"Are you, John?" I bawled, my words tumbling over each other. His reply was unintelligible, but I waited for no confirmation. "Go home at once," I told him. "Get a taxicab. Beat it. Your wife's being killed by burglars."

I could hear him gasp.

"Why—I haven't any wife," he said in stuttering bewilderment. "I'm—the—night-watchman."

"What place is this?"

"Bradley & Jones's law office."

"Is either of them named John?"

"I don't—wait a minute. Yes—John P. Bradley."

"Where does he live?"

"I don't know."

Bang! went my receiver on the hook. My fingers raced through the telephone directory. Bradley, Bradley—yes, there it was: "John P. Bradley, residence, 19— Pacific Street."

Should I stop to notify the police? No, enough time had been wasted already. I rushed out, gathering my hat and coat in transit.

Only after an almost empty car was bearing me toward my destination did I realize the difficulties of my task. I was going to rescue a lady from burglars without even a walking-stick for a weapon. Oh, well, I had never gone armed—and out of many trying situations I had always emerged the better for it.

It was very still where I got off the car. By day the neighborhood was peopled by nursemaids in trim, white caps and aprons who pushed the perambulators of well-to-do employers up and down their particular blocks, chatting with each other and flirting decorously with policemen and mail carriers. Barouches and an occasional limousine glided along the asphalt pavements. Stately, white-haired old ladies took constitutionals in the morning sun. Noise, commercialism, and poverty never penetrated.

Now every one slept and the streets were as still as a crypt. My own footfalls sounded rudely boisterous, indecently loud—like squeaky shoes in a church. I began, unconsciously, to tiptoe.

About five minutes' walk brought me to 19— Pacific Street. It was in a block where the wealthy and well-to-do mingled in architectural harmony with scarcely a line of demarcation. One might have said the decline was gradual. A huge brown-stone mansion with porte cochere and with carved lions flanking the marble steps, occupied about one-third of the block. No. 19—, on the opposite end, was extremely modest by comparison, but not without the dignity of established financial position.

The house was two-story, shingle-covered, vine-clad, with a front lawn and stone coping. Very trig and proper it looked. I almost pressed the button of the ornate door-bell and fumbled for a card-case—so strong was the spell of convention about John P. Bradley's front door.

As I stood there, cogitating, casting a quick glance about me and trying to size up the situation as my friend Sherlock Holmes might have done, I saw that the front door was ever so slightly ajar. A careless and almost successful attempt had been made to shut it, but the latch had caught and held it just beyond the locking point. A thread of light showed dimly at its edges. I pushed it open, softly, and entered.

The hall was fairly large and square. One could just

discern its outlines by the feeble illumination that emanated from a room farther back. What one might facetiously term a "baby grand" staircase loomed with an effect of massiveness before me. At its side the hall narrowed and ran for some distance toward the rear of the house. About twenty feet down this passage was the lighted room with the half-open door.

Not without hesitation I advanced stealthily toward the light. The door opened out toward me and I found that I could get a fair view of the interior through the crack between the hinges.

At a table in what was evidently the study sat a large, good-looking man with a young if not youthful face. He wore an overcoat and one hand was gloved as though he had just come in. There was in his face and manner a befuddled and desperate amazement, a look of urbane intoxication suddenly confronted with a crisis—a shock that is like a slap in the face.

He read and reread, with a silent movement of the lips, a sheet of writing paper. It looked like a woman's note. When he had finished the inner page—reading it at right angles, as one must with such epistles—he would turn back to the beginning and start all over again. And then, with sudden spasmodic force the fingers of his ungloved hand closed over the sheet, crushing it into a ball. His head sank forward on the crook of his arm and something like a sob escaped him. He was quite sober, now.

For a minute or so he remained thus. Then he sprang to his feet and pulled himself together. I could see his jaw set and his hands clench themselves. He walked quite steadily to the buffet and poured himself a glass of liquor. Returning to the table, he rummaged about in the drawers impatiently, found what he sought, and laid it on the table—a revolver.

Next he brought a decanter and glass, which he set down beside the weapon, and resumed his chair. Very deliberately he removed his glove, felt in his left trousers pocket and produced a silver coin. For the first time he spoke.

"Heads for him and tails for me," he cried with a sort of nervous exuberance. "Heads for him and tails for me."

He tossed the coin. It fell with a musical tinkle against the decanter, wobbled a moment, and then fell flat.

"Heads," he said. I saw him look at the revolver with a savage relish that seemed to bode ill for some one. He took another drink.

Again he flipped the coin. It fell with a solid thwack and he grimaced a bit as he read its meaning.

"Tails!" he exclaimed. "Tails—that's me."

Once more he refilled his glass and gulped it. This time he held the coin on the end of his finger as though loth to let it go. He laid it down finally and picked up the ball of paper. Carefully he straightened out the sheet and reperused it. Once more he picked up the coin.

"Best two out of three," he said with a wry little laugh. "Here goes."

He spun the coin and for an intolerable time it seemed to rotate, dying down gradually in its motion and settling itself with an odd little flap just beyond the muzzle of the revolver. The man did not speak, but I saw from his face the verdict. It was death.

For a time he stood quite still, his hands on the table, his eyes on the coin. Then he made a movement as though to pick up the weapon, but something came between him and his purpose. Turning abruptly, he walked a few steps and stood surveying some object on the wall beyond my range of vision. I judged, from the direction of his gaze and his expression, that it might be a picture on the mantel shelf, and such it proved, for he brought it over to the table and sat down again. The picture was in a silver easel-frame. He held it in both hands and regarded it tensely. I could see his big, square jaw relax and quiver. After a little he set it down and his hand stole toward the decanter again. He poured a full glass, half raised it and set it down with a force that spilled most of the contents.

"No, by God!" he said, as if addressing the picture. "I'll go to eternity—*sober!*"

I edged around the door at that and jumped for him just as he got the gun to his head. We scuffled a bit and the bullet went into the ceiling. The noise of it startled us both. His fingers relaxed and I took the gun from him easily enough. Ordinarily he could have thrown me out of the window without much trouble, but the inertia of reaction was upon him. He leaned half listlessly against the mantel and surveyed me in astonishment.

"Who the devil are you?" he asked.

"My name is of no consequence," I told him. "My presence I shall try to explain. I assume that you are John Bradley."

"Yes," he said, gravely, "I am John Bradley. But I'm not in the habit of receiving unknown callers at midnight—"

"Nor are you in the habit of attempting suicide, I dare say."

His brows drew together angrily for a moment. Then a smile struggled to his lips and he held out his hand.

"Whoever you are," he said, "you have saved my life. That it is worthless does not lessen the decency of your action. I thank you—and beg your pardon."

"Whatever I did you are welcome to," I told him. "I came here to rescue a woman in danger—"

His eyes narrowed. "A woman in danger," he repeated slowly. "What are you—an evangelist?"

I stared at him. Was his mind unsettled? "Well, no matter," he continued, "in any event you're too late."

"Do you mean that she's—dead?" I cried, aghast.

"I wish it might have been that," he answered unsteadily. "Read the letter there on the table. I owe you an explanation, anyhow."

A glance was sufficient. She had left him. She had gone with a friend and "all was over."

"Perhaps," I said—and I rather expected him to hit me for it—"perhaps she wasn't worth it."

"She wasn't to blame," he said, gently. "It was my cursed drinking and neglect of her—that and the other man. He used to love her before she married me."

I looked at the picture. The face in the frame was not beautiful, but sweet, whimsical—just the sort to hold a big man like this. I began to understand a little.

"If I'd been half a man I'd have held her," he said. "She never cared much for him—and she loved me. But I worked too hard and left them too much alone. I wanted to be rich."

In a sudden paroxysm of anger he picked up the decanter and hurled it into the fireplace. It shattered, musically, into fragments and the liquor spluttered and flared.

"Whatever happens I'm through with that," said John Bradley. "You hear it? So help me God!"

In the meantime I had been thinking. A queer, impossible idea had popped into my head as I thought of the telephone call for aid. I walked over and put a hand on Bradley's shoulder.

"Have you looked through the house?" I asked.

He stared. "Looked through the house? For what?"

"Your wife."

"Why, no," he answered, uncomprehending. "She's gone—gone for good. She's left me. Didn't you read the note?"

"Yes," I said, "but it's barely possible that she was prevented—that she wrote the letter in anticipation of her departure and then—"

"And then—what? in Heaven's name!"

"Where is the telephone?" I snapped.

"There's one in the corner, behind you," he replied dazedly, "and another in her boudoir, upstairs."

I gripped his arm. "Show me the other phone," I said, excitedly. "There's just a chance—"

"Of what?" he asked, but I did not answer. He led the way into the front hall and switched on the lights. Up the stairway he went, two steps at a time, and I followed close behind—around a turn and through an open door. It was dark there and he struck a match to look for the chandelier switch. But as the tiny flame flared up I heard him cry out and go down on his knees, muttering frantic endearments. I felt around for the switch and found it, flooding the room with a soft radiance that filtered through rose-colored shades.

Flat on the floor lay a woman garbed for the street. Evidently she had swooned from fright or some other emotion, for there was no sign of injury. The room was in disorder. Drawers were pulled out, some of their contents hanging over the edge or tumbled on the floor. A jewel-case lay inverted on the writing-desk, as though hastily emptied. Near the door was a small brooch, broken, evidently trampled on.

Bradley was working over his wife with frantic energy, chafing her wrists, loosening her collar and calling her name aloud. I got a glass of water at the washstand and let a small stream trickle on her forehead. Almost immediately her eyelids fluttered and a moment later she was in her husband's arms, sobbing, "Oh, I'm so glad you came. I'm so glad, so glad."

I tried to get away without being seen, but before I reached the door she noticed me and cried out, startled, "Who's that, John? Who's that?"

"A friend of mine," he said soothingly. "He came along—to help."

"We didn't know how many burglars there were, you see," I put in.

"Oh, yes," she said. "You were at John's office when I called up, weren't you? You answered the phone. I thought it didn't sound like John's voice—but I was too frightened."

She lay in an easy chair where John had put her, almost dreamily relaxed. But suddenly a new terror sprang into her eyes. Her glance met her husband's, tensely searching.

"John," she cried, "have you been in the study?"

He did not falter a moment. "No," he said, "I came right up. But Jones had quite an adventure with the burglar down there." He looked hard at me.

"Yes," I said, "we scuffled in the dark and he fired a shot. We broke the decanter and spilled ink all over a letter or something. I hope it wasn't valuable, for it was quite obliterated. I threw it into the fire."

She flashed me a look of keen inquiry, but I was looking at John.

"Probably a bill," he said, carelessly. "Well, good-night, old man. I'll never forget this. Never!"

He held out his hand and I pressed it warmly.

"Good-night, Mrs. Bradley," I said. She did not hear me. Her eyes, luminous with tenderness and mute thanksgiving, were fixed upon Bradley.

I was no longer in her scheme of things.

LOUIS J. STEWART.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1913.

"MARY GOES FIRST."

"Piccadilly" Describes Why Henry Arthur Jones and Marie Tempest Are Threatened with a Theatrical Libel Suit.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, the celebrated playwright, and Miss Marie Tempest, the even more celebrated actress, seem to be in serious trouble over the production of "Mary Goes First," now running at the Playhouse. They could hardly have been in worse trouble if they had spoken irreverently of the great suffrage cause, which might have earned for them a few broken windows, but probably nothing more. Now they are in for a lawsuit.

Now some account of this play has already been given in the *Argonaut*, but in order to understand the painful situation it may be well to repeat that the play of "Mary Goes First" contains a character named Whichello, a rich tanner, who is the husband of Mrs. Whichello, the heroine of the play. Now Whichello, although rich and a tanner, is a good sort of fellow. He plays second fiddle to his wife, which shows how true to life the play is, for Mrs. Whichello is determined that her husband shall be made a baronet in order that she may thereby lower the haughty pride of a newly made knight and his lady, who have excited her resentment. Mrs. Whichello succeeds in her ambitions mainly through the complacency of her husband, who cares nothing for these social honors and who allows himself to be pushed about like a pawn on the board. Evidently the worthy man thinks that opposition to his wife will get him into far more trouble even than the baronetcy, and here again Mr. Jones shows how well he knows the actual facts of life.

Now this is where the tragedy begins. All might have been well if Mr. Jones had called his hero by some other and less distinctive name. He might, for example, have called him after himself, and then there would have been no trouble at all. Instead of doing that he went afield and dug up the name of Whichello, which just shows what a reckless kind of man he is. And no sooner is the play produced than he receives a letter from Mr. Whichelow of Bermondsey threatening a libel action on the ground that the play is a caricature of himself and that he will seek redress before the bar of justice. It is true that the names are not quite identical, but that, if anything, shows an added malice. The reference is unmistakable, seeing that Mr. Whichelow of Bermondsey is also a tanner, or at least something in the line of leather, and we all know that there is nothing on earth that is quite like leather.

Now one would think that Mr. Jones and Miss Marie Tempest would show chastened spirits under such a conviction of wrongdoing. Nothing of the kind. They are impenitent, and Mr. Jones particularly so. Mr. Jones says that the complaint is "silly and trivial" and that having once christened his hero there shall be no revocation of the name. He says that he borrowed it from an old country postman whom he once knew, and who is over ninety years of age, and who may also be meditating an action for all he knows. He says that he never heard of Mr. Whichelow of Bermondsey, a fact that may seem almost incredible, but that is nevertheless true. That he sees no reason why Mr. Whichelow of Bermondsey should feel aggrieved by a comparison with Mr. Whichello of "Mary Goes First," who is a good fellow and an honorable man and obedient to his wife, as all good fellows and honorable men are. That as a matter of fact there can be no such comparison, seeing that the Whichello of the play is represented as anxious to avoid a silly lawsuit, which would establish the difference at once. That in order to do what he can to lessen an annoyance that was unintentional and unpremeditated he will plainly print on the published play a declaration to the effect that Dick Whichello of Warkinstall is not Mr. George Whichelow of Bermondsey, of whose existence Mr. Henry Arthur Jones was unaware when he wrote the play. That in order still further to emphasize the difference he will be glad if Mr. Whichelow of Bermondsey will inform him to which particular branch of the leather trade he belongs in order that the hero of the play may select some other and non-competitive department of the same honorable industry. That the matter would become really important if playwrights were forbidden to select suitable names for their characters for fear that some particular John Brown may bring a lawsuit on the ground of a fancied resemblance. That Miss Marie Tempest asks him (Mr. Henry Arthur Jones) to say that she will gladly give Mr. George Whichelow of Bermondsey an opportunity of seeing "Mary Goes First." He hopes that Mr. George Whichelow of Bermondsey will accept Miss Marie Tempest's friendly offer. If Mr. George Whichelow of Bermondsey will closely watch her performance, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones will be surprised if Mr. George Whichelow of Bermondsey does not instantly change his name to Whichello in order to give some excuse to his friends in the leather trade to spread about the report that Mr. George Whichelow of Bermondsey is closely related to so delightful a lady and so fine an actress.

And now all London is waiting breathless for the next move in the tragedy. Certainly it would be a tragedy if the law should place any restrictions upon the choice of names for the characters of plays. There have been cases where novelists have been prosecuted for causing annoyance in this way, but it has been held that there must be malice, and that a mere accidental

identity or resemblance is not sufficient to justify damages. But no playwright has yet been prosecuted for such a cause, and if Mr. George Whichelow of Bermondsey should prove irreconcilable he may consider himself as a pioneer and an innovator. Let us hope that he will prove amenable to reason, that he will accept Miss Tempest's offer, and that he will be so charmed by the delightful impersonation of that most delightful lady that all rancor will melt from his heart.

It is not generally known that the French law upon such points as this is so stringent as to prove a serious embarrassment to writers of novels and plays. Actions are easily brought and easily won by those who imagine that their names have been wrongfully used for dramatic or fictional purposes and it is not necessary to prove either malice or actual injury. The fact that the owner of the name objects to its use for literary purposes is sufficient, and the fact that he does so object constitutes a legal grievance. The only really safe course for the French writer is to invent some name that is entirely new and to satisfy himself that it is new by a laborious search through the directories. It would certainly be unfortunate if Mr. Whichelow of Bermondsey should succeed in establishing a legal precedent of this sort in England, but no doubt he will reconsider the matter. Perhaps he only wants an advertisement for his leather business. Or he may be jealous of the Mr. Whichello of the play, who was made a baronet.

LONDON, October 21, 1913.

Whaling today in the extreme southern waters is centred to a great extent in the Falkland Islands, due to the fact that a license is required by the British authorities of those islands for the privilege of operating in the South Sea current, with the South Shetland Islands and Grahamland as bases. The Compania Ballenera de Magallanes, a Chilean company, is the only whaling concern in this territory. Organized in 1905, it operates administrative offices in Punta Arenas, a trying-out station on the island of San Isidro in the Strait of Magellan, and a base of operations in the South Sea current, licensed from the Falkland authorities. The company opens its annual whaling season in the Strait of Magellan in October, with base at San Isidro, where it operates until December, in which month its floating station and three whaling boats steam to the South Sea current, to remain until the season closes in March or April. The catch for the last year in the Southern Seas was valued at about \$245,000. Only occasional right and sperm whales are caught in the extreme southern waters, the usual classes taken being blue, humpback, fin, and sey whales. The whales when killed are brought alongside the floating station and there cut up and the sections tried out into oil. However, one of the Norwegian companies (Solvessen's) is erecting a base on Deception Island adequate for trying out the whole whale.

Kieff, more familiar as Kiev, scene of the great "ritual murder" trial just ended, is the earliest seat of Christianity in Russia. As the most ancient capital of the empire it has earned its title of mother of cities. Its far-stretching monastery of Petcherskaya Lavra is one of the wonders of the world. With many a church and chapel and innumerable monkish cells within its high wall, the "City of Caves" forms a town by itself. To the catacombs cut out of the solid rock every year some pilgrims from all over Russia to worship at the shrines of the saints who came years ago from Byzantium. But Kieff is not a typically Russian city. It has lost its early Byzantine character without gaining the modern Russian spirit—a result attributed to the rule of the Poles, who kept the city under their influence for centuries. It has been said one may call the Kieff people Little Russians, who differ from the Great Russians as much as the English do from the Scots. Imperialists did their best seventy years ago by establishing a local university to Russify the town, but most writers agree that ancient elements are still alive.

Nothing like an authentic map of Japan existed until Ino Chupei finished his labor of love in 1821. His career was marked, for it was not until he had reached the age of fifty-five years, having been a sake brewer from boyhood, that he turned his attention to surveying. These maps were found to be so good and so free from large errors that they were adopted as the basis of the more recent trigonometrical survey of Japan. During his work he surveyed 137,000 square miles, using instruments which he made himself, but he met with no reward during his life, for on the termination of his undertaking he was thrown into prison by the Shoguns, where he remained until he died. He has since been honored by imperial decree, and a monument, erected in his memory, now stands in Tokyo.

Only some 400 of the famous forest of cedars of Lebanon remain, and they have been enclosed by a stone wall, necessary to protect the smaller trees from the ever-hungry mountain goat. The cedars stand on a small plateau, at an elevation of slightly over 6000 feet. A winding road from Bsherreh leads up the slope to the spot where the ancient trees excite the wonder and admiration of tourists. The highest rears its top eighty feet skyward.

OLD FAVORITES.

Song.

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress-tree:
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain:
And dreaming though the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember
And haply may forget.

—Christina Georgina Rossetti.

The Fair Thief.

Before the urchin well could go,
She stole the whiteness of the snow;
And more, that whiteness to adorn,
She stole the blushes of the morn;
Stole all the sweetness ether sheds
On primrose buds and violet beds.

Still to reveal her artful wiles
She stole the Graces' silken smiles;
She stole Aurora's balmy breath;
And pilfered Orient pearl for teeth;
The cherry, dipped in morning dew,
Gave moisture to her lips, and hue.

These were her infant spoils, a store;
And she, in time, still pilfered more!
At twelve, she stole from Cyprus' queen
Her air and love-commanding mien;
Stole Juno's dignity; and stole
From Pallas sense to charm the soul.

Apollo's wit was next her prey;
Her next, the beam that lights the day;
She sang;—amazed, the Sirens heard,
And to assert their voice appeared.
She played;—the Muses from their hill,
Wondered who thus had stole their skill.

Great Jove approved her crimes and art;
And, t'other day, she stole my heart!
If lovers, Cupid, are thy care,
Exert thy vengeance on this Fair:
To trial bring her stolen charms,
And let her prison be my arms!

—Charles Wyndham.

The Prophet and the Child.

Worn and footsore was the Prophet,
When he gained the holy hill;
"God has left the earth," he murmured,
"Here His presence lingers still."

"God of all the olden prophets,
Wilt Thou speak with men no more?
Have I not as truly served Thee
As Thy chosen ones of yore?"

"Hear me, guider of my fathers,
Lo! a humble heart is mine:
By Thy mercy I beseech Thee
Grant Thy servant but a sign!"

Bowing then his head he listened
For an answer to his prayer;
No loud burst of thunder followed,
Not a murmur stirred the air:—

But the tuft of moss before him
Opened while he waited yet,
And, from out the rock's hard bosom,
Sprang a tender violet.

"God! I thank Thee," said the Prophet;
"Hard of heart and blind was I,
Looking to the holy mountain
For the gift of prophecy."

"Still Thou speakest with Thy children
Freely as an old sublime:
Humbleness, and love, and patience,
Still give empire over time."

"Had I trusted in my nature,
And had faith in lowly things,
Thou Thyself wouldst then have sought me,
And set free my spirit's wings."

"But I looked for signs and wonders,
That o'er men should give me sway;
Thirsting to be more than mortal,
I was even less than clay."

"Ere I entered on my journey,
As I girt my loins to start,
Ran to me my little daughter,
The beloved of my heart:—

"In her hand she held a flower,
Like to this as like may be,
Which, beside my very threshold,
She had plucked and brought to me."

—James Russell Lowell.

During the summer months Atlantic City's Boardwalk church is one of the most exceptional houses of worship in the country. It has been in existence for five years, and services are held each Sunday. It is a church without a choir, officer, or single member, and without a collection plate. The business men of Atlantic City, as well as the visitors, think it worth while, and maintain this Gospel lighthouse by the sea. Ninety per cent of the audience is new each Sunday. Persons gladly turn in from the Boardwalk at the call for worship. The audience is reverent, though cosmopolitan.

One of the largest single items of expense attendant on the recent trial of William Sulzer, ousted from the position of governor of New York, was for detectives. One agency alone drew \$8950. The entire expense of the trial is more than \$125,000.

AN AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA.

Clara Louise Kellogg Writes Her Recollections of Twenty-Five Years as a Singer.

The name of Clara Louise Kellogg—so we are reminded in the foreword to her memoirs—is known to the immediate generation chiefly as an echo of the past. Yet only thirty years ago it was written of her, enthusiastically but truthfully, that "no living singer needs a biography less than Miss Clara Louise Kellogg; and nowhere in the world would a biography of her be so superfluous as in America, where her name is a household word and her illustrious career is familiar in all its triumphant details to the whole people."

Clara Louise Kellogg was before the public for twenty-five years from the time of her first appearance as Gilda until she married Carl Strakosch in 1887, when her public career virtually ended. Mr. and Mrs. Strakosch now live in New Hartford, Connecticut, and in 1912 they celebrated their silver wedding.

The author tells us that before her debut in opera she was taken by Muzio for a concert tour of a few weeks. Colson was the prima donna, Brignoli the tenor, Ferri the baritone, and Susini the basso. She received one hundred dollars a week—not bad, she says, for inexperienced seventeen, although Muzio regarded the tour as merely educational and as part of the training:

Just before I went on for that first concert Mme. Colson stopped me to put a rose in my hair, and said to me:

"Smile much, and show your teeth!"

After the concert she supplemented this counsel with the words:

"Always dress your best, and always smile, and always be gracious!"

I never forgot the advice.

The author has something to say about the intolerable practice of asking public singers to private social occasions and then expecting from them an example of their art. After her first performance of Linda in Boston she and her mother were disturbed at their hotel by two ladies. "They had heard my Linda. They had come because they simply could not help it; because I had moved them so deeply. Now *would* we both come the following evening to a little musicale; and they would ask that delightful Signor Brignoli, too. It would be *such* a pleasure," etc.:

Although I was not singing the following night I objected to going to the musicale because certain experiences in New York had already bred caution. I said, however, with perfect frankness, that I would go on one condition.

"On any condition, dear Miss Kellogg!"

"You wouldn't expect me to sing?"

"Oh, no; no, no!"

Accordingly, the next night my mother and I presented ourselves at the house of the older of the two ladies. The first words our hostess uttered when I entered the room were:

"Why! where's your music?"

"I thought it was understood that I was not to sing," said I.

But, in spite of their previous earnest disclaimers on this point, they became so insistent that, after resisting their importunities for a few moments, I finally consented to satisfy them. I asked Brignoli to play for me, and I sang the cavatina from "Linda." Then I turned on my heel and went back to my hotel; and I never again entered that woman's house. After so many years there is no harm in saying that the hostess who was guilty of this breach of tact, good taste, and consideration, was Mrs. Paron Stevens, and the other lady was her sister, Miss Fanny Reed, one of the talented amateurs of the day. They were struggling hard for social recognition in Boston and every drawing card was of value, even a new, young singer who might become famous. Later, of course, Mrs. Stevens did "arrive" in New York; but she traveled some difficult roads first.

This was by no means the first time that I had contended with a lack of consideration in the American hostess, especially toward artists. Her sisters across the Atlantic have better taste and breeding, never subjecting an artist who is their guest to the annoyance and indignity of having to "sing for her supper." But whenever I was invited anywhere by an American woman I always knew that I would be expected to bring my music and to contribute toward the entertainment of the other guests.

The author was very friendly with Longfellow, whose verses, she says, have always touched the masses of people, and particularly those of England. The verses were so simple and so true that those who lived and labored close to the earth found much that moved them in the American writer's unaffected and elemental poetry:

Some years later, when I was singing in London, I heard that Longfellow was in town and sent him a box. He and Tom Appleton, who was with him, came behind the scenes between the acts to see me, and my mother being with me, both were invited into my dressing-room. In the London theatres there are women, generally advanced in years, who assist the prima donna or actress to dress. These do not exist in American theatres. I had a maid, of course, but there was this woman of the theatre, also, a particularly ordinary creature who contributed nothing to the gaiety of nations and who, indeed, rarely showed feeling of any sort. I happened to say to her:

"Perkins, I am going to see Mr. Longfellow."

Her face became absolutely transfigured.

"Oh, miss," she cried in a tone of awe and curtsying to his name, "you don't mean 'im that wrote 'Tell me not in mournful numbers'? Oh, miss! 'im!"

Dr. Holmes was another friend of early days. The author tells us she will never forget the dignity and impressiveness of his bearing as, after the fourth course of a breakfast, he glanced up, saw the waiter approaching, arose solemnly as if about to make a speech, went behind his chair, and shook out one leg and then the other so as to make room for the next course:

Years later Dr. Holmes and I crossed from England on the same steamer. He had been fêted and made much of in England and we discussed the relative brilliancy of American and English women. I contended that Americans were

the brighter and more sparkling, while English women had twice as much real education and mental training. Dr. Holmes agreed, but with reservations. He professed himself to be still dazzled with British feminine wit.

"I'm tired to death," he declared. "At every dinner party I went to they had picked out the cleverest women in London to sit on each side of me. I'm utterly exhausted trying to keep up with them!"

Naturally the Civil War has its place in these memoirs. The author knew Custer well and regrets that she can not remember all the stories that he told her of pluck and danger. He was not thirty at that time and when on horseback, riding hard, he was a marvelously striking figure:

I had a dresser, Ellen Conklin, who had some strange and rather ghastly tales to tell of the slave trade in the days before the war. She had been in other opera companies, small troupes, that sang their way from the far South, and the primitive and casual manner of their travel had offered many opportunities for her to visit any number of slave markets. She frequently had been harrowed to the breaking point by the sight of mothers separated from their children, and men and women who loved each other being parted for life. The worst horror of it all had been to her the examining of the female slaves as to their physical equipment, in which the buyers were more often brutal than not. Ellen was Irish and emotional; and it tore her heart out to see such things; but she kept on going to see the slave sales just the same.

"They nearly killed me, miss," she declared to me with tears in her eyes, "but I could never resist one!"

Though I quite understood Ellen's emotions, I found it a little difficult to understand why she invited them so persistently. But I have learned that this is a very common human weakness—luckily for managers who put on harrowing plays. Many people go to the theatre to cry. When I sang Mignon the audience always cried and wiped its eyes; and I felt convinced that many had come exactly for that purpose. Two women I know once went to see Helena Modjeska in "Adrienne Lecouvreur" and, when the curtain fell, one of them turned to the other with streaming eyes and gasped between her choking sobs:

"L—let's come—(soh)—again—(soh)—tomorrow night! (soh, soh)."

Personally, I think there are occasions enough for tears in this life, bitter or consoling, without having somebody on the stage draw them out over fictitious joys and sorrows.

The author thinks that in the beginning of the war the feeling against the negroes was really more bitter in the North than in the South. The riots in New York were a scandal and a disgrace, although we are told that very few people have any idea how bad they were. The Irish Catholics were particularly rabid, and asserted openly, right and left, that the freeing of the slaves would mean an influx of cheap labor that would become a drug on the market:

It was an Irish mob that turned a colored orphan asylum, after which taste of blood the most innocent black was not safe. Perfectly harmless colored people were hanged to lamp-posts with impunity. No one ever seemed to be punished for such outrages. The time was one of open lawlessness in New York City. The Irish seem sometimes to be peculiarly possessed by this unreasoning and hysterical mob spirit which, as Ruskin once pointed out, they always manage to justify to themselves by some high abstract principle or sentiment. A story that has always seemed to me illustrative of this is that of the Hibernian contingent that hanged an unfortunate Jew because his people had killed Jesus Christ and, when reminded that it had all happened some time before, replied that "that might be, but they had only just heard of it!" It is a singularly significant story, with much more truth than jest in it. Years later, I recollect that those Irish riots in New York over the negro question served as the basis for some exceedingly heated arguments between an English friend of mine at Aix-les-Bains and a Catholic priest living there. The priest sought to justify them, but his reasonings have escaped me.

"Traviata" with the author as Violetta was a great success. She argued that Violetta would probably love curious and exotic combinations, so she dressed in a gown of rose pink and pale primrose yellow that seemed to be altogether enchanting:

Apropos of the Violetta gowns, I sang the part during one season with a tenor whose hands were always dirty. I found the back of my pretty frocks becoming grimmer and grimmer, and greasier and greasier, and, as I provided my own gowns and had to be economical, I finally came to the conclusion that I could not and would not afford such wholesale and continual ruin. So I sent my compliments to monsieur and asked him please to be extra careful and particular about washing his hands before the performance as my dress was very light and delicate, etc.—quite a polite message considering the subject. Politeness, however, was entirely wasted on him. Back came the cheery and nonchalant reply:

"All right! Tell her to send me some soap!"

I sent it; and I supplied him with soap for the rest of the season. This was cheaper than huying new clothes.

Tenors are queer creatures. Most of them have their eccentricities and the soprano is lucky if these are innocuous peculiarities. I used to find it in my heart, for instance, to wish that they did not have such queer theories as to what sort of food was good for the voice. Many of them affected garlic. Stiggelli usually exhaled an aroma of lager beer; while the good Mazzoleni invariably ate from one to two pounds of cheese the day he was to sing. He said it strengthened his voice. Brignoli had been long enough in this country to become partly Americanized, so he never smelled of anything in particular.

We have a good story of Ronconi, who played second Cobbler in "Crispino e la Comare." We are told that he was one of the finest Italian baritones that ever lived and succeeded in getting a degree of genuine high comedy out of the part that has never been surpassed:

He used to tell of himself a story of the time when he was singing in the Royal Opera at St. Petersburg. The Czar—father of the one who was murdered—said to him once:

"Ronconi, I understand that you are so versatile that you can express tragedy with one side of your face when you are singing and comedy with the other. How do you do it?"

"Your majesty," rejoined Ronconi, "when I sing 'Maria de Rohan' tomorrow night I will do myself the honor of showing you."

And accordingly the next evening he managed to turn one side of his face, grim as the Tragic Mask, to the audience, while the other, which could be seen from only the imperial box, was excessively humorous and cheerful. The Czar was greatly amused and delighted with the exhibition.

The author tries to give us some idea of the nervous

strain of her profession. When she was singing she was always in an excitable state before the curtain rose. Instead of letting herself go and becoming comfortably limp so that she might preserve her strength for the performance she would cast about for a hundred secondary ways in which to waste her nervous force:

I was nearly as bad as the Viennese prima donna, Marie Willt. The story is told of her that a reporter from a Vienna newspaper went to interview her the afternoon before she was to sing in "Il Trovatore" at the Royal Opera and inquired of the scrubwoman in the hall where he could find Frau Willt.

"Here," responded the scrubwoman, sitting up to eye him calmly.

When the young man expressed surprise and incredulity she explained, as she continued to mop the soapy water, that she invariably scrubbed the floor the day she was going to sing. "It keeps me busy," she concluded sententiously.

We are told something, too, about the superstitions of the stage. Mme. Rudersdorf, the mother of Richard Mansfield, was supposed to have the evil eye, and the Italian singers made horns all through the performance to ward off the satanic influence. She had a dangerously bad temper, which was perhaps an evidence of the evil eye, but if so it was the only one:

My professional vocation has brought me up against almost every conceivable superstition, from Brignoli's stuffed deer's head to the more commonplace fetish against thirteen as a number. But I never saw any one more obsessed by an idea of this sort than Christine Nilsson. She actually would not sing unless some one "held her thumbs" first. "Holding thumbs" is quite an ancient way of inciting good luck. One promises to "hold one's thumbs" for a friend who is going through some ordeal, like a first night or an operation for appendicitis or a wedding or anything else desperate. Nilsson was the first person I ever knew who practiced the charm the other way about. Before she would even go on the stage somebody, if only the stage carpenter, had to take hold of her two thumbs and press them. She was convinced that the mystic rite brought her good fortune.

The author tells us of a visit that she paid to the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle. The duke explained in his invitation that he had been having "a run of rotten luck" in the racing field and he hoped that she might turn it. Apparently she did, for the very next day his horse won. She sang for her hosts, and the duke presented her with a jeweled pin in memory of the event:

I wore that pin for years. When I had it cleaned at Tiffany's a long time afterwards it made quite a sensation, it was so unique. Once, I remember, I was in the studio dwelling on Fifteenth Street of the Richard Watson Gilders when I discovered that, having dressed in a hurry, I had put my pin in upside-down. I started to change it, and then said:

"Oh, what's the use. Nobody will ever notice it. They are all too literary and superior around here!"

The first man Mrs. Gilder presented to me was evidently quite too much interested in the pin to talk to me.

"Excuse me," he at last said politely, "but you will like to know, I feel sure, that your brooch is upside-down."

"Oh, is it," said I sweetly. But I did not take the trouble to change it even then, and afterwards I would not have done so for worlds, for I should have been cheated out of a great deal of quiet amusement. One of the contributors to the *Century* was later presented to me, and the effect of that pin upside-down was more irritating than it had been to the first man. He almost stood on his head trying to discover what was the trouble. At last:

"You've got your pin upside-down," he snapped at me as though a personal affront had been offered him.

"I know I have," I snapped back.

"What do you wear it that way for?" he demanded.

"To make conversation!" I returned, nearly as cross as he was.

"I don't see it," he said curtly. As a matter of fact I had just realized that upside-down was the way to wear the pin henceforward. I said to Jeannette Gilder the next day:

"My upside-down pin was the hit of the evening. I am never going to wear it any other way!"

Mme. Strakosch says that in sending her book to the world she feels as she used to feel long ago when singing before large audiences and that her thoughts wander to the unknown friends who will be responsive to her efforts. Certainly she need have no doubts upon that point. Her memoirs will assuredly receive the welcome that they merit.

MEMOIRS OF AN AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA. By Clara Louise Kellogg. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50.

When a brewery 600 miles from civilization was reported to the Canadian Royal Mounted Police at Chipeaway Station it seemed incredible, for it was said to exist in a country that even the map-makers had left blank. Sergeant Field was sent to the Ray River country to investigate, and (says the *Wide World Magazine*) he found a happy lot of Indians among whom "fire-water" was quite as common as it used to be down in Kentucky. He found that nearly every "buck" was the proprietor of a "brewery," and that life south of the Great Slave Lake was one long and joyous spree. A strange white man had sold the secret of making "fire-water" to the Indians, and they were making a "brew" of potatoes, hops, sugar, and yeast, which, when allowed to ferment, was strong enough to cause intoxication. During the summer months the Indians raised potatoes for this brew, but in scarcely any instance can they be persuaded to grow anything for food.

Alarmed at the steady increase of statues in the city, the Paris municipal council has practically decided that in future one statue must be the regulation allowance to a famous man or woman, instead of four or five, as is now the case in some instances. Orders have been given to take from their pedestals three Joan d'Arc, three Voltaire, and one Diderot statues, in order to make room for Beethoven, Mmc. de Staël, Gautier, Haussmann, Bouguereau, and Turgeneff—to name a few persons for whom monuments are being demanded. The

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Sojourner.

This story is well conceived so far as plot is concerned, but it is a little marred by affectations and a false sentiment. It relates the adventures of Jack Holliday, a Princeton student, who discovers that a fellow-student, the brother of the girl to whom he is virtually engaged, has cheated at a college examination. He feels it his duty to declare the fact, and when the sister comes to his room late at night to intercede for him the compromising situation is discovered by the night proctor, who reports this violation of the proprieties. Jack refuses to disclose the name of the girl or to explain the facts in any way even to his father, and as a result he has to leave college and home and betake himself to the West. Of course he meets the girl again and persuades her to be asbamed of the part that she has played.

The idea is a good one, but it is worked out without much regard to the way in which real people would act. We are led to dislike the girl so much that we can not readily forgive her to order, nor believe that her shallow, vain, and selfish heart has actually changed. Jack, too, seems a good deal of a prig, full of unreal sentiment and a rather false brand of heroics. The author seems to have summoned his picture of the modern young man from his inner consciousness rather than from an observation of life. The whole story has a sort of inflation that strikes the reader as artificial.

THE SOJOURNER. By Robert Dull Elder. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.30 net.

New Standard Dictionary.

If the essentials of a dictionary are inclusiveness, accuracy, and accessibility we may acclaim the New Standard Dictionary as a triumphant success. A careful search of its pages fails to disclose a single feature that should be other than it is. That there can be nothing missing is made certain by the fact that the volume contains 450,000 terms. Whatever has been rejected as dead or useless well deserves its fate. Every live word in the language is to be found in these pages, and this includes dialectal terms, terms annexed from other languages, scientific, commercial, and industrial terms as well as proper names, Biblical names, and mythological names. The meanings of obscure or technical words have in all cases been obtained from experts and specialists, hundreds of whom have been consulted.

The merits of arrangement are too numerous to be counted. For example, the alphabetical order is preserved throughout, no matter what the nature of the word. The irritating supplements are thus wholly avoided. The work runs straight on from A to Z and then it stops. There are no appendices or after thoughts, and there are no fads either in spelling or pronunciation. Where the American form differs from the English both are given, and all disputes are referred to the highest living experts for decision. The pronunciation is indicated by uniform signs that are easy to understand.

But the volume is an encyclopædia as well as a dictionary, since the meanings of terms are given so fully as to render further search unnecessary in the majority of cases. For example, the student who had mastered all that this dictionary has to tell him about evolution or philosophy would have a solid and respectable basis of knowledge. He would be equipped not merely with generalities, but also with the specific theories of the leading evolutionists and philosophers, ancient and modern. He would be supplied not merely with a taste, but with a meal. The illustrations—and there are more than seven thousand—are not the hackneyed clichés with which we are familiar, but useful and practical pictures inserted where they are needed for elucidation and not otherwise.

A special importance attaches to the technical workmanship of a volume that is intended for the use of a lifetime. The New Standard Dictionary is built in every way for longevity. The leather has been tanned without the use of acids. The paper has been specially manufactured for the purpose and the pages are fortified with linen strips pasted and sown, and the marbling, so we are assured, will never rub off nor become shabby with use.

It is certainly an imposing volume, the largest magazine of knowledge that has ever been issued as a dictionary, the most remarkable example of intelligence and industry and mental competence in book-making that has yet seen the light. As a dictionary and encyclopædia it will hold the field for a long time to come.

NEW STANDARD DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$30.

The New Man.

The author has written a somewhat daring story, but one whose faults are redeemed by an obvious sincerity and a gratifying freedom from conventionality. When Mollie Preston first awakes to the horrors of the white slave trade it seems to her the most awful thing in the world that she should

discuss the remedy with her lover and her brother. Mollie's plan is to extract a sort of pledge from men, but the idea may as well be given in her own words. She says: "I'd start a sort of fellowship throughout the world of men who, out of chivalry, for the sake of the women, the women who are in bondage this minute, were willing to free them." How this remarkable young woman finally succeeded in her crusade so far as her lover and brother are concerned may be left for the reader to ascertain for himself, but it may be said that the story is told with a minimum of the objectionable and with much restraint and energy. At the same time it is evident that the author has a very inadequate conception of the force with which she is trying so laudably to deal, and also it may be said a very exaggerated idea of the particular evil against which she protests. The white slave trade is kept alive by the men who would be wholly inaccessible to any sort of moral suasion.

THE NEW MAN. By Jane Stone. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; 75 cents net.

National Supremacy.

It is evident that the extension of international relations must bring to the front many questions that have lain dormant during the period when such relations were of the most limited extent. At the present moment, and not for the first time in our history, we find a conflict between the rights of the states and the supremacy of the national government in matters of treaty-making. In other words the theory of the sovereign rights of the states finds itself opposed to a centralized authority which has reserved to itself the functions of international diplomacy and of international agreements. To what extent, if at all, are those functions limited by the rights of the state? How far may the central government go in overriding the rights of the states and in nullifying such of their acts as seem to be contrary to treaties?

Such questions are over-ripe for discussion, and Mr. Corwin's book is therefore a timely one. It may be said that it is not only timely, but adequate. In the course of eleven chapters the author reviews not only the rival pleas, but the evidence, and he does it by an array of historical facts, citations of cases, and logical argument that is impressive and convincing. In a general way he holds that the treaty power is supreme and that the reserved rights of the states can be in no way a limitation of the treaty power. Article VI of the constitution provides that the authority of the United States shall be invariably paramount in such functions as are delegated to it, and among these delegated functions is the power to make treaties, anything in the state constitution or law to the contrary notwithstanding. The reserved rights of the states have never received vindication in a single decision of the Supreme Court of the United States pronouncing a treaty of the United States unconstitutional because of its operation within the field of power which ordinarily belongs to the states. When a treaty is unambiguous it must be enforced as against all state rights. But if a treaty is ambiguous it must not be interpreted to the diminution of the sovereignty of the granting power, and as the granting power is the United States, that is to say the aggregate of the states, an individual state shall become the beneficiary of the ambiguity. The author says well that the United States can not stand in the foreground of those who would promote international good faith and reciprocity and at the same time reserve to itself the right to recede from its stipulated covenants on the ground that, after all, it is not a real nation. "That were humiliation and imbecility indeed."

NATIONAL SUPREMACY: TREATY POWER VERSUS STATE POWER. By Edward S. Corwin. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50 net.

United Italy.

This fine volume by F. M. Underwood must be given first place as a presentation of the social, political, and religious situation now existing in Italy. It is a situation but little understood even by intelligent visitors to the country, who are prone to look upon Italy rather as a storehouse for the treasures of the past than as a modern nation grappling with problems that are peculiarly its own as well as with the impulses that are now common to civilization.

Mr. Underwood shows us how real these problems are and something of the bearing that they have upon the rest of Europe. Italy constitutes a knot in the tangled web of European politics, and perhaps the conflict between ancient and modern, between the old and the new, is nowhere more acute nor more dangerous than here. In many respects she may almost be said to control the balance of power by her oscillations between Germany and Austria on the one hand and France and England on the other.

Her internal life is no less critical, and mainly through the presence in her midst of the papal power and of the social and religious antagonisms that would have become explosive long ago but for a certain salutary inertia and a still more salutary power of compromise. All these factors are set forth by Mr. Underwood, not only with full knowledge, but with a creditable impartiality. They

form the heart of his book, but those who wish for a presentation of other aspects of Italian life will find them under the sections devoted to literature, science, architecture, sculpture, painting, music, and archaeology. It is a volume that has a thoroughly satisfactory value, a volume to be kept within reach for consultation whenever Italian affairs shall be of a kind to force their importance upon the attention of the world.

UNITED ITALY. By F. M. Underwood. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$3.50 net.

The White Linen Nurse.

Eleanor Hallowell Abbott has already proved her ability to write that kind of story that can best be described as dainty. Her aim seems to be not so much the narration of incident and still less the unweaving of plot as a characterization that is carried out mainly by dialogue. In her latest success we have the story of a hospital nurse who becomes hysterically tired of her own face because the long routine of the hospital has made it "so disgustingly noble and hygienic—and dollish." But a change is awaiting Miss Rae Maltregor. She is thrown into contact with the senior surgeon, not merely metaphorically, but actually, seeing that they share an automobile accident. The course of love can hardly be said to run smoothly or indeed to run at all, at least until the concluding pages, and then everything comes as right as it ought to on concluding pages. If any criticism can rightly be made of so charming a sketch its cause may be found in the picture of the senior surgeon that seems to be a shade harsher than it need be.

THE WHITE LINEN NURSE. By Eleanor Hallowell Abbott. New York: The Century Company; \$1 net.

Brief Reviews.

Professor Gisbert Kapp contributes the volume of "Electricity" to the Home University Library, in course of issue by Henry Holt & Co. This library is now of substantial size, every volume being new and specially written for the series, which includes a wide range of topics. The price is 50 cents per volume.

"Swirling Waters," by Max Rittenberg (G. W. Dillingham Company; \$1.25 net), is a story of high finance and of an effort to obtain control of the Hudson Bay Flotation Company and so to rob an unsuspecting public. The chief character is Lars Larssen, with whom the author's readers are already acquainted.

Mr. Humphrey J. Desmond, author of "Little Uplifts" and other works of a like kind, has now written "The Larger Values That Make for the Well-Rounded Life." Without any pretensions to profundity, Mr. Desmond manages always to say something that is worth while. The volume is published by A. C. McClurg & Co.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company has published "Ivanhoe" as abridged from Sir Walter Scott by E. P. Prentys. We should not like to take the place of Mr. Prentys on the Day of Judgment when he is asked to explain his action in abridging "Ivanhoe." A plea that the abridgment has been well done will not avail him. The price is 50 cents.

"Storming Vicksburg," by Byron A. Dunn, is the latest volume in the Young Missourians Series (A. C. McClurg & Co.). It carries Lawrence Middleton, the young hero of the former volumes, through the Vicksburg campaigns and then back to Missouri, where he figures in the exciting scenes which follow the sacking of and the massacre at Lawrence, Kansas.

There is no better writer of books for boys than Edwin L. Sabin. His latest volume, "Treasure Mountain," describes the adventures of some boys prospecting in the Rocky Mountains. All sorts of adventures are encountered and they are described with that practical knowledge and literary skill that have given Mr. Sabin his well-deserved reputation. The publishers are the Thomas Y. Crowell Company and the price is \$1.50.

Alice Howland Goodwin is to be congratulated upon her little volume of "Rhymes from the Rhineland," just published by Sherman, French & Co. (\$1.25 net). She tells us that it has been the work of years to search out these little stories and parables in rhyme by the old classic German writers, and in translating them she has tried to keep as closely as possible to the original metre and meaning. The work was well worth doing and it has been well done.

The Little Books on Art Series now in course of publication by A. C. McClurg & Co. is well worth attention by laymen as well as artists. The volumes are small in size, but they are written by experts and in a way satisfactory to every intelligent reader. The latest addition to the series is "Early English Water-Color," by C. E. Hughes, and it is well worthy to rank with its predecessors. The volume has a frontispiece in color and thirty-one other illustrations. Price, \$1 net.

"Henley on the Battle Line," by Frank E. Channon (Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50) is a continuation of other stories that have appeared in the Henley Schoolboys Series. The

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here is an American boy who goes to an English school and who presently finds himself in India and in association with some of his old school chums. There is plenty of fighting on the Afghan frontier and a fine description of border war, in which the hero plays his full and creditable part. Mr. Channon has written a story that every healthy boy must enjoy.

The Houghton Mifflin Company put forward their books announced for publication Saturday, November 8, to Wednesday, the 12th. The books issued on that date are "Thomas Jefferson as an Architect and a Designer of Landscapes," by W. A. Lambeth, M. D., and Warren H. Manning; "A Little Book of Modern Verse," edited by Jessie B. Rittenhouse; "Hawthorne and His Publisher," by Caroline Ticknor; "The Irish Twins," by Lucy Fitch Perkins; "The Health Master," by Samuel Hopkins Adams; "Three Lords of Destiny," by Samuel McChord Crothers; and "Personal Recollections of Vincent Van Gogh," Mme. Du Quesne Van Gogh's biography of her brother, translated into English by Katherine Dreier.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Maid of the Forest.

Mr. Randall Parrish tells his new story with all the energy and accuracy of detail to which we are used. For his topic he chooses the Indian wars that continued under British incitements after the treaty of peace had been signed. The hero is Joseph Hayward of Fort Harmer, who is sent on a mission to the Wyandot Indians in the hope of preventing them from joining the other tribes that are preparing for an assault on the frontier. There is a vivid description of the journey through the forest, the capture by outlaw Indians, and the rescue that is effected by the beautiful half-breed girl who mysteriously intrudes herself into affairs almost from the start. Mr. Parrish excels in just such stories as this, and those who wish for a first-class yarn of Indian fighting will do well to possess his latest novel.

THE MAID OF THE FOREST. By Randall Parrish. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.35 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin never pokes fun at her characters. Perhaps that is one reason why she is so universally loved. Mrs. Wiggin is a good friend to her characters. Especially in the little Maine village, home of Waitstill Baxter, Rebecca, and so many others hardly less well known, the townspeople are proud of their chronicler and make much of her yearly visits.

Professor P. H. Pearson of Bethany College, Kansas, is the author of "The Study of Literature" (A. C. McClurg & Co.), which does not enumerate the masterpieces, but takes two or three selected ones and applies to them the principles of appreciation.

Professor George A. Reisner, author of "The Egyptian Conception of Immortality," has spent the last year excavating in Egypt in behalf of Harvard University. Recently Mr. Reisner shipped a collection of Egyptian objects of art of great archaeological value, including a number of historic skeletons and pottery, and word has been received by the authorities at the university that the collection was damaged by fire at sea.

Meredith Nicholson has departed from what he calls the "pistol work" of his earlier novels in "Otherwise Phyllis," his latest book. Mr. Nicholson considers Phil Kirkwood the best girl character he has ever done, and his publishers have been obliged to increase the second edition of the book to meet the orders for it.

Pervious to its publication "The Eye of Dread," a new novel by Payne Erskine, author of "The Mountain Girl," etc., was sent to press for a second printing. A second printing of B. M. Bower's "The Gringos," a romance of the days of '49 in California, has also been required. "Colonial Homes and their Furnishings," by Mary H. Northend, has also just been reprinted.

Gilbert Cannan, who is already known as the translator of "Jean Christophe," author of more than one novel, and a dramatic critic so well known as to be caricatured by G. B. S. in "Fanny's First Play," is one of the contributors to the little series of "Fellowship Books" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) on the ideals of life and art today. His contribution is entitled "The Joy of the Theatre."

"The Coryston Family," Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, which has just been published in this country and in England, is already translated into both French and German. It is now running as a serial in the *Revue de Deux Mondes* in Paris, and arrangements have been made for its serial publication also in the *Vienna Neue Freie Presse*.

"The Income Tax Law of 1913 Explained" is the title of a new book by George F. Tucker of the Boston bar and the joint author in 1895 of "The Federal Income Tax Explained" announced for immediate publication by Little, Brown & Co.

Reginald Wright Kauffman, author of the novel, "The House of Bondage," is about to publish a new story of life in New York. It will be called "The Spider's Web," and will be brought out by Moffat, Yard & Co. Mr. Kauffman collected his data at first hand, both by personal experience while living on the East Side of New York and through a close acquaintance with several of the principals of the Rosenthal murder of 1912.

Late this season the Putnams will publish an illustrated edition of Thomas Hardy's "Under the Greenwood Tree." This is one of the earliest but most deservedly popular of Hardy's racy stories of the Wessex country. It was first published in 1872.

Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Anderson, C. B., whose "Recollections of a Peninsula Veteran" is announced by Longmans, Green & Co., had a remarkable career. He took part in the expedition to Calabria, served in the Egyptian campaign and during the Peninsular War, and accompanied Wellington on the retreat to the lines of Torres Vedras. A few years later he was sent with his regiment to Bahadoes, and was present at the capture of

Gadeloupe in 1815. He was appointed colonel commandant of the penal settlement at Norfolk Island in 1834. Nine years later Colonel Anderson went to India to take part in the Mahratta campaign, and at the battle of Punniar (where he commanded a brigade) was severely wounded. After retiring from the service Colonel Anderson settled down in Australia, where these memories were compiled.

Maria Thompson Davies, whose first book, "Miss Selina Lue," carried her into the ranks of fame four years ago, has written a new novel, "The Tinder Box." She is a Kentuckian by birth, has found time to study art abroad, exhibit miniatures in the Paris salon, design and make beautiful arts and crafts jewelry for herself and friends, conduct a studio, supervise a Tennessee farm which produced prize-winning cattle and chickens, perform the duties of a social leader, organize woman suffrage societies, and campaign vigorously for the "cause."

Frederick Townsend Martin's volume of personal reminiscences and anecdotes, "Things I Remember," was published on November 8 by the John Lane Company. It has been placed on sale in England.

Dodd, Mead & Co. are bringing out that famous old classic, "A Short History of Art," by Julia B. DeForest, in a completely new and revised edition. The work of revision and of bringing the book thoroughly up to date has been done by Charles Henry Ciffin, who in addition to his authorship of many works on art is a lecturer at the Yale School of Fine Arts, Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and he has been at different times American editor of the *Studio*, and art critic for *Harper's Weekly*, the *New York Evening Post*, and the *New York Sun*.

New Books Received.

MR. TOGO: MAID OF ALL WORK. By Wallace Irwin. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.25 net.

More Togo stories.

MODERN CITIES. By Horatio M. Pollock, Ph. D., and William S. Morgan, Ph. D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$1.50 net.

Progress of the awakening for their betterment here and in Europe.

THE RED ROOM. By August Strindberg. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

TENNIS TACTICS. By Raymond D. Little. New York: Outing Publishing Company; 70 cents net.

A handbook on tennis.

HARPER'S BEGINNING IN ELECTRICITY. By Don. Cameron Shafer. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1 net.

A simple introduction to a great subject.

MIRACLES OF SCIENCE. By Henry Smith Williams. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2 net.

A record of the scientific progress of our own time.

THE MOTHER AND THE CHILD. By Norman Barusby, M. D. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.25 net.

Simple but sufficient guidance to parents.

CA ET LA FRANCE. By J. Grant Cramer. New York: American Book Company; 45 cents net.

A French reader.

RICHARD FURLONG. By E. Temple Thurston. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

LIFE IN MEXICO. By Mme. Calderon de la Barca. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 35 cents net.

Issued in Everyman's Library.

THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE EXECUTIVE. By Grover Cleveland. Princeton: Princeton University Press; \$1 net.

Issued in the Stafford Little Lectures.

THE GOVERNMENT IN THE CHICAGO STRIKE. By Grover Cleveland. Princeton: Princeton University Press; \$1 net.

Issued in the Stafford Little Lectures.

THE VENEZUELAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION. By Grover Cleveland. Princeton: Princeton University Press; \$1 net.

Issued in the Stafford Little Lectures.

MAKING OVER MARTHA. By Julie M. Lippmann. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.20 net.

A novel.

MOTHER'S SON. By Beulah Marie Dix. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

MERCANTILE CREDIT. By James Edward Hagerty, Ph. D. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$2 net.

A practical guide for the merchant and investor.

LIGHTSHIPS AND LIGHTHOUSES. By Frederick A. Talbot. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50 net.

Covering the whole subject of coast lighting.

MINIONS OF THE MOON. By Madison Cawein. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company.

A volume of verse.

GARDEN FARMING. By Lee Cleveland Corbett. New York: Ginn & Co.; \$2.

A manual of American methods of cultivating vegetables.

THE CONQUEST OF MOUNT MCKINLEY. By Belmore Browne. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$3.50 net.

The story of three expeditions through the Alaskan wilderness to Mount McKinley.

A novel.

NEW ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Reuben Post Halleck, M. A., LL. D. New York: American Book Company; \$1.30.

For school use.

SYMPHONIES AND THEIR MEANING. By Philip H. Goep. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2 net.

Third series Modern Symphonies.

THE RUSSIAN BALLET. By Ellen Terry. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

With drawings by Pamela Colman Smith.

A PERSON OF QUALITY. By Ashton Hilliers. New York: Desmond Fitzgerald; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

BEHIND THE BEYOND. By Stephen Leacock. New York: John Lane Company; \$1 net.

A volume of humorous essays.

THE PASSIONATE FRIENDS. By H. G. Wells. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

AND THEN CAME JEAN. By Robert Alexander Wason. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

A TERM OF SILENCE. By Forrest Halsey. New York: Desmond Fitzgerald; \$1 net.

A story.

ICE BOATING. By H. Percy Ashley. New York: The Outing Company.

Issued in Outing Handbooks.

A CHANGED MAN. By Thomas Hardy. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.35 net.

A collection of some of Mr. Hardy's shorter writings.

SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC FORCES IN AMERICAN HISTORY. By Albert Bushnell Hart, LL. D. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.50 net.

Consecutive views of American life, manners, and customs from the early days of the first colonies.

WAR AND WASTE. By David Starr Jordan. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A series of discussions of war and war accessories.

Issued in the Home University Library.

RAMBLES IN AUTOGRAPH LAND. By Adrian H. Joline. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50 net.

Dealing with the intellectual and stimulating occupation of gathering letters, manuscripts, and

other documents of the great men of the past and of the present.

THE FRIENDLY ROAD. By David Grayson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

THE MASTERY OF GRIEF. By Bolton Hall. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1 net.

A volume of practical advice.

PELLE THE CONQUEROR. By Martin Anderson Nexö. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.40 net.

Translated from the Danish by Jessie Muir.

IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND. By Corra Harris. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

ANCIENT ART AND RITUAL. By Jane Harrison, LL. D., D. Litt. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 50 cents net.

Issued in the Home University Library.

GERMANY OF TODAY. By Charles Tower. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 50 cents net.

Issued in the Home University Library.

PLANT LIFE. By J. Bretland Farmer, M. A., D. Sc., F. R. S. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 50 cents net.

Issued in the Home University Library.

A HISTORY OF FREEDOM OF THOUGHT. By J. B. Pury, Litt. D., LL. D. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 50 cents net.

Issued in the Home University Library.

THE GRADUATE COLLEGE OF PRINCETON. By Andrew F. West. Princeton: Princeton University Press; 50 cents net.

With some reflections on the humanizing of learning.

HAPPY WOMEN. By Myrtle Reed. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50 net.

A novel.

WANDERFOOT. By Cynthia Stockley. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

NORTH AND SOUTH. By Stanton Davis Kirkham. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.75 net.

Notes on the natural history of a summer camp and a winter home.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT. Selected, edited, and arranged for young people by Frances Jenkins Olcott. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Based on a translation from the Arabic by Edward William Lane.

HANS ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

With illustrations by W. Heath Robinson.

KIDNAPED. By Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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SUCCESS OF SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The San Francisco Musical Association, having cast its bread upon the waters, is much encouraged by the fact that returns are now coming in. The public is supporting its enterprise, the music-loving portion, both in and out of society, have turned out in considerable numbers to the two symphony concerts that have already taken place.

Of course it is indubitable that Mme. Schumann-Heink was the greatest drawing attraction at the Friday afternoon concert last week. But that did not lessen the pleasure of the immense audience in the orchestral part of the programme. Mr. Hadley, indeed, has reason to congratulate himself on the comparative absence of hitches thus early in the season, the musicians already showing in their ensemble work the result of much previous experience with the same leader.

The programme on November 7 was opened with Schubert's Symphony No. 10, in C major, which was rendered with musicianly skill, and good, clean ensemble work, with a sort of united conscience, and that reverence which both Hadley and his body of musicians feel for true and beautiful music. If inspiration could have lifted its execution to greater heights, then, perhaps, we might have failed to lure the greater leader that he would be to our city. As it is, Mr. Hadley's leadership, by its less inspiring but thoroughly stable qualities, is contributing to the solid success of the association.

The comparative simplicity of the Schubert music affords little opportunity for a spectacular reading, but the impressiveness of the work was profoundly felt and pretty thoroughly expressed by the musicians, particularly in the scherzo, with its solemn tonal harmonies which seem to announce the approach of the vast tide of eternity.

Rachmanioff's symphonic poem, "Die Toteninsel," is a radical, latter-day composition, more in line with Mr. Hadley's natural tastes. It, too, induces, or is supposed to induce, thoughts of the hereafter, but its stormy passages read more like the musical rendering of a Russian insurrection; which is, perhaps, what Rachmanioff himself is, in the music world. The execution of this striking composition required military qualities on the part of the leader, and very considerably taxed the abilities of the musicians. The public, even the musical part of it, is not sufficiently familiar with the work to know how exact was the execution, but certainly it was through stormy waters that Mr. Hadley steered his bark during the passage of the "Toteninsel" tidal wave, and it was with flying colors that it finally reached a haven, with every member of the crew at his mathematically correct post of duty.

The warmest plaudits of the audience were of course offered to the great contralto, who left the stage with tears of pleasurable emotion in her eyes after her first reception. Mme. Schumann-Heink began with a rather unfamiliar number; a recitative and aria from Mozart's "La Clemenza di Tito." The singer had made a particularly fortunate selection, there being such a variety of expression in the recitative and aria combined that it amounted to an example, in concentrated form, of all Mme. Schumann-Heink's tremendous vocal and emotional range in tonal form. The delighted audience also made the pleasant discovery that this favorite singer, in spite of the years since we first heard her having powdered her locks with silver, still retains the voice of a young woman. Indeed she is in better form vocally than when last we heard her. Not an edge, not a threadbare spot, not a single instance of stiffness in the rich, fluent outflow registers the passing of the years. The pianissimo passages are still exquisitely controlled, the great organ tones are present in all their volume, although less frequently employed. No doubt the singer selects, as she executes, with discretion, but in almost every note, as we heard it Friday, she seems to have the same voice that we first heard, Mme. Schumann-Heink, beside the contributions already mentioned, gave as an encore the spring song from "Samson and Delilah," while her other selection was the highly dramatic "Gerechter Gott," from "Rienzi."

The audience, by the way, deserves almost as much applause as the performers. In the place it is in the highest degree creditable current music-loving element that they are actively supporting the local association's efforts to make these symphony con-

certs a fixture. And in the second, there was an element of inspiration in the reception of the music on Friday afternoon that made the performers give of their best. Every seat in the theatre was sold, and people, in the more roomy spaces at the rear, stood patiently by the score throughout the performance, resolving themselves into one concentration of the faculty of listening.

AT THE ORPHEUM.

The Orpheum has a particularly good bill this week, inasmuch as each and every act is very entertaining and of good quality. In spite of the powerful rivalry across the street, on Monday night the auditorium bore its usual aspect of being a huge floor paved with people's heads.

Kathryn Kidder's name is the biggest and best known on the hill, but as this actress has seemed to have been out of the limelight for a considerable period, and as "Madame Sans Gêne" is rather an old story, we might have been excusable for feeling some doubt as to the entertaining possibility of her act. It turned out, however, to consist of an interesting playlet, "The Washerwoman Duchess," the authorship not stated, but which is evidently an adaptation of two of the leading incidents in "Madame Sans Gêne." It will be remembered that in the prologue of Sardou's play, in which the washerwoman was still a washerwoman, Catherine Hubscher (Mme. Sans Gêne's real name) from pity hides in her room Count Neipperg, who is hotly pursued by Danton's emissaries. For this kindly act Catherine is suspected and accused by her jealous lover, Sergeant Lefehre, the act closing with his reassurance and a reconciliation between the pair. The last act is very similar to this week's playlet, Count Neipperg again being the refugee, and this time seized as he is making his way to the bedchamber of Napoleon's indifferent empress. These two happenings are adroitly merged into one in "The Washerwoman Duchess," the little play allowing opportunity to discover Mme. Sans Gêne's frank, impulsive, irreverent nature, and her double fidelity, both as wife and subject. Kathryn Kidder's splendid preliminary training for the stage, to which the ambitious American girl of some two or three decades ago applied herself with ardor and energy, availing herself of the services of the best teacher in Paris, shows itself as patent as ever by the untarnished freshness and charm of her speaking voice, and in her perfect control of her beautiful Greek body. Kathryn Kidder is too intelligent a woman not to have always recognized her lack of heauty of countenance, but over this deficiency she has triumphed many times, when she wore Greek dress, as in "A Winter's Tale" or in "Salambo," making of her entire person a beautifully sculptured statue of Grecian art. The coquettish bedroom costume of Mme. Sans Gêne is, however, unbecoming to her face, but her long-limbed figure, with its free, characteristic stage gait, is, as always, graceful and classically perfect. Her tremendous past successes with "Madame Sans Gêne" and lengthy tours in the rôle led her into "playing down" to her appreciative public; a regrettable fault in an actress who, although not, perhaps, a player by instinct, has made herself one through first-class training and a superior order of intelligence. She continues to "play down" to her vaudeville audience, but one gets two or three dramatically good moments, and "The Washerwoman Duchess" is interesting every minute of its time. Her support isn't much, although the actor who plays Napoleon gives a satisfactory stage portrait of the Corsican emperor and has a good stage presence.

Another playlet, "The Real Q," offers a dextrously contrived conundrum to puzzle even the well-trained wits of vaudeville spectators, and while it keeps them guessing it keeps them also thoroughly entertained. It serves, in a way, to illustrate the proverb, "It takes a thief to catch a thief," and gives us the thrill inseparable from darkened rooms entered at night by suspicious characters supplied with dark lanterns. S. Miller Kent plays the principal character, a gentleman-burglar masquerading successfully before his humble brother-craftsmen as a doctor with a fine professional air, and by his superior address getting the best of them. The audience enjoys the sensation of being kept guessing, and, as is usual with plays of this class, luxuriously dismisses all thoughts of the sterner moralities in their sympathy with an adroit and keen-witted rascal.

The Chung Hwa Comedy Four still hold the boards this second week, and also the favor of the audience. The Comedy Four form a very interesting quartet because of the curious mingling of the Occidental and Oriental in their general aspect, due to the thorough engraving of American vaudeville methods on Oriental personalities. They are a fine, intelligent group of young men and have excellent voices which blend agreeably into a harmonious whole. Their accent is noticeable, and occasionally a faint twang of the Chinese nasal is observable, but, generally speaking, one could close one's eyes while

they are singing and easily believe them to be four compatriots. One of them (the one with the characteristic childlike smile once so celebrated in song and story by Bret Harte) does the clowning for the group; and although the humor is not of superfine quality it carries very successfully, and also the attractiveness of this smiling young Chinese. The four enter first, their conventionally cropped heads covered with Chinese headgear, and their slim, Oriental shapely bodies clothed in embroidered robes. I should have liked, while seeing them thus clad in the national costume, to have heard them sing a Chinese ditty or so, for purposes of contrast. Or even, if only to be artistically harmonious, to have them render a selection from "The Mikado," or any other opera of Oriental suggestion. However, in their Chinese dress they sang just as American a collection of vaudeville-flavored songs as when later they came out in conventional evening dress. Their Scotch imitations were interesting because they themselves are. It was certainly a weird sight to see this group of Chinese attired in a Scotch Highlander costume, singing songs in thick Scotch dialect and whirling madly around in what we may conceive to be the Highland Fling. The Chung Hwa quartet offers us one of the interesting anomalies of the world of vaudeville, which, indeed, constitute to some more thoughtfully inclined observers one of the elements of greatest interest in that form of stage diversion.

Joe Welch's "study from life" of a Yiddish father and husband, overburdened with domestic cares and responsibilities and slowly ruminating aloud over the perplexing ways of the forward generation hatched out in the parental nest, is a bit of real art. But it is not one-millionth of a degree above a vaudeville audience. On the contrary. They laughed uproariously at each ruminative sentence that dropped slowly and ponderously from the comedian's lips. They insistently called him back when he went, and tenaciously held him when he came. And, as if the flow of rumination welled up unceasingly, the comedian produced a fresh installment of melancholy ponderings over the riddles of the domesticity-hounded universe. The whole sketch was consistent, well-rounded, and thoroughly in character. The slow, ruminative gait matched the countenance with its air of Yiddish resignation to the frivolous and expensive follies of a mad generation. The discourse was clever, the turns of expression and perversions of English comic without being cheap and obvious, as observable in the second-rate imitators of this line of comedy. In fact the whole sketch is in line with David Warfield's Yiddish auctioneer.

The remaining numbers were largely of a musical order, containing the usual admixture of comedy.

Ralph Smalley gave several interesting selections on the violin 'cello, the "Traumerer" proving the one dearest to the popular heart, and the medley of old-fashioned airs highly acceptable. All told it was a very agreeable musical interlude.

"The Musical Cuttys" are six attractive young people who have built up a pleasant musical act in which they pour forth broadsides of melody on brass instruments which afford the audience that sense of exhilaration which is so often caused by the well-modulated harmonies of brass instruments in the hands of experts. The Cuttys also joined their voices to their instrumental ensemble, and produced a concourse of sweet sounds which won warm plaudits from the audience.

Warren and Conley give the usual mixture: song and comedy, with some dancing steps. Both performers have élan, physical and mental sprightliness, and some individuality, and their act goes well.

The Three Collegians have a merry hit; a youthful mélange of fun, repartee, piano playing, and dancing. Jack Sherwood does the dancing, Eddie O'Rell does the piano-playing and incidentally runs a close race with the tallest Chung Hwa-er in the gentle art of cheerfully smiling, and Frank Crumit pours forth a sweet, velvet-soft, unconventional tenor in the most wooing, coaxing, beguiling strains imaginable. The plump singer, who is billed as "Fat Hayes" by his fellow-collegians, has an equally beguiling pair of blue eyes, a delightful gift of expressing himself in pure darkeyese, together with a vocal dexterity that make his songs quite hewitching in a way all their own.

A rather flat and unfunny film play made an anti-climax to an exceptionally good bill. I hope and believe that with the promise of many bright and accomplished people taking a hand in the composition of photoplays in time such stupid banalities will disappear from first-class vaudeville houses.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

After a pleasant period of collaboration, the new opera, "Parisina," has been completed by Gabriele d'Annunzio and Pietro Mascagni. It is announced for production some time this month. The subject is as painful as that of all the D'Annunzio tragedies, and it is asserted that the composer has followed closely on the footsteps of the author and written some music of "painful sweetness."

The Melba-Kubelik Combination.

Never before has a concert organization attracted the attention that the Melba, Kubelik, Burke, Moyse, and Lapierre combination is doing in the big Eastern cities. Wherever this combination is appearing thousands are turned away unable to gain admission. San Francisco is the only city in which they will appear more than once. Greenbaum promises two opportunities of hearing one of the most beautiful soprano voices the world has known since the youth of Adelina Patti, and the most marvelous violin playing since Paganini.

Kansas has one of the largest traveling art exhibits of any state. Every person in the small towns and the rural communities of the state may have a chance to see this exhibit if they want it. The collection numbers about 400 prints of the great paintings of Italy, Belgium, Holland, Germany, France, England, and America. Each print is 22x28 inches. The collection is available to any club or organization in the state. A small charge is made to pay the expense of packing and shipping the exhibit.

Auguste Rodin, who is always regretting that he did not live in the Middle Ages, when he could have adorned the churches and public buildings with elaborate friezes, is now about to realize one of his dearest wishes. Mme. Lara, the well-known Comédie Française actress, has just commissioned him to decorate the façade of her new mansion.

Ben Franklin's Discovery

When Benjamin Franklin went forth with his kite and some keys and received an electric shock he had not the faintest idea of the importance of his discovery, nor of what marvelous uses electricity was to be put in the years that were to come. Much as he would stand in awe and amazement could he return today and gaze on the wonders accomplished by the mysterious fluid—for its real nature is still practically as mysterious now as it was in his time—it is safe to predict that the man of today, could he return a hundred years hence, would be almost as dumfounded.

Electricity is even now in its infancy, as far as finding uses for it is concerned, and at the electric shows held now and then in the largest cities of the country it is seen in many new and practical accomplishments. Recently in New York, in the Grand Central Palace, at the last night of the Electrical Exposition, the daylight was wholly man-made, but it was nevertheless as pure as the original. Through a recent invention rays were so mingled that the daylight effect during the evening was astonishing.

Wonder followed wonder for the visitors. There was an electrically operated grill, an electric hospital, an electric chicken ranch, an electric dairy, together with hundreds of electrically operated machines and appliances.

The electric therapeutic department attracted much attention from both physicians and laymen. The electricians called it a sinusoidal current machine, but to others it seemed that a more expressive name might be, "Lazy Man's Rest," for it is designed to give exercise to the individual who does not care to take much of any kind of exercise. Its currents reverse at regular intervals and at each reversal the muscles through which it is passing receive a sharp jerk. It is said that if this current is passed through an arm the muscles of that arm are exercised as much as if the owner had played a half-dozen sets of tennis.

Many of the visitors went to the electric grill, where they saw food being prepared by electricity, and later saw dishes washed and dried with the aid of electric current.

In California electricity is making wonderful strides, and the fact that two-thirds of the population of the state are receiving service from one company alone—the Pacific Gas and Electric Company—speaks louder than columns of praise for the great work which this corporation has undertaken. It was the pioneer in the field, and by gradual growth, square dealing, and never-tiring endeavor to build in advance of the demand, has risen to a position which commands the attention of the electrical world. It is expending millions of dollars in enlarging its hydro-electric plants in the mountains, is rebuilding and enlarging numbers of its gas plants throughout its territory, and is increasing its water supply for the benefit of its consumers in many places, in the home, for power purposes, and for irrigating. "Pacific Service" covers 30 of California's 58 counties, supplies a population of 1,148,992, and in this work employs 4800 people.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Grand Opera Season at Tivoli Closing.

The last week but one of the grand opera season at the Tivoli Opera House is ending with three exceptionally strong offerings, the last of these being "Thais," with Melis, Cecchetti, Mascali, and Ferrier, while tonight "Otello" will be given for the last time, with Moschiska, Chiodo, and Montasanto, and tomorrow night Leoncavallo's "Zaza" will be repeated, with the composer directing and the cast including Melis, Anita, Bota, Montasanto, and Brilli.

The sixth and last week of this most artistically successful season will be inaugurated on Monday night with Verdi's always welcome opera, "La Traviata," with a cast which will include Maria Moschiska, Luca Bota, and Alessandro Modesti. A special popular-priced matinee of "La Traviata" will be given on Thursday, when the prices will be but 50 cents and \$1. Tuesday night the great double bill of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Zingari," the last-named opera under the direction of the composer, Leoncavallo, will be presented for the last time, and Wednesday night and at the Saturday matinee "Zaza," with Leoncavallo again directing, will be sung with the same brilliant cast as before. Thursday night will be devoted to a grand Verdi festival, the programme being made up of some of the greatest overtures of this master composer, acts from "Otello," "Il Trovatore," and "Rigoletto," and the beautiful trio from "Atila." Friday night Massenet's "Thais" will be sung for the last time, and Saturday night a remarkable double bill has been arranged, consisting of "La Bohème" and Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci," the latter under the personal direction of the composer. Sunday night the season will end in a blaze of glory, the occasion being a testimonial to Managing Directors Ettore Patrizi and Eugene d'Avigneau, and one on which all of the artists of the company will appear.

Julian Eltinge in "The Fascinating Widow."

Theatre-goers will be interested in the announcement that on next Sunday night, November 16, they will have an opportunity of again seeing Julian Eltinge in his delightful impersonation of "The Fascinating Widow," for he appears for a return engagement limited to seven nights and a Wednesday and Saturday matinee at the Columbia Theatre. Shortly after the new year Eltinge will have his new play, which is entitled "Miss Swift of New York," and of which he is co-author. With his new creations this season Eltinge continues to prove himself master of the art of wearing beautiful feminine apparel. As the veritable "fascinating widow" he is to the fashion born, disports the hobble and the slit skirt, the diamond anklet and abbreviated bathing costume and even the delicate finery of the coy bride. In the "Ragtime College Turkey Trot" number done with a hevy of college girls, some striking fashions are shown. Eltinge's admirable support is the same as last season, which includes Marguerite Skirvin, Carrie Perkins, June Mathis, Lilian Spencer, Edward Garvie, Hamilton Dean, Charles Butler, Frank North, and the famous Eltinge beauty chorus.

The Wednesday matinee at the Columbia during the Eltinge engagement will be played at special prices ranging from 25 cents to \$1.50.

"The Merry Countess" at the Cort Theatre.

"The Merry Countess," the famous musical comedy from the New York Casino, will be the attraction at the Cort Theatre for eight nights only, beginning Sunday night, November 16. Special popular-priced matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday.

"The Merry Countess" is in three acts and is laid at a fashionable watering-place in Austria. Much picturesque scenery has consequently been evolved and the costumes are of fascinating design. Manager Rork has taken full advantage of these opportunities and the production as a whole is delightful. The operetta's chief claims for recognition lie in its libretto and its music.

The score is acknowledged to be the most exquisite ever written by Johann Strauss, the undisputed waltz king. The book is by Gladys Unger and Arthur Anderson.

The cast interpreting "The Merry Countess" is a notable one and includes the following: Julia Gifford, Dale Winter, May Field, Carl Hayden, Harry Carter, Arthur Clough, Jack Henderson, Patsy Ripple, Charles Udell, Fred Harnden, Pauline Semple, and Veta Lorenz. "The Chocolate Soldier," which is apparently as popular as ever, will be seen for the last time at the Cort Saturday night. Robert Mantell, the eminent tragedian, will come to the Cort in classic repertory, beginning Monday night, November 24.

Candy Shop a Big Card at Gaiety.

With tonight's performance the brightest and best musical show of the year, "The Candy Shop," starts its fifth week at the Gaiety. It seems but yesterday that the beautiful theatre on O'Farrell Street threw open its doors for the first time, but judging from the reports emanating from the box-office,

there is no let-up in the remarkable desire evidenced on all sides to see this merry production. Nor is it so strange that this should be so.

San Francisco has by no means left anything undone that could add to its reputation for being one of the best centres in the country for the show business. The fate of several road productions here was pre-ordained. It was not San Francisco's fault. The trouble was with the productions themselves, and it needed only a comparison with the Gaiety offering to enable one to detect some of the reasons for the poor business that hastened the end of the so-called first-class productions. Undoubtedly the Gaiety policy of giving as good a musical entertainment for half the orthodox price has had something to do not only with the failures aforesaid but with the remarkable showing made by the new house.

Apart from the production there are two features in connection with the Gaiety that have made a noteworthy impression upon playgoers. One is the perfect view obtained of the stage from the cheapest and most remote seat in the house (the acoustic properties are better there, too, if anything), and the other is the cherished privilege of smoking.

Savoy Continues the Scott Pictures.

"The Undying Story of Captain Scott," just ending a most successful second week at the Savoy Theatre, presents a thrilling and heroic story that no child and no grown-up should miss, and so great has been the interest manifested in these marvelous motion pictures that the engagement has been extended for an additional week, commencing at the Monday matinee. Not only do the films tell of Scott's tragic South Polar trip in pictures that give many moving details of the expedition, but there are also presented the most wonderful records of Antarctic animal life that have yet been shown in San Francisco. Seals being pursued by a school of whales—a whole animal drama in itself—are graphically depicted in one section. Penguin rookeries and the theft of penguin eggs by predatory gulls is another of the interesting natural history bits. The pictures were taken up to the last minute when Scott and his four intrepid companions separated from the back-turning expedition and went on to their death alone. The last picture of the five heroes, showing the heavy equipment they carried to the last, is one of the most moving of this great film record. Charles B. Hanford, the well-known Shakespearean actor, tells the story of the expedition with dignity and simplicity, while the films are being reeled off, and his talk is as instructive as it is entertaining. Matinees are given daily at half-past two, with evening performances at 8:30.

The New Bill at the Orpheum

Ellen Beach Yaw, the famous prima donna soprano, whose phenomenal range is the marvel of the musical world, will be the headline attraction at the Orpheum next week. In securing the services of this celebrated artiste the Orpheum management has added to the list of its splendid achievements and afforded another striking illustration of its wonderful enterprise in engaging the greatest celebrities regardless of cost. Mme. Yaw's repertory will include grand aria from "Ernani," "One Fine Day," from "Madama Butterfly"; "Morgen and Serenade," by Richard Strauss; "Love Dream No. 3," by Liszt; "The Life of a Rose," by Liza Lehman, and Mme. Yaw's own composition, "The Sky Lark."

Harry Fox and Yancsi Dolly will indulge in smart fooling, songs, and dances. Mr. Fox when associated with the Millership Sisters established for himself an enviable reputation as a comedian of great ability and originality, and Miss Dolly is an exceedingly attractive girl with exceptional singing and dancing ability.

Dave Genaro and Ray Bailey are two well known to require introduction. Their act this season contains much that is new, but they still retain as their greatest feature "La Flirtation Danse."

George Rolland and his company, which includes Billy Kelly and Mae Gerald, will appear in the laughable farce, "Fixing the Furnace," which deals with the trials and tribulations of a householder whose furnace is continually out of order.

The Blank Family, continental champions of "double juggling," will give a remarkable display of their skill. While manipulating a variety of articles they indulge in original and amusing comedy.

Next week will be the last of the Six Musical Cuttys and the Three Collegians. It will also conclude the engagement of Joe Welch, who has scored a tremendous bit. Mr. Welch will introduce new witticisms.

"Stop Thief" Coming to the Columbia.

Thrills galore and laughs a-plenty chase each other through three acts of "Stop Thief," the "crook" funmaker, which Cohan & Harris are sending here for a limited engagement following the one weedy stay of Julian Eltinge. Carlyle Moore is the author of this play, which has been described as a "straight" farce written around a crook. The success of this per-

formance has been phenomenal, and as San Francisco is well acquainted with the success of its companion laugh-getter, "Officer 666," the strength of the new comedy may easily be calculated when it is stated that the first-named comedy has been left far in the rear in the matter of record-making runs. A novelty in play construction is the author's unity in "Stop Thief," he having provided that the incidents of the play occur during the comedy's actual playing time. Consequently the rise of each curtain after the first act finds the action continuing from the exact situation where it was left by the fall of the previous curtain. Elmer Booth, well known and popular here, plays the leading rôle.

THE MUSIC SEASON.

Teresa Carreno, Pianist, Greenbaum Attraction.

Teresa Carreno, for many years the acknowledged "queen of the pianists," and an artist who stands in the very front rank of the players along with Hofmann, Bauer, and Paderewski, will be the next attraction to be presented by Manager Will Greenbaum. Carreno is a native of Venezuela and composed the national hymn of that country. She made her debut in New York City at the age of ten as soloist with the Philharmonic Orchestra.

The first concert of this artist will be given at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Sunday afternoon, November 23, and among the splendid works on the programme will be the "Sonata Appassionata," by Beethoven, Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques," a group of Chopin works, and one of three Liszt masterpieces.

The second and only evening concert will be given Friday night, November 28, when Beethoven's "Sonata," Op. 31, and a group of works by Brahms will be the special features.

The farewell Carreno programme will be given Sunday afternoon, November 30, when Beethoven's "Waldstein" Sonata and Schumann's rarely played "Fantasie" in C major will be the principal numbers.

Seats for all the Carreno concerts will be ready next Wednesday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's, where complete programmes may be obtained.

The Schumann-Heink Farewell This Sunday.

Mme. Schumann-Heink, the greatest of all the concert singers, will give her farewell concert at the Cort Theatre this Sunday afternoon, November 16, at 2:30, and the special feature of the programme will be the song cycle, "Woman's Love and Life," by Robert Schumann.

The titles of the numbers in the cycle are "His Image," "He, the Best, the Noblest," "Heavenly Dream," "Thou Ring Upon My Finger," "Bridal Day," "Tears of Happiness," "Love's Delight," "The Forsaken."

The other numbers will be the aria from "Mitrane," by Rossi; "My Heart Ever Faithful," by Bach; "The Nile," by Xavier Leroux; "Mother of Mine," by Edison; "Down in the Forest," by Ronald; "His Lullaby," by Carrie Jacobs Bond, and by request the artist will again sing the "Kerry Dance," by Malloy.

Miss Nina Fletcher, the violinist will play a Bach "Sonta" and numbers of Saint-Saëns, Sarasate, and Wagner-Wilhelmj.

The tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and on Sunday the box-office will be open at the Cort Theatre after ten o'clock.

The Next Symphony Concert.

The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will not be heard this week, but next Friday afternoon, November 21, at three o'clock sharp, the following programme will be given at the Cort Theatre:

Overture, "Fingal's Cave".....Mendelssohn
Symphony in E flat (Kochel 543).....Mozart
Concerto No. 5, E flat, Opus 73.....Beethoven
Miss Ada Clement
Suite, "Romantique".....Reger

The soloist, Miss Ada Clement, pianist, is a native San Franciscan, well and favorably known in musical circles as a serious disciple of the art.

Mendelssohn's wonderful overture, "Fingal's Cave," and Mozart's symphony in E flat, generally declared to be Mozart's best effort, are numbers too long neglected and which will be heard with interest by the patrons of the orchestra.

Seats for the concert will go on sale Monday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Kohler & Chase's, and the Cort Theatre. The prices will be as follows: Box and loge seats, \$3; orchestra, \$2; balcony, \$2, \$1.50, \$1; gallery, \$1, 75 cents.

SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

HENRY HADLEY, Conductor

CORT THEATRE—Next Friday at 3

Soloist Miss Ada CLEMENT

Programme—Overture, "Fingal's Cave," Mendelssohn. Symphony E. Flat, Mozart. Concerto, "Emperor," Beethoven. Suite, "Romantic," Reger (New—first time here). Seats at usual places.

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Commencing Monday, Nov. 24—ROBERT MANTELL in Classic Repertory.

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Farewell of the Grand Opera Season

Mat. Today, Thais, with Melis, Mascali, Ferrier and Seson. Tonight, Otello, with Moschiska, Cecchetti, Chiodo and Montasanto. Sunday, Zaza, under the direction of the composer, Leoncavallo, with Melis, Anita, Bota, Montasanto and Brilli. Monday Night and Popular Priced Mat. Thursday (50c and \$1). La Traviata, with Moschiska, Bota and Modesti. Tuesday, Double Bill, Cavalleria Rusticana and Zingari, under the direction of the composer, Leoncavallo. Wednesday and Saturday Mat. Zaza, under the direction of the composer, Leoncavallo. Friday, Thais, with Melis, Mascali and Ferrier. Saturday, Double Bill, I Pagliacci, under the direction of the composer, Leoncavallo, and La Bohème. Sunday, Farewell, Testimonial to Managing Directors Ettore Patrizi and Eugene d'Avigneau—ALL STAR PROGRAMME.

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VANITY FAIR.

They seem to have had some good fun at a recent meeting of the New York public service commissioners. The question for decision was whether men should or should not be allowed to smoke on the surface and elevated lines, and there were not only miles of petitions for and against, but also witnesses who desired to plead in person. The most virtuous of these witnesses was certainly Dr. J. Gardiner Smith, who seems also to be a man of extraordinary intelligence and erudition. Speaking on behalf of the lovers of the weed, he said that smokers are usually much more courteous than non-smokers. Of course they are. Every one knows that. But the learned doctor then went to say that his experience had proved to him that smokers are usually hygienically cleaner than non-smokers, and that they are more likely than their opponents to take a bath once a week. Tobacco, said the doctor, is a benefit to a man and sends him to his work in a better frame of mind.

But the most remarkable evidence was that of a number of young women who got right up in meeting and begged that man might be allowed to smoke. They said they liked men who smoked and, inferentially, did not like men who did not smoke. Nor do we. These were excellent young women. Some one else said that "more red noses are walking the streets of New York today from excessive tea drinking than from excessive liquor drinking," although what liquor drinking had to do with the case under consideration was not apparent, but doubtless the speaker meant well. Then a Mr. Lemlein remarked that smoking was far less objectionable than the anti-tobacco circulars that were given away in the street-cars by the reformers, and finally came a Mrs. Ellen Healy, who said she hoped the men would be allowed to smoke, because she had noticed that smokers were far less likely to get grouches than the chemically pure people who never smoke. The commissioners failed to come to a decision on the point, but they will meet again in two weeks' time and the smokers will then know their fate.

Why is it that blonde women are so fatal to the domestic harmonies. We ask to know. Our information is not obtained by means of direct observation, but from a study of some remarks made by Justice Giegerich of New York, an eminent jurist who presides over a divorce court to which are relegated those aggravated cases that are indefensible. Justice Giegerich has heard 245 cases within the last two weeks. No less than 220 of these cases were brought by women, and 210 of these women complained that their husbands had been led into the paths of dalliance by sirens who were of the blonde type. And nearly all of these complaining wives had brown hair.

Now this is a matter that ought to be looked into by the eugenisists. Who would have supposed that the color of the hair could be the cause of so much marital misery? Why we have known ladies whose hair changed color over night, doubtless as a result of some curious psychological process peculiar to the delicate feminine organism. We even knew one adorable creature whose hair was two colors at the same time, black near the roots and a glorious Titian red farther along the line. We asked her about this and she was quite snappy. The black area increased day by day until finally it ousted the red altogether, a most amazing transformation and one that excited our curiosity, but we made no further remarks about it, fearing to be improper. And now it seems that there is some relation between hair and divorce, and so we live and learn.

But something ought to be done about it. It is obvious that the birth of blonde women must be discouraged in some way or else women with brown hair must be kept on reservations and forbidden to marry. But although this may prove to be a remedy it is hardly an explanation. We want to know why blonde women exercise this fatal fascination over married men. Possibly this is true only in New York, since the newspaper heading says "Blonde Women Lure New York Husbands Away."

Speaking personally, we have not yet been lured away at all, either by blonde women or any other kind. We have not even been tempted, although this is doubtless due to architectural reasons upon which it would be painful to dwell. We should like to be tempted, just to see what it feels like. Henceforth we shall keep a wary but not a discouraging eye upon all blonde women. We shall investigate this matter experimentally.

Neither raven locks nor golden tresses, nor even masses of chestnut hair, are to be the beautiful woman's crowning glory this season (says the London Daily Express). Lest there be a discordant note in their attire, women—or rather some of them—will wear a blue, pink, green, orange, or purple wig to match their shoes and some color in their frock. Such was fashion's forecast as revealed at Lucile's autumn reception at Hanover Square,

London. To the alluring strains of tango music, weird, fantastic, yet beautiful figures made their appearance before a bewildered audience which could only gasp and admire. A fair damsel with violet eyes glided in. Her coat and skirt were of violet chiffon, and she was swathed in moleskin fur dyed purple, while a black velvet toque sat jauntily on her elaborate purple coiffure. A slit in the front of her skirt displayed a pink silk ankle and a small foot thrust into a purple slipper.

Another girl appeared in a green velvet evening gown, with hair to match, and a rich girdle which harmonized with her golden eyes. Many of the frocks had bell-shaped tunics wired at the bottom, which reached the knee. Round the feet the skirt was as narrow as possible, but with a slit in the front. Another startling innovation was the jeweled monocle worn by many of the models.

The Chicago Dressmakers' Club has lately published a sort of estimate of the amounts spent upon dress by the various classes of their customers. It seems that the average dress expenditure of "leaders of society" is \$75,000 a year and that there are about one hundred fashionable women in Chicago who spend \$50,000 a year each upon their wardrobe. There are ten thousand other women who spend on an average \$5000 a year on dress.

Then comes a precipitous drop to the women who are merely described as "well dressed" and who spend \$1500 a year on their clothes. Women who are described as "suffragists and church workers" spend \$500 a year, social workers spend about \$300 a year, shopgirls \$250 a year, and factory girls \$200 a year. Here we have a whole social scale with the various castes indicated by dress expenditures. It seems to be taken for granted that all women spend their last available cent upon dress, and that the woman who has no money to spend upon dress has no money to spend upon anything.

Now we can see no reason for any splutter of indignation over these figures. Of course mere man will never be able to understand why women should be gratified by gorgeous dresses, but that is hardly the point. Women spend vast sums of money on the things that gratify them, and men do exactly the same thing, but the objects of expenditure are different. Personally we are rather inclined to dread the day when women will cease to spend all their available funds upon dress and make heroic resolutions to "do something useful" with their money. Probably that day will never come, but if it should come we shall have cause to wish that it had not. The woman reformer is bad enough, indeed well nigh intolerable, but the woman reformer with money would be very much worse. Very few women have any other conception of reform than passing restrictive laws, and we all know that any kind of law can be passed if there is money behind the effort. The woman who spends fabulous amounts upon dress is probably putting her money to its least mischievous use. If she did not spend it upon dress she would certainly be spending it on eugenics, prohibition, vivisection, or missionaries.

The seriousness of the decline in our manners (says the New York Evening Post) is shown by a set of rules which the Mothers' Club of a Georgia town has found it necessary to draw up and publish for the benefit of the young men of the place. Here are the rules which they are expected to observe from this time forth:

Not to smoke cigarettes in the parlor.

Not to make provisional acceptance or declinations of invitations to dinners, card parties, etc., and then without definitely notifying the hostess to appear or fail to appear at said social function.

Not to call the young women by their first names, upon short acquaintance, or unless the parties have known each other since childhood.

Not to ask to speak to the young women over the telephone without first informing the mother or father who is speaking.

Not to ignore social obligations by refusal to pay "party" calls.

Organizations for cultivating appreciation of poetry are used to, despite the fact that other ages appreciated poetry without such aid. But when the chivalrous South is driven to drawing up "rules" for the social conduct of its sons, what is to become of the republic?

In the eighteenth century it was regarded as a qualification for a clergyman if he could drink abundantly without showing the effects. The leader of the moderate party of the Church of Scotland in 1751 was Dr. Patriek Cumming, of whom it was admiringly written: "He had both learning and sagacity, and a very agreeable conversation, with a constitution able to bear the conviviality of the times."

He—Hullo, Mabel—just going in? That's a nice bathing costume. She—That isn't a bathing costume—I'm going visiting!—London Opinion.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and O herwise.

The intelligent talesman was being examined to pass on to the jury in a murder trial. "Do you believe in capital punishment?" inquired the attorney. "You bet I do," came the prompt response. "I'm agin' the trusts, and I want to see half of Wall Street in jail, where they belong."

The difficulties of going golfing without wearing were exemplified in the case of an elderly Scotch "meenister," who had taken to the links. "It's nae guid," he said sadly, pausing after two or three unsuccessful strokes. "I'll ha'e to gie it up." "What?" asked his senior deacon. "The golf?" "Nae, nae, the meenistry."

Lily, a cook of color, had broken off her engagement, and was confiding her troubles and his shortcomings to her sympathetic mistress: "And what you reckon dat nigger up 'n' say to me when he was gwine outen we-all's do'? Says he, 'I know one thing, niggab: you is jest got to gimme back all er dem engagement presents whut I promised you!'"

At a Highland gathering one Donald MacLean had entered for a number of events. The first of these was a quarter-mile. Donald certainly didn't distinguish himself in the quarter-mile. Of eight runners he was last. "Donald, Donald," cried a partisan, "why did ye no run faster?" Donald sneered. "Run faster?" he said contemptuously. "An' me reservin' mysel' for the bagpipe competition!"

Sam Jimpson, colored, had a colored neighbor of some means, who was unkind enough to build a high board fence about his yard, wherein grew many luscious melons. One day Sam found a hole in the fence, and, licking his lips, he started to crawl through. The neighbor happened to be standing near the hole. "Heah, you!" he cried, "whah you gwine?" "I'se gwine back," said Sam, quickly suiting action to word.

A woman entered a dentist's office to have several teeth extracted, and after talking it over with the dentist agreed to take gas. "You will be unconscious for only a few minutes," she was reassured. The woman took her pocketbook out and began to count her money. "Never mind that now," said the dentist. "You do not have to pay until I've finished." "I wasn't going to pay you," explained the woman. "I was going to count my money."

A gentleman of antiquarian tendencies who loved the drama of another day and another school was lured to New York and inveigled into a theatre where a much-discussed play dealing with life in the underworld was being performed. He stuck it out to the end and when he was asked to give his opinion of the work he said: "I think that over the door of the theatre there might well be hung one of the old English inn signs, 'Entertainment for man and beast.'"

Miss Ada Lewis is an actress who has been financially successful. She erected a modern apartment house in New Rochelle. Just as she was ready to open the building a few members of the Chamber of Commerce waited upon her and offered their congratulations. "Will dogs be allowed in the building?" a member asked. Miss Lewis replied in the negative. "Will children be barred?" "No, indeed," said the owner, and without a smile she went on: "And I will go you one better. I will give a month's free rent to the parents of every baby born in the apartments." This pleased the committee immensely, and as they bowed out she smiled and remarked: "But I forgot to say that this is to be a bachelors' apartment."

Ideas of advancement in South America are æsthetic, while in the United States they run along practical lines. As an indication of the uses to which capital has been applied in South America, and the difference in temperament of the people of that part of the Western world, as compared with the inhabitants of the United States, a story is told of a meeting between a Brazilian promoter and an American prospector at one of the new cities which have recently sprung up on the banks of the Amazon. The native pointed with pride to a pretentious opera house overlooking the mighty river and asked the stranger if the site was not superb. "Well," said the man from one of our Western states, "I think it would be a hell of a fine place for a sawmill."

Two young men, having nothing to worry them, decided that to broaden their scope they would seek employment with the street railway company of New York and find out what it was like. Accordingly they visited the superintendent's office and told him their story. He sized the boys up and said he would try them out first on one of the least

important lines. In order to hold its franchise the street-car company was compelled to run at least one car a day on certain lines where there was practically no traffic. So about midnight every night it was arranged to run a car the full length of the line and back—just to have it on record that a trip was made. The first night out the boys came in with 40 cents. The next day they reported a collection of 25 cents and four transfers. The next day they came in with \$61.85. The superintendent was thunderstruck. He asked them how they happened to run on to so much business. "Ah," one of the boys explained, "that's easy. You see, we noticed that business was getting so dull on that line where you stationed us that we thought we'd take a run over on Broadway, and we did."

He was a fellow of delicate organism. When he heard a sound which irritated him he leaped madly to his feet and rushed from the room, or, if it happened to be on the ground floor, dived through a window and landed in the flower garden. Having been invited from the city to the country, he found himself surrounded every day by a family who had not the faintest elemental ideas of how to eat soup. He stood it two days, his jangling nerves urging him every moment to rebellion. Finally the oldest daughter of the house confided to him her objection to her father's habit of eating soup in a loud manner. The nervous visitor, who thought the father didn't have much on the daughter in this respect, exclaimed: "Loud eating of soup! He doesn't eat it. He whistles it!"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Age of Prevarication.

Of the iron age we often hear,
And the fabled age of gold,
But now the income tax brings near
An age of wealth untold.
—New York Sun.

The Old Poets.

Were the old poets here today
We'd see some funny scenes
With Burns and Pope extolling soap
And Shelley boosting beans.

We'd note the dreamy Byron then
In a commercial mood,
And witness Gray in roundelay
Describing breakfast food.

Were the old poets here today
We'd see the Muses weep.
But Shakespeare's trills concerning pills
Would probably sell a heap.
—Pittsburgh Post.

Wishes.

They had broken a wishbone together.
"What was it you wished?" laughed she.
"I wished that you'd let me kiss you!"
Now tell me your wish," said he.
Her eyes fell—she paused a moment,
While her blushes deeper grew.
"My wish was," she prettily stammered,
"That what you wished would come true."
—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

Boston Kindergarten "Mother Goose"
(In words of three syllables.)

An antediluvian matronly dame, Mrs. Hubbard by appellation,
Proceeded erstwhile to examine her stock of provisions for habitation,
Intending to give her ossivorous canine a nutritive appetizer:
But when she approached the deposit for victuals in close contiguity,
The cupboard astonished the dame by revealing a perfect vacuity,
And so the impoverished canine remained an unsatisfied gormandizer.

A gentleman indigenous to our municipality,
Distinguished by extraordinary wisdom and cognition,
Propelled into a bramble-bush his whole corporeality,
And thus annihilated both his eyes by harsh attrition.
Perceiving the calamity by which he'd been assaulted,
He exerted all his potency and vigor of decision;
Again into a brier-filled copse he shrewdly somersaulted,
And repeated confrication quite restored his ruined vision.

Pray pardon our apparent curiosity, Miss Mary,
(For perversity's acknowledged your conspicuous vagary.)
If we interrogate you on your garden's evolution,
Embellished with argentic bells 'mongst rarities herbaceous,
With corrugated cockle-shells, pelagic and testaceous,
And with captivating maidens all in linear distribution.

A frugal vegetarian, denominated Peter,
Habitually classified himself a pumpkin-eater,
But his matrimonial consort had a wayward disposition
And perplexed him to discover how to make her live discreter.
At last he tried confining his recalcitrant young wife
In the hollow of a pumpkin excavated by his knife,
And imprisoned in this tegument, a curious position,
He succeeded in preventing indiscretions all her life.
—Gorham W. Harris, in Life.



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Egbert Stone entertained a number of young people at a tea Sunday afternoon at their home on Broadway in honor of Miss Helen Hinckley and Miss Isabel McLaughlin of London. Mr. and Mrs. Stone on this occasion announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Helen Stone, to Mr. Grayson Hinckley. Miss Stone is the sister of the Misses Harriet, Marian, and Dorothy Stone. Mr. Hinckley is the eldest son of Mrs. Mamie Grayson Hinckley, formerly of Oakland, but who for the past two years has resided at Beowawe, Nevada. He is a brother of the Misses Helen, Marian, and Georgia Hinckley and of Mr. Fritz Hinckley. The wedding will take place in the spring.

Mr. H. F. Fairbanks announces the engagement of his daughter, Miss Dacia Fairbanks, to Major Edwin Willis Rich, U. S. A. Miss Fairbanks is the sister of Mr. William H. Fairbanks of this city. Major Rich is at present stationed at the port of embarkation at Galveston, Texas. The wedding will take place in January at Miss Fairbanks's home in Petaluma.

The wedding of Miss Edwina Claire Hammond and Mr. Frank B. King took place Wednesday noon at the home on Broadway of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Hammond. It was a very quiet affair and was attended only by relatives. Mrs. Welbore Burnett was her sister's matron of honor and Mr. George N. Armby acted as best man. Mrs. King is a sister of Mrs. Norman N. Whiteside, Miss Daisy Hammond, and Mr. Leonard Hammond. Mr. King is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King and a brother of the Misses Genevieve and Hazel King.

Mrs. Charles L. Buckingham entertained a number of friends Wednesday at a luncheon at the Town and Country Club in honor of Miss Helen Wallach.

Miss Metha McMahon was hostess at a luncheon Tuesday at the Franciscan Club. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Richard Heimann, who was formerly Miss Ruth Larned of Los Angeles.

Miss Doris Kilgariff was the guest of honor at a tea Thursday afternoon given by Miss Aileen Code.

Miss Helen Nicol was the guest of honor Tuesday afternoon at a tea given by the Misses Rita and Lois Brown at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Edward H. Prentice entertained a number of friends at a luncheon Wednesday at the Hotel Bellevue.

Dr. Harry L. Tevis has issued invitations to a soirée musicale Tuesday, November 25, at the Hotel Fairmont. The affair will be in honor of Señor and Señora Emilio de Gogorza, who will be the principal contributors to the musical programme.

Mrs. J. R. Laine and Miss Otilia Laine entertained a number of friends at dinner last evening preceding the Bachelors' and Benedicts' Ball.

The Japan Society of America will give a reception Tuesday, November 18, at the Hotel St. Francis. The affair will be in honor of Mr. Henry T. Bowie.

Mr. and Mrs. George Rodman Shreve have issued invitations to a thé dansant Saturday, November 29, at the Century Club, when their eldest daughter, Miss Rebecca Shreve, will make her formal debut.

Mr. Leland Llewellyn Carr was host Friday evening at a dinner-dance at the home on Broderick Street of his mother, Mrs. George Gorham Carr.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl have issued invitations to a dinner Friday evening, November 21, at the Hotel Fairmont. Accompanied by their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Kohl will later attend the Charity Ball.

Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., was hostess at a luncheon yesterday in honor of Mme. Emma Eames de Gogorza. Mrs. Mendell entertained at luncheon again on Monday, when her aunt, Mrs. W. Dryfus, was the guest of honor.

Dr. Henry Kugeler and Mrs. Kugeler have issued invitations to a dance Tuesday evening, November 25.

Mrs. Thomas Watson Cushing has issued invitations to a tea Monday, November 18. The affair will be in honor of her daughter, Miss Carmen Ghirardelli, who will make her formal debut on that day.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl entertained a number of friends Friday evening at a dinner at the Hotel Fairmont.

Mrs. Elia Gilbert Williams and Miss Margaret Williams gave a tea this afternoon at their home on Pacific Avenue. The affair was in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John Marshall Williams, who have recently returned from New York.

Miss Eleanor Davenport was hostess Tuesday afternoon at a tea at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain of New York.

Miss Helen A. Davis, an official of the national board of the Young Women's Christian Association, addressed a meeting of women Thursday afternoon at the home on Laguna Street of Mrs. Henry J. Crocker. Miss Davis came here from New York to confer regarding the work of the local branch for the entertainment of young women visitors during the exposition year.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Heuter entertained a number of friends at dinner last evening.

Mrs. Joseph D. Grant will entertain a number of friends this evening at a small dance at her home in Burlingame.

Lieutenant Maxwell Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray entertained a number of friends Tuesday evening at a dinner at their home at Fort Winfield Scott. The affair was in honor of Colonel Richmond P. Davis, U. S. A., and Mrs. Davis, who were the guests of honor again Thursday evening at a dinner given by Captain Lewis Turtle, U. S. A., and Mrs. Turtle.

Lieutenant Robert Bodine, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bodine gave a dinner Thursday evening at their home at Fort Winfield Scott.

Mrs. William H. Monroe entertained a number of friends Thursday at a luncheon and bridge

party at her home at Fort Winfield Scott. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Richmond P. Davis.

Captain Polion, U. S. A., was host at a dinner Thursday evening at his quarters at the Presidio. The affair was in honor of Miss Nina Jones of Santa Barbara.

Lieutenant Joseph L. Neilson, U. S. N., and his fiancée, Miss Helen Nicol, were the guests of honor recently at a dance given by Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale and her daughter, Miss Linda Bryan.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton arrived last week in New York from Europe, where they have been traveling during the past six months. They will leave today for this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin have gone to Montecito to spend the winter. They have closed their home in Ross and are planning to go abroad in April.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Roshorough have returned from their wedding trip and will be at the Hotel Oakland until their new home is ready for occupancy.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Henshaw left last Saturday for a few weeks' visit in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin will close their home in Burlingame and will occupy until April 1 the home in Presidio Terrace of Mr. Joseph Fredericks.

Among the local society people who have returned this week from the East are Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, and Mrs. John C. Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. King, who were married Wednesday, have rented Mrs. Van Arsdale's residence in Presidio Terrace.

Miss Elizabeth Wheeler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler, is recovering from a recent operation for appendicitis.

Mr. Harry Scott is home again after a four months' cruise in northern waters with Mr. John Borden of Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Clifton have returned from their wedding trip and are settled in their new home on Clay Street, near Arguello Boulevard.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson has closed her country home in Burlingame, and is occupying her town house on Pacific Avenue. Mr. and Mrs. George L. Cadwalader, who spent the summer with Mrs. Wilson, are residing on Jackson Street near Laurel.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Van Sant, Jr., have returned from Honolulu, where they have been spending a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Jr., and their two little daughters will arrive today from New York, where they have been spending the past month. They will spend the winter in town at the Hotel Bellevue.

Mr. Carnegie Ross, the British consul, and Mrs. Ross have returned from a six months' trip to the Orient and Europe, and are residing in Berkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl are occupying apartments at the Fairmont Hotel, where they will reside during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt have gone East to spend a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George Page and Miss Leslie Page have closed their home in San Rafael and are established for the winter on Pacific Avenue near Fillmore Street.

Mrs. James Athearn Folger left Monday for New York, accompanying her daughters, the Misses Evelyn and Genevieve Cunningham, who will spend the winter traveling in Europe with a chaperone. Mrs. Folger will return before the holidays and will occupy her town house on Pacific Avenue.

Countess de la Lande has arrived from Europe and is visiting her mother, Mrs. Abbie Parrott, in San Mateo. She was accompanied by her nieces, the Misses Emelie and Josephine Parrott, who have come from London to spend the winter with their relatives.

Mrs. Frank B. Anderson has returned from a visit in the East and has joined Mr. Anderson at the Fairmont Hotel, where they will reside during the winter months.

Mr. Cuyler Lee has returned from a visit in Los Angeles.

Miss Martha Foster, Miss Lee Girvin, and Miss Edith von Schröder spent last week with Miss Ysabel Chase at her home in Napa County.

Miss Gertrude Hopkins and Miss Genevieve Bothin have gone to Santa Barbara, where they have entered Miss Gamble's school for the winter term.

Mr. and Mrs. George Rodman Shreve and their daughters, the Misses Rebecca, Elizabeth, and Agnes Shreve, are established for the season in Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant's house on Buchanan and Washington Streets. Miss Shreve, who returned recently from Europe, will soon be formally introduced to society.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Moore have closed their home in Belvedere and have rented the flat on Presidio Avenue of Mrs. Harry C. Benson.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith have returned from New York and are at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Felton Elkins will spend the next few weeks at the Burlingame Club. They arrived from the East Monday.

Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden returned Monday from New York, where she has been spending the past month.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice J. Sullivan have returned from an Eastern trip of several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Somers have returned to town for the winter and are residing with Mrs. Somers's mother, Mrs. Charles Judson, on Clay Street.

Captain W. E. Reynolds, U. S. R. C. S., and Mrs. Reynolds have arrived in this city and are staying at the Hotel Stewart. Captain Reynolds has been in command of the Behring Sea fleet with headquarters at Unalaska.

Captain William Hase, U. S. A., has been ordered to join the Thirty-Eighth Company, Coast Artillery Corps.

Captain William Platt, U. S. A., has been

transferred from the Sixty-Seventh Company to the Ninetieth Company, Coast Artillery.

Captain William Dear, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence.

Captain Edward P. Nones, U. S. A., has been directed to proceed to the Artillery School at Fort Monroe.

Mrs. Robert Christian Hummer was recently the guest of Dr. Grubbs, U. S. A., and Mrs. Grubbs at their home at Fort Baker.

Major S. Cheney, U. S. A., will leave shortly for a two months' visit to Honolulu.

Mrs. J. F. Fleming has arrived in this city and is staying at the Hotel Court, awaiting the arrival of her husband, Rev. Fleming, U. S. N., who is the chaplain of the U. S. S. California.

Lieutenant Thomas Gimperling, U. S. A., and Mrs. Gimperling have given up their home on Green Street and have gone to the Presidio to live.

Lieutenant Conger Pratt, U. S. A., returned Friday from the Yosemite Valley, where he has been for the past six months. In January he will be stationed at the Presidio at Monterey.

Major Thomas Q. Ashburn, U. S. A., and Mrs. Ashburn will sail December 5 for the Philippines, where Major Ashburn will be stationed for the next two years.

The home at Bremerton of Lieutenant Allen G. Olsen, U. S. N., and Mrs. Olsen has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Olsen was formerly Miss Genevieve Pattiani.

Chamber Music Concerts.

Mrs. Robert M. Hughes, pianist, Hother Wismer, violinist, and Herbert Riley, 'cellist, announce a series of three chamber music concerts at Sorosis Club Hall, 536 Sutter, at 8:15 p. m. The first concert will take place on Tuesday evening, November 18. The following programme will be rendered:

Trio in G major.....Mozart
Sonata (for violin alone) in D minor, Op. 42..
.....Max Reger
Allegro energico—Adagio con grand espressione—Presto.

Hother Wismer.
Trio in D minor, Op. 63.....Robert Schumann

There will also be a group of songs by Miss Fernanda Pratt.

Charity Ball For Humane Bureau

On Friday evening, November 21, the Charity Ball for the Catholic Humane Bureau will be given in Scotts Rite Hall. A feature of the ball this year will be the arrangement of card tables in the Red Room of the hall for those who wish to pass the time playing cards instead of dancing. Tickets to the ball, including supper, are \$5.

Corliss, the greatest improver of the steam engine since the days of Watt, was devoted to mechanics as a boy, but found himself placed in an office to learn bookkeeping, which he would not, or could not, do. Then he went into a wholesale grocery, but he utterly failed there also. Then, following his own bent, he became the greatest engine builder in the United States.

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INDIVIDUALITIES.

Charles N. Wright, recipient of the highest award of the Carnegie hero fund this year, is a merchant of Highlands, North Carolina, aged thirty-eight years. He assisted in saving the life of R. Augustus Baty. To Wright has been given a gold medal and \$2000 in cash.

Winfred T. Denison, who has been selected for the position of secretary of the interior for the Philippine Islands, is an assistant attorney-general and a native of Portland, Maine. He is forty years old, was graduated from Harvard, and was prominent in the government's prosecution of the sugar frauds.

Honorable Joseph H. Choate, who was one of the original incorporators of New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art in 1870, has just been made honorary president of the institution, an office which the trustees voted to create for him. He has served in an official capacity ever since the museum was formed.

Mr. Robert James McMordie, Member of Parliament, has set up a record in the municipal life of Belfast by accepting the lord mayoralty of Belfast for the fifth year in succession. Born in 1849, Mr. McMordie was admitted a solicitor in 1874. He has been Conservative Member of Parliament for East Belfast since 1911.

Colonel James A. Irons, who has been selected by the War Department as military attaché of the United States embassy at Tokyo, will go to the position with the sure touch of one familiar with his duties. He was formerly stationed in Tokyo in the same capacity. At present he is at Fort Douglas with the Twentieth Infantry.

Dr. Charles Richet, on whom the Nobel prize has been conferred for his work on anaphylaxis, is a member of the French Academy of Medicine, and has done much research work in physiology. Three years ago he told of an air filter which he invented to purify the air in rooms and act as a preventive of the spread of scarlet fever, tuberculosis, and other diseases.

Henry Alban Chambers, just appointed organist of the Roman Catholic church of St. Ann's, Leeds, is probably the youngest church organist in the world. He is eleven years old, and at eight some of his compositions were published. His powers of transposing and improvising are described as remarkable. The late organist at St. Ann's, Mr. Grimshaw, described him as "the young Mozart."

J. L. Barnes, conductor on the first Pullman car ever run in this country, lives at Canute, Kansas. He has reached the age of seventy-eight years. When the car was put into operation the system of bookkeeping was very crude. The conductor collected the fare from the passengers and before he turned the money in to the company collected his own salary from the revenues. No receipts were given, no records kept.

Count Macchi di Cellere, the new Italian ambassador to Washington, is not new to the position. He was charge d'affaires for fourteen months when the ambassador had to leave his post temporarily. Di Cellere has perfect command of the French, German, and Spanish languages and can understand and read English, but does not speak it fluently. Countess di Cellere, on the contrary, speaks English as easily as she does her native tongue. They will leave for Washington in January.

General Felix Diaz, assaulted and stabbed a few days ago in Havana, claims to be a descendant of a Japanese (says the *Far East*). According to Mr. Horiguchi, former charge d'affaires in Mexico, Date Masamune, daimyo of Sendai, sent a delegation to Rome, composed of sixty-eight retainers. This party left in a sailing boat, the *Tsukinouramutsu*, manned by ten men, and went by way of Mexico, later reaching Spain. Twenty of the retainers remained behind in Mexico and never returned to Japan. They married the women of the country, and today in Mexico there are many people bearing Japanese names, while in an old temple are preserved the swords and spears of the men of this party.

Thomas M. Schumacher, who was recently elected chairman of the board of directors of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway Company and also chairman of the executive committee, was from 1906 to 1909 located in Chicago, where he acted as general traffic manager of the railroads and industrial companies controlled by Phelps, Dodge & Co. of New York. He was appointed assistant director of traffic of the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific systems May 1, 1910, and continued in that capacity until December 1 of that year, when he became traffic manager of the American Smelting and Refining Company and its allied concerns. He was subsequently elected vice-president of the El Paso & Southwestern system, which position he has held until the present time. Mr. Schumacher was born February 16, 1862.

Professor John L. Myres, who is coming to accept the Sather endowment chair for a

semester at the University of California, is one of the world's foremost archaeologists. At present he is engaged in archaeological work on the island of Cyprus. Professor Myres was graduated at Oxford in 1892 and received the Craven Traveling Fellowship in the following year. He at once went to Crete, where he worked under the direction of Mr. Arthur Evans in 1893. In 1894 he went to Cyprus. He was appointed Wykeham Professor of Ancient History at Oxford in 1910. His publication of the catalogue of the Cyprus Museum in 1899 made his reputation. He published a history of Rome in 1902, and his most recent publication is the volume, "The Dawn of History."

THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Five of the supervisory candidates endorsed by the municipal conference which was chiefly active two years ago in the election of Mayor Rolph and the Rolph board of supervisors were defeated at Tuesday's election. Of the eight new supervisors elected five received the support of the union labor forces. The supervisors elected are: Fred Suhr, Jr., James E. Power, John O. Walsh, Con Deasy, Charles A. Nelson, Ralph McLeran, Edward I. Nolan, Fred L. Hilmer. In the contest for police judge John E. Sullivan defeated William P. Cabu. J. O. Low was defeated for the office of tax collector by Edward F. Bryant.

The funeral services of M. Jaspar McDonald, the former park commissioner, were held last Sunday. Mr. McDonald was a prominent capitalist and mining man of this city and a member of the San Francisco Stock Exchange. He was a member of the Old Guard of the Bohemian Club. Mr. McDonald was a heavy owner of mining property in Amador County and was one of the pioneer operators of the Comstock lode.

The board of public works on Monday instructed Secretary Churchill to pay the damages awarded to property-owners whose holdings were injured by the change in the grade of the north end of Polk Street, the amount involved being \$46,860.91.

William J. Herrin, who practiced law here since 1892, died last Saturday in Rochester, New York, during a business trip. He was a native of Oroville, and gained a wide reputation and respect as a member of the bar. He was a member of the Union League and Commonwealth clubs, and a member of the Oroville Lodge of Masons.

The payment of a 3½ per cent dividend to the depositors of the now defunct California Safe Deposit and Trust Company has been authorized by Superior Judge James M. Seawell. This is the second dividend awarded the depositors. A 10 per cent dividend was awarded them while the late E. J. Le Breton was receiver. The latest dividend will dispose of all the cash now in the possession of Receiver Symmes. This amounts to about \$350,000.

W. Almont Gates, for ten years secretary of the state board of charities and corrections, on Saturday tendered his resignation to the board. William H. Matthews of Glendale was elected Gates's successor.

The will of the late John B. Martin, former chief of police, has been admitted to probate by Judge J. V. Coffey. Mrs. Jennie Aubry Martin, the widow, is named executrix and principal beneficiary. The estate is valued at about \$15,000.

The directors of the United Railroads have set the seal of their formal approval upon the plan proposed and worked out by President Jesse W. Lillenthal, whereby all the employees of the company who have worked in its service a period of three years and upward are to be given a life insurance policy absolutely without any cost to themselves.

Miss Ina D. Coolbrith, California poetess and one of the most widely known literary women of the West, is critically ill at her home on Russian Hill. No one is allowed to see her, and she is under the constant care of her physician.

The supervisors have passed to print an ordinance prescribing California granite for building the auditorium in the Civic Centre, and appropriating out of Civic Centre land issue funds \$210,024 necessary to be added to the \$1,060,000 contributed by the exposition to cover the increased cost of the building.

McIntyre Trio in Concert.

An event of social and musical importance will be the chamber music concert to be given by the McIntyre Trio at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles William Camm on Piedmont Avenue, Berkeley, on Thursday evening next, November 20. The programme will contain the splendid Beethoven Trio, Opus 97, the Strauss Sonata for violin and

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piano, and other interesting numbers. The assisting artist at this time will be Mme. Sofia Neustadt, who will contribute groups of French and German songs.

A Worthy and Successful Charity.

The work of the Baby Hospital Association of Alameda County (an organization distinct from the Children's Hospital Society) during the past year merits the interest attaching to earnest and successful humanitarian effort. Within the year of its existence this association has acquired a property suitable for hospital purposes with the means for its equipment, representing an investment of some \$12,500, besides carrying forward a clinic in which 116 babies are now being cared for and maintaining a visiting system throughout Oakland and Berkeley. The association is entirely free from debt and in a position to enter energetically upon the work of maintaining a hospital for babies under five years of age—the work for which it was originally organized. Mrs. Duncan McDuffie is president of the institution. The board of directors is composed of Mr. W. F. Boardman, Hon. Joseph R. Knowland, Mr. John W. Phillips, Rev. E. L. Parsons, Mr. A. T. Ellis, Hon. R. K. Taylor, Mr. F. J. Carlston, Mr. Warren Olney, Jr., Mr. John L. Howard, and Mr. J. Arthur Elston.

New Book Room at Paul Elder's.

The new book room at Paul Elder's has been finished and is now open to the public. It is fitted with new conveniences that greatly increase the facilities for the arrangement of books and the comfort of patrons. The spacious basement has been converted into a really delightful book room, with entrance both by elevator and by an interesting book-lined stairway. It is illuminated by soft indirect light that is both gratifying and restful to the eyes, refreshingly ventilated and fitted with ample, convenient shelves, tables, and chairs for the service of visitors. The entire fifth floor of the Elder Building has been appropriated and tastefully equipped for the effective display of pictures and other collections that will from time to time be exhibited.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Clara—Did he have the nerve to kiss?
Bella—Yes; and I had the cheek.—*Town Topics.*

Willie—Paw, what is a free thinker? Paw—An unmarried man, my son.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"You know there's more in this world than money." "If there is my wife hasn't thought of it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Your teeth are in pretty bad condition," said the dentist. "They must be," sighed the patient. "You look so happy."—*Judge.*

"Why did Binhack leave California?" "He was forced out because he wouldn't brag about the climate."—*Indianapolis Star.*

Frost—What makes him so successful a theatrical manager? Snow—He knows a had thing when he sees it.—*New York Globe.*

"And has this famous doctor cured your friend of the hallucination that she was sick?" "Oh, completely. She's really sick now."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

"Every one has some secret sorrow," said the philosophic friend. "Yes, even the fattest and jolliest of us has a skeleton in his midst."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Bill (reading)—Here's a guy just went crazy that never used backer or liquor or played cards. Hank—He didn't "went." Bill—he allers wuz!—*Kansas City Star.*

Disgusted Sportsman—Missed again! I can't hit a thing. I'll have to give it up. Stalker—Oh, I wadna dae like that. Ye canna hit them, but ye hae a fine style, whatever.—*Punch.*

Subbubs—What kind of people are the Nextdores? Outaways—He's negligent and shiftless. The garden hose he loans me is full of holes and he never thinks of fixing it!—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"My wife is always complaining she has nothing to wear." "Great Scot, fellow! What on earth is she kicking about? Get to her quick and tell her she's right in style and doesn't know it."—*St. Louis Republic.*

"I'm puzzled about this custom of eating to music." "How's that?" "I can't understand whether the food is intended to keep your mind off the music or the music is intended to keep your mind off the food."—*Musicalian.*

A certain landlord called at a house for his rent. A little boy answered the door and told him his mother would pay him if he called on Saturday morning. "Why can't she pay before then?" asked the landlord. "Because we are leaving on Friday night," replied the boy.—*London Opinion.*

The Seedy Individual (who has come up just after the rescue)—Are you the cove wot 'as just pulled my boy aht o' the sea? The Other (modestly, after effecting a gallant rescue)—Yes, my friend, but that's quite all right—don't say any more about it. The Seedy Individual—Orl right? It aint orl right! Wot ahaht 'is bloomin' 'at?—*London Opinion.*

"What are the duties of the office to which you desire appointment?" asked the official. "I haven't inquired into the duties," replied the applicant. "But," he added rather reproachfully, "it was held by a Republican for years. And you oughtn't to have any doubt that what one of those Republicans can get by with a first-class Democrat will be able to do with ease."—*Washington Star.*

"They tell me you've lost your hired man." "Yep, hest farm hand I ever had." "Sho! What wuz th' matter?" "Nothin'. John's a German, you know, and these here Germans hev what they call the wanderlust. It's somethin' thet keeps 'em movin' from one place to t'other, an' don't let 'em stay long anywheres." "How long had John heen with you?" "Only eleven years."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

WINTER CRUISES

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9:10 a.m.	Stockton, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, Portola, Doyle, Winnemucca, Elko, Salt Lake City, Ogden, Provo, Grand Junction, Glenwood Springs, Pueblo, Colorado Springs, Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, Omaha, Chicago and the East.....	8:30 a.m.
7:30 p.m.	Oakland, San Leandro, Hayward, Niles, Idylwood, Pleasanton, Livermore, Altamont, Carbons, Lathrop and Stockton.....	6:30 p.m.
4:10 p.m.	Electric Lighted Pullman Observation Sleeper on Train Leaving San Francisco 9:10 a.m. Through Standard and Tourist Sleeping Cars to above destinations in connection with:	10:20 a.m.

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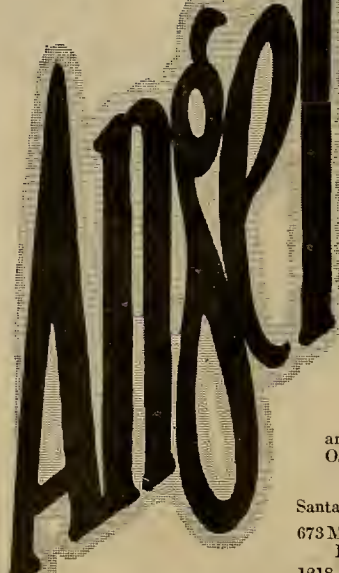
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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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A Cheap Little "Job."

In the face of the fact that the voters of San Francisco only a few months back rejected a proposal to buy Sutro Heights and Sutro Baths the project has been revived by Mayor Rolph and is being pushed with as much urgency as that light-minded little gent can develop. His present scheme is to raise enough money

by private subscription to make a first payment for the property, thus putting the job in such shape that the city will lie under a species of obligation to make the future payments. It is a trick worthy of a mayor whose attention is so fixed upon the political gallery that he can give no thought to anything else. Now the truth is that San Francisco neither needs nor wants this addition to her park system. Already we have Golden Gate Park with a long extension of beach line. Then we have the spacious Lincoln Park, with many smaller tracts in various parts of the city; and in addition we have practically a park of nearly three thousand acres in the Presidio tract owned and maintained by the government. Then the city is in the way sooner or later of acquiring the Spring Valley property with its beautiful area of lake and wood. Assuredly we need nothing more in the way of parks and will find it costly enough to develop and maintain what we already have. It is to be hoped that nobody will be so wanting in common sense and a sense of propriety as to come forward with funds to enable the mayor to turn the cheap trick he proposes for the rejected Sutro property.

R. L. S.

The memory of Robert Louis Stevenson seems to have been followed by a malign fate that has made of it an irresistible attraction to the hunters after sensation and popularity. Stevenson died nearly twenty years ago. His character and his writings have combined to make him one of the shining figures of the age. It is impossible to imagine any memorial either of art or of wealth that could add to his distinction or deepen the impression of his worth to the human race. There are some things that it is not within the power of man to beautify or to enrich, such things as the ocean and the sunshine and the memory of Stevenson. An attempt to "commemorate" such a man as this is a mark of poverty of imagination or vulgarity of soul. It becomes disgusting in the hands of agencies that typify everything in our social life that Stevenson loathed.

Now if it is actually a fact that necessitous sick children are neglected in San Francisco then it is a disgrace to the city and a disgrace that we should do well to remove as rapidly and as unostentatiously as possible. No effort and no sacrifice could be too great for such a purpose. But it should be removed, not as a tribute to Stevenson, but as a tribute to our own humanity. It should be removed honestly and openly and without recourse either to a sickly sentiment or an appeal to patent insincerities, or a beating of the drums of self-advertisement. Since the shades of Stevenson are to be invoked by imaginary and rather illiterate dialogues let us ask ourselves what Stevenson would have said to the public admission that sick children are henceforth to be cared for in San Francisco, not because they are sick children, and therefore with an insistent claim upon every human heart, but in order to "commemorate" himself. Let us imagine what Stevenson would have had to say to any sort of "commemoration" other than the memory that is inextinguishable and the admiration that takes the form of personal imitation and emulation.

If Stevenson had any one supreme virtue it was his sincerity. If he had any antipathy it was for cant and hypocrisy. He hated display and exploitation and parade. Dissimulation and pretense were abominable to him. That he loved children goes without saying. All good men love children. But it was the childishness of children that he loved, not the affectations and pretensions of children who write letters to newspapers and who demand admiration for their precocity. There are very few children in San Francisco who ever heard of Stevenson. They are so poisoned with Sunday supplements and the garbage of daily journalism that they are hardly likely to hear of him. Children nowadays have almost to be forced to read

Dickens, and as for Thackeray and Scott, their books are never disturbed on the library shelves. And yet we are asked to participate in the drumming up of the children of the city and of the filching from them of their pennies, under the disgusting pretense that they are so enamored of Stevenson that they want to commemorate his memory and to spend their pocket money in the doing of it. Why is it necessary to introduce the name of Stevenson at all? The childish imagination that is not touched by the thought of childish suffering is surely beyond the reach of an appeal to the memory of a man of whom the average child has never heard. Why is it necessary to follow a method that is indirect and insincere? Why not ask children frankly to help other children who are suffering, not because Stevenson loved children, but because they themselves love children? And it is so much better to love children than to pretend to love Stevenson—at least that is what Stevenson himself would have said.

Certainly we have no reason to be proud of the way in which we have preserved the memory of Stevenson. Our chief public reminders have been lawsuits and divorce cases. Every scrap of property that he left has been the cause of hateful wrangles between harpies eager to coin their names and associations into money, and not only to wash their dirty linen in public, but to call upon the world to witness the process. Not one of them would have been heard of but for the man who allowed them to creep under his shadow. Time after time we have associations of mean people trying to hoist themselves into notoriety by subscription lists and appeals and the whole vulgar paraphernalia of publicity, and all in the name of a man who would have despised them utterly and repudiated their work. It ought to cease. The name of Robert Louis Stevenson ought to be withdrawn from the market, forever dissociated from money and the money plea, and left perpetually to the silent affection that was the only thing that he ever valued.

Huerta Refuses to Quit.

General Huerta's refusal to step down and out at the command of the Washington government leaves President Wilson choice of two courses. He may proceed against Huerta by force of arms and so drive him from Mexico. In a military sense the job would be easy, for Huerta has only a small available army, no navy at all, and is beset by domestic factions. Or, turning to the other horn of the dilemma, Mr. Wilson may take backwater, acknowledging either openly or by implication that his bluff has failed. If we may believe current reports he is in the way of doing just this, seeking to cover his retreat by the pretense that his previous orders to Huerta were designed merely as friendly counsels and implied no mandatory intent.

On the whole, the best thing for the President to do, having made a sad mess of this whole business, is to admit defeat by doing just nothing at all. There would be in this course a painful element of humiliation; but humiliation for the President would be less an ill than the imposition of a war upon the people of the United States. War is certain if the President shall endeavor to enforce his will upon Huerta. And war would be no holiday parade. Whatever else may be said of them, the Mexicans know how to fight, and there is no doubt that they would rally to any standard in defense of the independence of their country. Huerta has declared it; Carranza has echoed it; and a hundred bloody battlefields within the past two years give assurance that fighting talk on the part of the Mexicans is not idle.

President Wilson has a right to private and whimsical opinions. And since he is the President there is a certain justification in making these opinions the basis of his policy in regard to Mexico. There are in this policy, to be sure, elements of fatuity, stubbornness and overweening conceit; but it also must be said that

is without doubt behind it a genuine even if a foolish sincerity.

But President Wilson has no right in pursuit of his own whims and in the face of counsel to force the United States into a war of aggression, only in the end to impose upon the country an overwhelming and ruinous responsibility. In times past we have had aggressive Presidents and weak Presidents and partisan Presidents and vain Presidents; but we have never had a President so consummately bigoted as to make his mere personal will, exercised in the face of intelligent counsels and solemn warnings, a motive of war. If President Wilson shall do this wicked thing—if he shall force us into war upon Mexico—he will do the country a great wrong and make of his own name an everlasting synonym of reproach and resentment.

The Logic of Intervention.

Apologists for President Wilson's course in Mexico profess inability to comprehend the logic which connects responsibility with authority. Their philosophy is distinctly inferior to that of Dick Deadeye in the opera, who long ago discovered that "when one feller has to obey another feller's orders equality is out of the question." Now if the United States may knock down and set up governments in Mexico, that to all practical purposes and intents is dominion. It is dominion enforced upon Mexico and accredited—if they shall indeed approve and consent—by the other nations of the earth. To deny responsibility under such conditions is merely to pettifog—to palter with words.

Passing for the moment the tremendous practical embarrassments involved in pacifying Mexico, there remains to be considered the permanent obligation for keeping the country pacified. President Wilson's theory calls for a "full and free expression of the will" of the Mexican people to be followed by "orderly constitutional government." Mr. Wilson seems unable to comprehend that all this is but the unsubstantial fabric of an utopian dream. He rejects the suggestions alike of experience and judgment. He disregards the testimony of every observer of Mexican life. He prefers his own intuitions to any and every other species of counsel.

When we have once pacified Mexico, assuming this to be practicable, there remains the duty, definitely assumed, of sustaining orderly government under terms prescribed by that alien document styled the Mexican constitution. All authorities agree that this is an impossibility. There is nothing in the experience of Mexico, nothing in the ambition or instinct of the Mexican people, which justifies the hope that this could be done prior to a schooling calling for generations of progressive life. Every man who knows anything about the Mexicans understands that government, if there is to be such a thing, must stand upon arbitrary authority. The era which preceded Diaz most emphatically illustrated this fact; and it was again emphatically illustrated in the period of Diaz. The Mexicans may indeed be ruled, but they have no power to rule themselves. The ultimate meaning of Mr. Wilson's plan is the imposition of the authority and power of the United States for that lately exercised by Diaz and more recently by Huerta.

Does the United States want another and a vastly enlarged Philippine problem on its hands? Is there anybody outside the sphere of administrative influence who believes that it would be practicable to assume imperial authority over a country half the size of our own with its eighteen millions of ignorant and semi-barbarous people, without propensity to industry or social order, but with a furious disposition to fight? Is there anybody with a mind at once intelligent and sane who does not see that we should be loaded up for generations, possibly for centuries, with a responsibility entirely foreign to the spirit of our government and calculated in the very nature of things to permanently tax our resources and put upon our system a grievous and probably a ruinous strain?

Whoever is familiar with Froude's review of the life of Julius Caesar must recall the opening statement, which declares something to this effect: that of the many lessons of history none is more profoundly impressed than this, namely, that a self-governing nation can not endure the strain of maintaining dependent countries. Mr. Froude is right. Wherever the experiment has been tried it has failed, and its failure has carried down to ruin the nations that essayed it. Even Rome, for all her genius for government, failed in such

an effort and went to smash under it. Today England sees the truth of Froude's dictum and seeks to evade catastrophe by giving autonomy to such outlying parts of her empire as may be entrusted with self-government.

Arbitrary authority is repugnant to every principle fundamental in our system. Does anybody suppose for one moment that we may do in Mexico—or in the Philippines for that matter—that which is contrary to and repugnant to our system, likewise that which has proved fatal to every system approximating our own under which it has been attempted? Is there anybody so fatuous as to believe that we could possess and administer Mexico without reaction upon our own system in such force and in such form as to destroy the system itself? Under such a responsibility we should either go completely to smash or be compelled to so remold our system as practically to destroy its integrity. Exercise of dominion in Mexico would call for such concentration of powers at home as would leave in our domestic government small reflection of that equality and liberty which was the ideal of our fathers and which remains the hope of every patriotic man and woman.

We have no wish to paint a dismal picture. But it is useless to shut our eyes and to stop up our ears against the lights and warnings of experience and common sense. To give mandate to Mexico means ultimately to assume responsibility for Mexico before the world. It means nothing short of absolute dominion. And dominion over Mexico means reconstruction of our own system, with a recast of powers calculated to enable it to bear the strain. It would mean nothing less than abandonment of our fundamental ideals and doctrines with the throwing over of all restrictions upon arbitrary power. Only force—arbitrary force—can hold and ply the rod of arbitrary power. A system adjusted to and sustained by free men may not without ruin to itself reach forth and rule a myriad of incompetents and dependents under the grievance of political enslavement, and fiercely disposed to resentment and revenge.

Wilson and Carranza.

A diplomatic agent bearing the personal commission of President Wilson—one W. Bayard Hale, a combination of preacher and professor, and sympathetically described as a man of "exceptional culture and sincerity"—is busily engaged in secret conferences with General Carranza, a factional Mexican chieftain now under arms in the State of Sonora just beyond the American boundary near Nogales. While these conferences are behind closed doors their purpose is not concealed. President Wilson has become a partisan of Carranza and is seeking to aid him. So far as anybody can make out there is no reason for this favoritism—if we except his hatred of Huerta—beyond the fact that Carranza with subtle judgment has chosen the name of "constitutional" for his faction. A party designation so happily chosen makes appeal to an American President predisposed to estimate things by their names, and who finds it difficult to distinguish between pretensions and facts. Now for some weeks President Wilson has been giving moral support and encouragement to Carranza, and he is obviously hoping for some turn in the situation under which he may be able to contribute directly to his revolutionary efforts. The spectacle of the American government trafficking with and seeking to promote a provincial rebel whose only title of authority is his sword is not a pleasing one. It bears all the marks of conspiracy with assumption and treason without even the merits of candor and courage. It's a mighty shabby business.

Let us reflect a moment upon what will happen if this intrigue with Carranza shall work out successfully. It is essential first to survey the geography and to consider the interests involved. The State of Sonora, seat of Carranza's revolutionary activities, is one of three rich Mexican states whose northern boundaries coincide with the American line for nearly two thousand miles. In soil and climate these three states of Sonora, Chihuahua, and Coahuila approximate the general conditions of the American states of Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas. It is a group of fine countries. Years ago American enterprise discovered this fact and has long been active there. There are in the country large American ranch interests, mining interests, and oil interests; and this is only another way of saying that in each of these states there is an industriously promoted and liberally endowed "American

party"—that is, a party eager for annexation under any conditions. For with annexation the value of every property within the region named would double or treble. This is why the Hearst newspapers are so eager for intervention, for it is to be remembered that vast Hearst ranches and rich Hearst mines lie within the region described.

In each of these three states there is organized rebellion against the Huerta government and, in so far as it may be dared, rebellion against any Mexican government. Large property interests in the hands of Americans are anxious to fetch over these Mexican states into the American Union. This is why rebellion in Sonora, Chihuahua, and Coahuila is always well organized and liberally financed. There are plenty of greasers ready to fight, and American land-owners, mine-owners, and oil operators are always ready enough with funds.

Now in trafficking with Carranza President Wilson is in effect conspiring to the end of robbing Mexico. Justice to Mr. Wilson requires it to be said that in his innocence of practical affairs he doesn't understand the situation and doesn't realize the effect of what he is doing. His purpose in dickering with Carranza is to strike a blow at Huerta. But the purpose of those in relation to whom Carranza is a mere agent and tool is that of American annexation. And this purpose will not be put aside in respect of any scruples Mr. Wilson may cherish or on account of any pledges he has given. The success of Carranza will mean just one thing—a gigantic grab of Mexican territory by the United States. And Mr. Wilson, however he may be disposed, will be powerless to prevent it.

The London *Spectator*, sitting apart, sees the matter clearly. In its issue of November 15th the *Spectator* says:

In one way or another, sooner or later, the present American policy must lead, in our opinion, to armed intervention, followed by annexation. There is no other way in which one state can permanently control another. If an invasion comes, all of President Wilson's well-meant resolves to make clear to foreign nations that nothing will induce the United States to acquire territory as a result of intervention will come to naught. We made just the same kind of a declaration and in just as good faith when we went to Egypt, but we never have been able to carry it out and never shall be.

In a sense it is curious that a foreign observer should see clearly a situation to which the President of the United States is blind. Explanation lies in the temperament and character of Mr. Wilson. Long ago, under compulsion to make apology for an act of unpardonable rudeness, he confessed that his was a "one-track mind." He sees only one thing at a time. At the beginning there got into his head a quixotic view of Mexican affairs and he has not been able to get any other view. Facts and arguments make no impression upon a mind snugly disposed upon its single track. He can see neither to the left nor to the right. To a congenital narrowness he adds an academic cock-sureness. And so, because we have a theorist instead of a man of practical wisdom in the President's chair, we are rushing headlong into violation of established principles and of solemn promises and into a position where, as the London *Spectator* clearly sees, the President's own professions must suffer discredit and dishonor.

The Administration and Labor Unionism.

A cabinet minister speaking at Seattle last week declared that one of the chief purposes of the Department of Commerce and Labor was to encourage and promote labor unionism in the United States. This was said presumably in the name and at least under the sufferance of President Wilson; and up to this time, although published broadcast, it has not been disavowed. It comes as something of a shock to those who have supposed that the function of the Department of Commerce and Labor, like that of other departments of the government, is to promote, not class interest and class organization, but the common welfare of all the people without respect to classes.

Labor unionism as it has been exemplified in recent years represents not only class interest in the ordinary sense, but the determination of a particular class to possess the industry of the country as a private monopoly. It assumes the right to say who may and who may not earn his living by the sweat of his face. It assumes authority to levy taxes and impose penalties upon whom it will and in whatever sums it may see fit. Declining to make itself responsible under the laws, it seeks to impose its own laws alike upon

labor and capital. It sets itself up not only as a maker of laws governing industry, but as judge, jury, and executioner in every case with which its interest or its prejudice is connected. It presumes to go beyond the sphere of industry and to dominate the political life of the country, saying who may and who may not sit in the councils of the nation, who may and who may not occupy even the presidential chair. And as nothing is too great to lie beyond the range of its pretensions, so nothing is too small. It busies itself with state and municipal affairs, subordinating every other purpose in government and administration to its own conceptions of its own interest. It makes bargains with cravens in office and dictates what laws shall be enacted or nullified with the conditions of their administration. It possesses itself by force of numbers and of a bulldozing aggression of the powers of municipality, and rules—and rides—communities, as in the case of San Francisco under Schmitz and Ruef and more recently under McCarthy and Rolph.

The spirit of labor unionism, as exemplified in the declarations of its leaders and by its acts, is at odds with principles fundamental to our system. It makes no acknowledgment of elemental rights; it refers nothing to the public will. Whether its projects command a majority or minority support, it is all the same to unionism. Its function under its own conception is to declare the rules governing industry and public policy and to break down and destroy whoever stands opposed. To question the rightfulness or the authority of its edicts is to incur ruinous animosities; to defy its authority upon appeals to the guaranties of the constitution or the laws is to invite destruction. In the enforcements of its projects it halts at no crime and seeks even to sanctify arson and murder under the fiction of revolution. A thousand monuments of wreckage and ten thousand nameless graves bear witness at once to the vigilance and the mercilessness of this selfish and malevolent force.

Now, are we to accept Secretary Wilson's statement that under the conceptions of the administration one of the first duties of the Department of Commerce and Labor is to promote a unionism which thus stands openly before the country upon the assumption of class autocracy, and which stands both legally and morally convicted of gross crimes? It is pertinent to ask the President of the United States if he gives approval and endorsement to these pretensions and allowance to these claims. If the President has thus made his bed with labor unionism, conceding to its powers above the laws, granting to it likewise immunity from punishment for its crimes, acceding to it a paramount authority in the affairs of the country, we have a right to know it. It is due that the President should in terms either give approval or rebuke to the declarations of his Secretary of Commerce and Labor.

Ambassador for a Year.

The letter in which the American ambassadorship to Russia has been offered to Mr. Henry M. Pindell of Illinois, the "Original Wilson Man," is one of the most remarkable documents of its kind ever given to the public. It is also one of the most humiliating. Ostensibly the letter emanates from Senator Lewis. Actually it comes from the President and from the Secretary of State. It offers this high and responsible position to Mr. Pindell—who presumably knows about as much of diplomacy as he does of Chinese—with the clear understanding that he shall hold it for a year and for no more. After a year he is to resign in order that some other needy politician shall have a turn at the trough. It assures him that no duty whatever shall devolve upon him. It promises him a freedom from expense and a pleasant round of visits to European capitals with the "delightful companionship" of foreign officials. Finally it reminds Mr. Pindell that he has a little daughter and urges him to "think what it would mean to her all the remainder of her life to say that her father had been minister to Russia and all the honor and prestige that will go with it to the third and fourth generation." If Mr. Pindell's little daughter should grow up to be a woman of sense, in spite of her heredity, she will hope that a merciful oblivion will cover the discreditable circumstances that led to her father's appointment to the court of St. Petersburg.

Perhaps it would be unjust to place too much verbal responsibility for this supremely fatuous letter upon either the President or Mr. Bryan. The President at least will have squirmed as he read the maudlin nonsense that would disgrace a liveried flunkey. Mr.

Bryan is of a different mental calibre and probably sees no reason why ambassadorships should not be included in the plums of the political pie, or why they should not be handed around on the installment plan. But the discredit that attaches to an incident of this kind can not, unfortunately, be reserved for home consumption. In addition to the mortification of knowing that this is the kind of service that is considered good enough for the country—a position conferred on the express understanding that no services shall be rendered—we have the additional humiliation of realizing the titter that must run through the diplomatic services of the world as the contents of this letter become known.

Of course they will become known. We need have no doubts about that. Mr. Pindell, we are told, is *persona grata* to the Czar. Such expressions have usually only a formal meaning, but there will be something more than formality in the curiosity with which Mr. Pindell will be received by the assembled diplomats of St. Petersburg, who will be eager to welcome this contribution to the hilarity of a too sombre world. Every one will want to see Mr. Pindell and perhaps to inquire about the "little daughter" thus born to a glorious heritage of fame. Mr. Pindell will doubtless be the topic of the day in European diplomatic circles, and we may hope that the "delightful companionship" to which he aspires will not be tarnished by derision.

Unfortunately it is America that must suffer, and not Mr. Pindell. It will be American prestige that will be mocked rather than the pitiful little ambitions of a Peoria editor anxious to associate with titles and uniforms, and thus publicly warned that he must run away home at the end of a year and let some one else have a chance. The whole world has been invited to inspect the machinery that produces American ambassadors. And we need have no doubt of the well-bred sneer with which the inspection has been made.

Evidently it is of no use to hope for an improvement in our diplomatic and consular services so long as there are "original Wilson men" to be rewarded with salaries that they are induced to accept on the express understanding that there shall be no duties "to bother with." Unfortunately we are used to salaries of this kind, but we are not yet used to letters that humiliate us in the eyes of the world.

A Word About "Booming" and the "Boom" Spirit.

The *Argonaut* has been invited to contribute to a fund of \$500,000 for use in "putting Northern California on the map." The money is to be spent in advertising, sending lecturers through the East, and in other forms of promotion work. The people engaged in this work are going about it in a mood of almost religious earnestness and beyond a doubt are inspired by the conviction that they are doing something very fine and worthy.

None the less in the judgment of the *Argonaut* the very last need of Northern California is this sort of exploitation. Already Northern California is so definitely "on the map" that it contains approximately one and one-half million of people and contributes prodigious values each year to the world's useful and needful commodities. Not only this, Northern California is growing at a prodigious rate. There is no incoming train which does not bring recruits to its permanent population; and despite the decadence of the times the birth rate is satisfactory. If being "on the map" bears any relation to material welfare and to material progress, then Northern California is already doing very well, thank you.

We wonder if it ever occurs to the people who are so profoundly infected with the boom spirit that a country can grow too fast for its own good. It takes time and usage—much time and much usage—to coordinate the forces of a community whose elements have come together from various sources. There is a limit to the ratio of new population which any community may absorb without sacrifice of its characteristic qualities. If the influx be in undue proportion it tends not so much to community progress as to community deterioration, since it takes as well as gives. There are sections of this state and of neighboring states which illustrate the principle. New population has come in so suddenly and in such numbers as literally to subordinate and overwhelm the original element. Such communities have not so much grown as they have been made over. And not always to their advantage.

Now the *Argonaut* is very much of a Californian. It values highly the California spirit, a spirit compounded of many influences including climate, historic

isolation, traditions of many kinds and moods, etc. It is ambitious for progress not so much along material as along other lines. It would be better pleased to see an advancing civilization, with higher standards of life on the part of those who now live in the country than to see a million more people here. Looking back a few years it can but reflect that as a community we were quite as prosperous and happy with half our present population as we are now. Its enthusiasm, therefore, does not run so much to numbers as to other and to what it deems more important things.

The *Argonaut* will make no contribution to the new movement to put Northern California "on the map." It would be very glad to contribute to any movement tending to a better order of life here. There is always room for improvement on this score. But mere increase in numbers without regard to quality, and in view of the effects of increased numbers upon community life, it regards rather with doubt than with hope. For what matters it if numbers be increased, if commodities be multiplied, if old cities be enlarged and new cities rise up, if withal there be no enlargement of our intellectual and moral standards? A time has come, we think, when the serious concern of California should be not so much for the numbers of its population—certainly not for the numbers of imported population—as for the character of the people already here. We have a country of abounding fertility and of amazing charm. Its fame already is spread around the world. Population will come to it fast enough. The energies of the country, instead of being devoted to the making and spreading of boom literature, to the support of itinerant lecturers and to the dissemination of seductive appeals for new population would better be given to the enlargement of the conditions and influences which make for better living and higher character.

If this writing has quite unconsciously grown into a bit of a sermon it is perhaps none the worse for it.

THE NEW TARIFF AS IT WORKS OUT.

Mr. Bennett Cites Some Significant Facts and Makes Some Suggestive Comparisons.

WASHINGTON, November 15, 1913.

Goods shipped in American bottoms, apparently, are not to have the benefit of the five per cent rebate provided by Congress as a method of boosting our merchant marine. The plan of Representative Underwood, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, which was avowedly designed to bring about the abrogation of the long-standing commercial agreements with foreign nations, has been declared null and void by Attorney-General McReynolds.

One of the chief Democratic tariff schemes goes to the board. The result is merely what was expected. The President was lukewarm in his support of the measure, and the Senate was violently opposed to it. The language of the provision was so worded that even the experts were unable to figure out whether it was intended to grant the exemption to foreign as well as American ships in case a treaty existed, or whether the plan was to give none to the foreign nor American ships exemption in such cases.

On the whole, however, the administration is persisting in its general tariff attitude. Despite the widespread criticism of the plan to take action against manufacturers who reduce wages as a result of the new tariff law, Secretary Redfield of the Department of Commerce announces that he has not abandoned his scheme of retaliation.

In a recent speech Secretary Redfield said that the powers of his department might be used under certain conditions to learn whether there was any justification for a reduction of wages, when alleged to be made because of tariff changes. Not only does Mr. Redfield insist that he intends to carry out this plan, but he adds that he has a scheme for the investigation of public utility corporations which will be "conducted in a spirit of entire friendliness and with the object in view of aiding both the corporations themselves and the public utilities commissions of the cities and states."

In nearly every move which has been made by the administration the same statement is made, that nothing will be done to hurt legitimate business. The President in his prelection speeches said that the tariff law would be so framed that no legitimate industry would suffer. As a matter of fact, however, American industries have suffered.

The same reassuring statement was made in connection with the currency bill, but the bankers of the country now threaten to take out state charters if the Glass bill goes through. There is the same note of reassurance with regard to the investigation of business men who are forced to reduce wages, and it will also be made with respect to the anti-trust programme which is in prospect for the regular session of Congress.

Curiously enough, the plans of Secretary Red-

benefit American industries have not progressed beyond a conversational stage. What is to be done for business is the big puzzle of the future; what has been done to business, everybody knows.

According to the actual figures issued by the administration itself, the high cost of living, as estimated with respect to foodstuffs alone, will not be greatly reduced, notwithstanding the promises of the party that the prices of these articles would take a tumble after the new law went into effect. After free sugar becomes effective, basing the calculations upon the duties paid under the Payne-Aldrich law for the year 1912, the net annual saving on all foodstuffs for the American people will amount to just 66 cents for every man, woman, and child in the United States, if the figures of the department are to be believed. While reduction of wages, closing of mills, and the resultant impairment of the purchasing power of the people may easily exceed this figure, and in fact may multiply it by ten or twenty, the Department of Commerce gives the statement that any tendency in this direction "will be investigated."

Long before the Payne-Aldrich bill went into effect the attack on protection was started. The campaign finally resulted in a political upheaval and the placing of the Democratic party in power. Already the same influences are at work to boost the new Underwood-Simmons law, in order to make it popular with the people. Senator Chilton of West Virginia recently gave out a statement asserting that his state had been greatly benefited by the experiment in free trade. He cited three cases of industries whose business had improved. He did not, however, take the trouble to mention that there were other concerns which had suffered.

In a speech at Plainfield, New Jersey, Mr. Malone, Third Assistant Secretary of State, was recently quoted as follows: "We have just passed a tariff bill which is going to be the best tariff bill this country ever had. I was in the United States Senate when that old war-horse, Senator Gallinger—who has been a member of the Senate for thirty years—arose and said: 'No better tariff bill has ever passed, and no tariff bill was ever passed with so little friction.'"

Mr. Malone was in error in thus quoting Senator Gallinger. What Mr. Gallinger did say was that he had opposed the measure because he believed it to be wholly bad and utterly wrong in theory. In addition, he merely spoke of the consideration displayed by Mr. Simmons, and said that none of the rancors that so often marked a partisan debate would follow the passage of the bill in the Senate.

Mr. Malone called Senator Gallinger on the telephone several days ago and assured him that in the speech at Plainfield he, Mr. Malone, had been misquoted. Senator Gallinger said to the writer recently:

The new tariff bill is a slow poison which will not have its effect for some time. Already, however, many mills have closed, and many more will close in the near future. I do not like to engage in dire predictions, but there is no possibility that this free trade measure can be digested by this protective nation. The Democrats are whistling to keep up their courage. They know that they must do their cheering now, because there will not be much cheering of any kind after the country has experienced the effect of this new free trade law. Our prosperity was so great under the Payne-Aldrich statute that it will carry the country along for some time before the effects of free trade are being noticed. It will not be long before there is a widespread resentment against the present administration. I am willing to predict right now that the Republican party will come back into power on a protection issue in 1916.

President Wilson, Secretary Bryan, and other Democratic leaders claim that the results of the election in New Jersey, Massachusetts, and other states were an enthusiastic indorsement of the administration's policies. The states where the most interest centered were Massachusetts and New Jersey. It is contended that the election of Walsh in Massachusetts and the election of Fielder in New Jersey vindicated the free trade tariff programme.

Comparison of the votes in these states proves the contrary to be the case. In Massachusetts the vote for Walsh, Democrat, candidate for governor, was 180,368. The Progressive vote was 126,676. The Republican vote was 116,314. Foss's vote was 20,815. Bird, the Progressive, Gardner, the Republican, and Foss, the Independent, all ran upon a protection platform. Walsh was the only man who attempted to defend the free trade law. By adding the Bird, Gardner, and Foss votes, the protection sentiment is shown to be represented by a total of 263,806. By subtracting the Walsh free trade vote from the protective vote, the result is shown to be a majority of 83,438 vote for a protective tariff.

The same deduction must be drawn from the election in New Jersey. Fielder's vote was shown, unofficially, to be about 172,000, while Stokes's vote was estimated at 140,000, and Colby's at 45,000. The combined Stokes-Colby anti-free trade vote was in the neighborhood of 185,000, and by subtracting Fielder's vote there was shown to be a majority of 13,000 against the indorsement of the free trade programme.

IRA E. BENNETT.

Wood block paving, tried and discarded in many cities of the United States thirty years ago, is now coming back into marked favor, due to improved methods of treating and handling the blocks.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

It seems unfortunate that wrongdoing should be so much more contagious than rightdoing, that bad examples should go round the world by telegraph while good examples travel by mail and are usually lost somewhere on the journey. As an example we may cite the words of Lord Crewe, the British Secretary of State for India, who says that rebellion in Ulster means also rebellion in India. If the men of Ulster can defy the government why should not the men of Bengal do the same thing? If Irish soldiers are to be quoted with approval as refusing to deal with disorder among their own countrymen why should not native soldiers be commended for similar utterances? If English suffragettes may break windows and heads unrebuked why should we censure the mild Hindu for his own particular brand of violence? Indeed why should we censure any one for using whatever force may be required to attain a desired end? Some people prefer dynamite, others have a tender preference for stones and hatchets, while still others find themselves most at home with the dagger and revolver. They all have "causes," and what can be more sacred than a cause? Mr. Lincoln Steffens finds that the possession of a cause is sufficient excuse for the Los Angeles dynamiters; President Wilson excuses Mrs. Pankhurst on the same grounds; Sir Edward Carson provokes civil war for a similar reason; and now Lord Crewe tells us that the Hindu is watching the proceedings with envy and preparing himself to imitate them. Well, why, not? Everybody's doing it.

And yet it is curious to note that the prevailing tendency to revolt is nearly always adverse to the moral law and rarely in support of it. It is in the country where democracies are supreme that the assault upon the restraints that are essential to civilization are most embittered. It is just among those very peoples where every man has a vote that we find the readiest recourse to dynamite and guns. If there is anywhere an inalienable human right it is the right to move about the world at our own pleasure, and yet we read that the governments of Russia and of Austria have determined wholly to prevent any emigration whatever. War, we are told, may break out at any time, and every available man will be wanted for the army. Some half-dozen men at most in these two countries have issued their orders to the incalculable millions of their fellow-men that they shall henceforth live in one part of the world only and that any attempt to live elsewhere shall be punished as a crime. And those incalculable millions will obey. They will not only obey, but if they should be summoned to arms in some quarrel that has not even the remotest connection with their interests they will go forth to battle with hymns of patriotism and die gladly for the glory of the fatherland. The guiding principle of the present humanity seems to be abject obedience to immoral laws, a creeping and cringing subservience to tyranny, coupled with a fiery resistance to all restraints essential to the preservation of the human race.

Reports from New York say that the Bull Moosers are now seriously alarmed at the canonization of William Sulzer. It was all very well to give him his victory as Progressive candidate for assemblyman from the sixth district, but this sort of thing can easily go too far, and then Mr. Roosevelt would be seriously displeased. Sulzer is already imagining himself in the White House. He has avowed himself as a candidate for the Senate, and if the hysterics of the gutter should go much further there might be something like a divided sovereignty. The Sulzer candle must be snuffed, and it is said that a voice from South America will presently be invoked to perform the needed operation. In the meantime the Progressive leaders in New York are assuming a distinctly sour expression whenever the name of Sulzer is uttered in their presence.

In a recent story by Gouverneur Morris we have the following piece of compromising information about the hero: "In a grove of hawthorns, kneeling, sitting upon her heels and contemplating her Oriental charms in a deep pool, he came suddenly upon the Princess Lo and her little green monkey." It is all very well to divert our attention with green monkeys and the like, but we should like to know what the hero was doing sitting on the heroine's heels. It sounds improper and uncomfortable. And in view of so close a proximity we can only wonder how it was that "he came suddenly" upon her. Perhaps Mr. Morris will explain and put us out of our misery.

We are informed exultingly that there are now forty "psychological clinics" in the United for the study and classification of mentally defective children. No doubt. Probably there will be forty more by next Tuesday. The supply of quackery never fails to equal the demand. In this connection we may notice a letter that appears in the New York Evening Post. The writer draws our attention to the following gems collected from a public lecture on defective children: "Three-fourths of all school children are feeble-minded." "Why should taxpayers pay for such children to go to school?" "They should be taken care of by the state in public institutions." "A normal man may marry a woman and have lots of feeble-minded children. You never know where the blow will fall." So it seems that three-fourths of all the existing children in America are to be put in institutions. A defective child, of course, means any child that is not exactly like all other children, any child who dares to show the abnormalities of genius, any child who ventures not to be commonplace.

What may be called the doctrine of white slavery is cherished by the modern reformer with very much the same en-

thusiasm that theologians once gave to the comfortable creed of eternal damnation. And for very much the same reasons. Therefore they may be disconcerted and even indignant when they read the opinions of two authorities, one American and the other English, to the effect that there is no such thing as white slavery. The American is Mr. A. W. Elliott, president of the Southern Rescue Mission, who says that after six years' diligent search he has been unable to find a single white slave. He says that "there never was a joke of more huge proportions perpetrated upon the American public than this white slave joke." He tells us that in the course of his work he has entered at least two thousand five hundred houses of ill repute and talked with fifteen thousand of their women, and there was not one white slave among them all. He does not believe that there are "a dozen girls in America today that could not walk out if they wanted to." The English investigator is Mrs. Billington-Grieg, and she says the same thing—that white slavery, in England at least, is mostly a myth. Mrs. Billington-Grieg continues: "That this exhibition has been made possible is due in no small measure to the Pankhurst domination. It prepared the soil; it unbalanced the judgment; it set women on the rampage against evils they knew nothing of, for remedies they knew nothing about. It fed on flattery the silly notion of the perfection of woman and the dangerous wrong notion of the indescribable imperfection of man. . . . For the rest they have given emphatic justification to those who question the responsibility of women in public affairs; they have provided arms and ammunition for the enemy of women's emancipation." But of course the white slavery humbug must run its course, although every man of the world knows that it is humbug. Just at the moment it is the "correct" thing to smile invisibly at these feminine enthusiasms and delusions and to seem to acquiesce in them. It is a part of American gallantry.

Mrs. Pankhurst, by the way, predicts that woman suffrage will drive liquor out of the United States. In that event the *Columbia State* wishes it to be clearly understood that the people of North Carolina will go with it. And the conversation of the governors will be on the old familiar lines.

The production in London of a new play by G. K. Chesterton has led to some amusing interviews with the author. Mr. Chesterton disclaims any attempt to analyze the character of his heroine. He says that he is not in that line of business. He has no liking for the present custom of setting up a woman on the stage and then "crowding round her to discuss her soul": "All this vivisection of woman in what is called the modern problem play is nonsense—and worse. I think the analysis is shameful if false, and rather more shameful if it is true. I feel myself that the woman in the play is a difficulty that should never have been one. You do not find it in the old stories that have made literature. It was the ancient hero's business to get married to his heroine, not to dance around her for information about her soul! To hear certain persons in certain circles talk, one might think, if one were fool enough, that the soul was an exclusively feminine possession. This analyzing of woman, this striving to understand her, is sheer impudence. There was something much better in the simple way of the pirate of old who would carry off a woman as a valuable object, which he preferred not to understand, but only to possess. This was much more complimentary to the woman than treating her as a psychologic freak!"

While we are all congratulating ourselves on the overthrow of Tammany in New York there is another election result upon which we do not congratulate ourselves. The Socialist candidate, Mr. Charles E. Russell, received 32,109 votes, which is an increase of nearly 300 per cent over the vote cast for Mr. Edwin F. Cassidy in 1909. It is more than the vote cast for Mr. Russell for governor last year in Greater New York. And this year the total vote is 60,000 less than in the previous election.

Sir James Crichton-Browne, the greatest living English authority on mind diseases, has a word of salutary warning for those who are always telling us that "something ought to be done" in a coercive way to check the spread of mental degeneracy. He says that "if all the feeble-minded in England were locked up tomorrow and kept locked up we should very soon again have an abundant crop of idiots." Heredity, we are reminded, is not the only nor even the chief cause of idiocy. Before we can get rid of this scourge we must get rid of infantile diseases, of bad sanitation, and we must reform our school system with "its artificial production of stupidity." Then again we have to remember that idiocy often skips a generation, and "we can not shut up a man because his father or his grandfather were weak-minded." But there the learned physician is in error. Our reformers are quite willing to shut up any one. In fact that is their one conception of a remedy for human ills. And then as a final shock to the eugenists—who ought surely to dread a campaign against feeble-mindedness—Sir James Crichton-Browne tells us that "it would almost seem as though the highest intellectual development in parents might sometimes result in mental deficiency in offspring." But in that case the remedy is, once more, simple. Let us shut up every one of the "highest intellectual development."

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

The German government has for years fixed the retail price of drugs, even to the extent of designating what must be charged for bottle, cork, label, or ointment box used in dispensing the medicine. Such list, revised each year, furnishes a curiously interesting supplement to the German drug journals.

THREE HALTS AND A RIVER.

When the Regiment Was Ordered to Paris.

The Thirteenth Cuirassiers is not the most virtuous corps in the French army, which rather prides itself on not being exclusively recruited by Galahads and Josephs. The cavalry is notoriously naughty everywhere; and the Thirteenth Cuirassiers regarded itself as being the first cavalry regiment in France. And, albeit there is not a French cavalry corps in existence which has not the same happy opinion of itself, the Thirteenth's pretensions were not altogether preposterous. From Nancy to Auch, from Kuimper to Chambery, it enjoyed one of the most delightfully detestable reputations that ever made martial bosom swell beneath the breast-plate. A Thirteenth man could not ride down a village street without leaving two-thirds of the village lasses languishing for love of him. The men corrupted all of a servants' hall by a twirl of the mustache; the officers could not enter a drawing-room without freezing with prophetic fear the very marrow in the spines of civilian husbands and fathers.

A regiment with this reputation could not be expected to give enthusiastic encouragement to legitimate, matrimonial billing and cooing within its bosom. And there was but one sentiment of exasperation in the staff against Captain Raoul Rodemont, who had offered the shameful spectacle of conjugal fidelity and devotion for more than two years. There he was, on the very morning when this chronicle takes the liberty of commencing, there he was buttoning his gloves before his baby's cradle, and delivering himself of such uncuirassier-like remarks as this:

"Must go; time for parade; if you do object too strongly, why we'll have it out at once."

And a foolish little woman—pretty enough, the regiment allowed—was laughing copiously at the ridiculous warrior, five feet eleven inches high, pretending to box a crowing baby, when a really martial voice resounded on the staircase, singing—horribly out of tune—the bugle-call "to horse":

A cheval, dragons, vite en selle,
A cheval, formez vos escadrons;
Que chacun embrasse sa belle,
A cheval, dragons, nous partons.

"It's early for Beaugency," reflected the captain. "It must be a debt or a duel. No need for Hélène to hear." But Captain Beaugency was not to be secreted. He entered like a torpedo, and he began like a trumpet.

"Luck's turned at last, old boy. Rum-tum-ti-iditty. France forever—even including the minister of war! Tra-la-la-itou! Wife not here? Tant mieux, hang politeness; you know what women are, and this is a profound secret as yet."

"What's a secret, you raving lunatic?"

Beaugency divulged the mystery in a roar.

"Marching orders, dear boy. At last, a long farewell to the village of Huningue with all its charms and creditors."

"Where do we go?" asked Captain Rodemont, becoming restless like any man, after two years at Huningue.

"Where? To heaven, dear boy. To Paris. *Parigi o cara, noi lasciemo*!"

And Captain Beaugency became atrociously musical again. Then he added:

"And we go by Dijon. Tra-la-la! a day at Dijon—you remember Dijon, eh? Louise and—"

"Will you hold your tongue?" Rodemont interrupted, in a fierce whisper. "My wife's in the next room."

"All right; I understand. But after all, you know, old fellow—After three halts and a river."

Now, it is one of the unwritten articles of war in France that, removed three halts and a river from the object of his adoration, a warrior may legitimately allow his affections to stray elsewhere; and Hélène Rodemont had not escaped one word of Beaugency's announcement and jubulations.

These jubulations were pretty general in the garrison. The Thirteenth Cuirassiers were not more exacting than cuirassiers have an undeniable right to be; but they had found two years quite sufficient to stale the natural and artificial delights of Huningue. The officers' café—the Café de la Place—was the scene of delirious demonstrations at the hour of absinthe, when the news of the change of quarters had become public. The younger officers were the most hilarious. Serried ranks of dead soldiers—empty bottles—stood upon the tables.

Lieutenant Parabere, of the third squadron, delivered from the billiard table a succinct lecture on Paris, which argued a far more intimate acquaintance with the Elysée Montmartre than with the Louvre. Sub-Lieutenant Scheffer overturned four tables performing what he called a Wagnerian waltz with his superior officer, Captain la Galette. In a corner a couple of elderly majors grumbled grievously over their dominoes.

"Four everywhere; rather surprised you there—eh? Listen to those nincompoops yonder. Paris, indeed? As if the extra pay covered a quarter of the extra expense!"

"Double blank. And waiter, where's my third ration of green soup (absinthe), *sacré tonnerre*! Yes, I should like to know what can they want better than they have here? The beer's three sous a glass, and you are in Switzerland in half an hour."

Thus the heavier, hoarier heroes muttered in their

stiff mustaches. But Beaugency, as he left the café with his friend, would willingly have executed a waltz down the High Street if a captain of cavalry were allowed thus to demean himself publicly. And Rodemont, despite his two years of happiness at Huningue, despite that adoring wife and that adorable baby, was beginning to feel the contagion of his friend's enthusiasm.

"You are certain that we pass by Dijon?" he said, with affected indifference.

"Certain; and—and you remember Rose and Mathilde?"

"Y—yes," his senior said, in some embarrassment.

"Splendid creature, Mathilde—don't you remember? What picnics we used to have, the four of us, on the banks of the Burgundy Canal! Rose was a nice girl enough, but she hadn't the majesty of your Mathilde. We must go and see them, old man, on our way through."

"Nonsense! What about my wife?" And Captain Rodemont had a tone of virtuous dignity which is not often heard in the cuirassiers.

"Ah, bah! after 'three halts and a river'; and there are two dozen halts and half a dozen rivers between this and Dijon."

And Beaugency turned into the substantial, old-fashioned Hotel de Mont Blanc, where the lieutenants' and captains' mess was held.

Raoul Rodemont went to his dinner—his married officer's dinner, at home—with hazy ideas hovering in his head which would have better suited an officer sworn to celibacy. Dijon and Louise, and Rose and Mathilde—especially Mathilde—did suggest some not unpleasant memories. They were the light loves of two-and-twenty; days without morrows—one epaulette days, and that epaulette on the left shoulder—when a louis in one's pocket and a lass on one's arm was as fair a portion of Paradise as a marshal of France would ask to enjoy in twelve hours. Mathilde was really a *Gloire de Dijon*, and the Rose, her sister, goodness itself. They were the daughters at the comfort-



Rex Beach, author of "The Iron Trail."
Harper & Brothers.

able hostelry where the young lieutenants lodged. The courtship was conducted in military fashion; but the ladies were accustomed to military fashions, and liked them. And what frank, gay comrades they were after the capitulation! How they chased their lieutenants down the vineyard slopes, and taught them a local *bouffée* at the village ball afterward! Mlle. Mathilde had little outbursts of temper, which induced Lieutenant Raoul to call her *Montarde de Dijon* as well as *Gloire*; and Mlle. Rose could never be persuaded that Shakespeare was not the one English Pope. But how they laughed after the little tempests, and how prettily simple was the avowal of ignorance.

But these were all wild oats, sown forever—the down on the peach, the dust on the butterfly's wing. And when the ex-rake of Dijon found his wife with red eyes and trembling lips—the momentary ugliness which is a hundred times more pathetic in a pretty woman than all her beauty at its best and brightest—he forgot all the cuirassiers' wicked proverbs and wickeder achievements, and took the little woman into his arms quite weakly.

"Why, *mignonne*, what is it?—what is the trouble?" "I am—I am foolish—but it will be our first—our first separation," sobbed the innocent hypocrite.

"Only a fortnight, *chérie*, and then Paris, the *salons*, the theatres, the dressmakers—"

"Oh, I don't care about the theatres and dressmakers; and—couldn't you let us ride with you as far as Dijon?"

"My dearest, what do you imagine the colonel would say? Do you want to give him apoplexy before he gets his brigade? And then—the baby."

"Ah, yes, the poor baby!"

"Why poor—he isn't ill?"

"No, but I have a fancy"—and Hélène looked her husband shyly in the face—"that if either of us was ever to do anything wrong—to tell untruths—or—have secrets—he would fall ill, and, oh, perhaps—"

She could not conclude, for Raoul silenced her with a kiss and a "hush" that trembled strangely, considering that it came from under a cuirassier's mustache.

And that evening and all through the morrow Mathilde and Rose were as far from Captain Raoul's virtuous mind as last week's last cigarette.

But the day after that morrow was the day of departure, and a spirit of reckless adventure was in the air. The preceding evening had been spent in a riotous celebration of the event. Punch had flowed freely, and Beaugency had composed an amorous guide to Huningue and its environs, which was designed for the instruction of the new garrison, and which is yet famous in the military subdivision. Even the elderly warriors had partaken of the punch, and felt something of the pervading restlessness this morning—perhaps because of the punch. For to be en route, no matter the destination, is a happy thing in any soldier's experience, when the season is propitious and the country pleasant.

Though Raoul Rodemont put his gauntlet once or twice to his eyes after kissing the baby on the threshold, he tossed his horse-hair cheerily when he was in the saddle, and the trumpets sounded, and the regiment clanged down the chief street amid a chorus of farewells from the villagers. He was not unhappy on the road, took pleasure in the slow cigar between odorous hedgerows, the easy pace and position; had a fair appetite at the first halt, when, after your orderly had seen to your saddle, and your men had arranged their accoutrements and opened their haversacks, the cantinière spread her snowy table under a tree, and loaded it with cold meats, coffee, and beer-bottles. There one chats familiarly, one's mouth half full, with chums and superiors, watching the cantine girl speeding from the officers to the men, who, at their horses' heads, feed beast and man with dry bread, the remainder of last night's dinner, or some dainty given by a kind hostess to the trooper billeted upon her. Then the trumpet sounds: "To horse"; and in three minutes the regiment is again moving, threading the country ways like a golden serpent.

By the time they reached Dijon the most moderately voracious historian must have allowed that in the matter of moral laxity Captain Rodemont was pretty well in unison with Captain Beaugency. He had a hurried conversation with his friend while the billets were distributed to the officers before entering the town, and when they rode into the picturesque old city, music ahead, doctor and veterinary surgeon behind with the wagons and the disabled horses, he had altogether forgotten Huningue for the moment—ay, and even the baby. He had scarcely patience enough to superintend his men distributing the soup and beef in their canvas trousers and stable-jackets.

"Well?" he said, quite breathlessly, the monster; and Beaugency, grinning grossly under his tawny bristles, answered, with deep diplomacy:

"Saw them both in the crowd, and have arranged a dinner for this evening—at least with Rose. But oh, my poor fellow, you have been quite cut out by the infantry—Captain Othello, of the One Hundred and Third."

Rodemont twisted his mustache savagely. It is all very well to have virtuous principles, an adored wife and baby, but to be eclipsed by a captain of foot is an unbearable humiliation for an officer of cuirassiers, and the Thirteenth to boot!

"We'll see," he said, shortly. "Let's meet at the café after we find our quarters. Tell Rose to tell her sister I am there, and let Othello come if he likes."

And he strode away, with a little Hecla of pride and jealousy bubbling under the left swell of his breast-plate.

He was billeted at a doctor's house. A servant in tears opened the door, and in a few minutes a worn, sad-eyed, broken man came to him.

"Pardon me, monsieur, I can not receive you. A great sorrow—will you accept a lodging at an hotel? Look—see here"—and he half opened the door of the adjoining room.

There a woman sat weeping with quiet resignation beside a cot, and there a little baby with yellow cheeks and half-closed eyes lay at the end of his little life's trouble.

The soldier felt his eyes burn and brim with tears. He wrung the doctor's hand a minute, and then flung away wildly down the street to the first hotel, where he shut himself in a room, murmuring to himself with a sick foreboding: "Oh, my own boy, my own boy."

Two hours afterward a waiter came to the door.

"A lady to see you, sir."

"I can see nobody," was the rough response.

"But the lady insists, sir," the waiter went on.

"Did you hear me?" shouted the captain in his most strident tone. "I know no lady here—I don't want to know any—and you will leave me alone, or—"

And he marched on the waiter, who fled, leaving the door ajar. A little woman slid into the room.

"Raoul," she whispered.

But Raoul was trying to write a letter, with two portraits before him. Then when she touched him he turned, caught her hands, and cried:

"Hélène! Oh, then, it's true; the baby—"

But the baby was already in the room in its nurse's arms, and its mother explaining her jealous journey; and Raoul was laughing with wet eyelashes, and dancing the baby and kissing the wife like a mariner saved from shipwreck, half made from the salt of the sea and the despair of his soul.

So, despite three halts and a river, Raoul Rodemont was true.—Evelyn Jerrold.

THE FALL SEASON IN LONDON.

Biography and Fiction Dominate the Publishers' Lists.

Apart from fiction, the flood of which is as swift and overwhelming as ever, the fall publishing season in London promises to be distinguished by the number if not the importance of biographical and kindred works. Not that there are not some notable memoirs among the number; on the contrary, a season can not be said to be barren which is to give us lives of Lord Lytton, Francis Thompson, Matthew Prior, Henry Labouchere, Florence Nightingale, and a further instalment of the biography of the Earl of Beaconsfield. But it may well prove that some of the lives which seem to offer least promise in the prospect will attain a real value in the retrospect. This is eminently an age in which nothing escapes print, least of all anything in the form of biography. If I were asked to hazard an explanation of the amazing frequency of biographical works I should be tempted to point to the Dictionary of National Biography as the most effective cause. That monumental work has been a veritable mine of suggestion to the hack writer. He has but to spend a day or two in glancing over the bibliographies appended to each of the articles to discover what notable is still unbiographed. 'Tis true he will be wise to correct his list by catalogues of recent publication, else he may get to work on a "life" and then discover that he has been forestalled. But the list of the unbiographed is so lengthy that he should not be long in hitting upon a safe subject. If, when that has been achieved, he can discover an adequate amount of manuscript material, he has surmounted the chief difficulties of his task.

Such a memoir as that of Matthew Prior, which Francis Bickley has written for the Pitmans, no doubt owes its existence to the process described above. The bibliography to Austin Dobson's sketch of that poet-diplomatist in the Dictionary of National Biography shows that no set life has been written, and that fact, taken in conjunction with the publication five years ago of a mass of Prior's correspondence by the Historical Manuscripts' Commission, is sufficient explanation of Mr. Bickley's volume. This is a process so often repeated in these days that it seems worth while to account for its genesis. In many cases, too, the result has been exceedingly happy. If Mr. Bickley's volume is not a genuine contribution to biography the fault will be his own, for I can testify from personal reading that the Prior manuscripts contain a wealth of interesting material.

But in addition to the treasures of biographical material which have been brought to light by the commission mentioned above, a constant overhauling of old family papers has made available large stores ready to the hand of the memoir writer. Two examples will suffice, namely, A. M. Broadley's "The Romance of an Elderly Poet" and Oswald G. Knapp's "The Intimate Letters of Hester Piozzi." The first of these is concerned with a late episode in the career of George Crabbe, and owes its existence to the discovery of a bundle of letters written by that poet in the sunset years of his life. Crabbe had to wait twelve years for his wife; she died twenty years later, leaving him to a widower's state that was to last nearly twenty years. It is with this latter period the new letters are concerned. They show that he carried on a tepid flirtation with one Elizabeth Charter, which had no definite issue despite the hints he gave of his sore loneliness. Unfortunately the editor has padded his volume to an alarming extent. If he had been content to issue the letters with a brief introduction and a few notes the volume would have stood a better chance of success.

No such charge can honestly be made against Mr. Knapp in connection with Mrs. Piozzi's letters, though it must be owned that the title of the volume awakens expectations that are doomed to disappointment. For, as in the case of Boswell, the name of Mrs. Piozzi immediately suggests that of Samuel Johnson, and such a suggestion naturally creates an anticipation of some large additions to our knowledge of the famous moralist. It seems, however, that Mrs. Piozzi creamed all her recollections of her whilom friend for her own book of anecdotes, leaving absolutely nothing of that kind for the unfortunate Mr. Knapp. So the interest of this collection of letters is not Johnsonian; it resides rather in the material it supplies for repicturing the social conditions of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. It should be added, however, that in addition there are many charming glimpses of Mrs. Siddons in her off-stage life.

All who are interested in the revolt of the American Colonies must have been on the *qui vive* for Reginald Lucas's long-promised "Lord North," that minister of George III who is saddled with the responsibility of the loss of America. No life of that worthy had been written, a fact which gave Mr. Lucas an enviable opportunity. That he has made the most of it would be an over-statement of the case, especially in view of his omission to utilize to its full value such biographical material as may be found among the Abergraveny manuscripts. It should be remembered to North's credit that he did not for himself wish to impose on American terms save those consistent with "the most perfect liberty," and that he declared that he would have abandoned the contest had he not been convinced that his cause was "just and important." Nor does Mr. Lucas make quite as clear as he should that

North was no self-seeker; notwithstanding his many opportunities to enrich himself at the expense of the state he was a poor man to the end.

If the foregoing notables belong to a rather distant past, no such objection can be urged in the cases of Henry Labouchère, the Earl of Clarendon, and Lord Lyons. Two of these, the first and the last, have intimate associations with American diplomatic history, for Lyons and Labouchère both saw service at Washington. As Lord Lyons's term of office as ambassador coincided with the Civil War period, his memoirs are rich in material relating to Lincoln and other leaders of that time. They are also of extreme value for the light they throw on the downfall of the last Napoleon, Lord Lyons having been minister to France during the fatal struggle with Germany. Of all these political biographies, however, the one which has the most sparkle is that which tells of the picturesque career of "Labby." It needs a large knowledge of English political life and social manners to appreciate this unconventional biography to the full, yet it is so full of good stories and cosmopolitan experiences that the American reader will find it exceedingly attractive. Doubtless the same assertion will hold good in the cases of the present Lord Lytton's life of his grandfather and Sir Edward Cook's "Life of Florence Nightingale." Lytton has been as unfortunate in his biographers as Beaconsfield. The task of narrating his life was begun by his son, but cut short by death. The grandson has abandoned his father's half-finished work in favor of an entirely new biography, a decision which should result in a long over-due adequate memoir of the author of "The Last Days of Pompeii." For his study of the famous "Lady of the Lamp," Sir Edward Cook, who has won distinction as Ruskin's editor and biographer, has had free access to the family papers. His work, we are promised, will correct a "popular legend" without destroying the ideal for which Miss Nightingale's name stands.

From the standpoint of the booksellers and circulating libraries the most profitable type of book a decade ago was the latest and most sensational work of exploration. Mudie's, for example, actually subscribed five thousand copies of Stanley's "In Darkest Africa." But such orders are a tradition in the book trade. The squabble about who discovered the North Pole seems to have effectually damped interest in records of polar achievements. That the old tradition lingered in the mind of one publisher ere the dispute broke out is clear from the fact that he made an offer of thirty thousand pounds to the egregious Dr. Cook for the exclusive rights in his manuscript. Happily for that confiding publisher, Dr. Cook queered the contract himself by infringing one of its conditions. What money has changed hands or what royalties have been promised in connection with the forthcoming narrative of Captain Scott's ill-fated expedition is a well-kept secret, but it is obvious that the publishers expect great things of that book. It is to be in two volumes, and be lavishly illustrated. Translations have already been arranged for several languages, and I understand that the American rights have been secured by Dodd, Mead & Co. It will be exceedingly interesting to watch the fate of this polar narrative; for the sake of Lady Scott it is to be hoped it may mark a revival in that type of book, though the omens are all against such a consummation. In the case of another important travel book, A. H. Savage-Landor's "Across Unknown South America," there has been close coöperation between the American and English producing houses, Little, Brown & Co. and Hodder & Stoughton, and so much is expected of it that the entire book has been set in type in both countries for copyright purposes. So far as I can learn, the new tariff laws with their reduction of duty on English-printed books will lead to a large increase in the importation of English-made books.

In the event of such an increase in importation it may prove that America will once more be the salvation of the English author. For without some such relief as may be provided by a larger transatlantic market for serious books it is difficult to see how the writers of books of that class are to earn a living wage. The situation in England has been materially changed in the last decade by what may be called the shilling libraries. It is not merely that the "Everyman" series has already given the shilling purchaser a choice of some seven hundred volumes for the adornment of his shelves, and that other reprints have added enormously to that number, but that such ventures as the "Home University Library" are offering entirely new works by the best writers and authorities for the nimble shilling. Nor is that all. In increasing numbers our publishers are falling into line in producing within a few years of original publication shilling reprints of books first offered at prices varying from ten to sixteen shillings. The habit of "remaindering," too, is growing fast. If an expensive book does not at once catch the public taste, the balance of the edition is cleared out at a great reduction. Hence the bookstalls of our railway stations, which ten years ago used to be loaded with most of the new publications offered at full prices, are now filled either with cheap remainders or stocks of the shilling reprints.

Even the novelist is suffering from this cheapening of literature. The seven-penny reprint is playing havoc with the sale of the new six-shilling novel. Yet there is nothing in that seven-penny reprint for printer, publisher or author. I am informed on the best authority that it is necessary to sell eighteen thousand copies to

cover the cost of an edition, a fact which explains why all who have ventured on that experiment now wish the innovation had never been made.

Such, however, is the fascination of authorship for those who have had no experience of its meagre rewards that there is at present no lack of manuscripts. As Andrew Lang was probably correct in estimating that out of every hundred novels written only one gets into print, it would seem that in Great Britain alone there are at least a hundred thousand novelists! And the situation is complicated by the fact that the number is increasing of those who are willing to pay for the publication of their immortal works. For fifty pounds it is possible to have printed and bound an edition of some seven hundred copies of an average-length novel, and there are countless incipient novelists who seem able to command such a sum for the glory of appearing in print. So it is not surprising that a publisher of a score of new novels asserts that at the end of two months only two of them showed any sign of life. It is indeed an axiom of the book trade that the average life of a new novel is about three months.

Of course there are exceptions, but they are not so numerous as is sometimes imagined. Certain of our novelists are so often in the public eye that the unthinking will conclude they must be best sellers. There is the case of H. G. Wells, for example. He has frankly admitted that it is his habit to demand for each of his new novels an advance payment rather in excess of what the book is likely to earn. As a matter of fact his average advance payment is one thousand pounds, a sum which represents roughly an edition of twenty thousand copies. Yet it may be doubted whether more than one of Mr. Wells's stories has reached that total. It has been stated lately that a well-known lady novelist still "holds her own" among the chosen favorites, while the truth is that her sales have fallen to zero. It is within my knowledge that whereas it used to be customary for the trade to subscribe twenty thousand copies of a new novel from her pen the orders for her latest story totaled to sixteen copies!

Several recent novels have been forced into circulation by devious methods or by the accident of a kind of secret censorship exercised by the large circulating libraries. The case of the genius of the Isle of Man is too notorious to need comment, but the experience which has befallen William B. Maxwell may not be so familiar to *Argonaut* readers. Mr. Maxwell is the son of the veteran Miss Braddon (Mrs. John Maxwell), and considering his parentage and upbringing few would have expected him to write a suspect novel. Yet his "The Devil's Garden" has been placed on the index by our secret censors of fiction, with the result that it went into its seventh edition within three weeks of publication. The same inevitable effect has followed the banning of several other novels.

Out of the vast flood of fall fiction there are a few novels which have succeeded in keeping themselves above water. Among these may be mentioned Eden Phillpotts's new departure, "The Joy of Youth"; Dolf Wyllarde's richly character-studied "Youth Will Be Served"; Charles Marriott's almost Meredithian "Subsoil"; A. F. Wallis's Elizabethan romance, "Idonia"; and Arnold Bennett's "The Regent." Prompt reviewing and a large amount of space have been the fortune of the new Thomas Hardy volume, even though "A Changed Man" is only a collection of short stories which have already been published serially. When this book was announced it was concluded that Mr. Hardy had repented his vow not to write any more fiction, whereas in truth it is no violation of the resolve he made when disgusted with the reception of "Jude."

As I am writing within twenty days of the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Laurence Sterne it may be noted that up to this date the only notice taken of that impending event consists of an admirable article in the *Edinburgh Review*, the text for which is furnished by Wilbur L. Cross's scholarly edition of Yorick's complete works. That such should be the case is a pertinent illustration of the fact that many of the best editions of English classics now available are those edited by American professors. Not even our Oxford or Cambridge fellows, who have unlimited leisure for kindred tasks and a comfortable income to make them independent of publishers' royalties, have rendered such good service in the editing of the English classics as the professors of American universities. George H. Palmer's definitive edition of George Herbert is a case in point, and Professor Cross's Sterne is a worthy companion. Recent research in connection with the Historical Manuscripts' Commission has brought to light several new letters written by the author of "Tristram Shandy," most of them penned during his tour in France in 1762. One of these shows that he was fond of his glass of wine, for it appears he went to considerable trouble to make the acquaintance of a vineyard owner that he might stock his own and his friends' cellars at the cheapest rate. Another letter gives us a peep of Yorick in the incongruous character of a village parson. He acquitted himself admirably, preaching an extempore sermon that "gave great content to every hearer." Although one of his contemporary rivals, Richardson to-wit, foretold that in a generation "Tristram Shandy" would be entirely forgotten, it is significant of Sterne's persistent fame that no series of reprints is thought complete until that unique novel is included among its volumes.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, November 4, 1913.

A VOLUME OF REMINISCENCES.

Mr. Frederick Townsend Martin Recalls Some Persons and Incidents of His Career.

Mr. Frederick Townsend Martin is to be congratulated on his recognition of the fact that readers of autobiographies are interested in the author, but not in his progenitors. Mr. Martin confines the earlier story of his family to some half-dozen pages and then tells us that he was his parents' sixth child and that he was born on December 6, 1849. His family seems to have been one of unusual harmony, and if his paternal grandmother threw something of a cloud over his earlier years he found full compensation in his mother's mother, who was a charming and luxury-loving old lady. Grandmother Martin, he says, was to him the "Terror that walked by day and by night."

We may pass over many of Mr. Martin's earlier reminiscences, interesting as they are, in order to reach some of those recollections that are concerned with the better known personages of later years. He tells us, for example, of Mme. Melba and of how he taught her to dance the cake-walk. He says they had a regular jolly time and he believes Mme. Melba thoroughly enjoyed herself. She threw herself heart and soul into the fun and soon danced like a past mistress of the art:

I remember seeing her in a more serious mood one Christmas in New York. I was staying at the Plaza Hotel, and as I was passing through the lounge I saw Melba sitting alone. "My dear Mme. Melba, I'd no idea you were in New York," said I.

"Well, I'd rather be anywhere else," she answered, "for I feel dreadfully lonely. I've got to sing to thousands of people who have homes and who are enjoying Christmas, but I'm quite homeless tonight."

I felt sorry, for I could see that she was really miserable, and it was only the promise to dine with my family which prevented my asking Mme. Melba to dine with me. And yet there was a subtle irony in the situation! Here was a great singer fêted and flattered everywhere, and she who had so much, wanted so little—only to be at home on Christmas night!

Mr. Martin has had interviews with three Popes and he tells us of them. He and his brother obtain access to Pius IX through the good offices of Cardinal Antonelli and he says he was struck by the sweet expression of the Pope and that the charm of his manner attracted every one to him:

The Pope was dressed in white with a scarlet hood, and he walked leaning upon a stick. We knelt when he entered, and Cardinal Antonelli stepped forward and announced our names.

"Americans?" inquired the Holy Father with pleased voice, as he came forward and extended his hand for us to kiss. I told him how I had always wished to see him, and Pius replied kindly:

"Well, my son, it gives me great pleasure to welcome you and to give you my blessing." Then, turning to Howard, he said, "Is this your brother?"

The Pope asked us many questions. What did we think of Rome? Had we been happy there? What was New York like? Then he solemnly gave us the blessing of St. Peter and took leave of us, saying as he reached the door: "Au revoir, mes amis."

Leo XIII, says Mr. Martin, was something like Voltaire in appearance. His eyes were full of fine intellect which seemed to triumph over the feeble body. After he said mass he sat in a golden chair and his visitors were presented to him:

The chamberlain conducted me to a cushion close to the papal chair; I knelt down, and Leo XIII looked at me gravely.

"My son, are you of my faith?" he asked.

"No, your holiness," I replied, "I am a Protestant."

"Then why," said the Pope somewhat sternly, "do you seek an interview with me?"

"Your holiness," I answered, "my reason in asking for this interview arose from my wish to receive the blessing of a good man."

His face changed, the severity disappeared, and he smiled kindly.

"My son, I will give you my blessing most willingly, but first I should like to talk to you."

We had a very interesting conversation; the Pope asked me all kinds of questions about America. "I do hope," he said, "that your great nation will spend its time in strengthening itself and refrain from engaging in wars; wars are fatal to the progress of mankind."

As the Pope warmed to his subject he occasionally lapsed from French into Italian, and when the interview was over he said:

"And now, my son, I will give you my blessing." He leant forward as he spoke and kissed my forehead, saying, "May you love God and serve Him," and as I rose and backed to the door he smiled and waved his hand in farewell.

Pius X impressed me by reason of his extreme simplicity. He came unattended, save for the president of the American College, who was there to introduce the Americans who were present.

The Pope looked like a quiet country priest, and when he heard that I had received the blessing of two of his predecessors he said:

"Not only will I bless you on coming this third time to the Vatican, but I will also bless your family in my prayers."

After his last visit to the Vatican Mr. Martin was presented at the court of the Quirinal and had an interesting conversation with Queen Margharita, whom he describes as the most beautiful woman he had ever seen and who spoke English without a trace of accent. It was in Rome, too, that he met Mme. Ristori, whom he visited frequently:

Mme. Ristori told me that once when she was acting in Madrid she was commanded to the royal box as Queen Isabella wished to converse with her.

"The Queen," said Ristori, "was most gracious to me. 'It gives me the greatest pleasure to witness your wonderful acting,' she cried, and then in the true Spanish manner Isabella added, 'My house and all it contains are yours; anything you like to ask is granted.'"

"What request did you make?" said I, much interested.

"I did not hesitate a moment," replied Ristori. "Madame," I said, "if you really wish to give me whatever I ask, may I

beg you to relieve the poor man who is to be garrotted tomorrow morning."

"The queen frowned and hesitated. 'Very well,' she answered, 'your wish is granted.'"

"Isabella kept her promise, and the condemned man was released on the eve of his execution, but I doubt whether he ever knew to whose intercession he owed his life."

I was greatly interested at hearing this human story, and the expression of Ristori's face as she told it to me was a thing to remember.

Mr. Martin met King Edward while he was Prince of Wales, and he tells us that he was better as a listener than as a conversationalist, but what he said was infinitely tactful and sensible. Mr. Martin reminded the prince of his American visit and of some incidents of the occasion:

The prince seemed amused and interested, and he asked me what were my impressions of his visit; we discussed America and the Americans, and I was surprised at his knowledge of many things that had happened on the other side. He bade me good-night with many kind words, and I felt greatly honored, for the late king never cared much for American men. Mrs. Sands once asked him the reason, and received the reply, "They are not adaptable, that's the r-r-reason!" The late king used to tell Miss Alcide de Rothschild that although American women were charming, his one adverse criticism was that they passed judgment upon each other too sharply. "Whenever I ask Consuelo Duchess of Manchester about an American lady," said H. R. H., "I am invariably told, 'Oh, sir, she has no position at home; out there she would be just dirt under our feet.'"

King Edward could be very severe with those who overstepped the rules of etiquette, and Mr. Martin recalls what happened to an American girl who offended him. At a society bazaar the winner of a lucky lottery ticket had the privilege of asking three wishes from the Prince of Wales, and fate favored a young lady from the states:

"What is your first wish?" asked H. R. H.

"Oh, sir, it is to have your photograph."

The prince beamed. "Granted," he said. "And the next?"

"I would like you to bring me the photograph in person."

H. R. H. hesitated, frowned, and recovering from his surprise answered, "That shall be done, now what is the last?"

Never was the truth of the saying so apparent that "Fools



Frederick Chamberlin, author of "The Philippine Problem." Little, Brown & Co.

rush in where angels fear to tread." The young lady disregarded the warning looks from those around her. "The third wish, sir, is that you will present me to the Princess of Wales."

The prince looked at her coldly. "Granted," he said, and walked away without a word. The silly girl realized that she had sinned against society, which never forgives fools. She made a hasty exit, and the waves of the social sea closed over her forever.

There are other stories of the English court and of King Edward, for whom the author seems to have had a great admiration. He spent a week at Cowes as the guest of Viscount de Stern, and among his guests was the Hon. Alexander Yorke, then gentleman-in-waiting to Queen Victoria:

Alec Yorke was a wonderful mimic, and he could imitate Queen Victoria to perfection; his facial resemblance to his royal mistress was positively astounding when he used to twist a dinner-napkin into a cap, and act the queen to life; it was rather disrespectful, but it was certainly very amusing.

One evening I got back late to my host's cottage, and just as I had fallen asleep I was awakened by some gravel being thrown up at my window. I got out of bed, opened the window, and heard Alec say, in disconsolate tones:

"Fred, for goodness' sake let me in, I'm a done man."

I at once went downstairs, unbolted the door, and Yorke appeared, looking the picture of misery.

"What ever is the matter?" I asked.

"There's the devil to pay," he replied gloomily. "I went to a supper party at Lady Mandeville's tonight, and H. R. H. was present. After the supper the prince said to me, 'Oh, Mr. Yorke, will you give us some imitations?' I hear you can take off my mother very well. Please do so."

"Oh, sir, pray excuse me," I begged. "What will the queen say if it gets to her ears? She'll never forgive me." But H. R. H. commanded, and I had to obey.

I said nothing, but from what I knew of the queen's character I entirely sympathized with my friend. Alec, in his anxiety, continued, "The worst of it is that the queen told one of the ladies-in-waiting that she had been informed I could mimic, but that she would never believe I could possibly be so vulgar."

Mr. Martin tells us a good story of Mrs. John Mackay and of her appearance at a Cowes ball. All the women determined to out rival Mrs. Mackay's jewels, and as a result they looked "like the contents of a jeweler's window." When Mrs. Mackay arrived she was dressed entirely in white and without a single jewel, and she naturally made the sensation of the evening. Then we have a story of the late Lady Henry Lennox:

The late Lady Henry Lennox was quite a character. One day, when she was lunching with Viscount de Stern, the conversation turned upon the pleasures of life. Every one present gave his or her idea of what constituted enjoyment; some decreed for balls, others for musicales, and at last

Lady Henry remarked, in her impressive manner, speaking with a slight drawl:

"Oh . . . well . . . for myself I like dinners better than anything else."

"Dinners!" exclaimed her host. "My dear Lady Henry, surely you are not a gourmet!"

"Oh . . . no . . ." drawled the lady; "I like dinners because I know I am certain to have a man on either side of me who can't get away."

Mr. Martin tells us one of the best stories of Monte Carlo that have yet appeared in print. It concerns a friend of his who was walking one day in the Casino Gardens, where he met an old clergyman, accompanied by his three daughters:

The girls were very anxious to inspect the rooms, and after much persuasion their father allowed my friend to take them through. "And remember you are not to play," he added, as a parting injunction.

When the girls arrived their guide turned to them. "Look here," said he, "although you are forbidden to play, I will put on some money for you. What's your age?" he asked the youngest one.

"Seventeen," she answered.

He promptly put a louis on the number seventeen at the roulette table. The little ball fell into the number seventeen, and thirty-five louis were handed to the gambler by proxy.

At the next table my friend turned to the second girl.

"What's yours?" he asked.

"Nineteen," she replied, and nineteen came up.

"Well," said my friend to the third daughter. "Come along, last but not least."

"Twenty-three is mine," she answered demurely.

A louis was put on twenty-three, but unfortunately twenty-six came up. The unlucky third bore her disappointment like a philosopher, and the little party strolled through the grounds, my friend walking ahead with "sweet seventeen."

"If I were to tell this story," said he, "I should be asked if my name was Ananias. Nobody would believe that the numbers of your age and your sister's came as they did, and if your third sister had been lucky I should have been told to lead the story of George Washington and lay it to heart."

"But," replied the youngest of the three graces, "my sister's age did come up."

"Great Scott, it didn't!" exclaimed my friend.

"Hush!" whispered the girl. "Lillie told you wrongly, for she is not twenty-three, but twenty-six!"

The author has something to say about the much discussed international marriage. He tells us that American women influence the social world for many reasons: they are past mistresses of the art of entertaining; they are tactful, adaptive, broad-minded, and they know to a fraction the value of money. They take no chances, their plan of campaign is always swift and effective, and they comprise in themselves the essence of the spirit of modernity. But money, he says, is not always the factor in the case:

The late Duchess of Manchester, Consuelo of immortal memory, was a penniless girl when she married the duke, but wherever she went she attracted rich and poor alike, solely through her fascinating personality. She was a charming woman, and I remember how she used to laugh over incidents in her early married life when she was excessively hard up. Consuelo told me that on one occasion when the late king dined with her, the dinner was practically provided by her friends, who contributed *plats* for the occasion. H. R. H. expressed himself as delighted with the dinner. "And what is more," he added, with a smile, "I know exactly where all the dishes come from, for each lady has sent the one I always like served when I dine at her house."

Mrs. Ronalds was another American woman who may be said to have conquered English society alone and unaided:

Mrs. Ronalds had a most beautiful voice, and the story goes that once her singing so moved a lady from the states that she left her seat and clasped her valuable necklace round the singer's throat, exclaiming as she did so, "Pray, pray accept this as a tribute to your divine voice!"

But with the morning came cold reflection, and the power of song, so potent on the preceding night, no longer beld the impulsive donor in thrall. Sad to relate, she regretted her gift, and at last she decided to go round and see Mrs. Ronalds. The lady wasted no time in beating about the bush. "My dear," she said, "I'm sorry, but I made a mistake in giving you that necklace. Will you return it, and accept the excuse that I was carried away by your exquisite singing?"

"What a pity," answered Mrs. Ronalds, "for the necklace has been carried away, too. It's now in my safe at the bank."

Mr. Martin thinks that Americans owe a great debt of gratitude to the Whitelaw Reids for their entertainments at Dorchester House, but he reserves his highest admiration for Mr. Choate:

I think that Mr. Choate was one of our ablest ambassadors; every one liked him and his dry humor, and I always remember his reply to an affected, talkative woman at a country house. The fair lady was passing him an egg, when suddenly she let it fall. "Oh dear, dear Mr. Choate, I've dropped an egg; whatever shall I do?" she exclaimed.

"Do?" replied Choate, with an impressive expression, "why just start cackling, madam."

Among Mr. Martin's Scotch friends there is mention made of Mrs. Burton, and this gives occasion for another story of King Edward:

Lady Burton is another charming neighbor, and she once told me an amusing incident which occurred when the late King Edward stayed at Glenquoich. "I hope, sir, that you have found everything to your liking?" she said to the royal visitor. "Ycs," answered the king; "but, if I may make a suggestion, one little thing would add greatly to the comfort of your guests."

"Oh, sir . . . what can it be?"

"Well, Lady Burton," said H. M., "the one thing needful is a hook on the bathroom door."

In conclusion Mr. Martin makes a brief reference to his crusade against the idle rich. He felt that he must let a certain selfish section of society know that the wealth that they had inherited could open the gates of untold pleasures to others. He unhesitatingly became, as it were, a traitor to his own class and ranged himself on the side of the poor. He writes a simple and unassuming volume, but one that is as interesting as it is modest.

THINGS I REMEMBER. By Frederick Townsend Martin. New York: John Lane Company; \$3 net.

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Rare old tomes, books of priceless value, paper yellow with age and musty of odor, have been collected by the Philippines Library, which has recently added to its possessions the finest collection of Filipiniana in the world in the purchase of the library of the Compañia General de Tabacos de Filipinas.

Book-lovers were long aware of the fact that, with the exception of the Philippine Library, this collection was the largest compilation of Filipiniana in existence, and the most important of all special collections as far as known. The Philippine legislature with an appropriation of \$100,000, made the purchase possible, and the question of the final location of the treasure has been set at rest forever.

A special delegation, consisting of Dr. James A. Robertson, librarian of the Philippine Library, and Dr. José Espinosa were appointed by the governor-general to go to Spain and take the books over. They recently returned to Manila (says the *Far East*), bringing with them fifty-nine boxes containing the precious volumes.

The history of the Tabacalera Library, which has excited the envy of more than one famous collector, is in the nature of things surrounded with interest. The library was started in 1883 under the direction of Señor Clemente Miralles de Imperial, at that time actively at the head of the company. Its object was purely practical, the books being such as would aid in giving greater commercial knowledge of the Philippines and the other regions in the Orient. Later the director broadened his scope and began to collect old and rare books on the Philippines. In 1895 the company began the collection of documents on the islands which were copied from the originals in the Archives de Indias in Seville. These documents, written by hand, numbering 34,000 double folios, form a most interesting and valuable part of the collection. With the purchase in 1900 of the Rotana collection of 2697 volumes, considered the richest single addition to the Tabacalera Library, the company made its first extensive movement of growth. In 1904 the first large purchases were made from Vindel of Madrid. The library, which embraces about 6000 volumes, not counting copies of documents and periodicals, includes about 5000 titles, and has been gathered from all over western Europe. There are books in Latin and in all the modern European languages except Russian, and a fine collection of Filipino linguistics. Señor Retana in 1906 completed his three-volume catalogue of the Tabacalera Library. In speaking of this publication, Dr. Robertson said: "It forms one of the best sources existing for the study of the bibliography of the Philippine Islands."

The history of the existence of these books is an epitome of modern European colonization, and their journey from the offices of an European commercial company to the library of a colony in the Orient is consonant with the present-day relations existing between the East and the West, for the wealth of the new regions of the Orient is no longer solely exchanged for material commodities from the West.

The sweeping changes of time as illustrated by the presence of these rare old volumes on the modern book stacks in the library in Manila appeals to one powerfully. One thinks of the Filipino student who is interested in the history of his country being able to even see the volume containing the earliest published account of the discovery of the Philippine Islands. This book, the oldest in the Tabacalera collection, is a thin little volume, but one touches it with reverence and something of awe. It is "De Moluccis Insulis," by Maximilianus Transilvanus, published at Cologne in 1523. While showing this rare book, which is elegantly bound in beautifully tooled full levant, Dr. Robertson related the story of how it happened to be written. Maximilianus Transilvanus was in Spain with his tutor when Magellan's good ship *Victoria* returned from the voyage of which Pigafetta wrote, "Of a verity I believe no such voyage will ever be made again." He heard the wonders of the voyage, which was the topic and excitement of the hour, and one can readily understand how this youth of eighteen was stirred and how eagerly he listened to the tales which were told by the much-lauded Elcano and the eighteen men who returned with him. As a Latin exercise he put these stories of strange lands and peoples and wonderful adventures into a connected account. His tutor was so impressed with the effort of the youth that he sent it to the boy's uncle, the Archbishop of Strasburg, who expressed his approval by having it published in Cologne, and this stands as the earliest published account of Magellan's voyage and the first circumnavigation of the globe. Another volume, one of the rarest of Filipiniana, is the "Sucesos de las Islas Filipinas," by Antonio Morga, published in Mexico in 1609. Another is the first printed account of Legaspi's expedition, "Copia de una carta venida de Sevilla," published in Barcelona in 1555. The latter is a unique copy. One shelf that would fill the soul of any book collector with envy is filled with volumes of "Historia de las cosas mas notables, ritos y costumbres del gran reyno de la China," by Juan Gonzalez de Mendoza. Of this book over forty different editions, counting translations into Latin, Italian, French, German, Dutch, and English, have been printed—twenty-seven of which are in this collection.

Most of them were published between 1585 and 1600. It is interesting to take from the shelf one after another of the twenty-seven copies of this celebrated book and note just the date and place of publication. One is forcibly reminded that there were "best sellers" in the sixteenth as well as in the twentieth century. The volumes are not of "uniform size and binding," the appearance of each one is distinctly individual. Even to a layman this is a shelf to linger over.

As a study in book bindings the Tabacalera collection is of value and interest, for the work of the best binders of every country in western Europe is represented. Some of the books are elegantly even, luxuriously bound, and the tooling on some is exquisite, not only on the outside, but on the inside of the cover as well. But the queer old volumes, many so oddly put together and with covers of materials seldom seen today, though less admired, are more fascinating than the beautiful ones to eyes accustomed to the trimness of modern book-bindings.

The Tabacalera Library had been a life-long interest to the Conde de Churrua and he loved the collection with an understanding love, born of a wide knowledge of rare and valuable books as well as a knowledge of modern books of value, for he is a man with scholarly attainments. An interesting and rather pathetic incident is told by Dr. Robertson which reveals something of the affection of the vice director for the library with which he had been intimately associated since his boyhood. At the first interview which Dr. Robertson and Dr. Espinosa had with him he was so overcome with emotion at the thought of giving up the collection that with tears streaming down his face he begged to be excused from discussing the arrangements until another day. Though he recognized that the proper place



Illustration from "The City of Purple Dreams." Browne & Howell Company.

for the library is in the Philippines, still he had seen the collection grow for over a fourth of a century and loved it almost as though it were something human. Parting with it was like parting with a beloved friend or child.

The Philippine Library, formed privately in 1900 as a memorial to American soldiers and sailors who lost their lives in the Philippines, was created by virtue of a law enacted in 1909. It includes all collections of books wherever located that belong to the Insular Government and numbers about 180,000 volumes. It is possibly, with the exception of the library of the Imperial University of Japan, the largest library in the Orient.

The Filipiniana division is the most interesting and the most valuable part of the library. It was begun by former Director of Education Dr. David Barrows, who set aside some books of the Spanish government collection, and added to by the American Circulating Library purchasing some additional works. Its great growth has been since the creation of the Philippine Library. The private collections of Dr. José Rizal, James A. LeRoy, Professor Clemente J. Zuleta, and Dr. T. H. Pardo de Tavera have been purchased, and books from the executive bureau have been transferred to it. In no country in the Orient which is or has been under the influence of Western ideas and thought is there a collection of books pertaining to the history of the country which can in any way compare with the Filipiniana division of the Philippine Library.

In commemoration of the "Battle of Nations," which ended 150 years ago, resulting in the emancipation of Germany, the largest monument in the world has been dedicated at Leipsic to the King of Saxony. Fifteen years of labor were expended on the monument, which cost \$1,000,000.

Articles of clothing from wood fibre are being made in Europe. The material for a suit costs about 50 cents. Clothing made of this material, however, can not be washed.

OLD FAVORITES.

"Ye Mariners of England."

Ye Mariners of England
That guard our native seas!
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe;
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do howl!
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do howl.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do howl!
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do howl.

Britannia needs no hulwarks,
No towers along the steep:
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do howl!
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do howl.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn:
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to howl!
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to howl.

—Thomas Campbell.

Langley Lane.

In all the land, range up, range down,
Is there ever a place so pleasant and sweet
As Langley Lane in London town.
Just out of the hustle of square and street?
Little white cottages, all in a row.
Gardens where hachelor's buttons grow,
Swallows' nests in roof and wall,
And up above the still blue sky
Where the woolly white clouds go sailing by—
I seem to be able to see it all!

For now, in summer, I take my chair,
And sit outside in the sun, and hear
The distant murmur of street and square,
And the swallows and sparrows chirping near;
And Fanny, who lives just over the way,
Comes running many a time each day,
With her little hand's touch so warm and kind;
And I smile and talk, with the sun on my cheek,
And the little live hand seems to stir and speak—
For Fanny is dumb, and I am blind.

Fanny is sweet thirteen, and she
Has fine black ringlets and dark eyes clear;
And I am older by summers three.
Why should we hold one another so dear?
Because she can not utter a word,
Nor hear the music of bee or bird,
The water-cart's splash or the milkman's call;
Because I have never seen the sky,
Nor the little singers that hum and fly,
Yet know she is gazing upon them all.

For the sun is shining, the swallows fly,
The bees and the blue-flies murmur low;
And I hear the water-cart go by,
With its cool splash-splash down the dusty row;
And the little one close at my side perceives
Mine eyes upraised to the cottage eaves,
Where birds are chirping in summer shine,
And I hear, though I can not look; and she,
Though she can not hear, can the singers see—
And the little soft fingers flutter in mine!

Hath not the dear little hand a tongue,
When it stirs on my palm for the love of me?
Do I not know she is pretty and young?
Hath not my soul an eye to see?
'Tis pleasure to make one's homestir,
To wonder how things appear to her,
That I only hear as they pass around;
And as long as we sit in the music and light,
She is happy to keep God's sight,
And I am happy to keep God's sound.

Why, I know her face, though I am blind;
I made it of music long ago—
Strange, large eyes, and dark hair twined
Round the pensive light of a brow of snow;
And when I sit by my little one,
And hold her hand, and talk in the sun,
And hear the music that haunts the place,
I know she is raising her eyes to me,
And guessing how gentle my voice must be,
And seeing the music upon my face.

Though, if ever the Lord should grant me a prayer
(I know the fancy is only vain),
I should pray just once, when the weather is fair,
To see little Fanny and Langley Lane;
Though Fanny, perhaps, would pray to hear
The voice of the friend that she holds so dear.
The song of the birds, the hum of the street—
It is better to be as we have been,
Each keeping up something unheard, unseen,
To make God's heaven more strange and sweet.

Ah, life is pleasant in Langley Lane!
There is always something sweet to hear—
Chirping of birds, or patter of rain,
And Fanny, my little one, always near.
And though I am weakly, and can't live long,
And Fanny, my darling, is far from strong,
And though we can never married be,
What then, since we hold one another so dear
For the sake of the pleasure one can not hear,
And the pleasure that only one can see?

—Robert Buchanan.

POETRY AND DRAMA.

The Fall of Ug.

It would perhaps be ungracious to compare "The Fall of Ug," by Mr. Rufus Steele, with the other Bohemian Club Grove Plays that have preceded it. All have been good. Some have been very good. But at least it is permissible to say that these plays seem to grow better all the time, and since Mr. Steele's



Henry C. Shelley, author of "Shakespeare and Stratford." Little, Brown & Co.

work is the latest among them we may draw our own conclusions as to its quality.

It need hardly be said that Ug is the God of Fear, the last of a fearful hierarchy that has included Set, Moloch, Medusa, Baal, and Kali. Fear has been the world-old despot that needs only to be faced and defied, and so we have the drama of the young prince doomed to die as a sacrifice to Ug, but who is saved by the fairy Trip, who shows him that the terror-god is the creation of man's evil imaginings and therefore harmless and unreal. The idea is worked out not only with a deft dramatic touch that is admirable, but with a poetic imagery that owes its charm and its energy to sincerity of feeling and to conviction. Mr. Steele has proved himself to be a dramatist and a poet.

There are so many fine things in this little drama that examples of good workmanship may be found upon almost every page. If the author can be said to have a favorite among his characters the position is doubt-

less held by the fairy Trip, a melodious little sprite who first discloses to the Prince the nature of Ug's power, which rests only upon man's blindness:

Worse than blind, poor mortal eyes,
Seeing clouds in summer skies;
Seeing ugly and untrue,
Until Beauty hides from view;
Spying woes on ev'ry side
That no flowing tears may hide.
Try your eyes; gaze either way;
See the woodfolk at their play.
Bear with their mischievous plight—
Soft the air Mid-Summer night.
See them skip and romp and prance;
See, they beckon you to dance.

How many golden visions rise
When you never lift your eyes?
How might you behold my face
Where another saw but space
Save that when old Ug appalled
You alone looked up and called?
Great now your reward shall be,
Loosed shall be the mystery;
Swiftly shall you pass the door
Mortal seldom passed before
Mighty, mighty vainly knocks;
Lowly, lowly turns the locks.

Of a different order is "The World Hymn," and of a certain solemn grandeur that must



Francis Fisher Browne, author of "The Every Day Life of Abraham Lincoln." Browne & Howell Company.

have been impressive upon such a stage. We are told that "the chorus is caught up by many unseen choirs in remote places until all the world seems to be voicing its rapture":

The Lord made the earth and the fulness thereof;
By His hands were the deep places laid;

The strength of the mountains the hreath of His mouth;

In His palm are the mighty seas weighed.
He spake and the wilderness wept with new rain;
From the dry ground the water springs came.
He looked on the earth and it trembled with joy;
The hilltops He touched into flame.
Let the floods clap their hands, let the winds shout their praise;

Let the mountains bow low and be furled;
The Lord from His high sanctuary hath come;
His lightning enlighteneth the world.
The gods of the nations are idols of clay;
The sun hath our Lord full arrayed:
The Lord lifts His voice, let the nations be dumb—
"Lo, man in mine image is made;
Dominion be his over earth and himself:
The eyes of his faith none shall bind.
When perfect love casteth out fear from my son
Lo in him be the infinite mind."

It would be pleasant to quote still more fully from a poem that is in every way an inspiring production. Mr. Steele has made a substantial contribution to the literature of California.

THE FALL OF UG. By Rufus Steele. San Francisco: John Howell; \$1 net.

The Drama of Today.

Mr. Charlton Andrews says in his preface that he has attempted to present in small compass accurate general information as to the leaders of the modern stage and their work, and to offer, in passing, some opinions as to the prospects and tendencies of dramatic art in our day.

The programme is a modest one, and it is fulfilled in liberal measure. After defining his terms Mr. Andrews goes on to speak of realism and the "literary" drama, and this is followed by a chapter on the American stage. Another chapter is devoted to the British stage, then one to the Continental, while in a concluding section we have an examination



Charlton Andrews, author of "The Drama of Today." J. B. Lippincott Company.

of probabilities for the future. The author gives us a general survey of the field with well-balanced comments that are unbiased and appreciative.

The author's view is usually an optimistic one. Worthless plays have a certain vogue, but it is only dramatic values that have a real popularity. The public is easily deceived for a time, but it is becoming more critical and discerning. Playwrights are showing a desire to help forward a salutary change and scholarship is being enlisted in the good work. Mr. Andrews reminds us that the drama is eternally a matter of feelings and not of ideas, and that the theatre is not the place for the intellectualist. The play that "makes us think" has probably no dramatic value unless at the same time it arouses a strong and immediate emotional accompaniment.

THE DRAMA OF TODAY. By Charlton Andrews. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

The New American Drama.

We can not be too grateful to Professor Burton for his genial assurances that the American stage is on the upward rather than the downward grade. Vices are always more conspicuous than virtues, and that a certain red light drama is now clamorous for attention should not blind us to the fact that there is a large background of wholesome productions that are more and more distinctively national in their character.

That the author should enter somewhat blithely upon highly contentious suggestions adds to the attractiveness of his book. For example, we may doubt if we are yet ready for the municipal theatre or if the drama can ever come properly within the domain of government. Municipal government is not yet so immaculate that we can look without consternation upon an extension of its powers and opportunities. Here in San Francisco, for example, we can easily imagine an embargo upon any play that was lacking in respect for labor unionism, while we can not help remembering that the British censorship of plays is the continuing source of

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By John Galen Howard \$6.00 net

heart-burnings. It is true that our libraries censor our literature to a certain extent, as the author reminds us, but this is mainly due to the indifference of a public that reads nothing at all. Possibly the best aid that the new drama could receive would be in the shape of the small experimental theatre, where plays could be tried with a minimum of expense. The cost of production is now so great as to necessitate excessive caution, and the only play about which the manager need have no doubt at all is the indecent play. If there were any method of trying a play inexpensively there would be opportunity for many a good drama that now never sees the light at all. But the author may rest assured that he has abundantly succeeded in his effort "to arouse interest and suggest an intelligent attitude." He has done more than this since he has written a book that can be read with delight even by those whose only interest in his topic is a delight in a good play.

THE NEW AMERICAN DRAMA. By Professor Richard Burton. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.25 net.

Brunelleschi.

It is strange that we know so little of Brunelleschi, well described as the "Father of the Renaissance," and whose influence upon the thought of his day should have entitled him to the memory of the world. That this comparative oblivion is not due to a lack of known facts is shown by the approaching appearance of a volume by John Galen Howard, himself an architect of distinction and well qualified by temperament to write the story of a man who was not only an artist but a poet.

Mr. Howard's work is now on the press, and the publisher, Mr. John Howell of San Francisco, has promised its appearance within a few weeks. The book was largely written in Florence and is the outcome of the author's study during many years. It is in metrical form because its conception, we are told, admits of no other treatment. The poem is being printed in red and black on Etruria hand-made paper in the form of a royal octavo set in Caslon type and bound in blue Ancona boards. The edition will be limited to 480 numbered copies. Mr. Howard's work



Helen Keller, author of "Out of the Dark." Doubleday, Page & Co.

promises therefore to be not only a metrical biography and appreciation of a great artist and poet, but also to be something distinctive in the way of book-making. The price will be \$6.

Thousands of American school children are becoming acquainted with the daily lives of their Japanese and Dutch cousins through the story of Taro and Take and Kit and Kat, to be found in "The Japanese Twins" and "The Dutch Twins," recently published by the Houghton Mifflin Company. They are delightfully portrayed in prose and picture by Lucy Fitch Perkins, one of the leading artists of juvenile books in this country. Readers of Japan and Holland testify to the realism of these pictures of foreign life.

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Mr. Paul Elder is to be congratulated upon the most striking volume of the old Spanish Missions of California that has yet been given to the public. Not that Mr. Elder has anything especially new to tell us about these venerable relics of a more beautiful past. Probably there is nothing new to tell. The records have been searched for whatever can throw light upon the missions and their builders, and we know now as much as we are ever likely to know. Therefore Mr. Elder has done well to lay stress upon the pictorial illustrations rather than upon the letterpress. It is true that in the letterpress we have an admirable historical survey that is both accurate and complete, and that is, moreover, faultlessly expressed, but the chief charm of the book is in the photographic illustrations by Western artists. They are very numerous and of the highest order. It is always in the power of pictorial art to give novelty even to the most familiar scenes, and those who think that they are familiar with the California missions would do well to obtain Mr. Elder's book and to see for themselves what art can do to reinforce and to supplement memory. The volume is of large size, exquisitely printed on toned paper, and the illustrations are on detachable sheets. In addition to the full-page plates there are numerous photographic gems used as chapter

headings and inserted in the text, the volume itself being bound in a sort of rough decorative canvas. It would be hard anywhere to find a handsomer volume of its kind or one that it would be such a delight to possess.

THE OLD SPANISH MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA. By Paul Elder. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.; \$3.50 net.

Siam.

So substantial a handbook on the country and people of Siam is an evidence not only of the importance of the subject, but of the interest that it has aroused in the commercial and student mind. The average reader knows of Siam only as a country about which other and less civilized nations are in the habit of quarreling, and therefore we realize with

Renaissance" it will be seen that there is no favoritism of modernity at the expense of antiquity. The book is well written throughout and always with a felicitous choice of topic. The numerous illustrations are good, and some of them are distinct acquisitions.

TWENTY CENTURIES OF PARIS. By Mabel S. C. Smith. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$2 net.

The Chinese.

Professor Joseph King Goodrich has written a good deal about the Chinese, and now he gives us a handbook of 262 pages that seems to be a very satisfactory account of their history as well as their educational, social, and religious customs. For those who want a summarized description of Chinese



Mission San Gabriel. Illustration from "The Old Spanish Missions of California," by Paul Elder. Published by Paul Elder & Co.

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some surprise that it is possible to write about it some six hundred pages of uniform and general interest. The author deals with nearly every aspect of Siamese life, and in such a way as to create a respect for a country of which so little is generally known. The Portuguese, French, Dutch, and English have found Siam of sufficient importance to tempt their aggressiveness, while the many races that make up the people of Siam have kept things lively by their internal quarrels. We note with interest that the Siamese are peculiarly tolerant from the religious point of view, not because they hold lightly to their own faith, but rather because they regard all other religions with such contempt as to waste no efforts in opposition. Mr. Graham has written a book that should not be overlooked at a time when the far corners of the world are being ransacked for purposes of study as well as of commerce.

SIAM: A HANDBOOK OF PRACTICAL, COMMERCIAL, AND POLITICAL INFORMATION. By W. A. Graham, M. R. A. S. Chicago: Browne & Howell Company.

Paris.

It is not easy to write the history of a city without undue inroads upon the history of the country to which it belongs, and this must be especially true of capitals. Paris, for example, is not only Paris; it is also France. It has an individuality of its own and its individuality dominates the nation.

But the author of "Twenty Centuries of Paris" has done her work well, although two thousand years is a long period to be handled in a book of four hundred pages. Paris is practically a prehistoric city. Caesar found it there and called it Lutetia, "a stronghold of the Parisii." An attempt was once made to prove that Paris was named after the Egyptian goddess Isis, but perhaps the evidence was too weak to be entertained, since the author says nothing of it. She divides her volume into twenty-two chapters, and as the twelfth chapter deals with "Paris of the

life that is not merely a digest of what has already been written this little volume is well worth attention.

Perhaps complete justice to the Chinese is not yet to be expected. Certainly it is very seldom found. The temptation to measure their progress by the extent of their approximation to ourselves is nearly irresistible. So, too, is a tendency to certain indiscriminate censure. For example, and as a mark

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of Chinese intolerance, we are told of a Chinaman who failed to secure a civil service appointment by examination because he was known to be a Christian. But what would happen to an American candidate for any public position whatever who was known to be a Buddhist? Elsewhere we find an amused reference to ancestor worship, although there seems to be no substantial difference between ancestor worship and the adoration of saints that may be found throughout Christendom.

"OUR NEIGHBORS" THE CHINESE. By Joseph King Goodrich. Chicago: Browne & Howell Company; \$1.25 net.

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Illustration from "Coast Trails," by J. Smeaton Chose. Houghton Mifflin Company.

them several times that the mass is finished. Armed soldiers are stationed at each corner of the church." Mr. Garnett has rendered a service to California history. His curious little volume should certainly find a place upon every library shelf.

SAN FRANCISCO ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO. Translated from the French of Louis Choris by Porter Garnett. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson; \$1.25 net.

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Illustration from "The Conoe and the Saddle," by Theodore Winthrop. Published by J. H. Williams.

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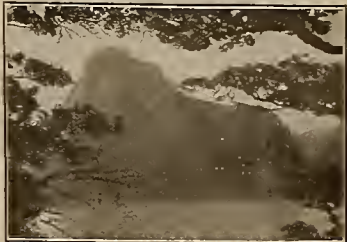


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B. M. Bower, author of "The Gringos." Little, Brown & Co.

write of the days of '49, she seems to have drawn her inspiration from the dime novel rather than from the authentic records that are surely available enough to obviate the necessity of so large an overdraught upon the imagination. San Francisco never presented "the unlovely spectacle of civilized men turned savage." Criminals there were in the early days as there are criminals now, in San Francisco and elsewhere, but San Francisco as a city never presented the "unlovely spectacle" depicted by the author. Nor was San Francisco ever an "ugly moiling centre of savagery," even in the days when the gold fever was at its height.

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powers with regret and exercised them with restraint and justice. But here the committee is represented as a gang of thugs intent only upon their private vengeance and committing wholesale murder with the concomitants of brutal torture. Here, for example, is a paragraph that appears in the third chapter and that is supposed to be typical of vigilante law in San Francisco. Jack Allen is being tried, ostensibly for shooting some thugs on the outskirts of the town, but actually for certain expressions of contempt for the committee. The captain says:

"Gentlemen of the jury, you have heard the evidence, and your duty is plain. We are waiting for the verdict."

The man with the cud looked a question at the captain, turned and glanced down the row at the eleven, who nodded their heads in unanimous approval of his thoughts. He once more shifted the wad of tobacco, as a preliminary to expectorating gravely into the sand floor, and pronounced his sentence with a promptness that savored of relish:

"The verdict of the jury is that we hang



Illustration from "Happy-Go-Lucky," by Ian Hay. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Jack Allen for killin' Texas and Rawhide, and for bein' a mean, ornery cuss, anyway."

No such trial was ever held in San Francisco nor one even remotely resembling it, nor was such a verdict ever delivered. The few men hanged by the vigilantes were criminals of the worst type, who were tried with

AN EDITORIAL FROM COLLIER'S WEEKLY

"Jean-Christophe"

WHEN TOLSTOY DIED, a silence fell. What world voice was there to be waited for? There were dramatists a few and poets who played vigorous airs and plaintive airs. But where was the man to render life largely? Who now could make us say: "There goes my life, with its ups and downs, the tremors of youth, and the disillusion, and the heart of endurance? And there is the total life itself, with its stupidities and injustice, the humiliations that wreck our courage, the sudden sight of beauty on a child's face and on the face of the aged, the recurrent springtime with its lilacs and brave changes." From France the answer comes. ROMAIN ROLLAND has given us "Jean-Christophe." He has given us a man from birth to death, in petty episodes and great moments, in love, work, creation. He has shown us the world of our time—its restlessness, its strange new hopes, its shallow tumult, its reckless progress. He has rendered chance pictures of stupid loyal persons, "just people," the broken, the bitter, the hard-working, the treacherous, the indifferent, the friendly, the folk who go the pilgrimage with us through all the days that make the years.

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an elaborate care and solemnly hanged, and the proceedings in every case are a matter of record. Yet we are told of an oak tree just outside the town and the mounds of fresh turned earth underneath its boughs that represented the wanton murders of the Vigilantes.

But apart from these extraordinary caricatures of early life in San Francisco the story contains much of interest. The description of life on a Spanish rancho is fairly well done, although here, too, we see the marks of a far too exuberant fancy. There is no corner of the world where material for fiction is so plentiful as in California or where the facts are less in need of decoration. The records of the early days are abundant and authentic, and it is therefore a matter for regret that the author did not ascertain those facts rather than calling upon an imagination

ever write a sequel we should like to convey to her the delicate hint that we are more interested in Pippin than in Miss Lawrence, beautiful and good and brave as that young lady is.

PIPPIN. By Evelyn Van Buren. New York: The Century Company; \$1.30 net.

A Little Green World.

Mr. J. E. Buckrose writes one of those pleasant little stories that have no particular plot and that seem like chapters snatched almost at random from inconspicuous lives. Mr. Buckrose is so much of an artist that he can always glorify the commonplace, and he does so here most effectively.

His heroine is Lydia Bell, who goes with her mother to the country when her father fails, and then dies, leaving only a pittance behind him. The charm of the story is in its picture of country life in England, although a romance is ingeniously woven into the fabric. Jack Markham falls in love with Lydia and proposes to her, indifferent to the fact that his engagement to another girl is a matter that is taken for granted by every one. Then when the other girl meets with a disfiguring accident she appeals to Lydia to know whether she is actually engaged to Markham, and Lydia out of pity replies that she is not, and so leaves the injured girl to suppose that the way is open. Then come inevitable complications that work out all right in the end, although it must be admitted that the author, not to speak of Lydia herself, seems to admire Jack Markham rather more than the reader will do. The story is charmingly written, and with that delicate simplicity for which Mr. Buckrose is already known.

A LITTLE GREEN WORLD. By J. E. Buckrose. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25 net.

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Edwin A. Brown, author of "Broke." Browne & Howell Company.

that in this case can never be quite so vivid as the truth.

THE GRINGOS. By B. M. Bower. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Pippin.

This is a refreshing story of an American actress in London and of a little wait who befriends her in her perplexity. Miss Lawrence has come from Goshen, Indiana, to win dramatic fame and laurels, and she finds that the road is a heavy one. At a moment of dire distress she faints in a public park and little Pippin, who has just adroitly picked her pocket, comes to the rescue and virtually adopts her until her luck changes. Pippin not only adopts Miss Lawrence, but she surreptitiously writes to her lover in Indiana and tells him how the land lies.

The story is a simple one, but it shows the art of the story-teller in a very high form. A London street thief is not promising material, and she becomes even less promising when we find that she has a tendency to excessive drinking. None the less Pippin is the heroine of the novel, and if the author should

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FICTION.

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A merciful Providence, through the agency of a publishers' note, prevents us from asserting that this story, ostensibly by "Jane Bunker," was actually written by Mrs. Rinehart. The assertion would certainly have been made but for the intervention of the aforesaid note. We may now congratulate ourselves on the possession of two woman writers whose humor bubbles up on every page and who captivate us not only by the originality of their conceptions, but by an inimitable manner of presentation.

"Diamond Cut Diamond" is a story of a set of matched diamonds that are stolen in Europe, carried across the Atlantic, secreted for safety in the baggage of an innocent stranger, and that are ultimately restored to their owner. But it really does not matter very much what the story is about. Any story told by "Jane Bunker" would produce, not only smiles, but the habit of smiles. Her humor is of the genuine kind, that is to say not of the kind that ever degenerates into buffoonery or that depends in the least upon farce, expletives, or dialect. Therefore there is no need to sketch the plot of "Diamond Cut Diamond," good as the plot is. It is not the narrative that we are so much concerned with as the manner of telling, and the manner of telling need fear no comparison with anything that has been written for ten years.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND. By Jane Bunker. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.25 net.

The Will to Live.

To give free play to the imagination is often laudable, but even the imagination should be restrained before it becomes riotous. That there was ever such a heroine as is here depicted is very much open to doubt. We may also question if so many characters were ever before compelled to do so many impossible things or to enter into such almost unthinkable relationships.

The heroine is the granddaughter of a French peasant woman who once lived with a medical student and who left him as soon as she realized that she would ruin his career. When

the student is grown up and married he meets his former mistress and she entrusts him with the care of the child, although we are not told exactly how he explained the little matter to his wife. When the child grows up she innocently drives her protector to suicide by seeming to believe that he was



Illustration from "Yankee Swanson," by Captain A. W. Nelson. Sturgis & Walton Company.

guilty of arson for the sake of the insurance money, and so she goes out into the world and begins a career of adventure unheard of before even in the licensed pages of fiction. There are lovers and murders and psychic influences, amazing relationships, and still more amazing characters until we seem to be living

in the mingled atmospheres of fairyland and a lunatic asylum. That the heroine has "the will to live" is certainly fortunate, for certainly she could hardly have lived without it, and in unusual quantities.

It is hard to account for a book so finely written and so full of impossibilities. It seems to contain no single character that is in the least like a human being, and yet the care and skill with which it is written must be indicative of a purpose. Possibly the author intended to depict the power to suffer that is "enjoyed" by the average woman. Upon that point it might be unbecoming to speak, but since most of the suffering is due to the men of the story—it usually is, we shall be told—it may be permissible to say that there never were such men as these.

THE WILL TO LIVE. By M. P. Willcocks. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.35.

The Eye of Dread.

So good a story deserves a better title. It is a story of Wisconsin during and after the war. We have a typical picture of life in a small town and of two young men who are cousins and sworn companions, but who find after their return from the last campaign that they are both in love with the same girl. And to make matters worse pretty little Betty has already given her promise to Peter, not realizing that her love was really for Richard. Then comes the sudden disappearance of both the boys, but with the telltale evidence of a murderous fight and a fatal fall over the cliff, and so it is taken for granted that Richard has murdered his cousin and fled.

It is a long story of over five hundred pages. Perhaps it might have been compressed with advantage, but not a single page is wearisome. No clairvoyance is needed to foresee that actually no murder has been committed except in intent, and that "the eye of dread" has no justification for being there at all. The scene shifts to the Far West and we have a glimpse of the building of the Union Pacific Railroad, of San Francisco, and of a gold mine in the mountain side. Slowly the threads are drawn together, as we knew they must be, and everything ends in the approved way. The author has already two or

three good stories to his credit, and they are deservedly popular for their careful workmanship and for a successful characterization, especially of female characters, that owes everything to a felicitous combination of imagination and intelligence.

THE EYE OF DREAD. By Payne Erskine. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.35 net.

The Thirteenth Juror.

This is the story of a lawsuit in a country town, and it might be the story of almost any lawsuit in almost any town, country or otherwise. There is the wretched suitor whose cause is rapidly becoming his life task and



Illustration from "Letters and Recollections of Alexander Agassiz," by George R. Agassiz. Houghton Mifflin Company.

driving him to insanity. There is the judge who means to be honest and who thinks he is honest, but whose eye is fixed steadily upon his chances of reelection, and there is the lawyer from the city who has won a reputation for his skill in raising technical difficulties, and creating delays. The story is admirably told and with much local color cleverly applied. It comes out right in the end, but it is depressing reading with a recollection of the innumerable cases in which such stories do not come out right in the end.

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Joan Thursday.

Louis Joseph Vance has written a story that proves his versatility and that will add to his reputation. In some respects "Joan Thursday" reminds us of Frank Danby's "The Heart of a Child," although the traits of his heroine are far less admirable, and his conclusion has a note of tragedy that might advantageously have been avoided.

Joan is a New York shoppgirl who is driven by underpay and a wretched home to seek employment on the stage. Failing to find the friends upon whose aid she had counted, and almost penniless, she excites the sympathy of John Matthias, a young play writer, who chivalrously gives up to her his room and finds refuge for himself in a neighboring hotel. An acquaintance thus begun ripens on the girl's part into love, and when Joan in a sort of primitive way declares her passion and practically offers herself to Matthias he responds with a proposal of marriage. Matthias himself has just been badly jilted, and perhaps this explains a certain rapidity on his part, which certainly needs explanation. When Matthias is compelled to make a business trip to the West he arranges to make Joan an allowance in order that she may be under no necessity to find employment, and he naturally stipulates that she shall give up her stage ambitions. Joan consents, but no sooner does she find herself once more alone than the stage fever comes over her again and she deliberately throws Matthias overboard and accepts an engagement.

Mr. Vance certainly knows something of the vicissitudes that await the girl without experience, and without the money that helps to its acquisition. We are shown every step of the dangerous path to success, the slow

nishes the money for the European trip. A lesser writer would have exaggerated the contrast between the simplicities and economies of American country life and the extravagant contrasts of London, but there is no exaggeration here. The picture is true and sweet and delicate in every line. Particularly fine is the description of the friendship between Anthony and Lord Raleigh, who recognizes a kindred spirit in the fine old gentleman who makes shoes for a living. Indeed the story contains two or three un-



Illustration from "Ring for Noney," by Ford Madox Hueffer. Bobbs-Merrill Company.

forgettable characters, unforgettable for their goodness and not for their eccentricity.

THE TASTE OF APPLES. By Jennette Lec. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Marama.

The fate of the half-breed has been a favorite topic with the novelist, and certainly it is often tragic enough, especially in India, to afford full scope to the imagination. But Ralph Stock has chosen Fiji for his scene. He introduces us to Marama in her English boarding school just as she receives a summons to return to her father and her island home. Marama is in blissful unconsciousness that her mother was a native and that her father is a drunkard living in filth and degradation, but she discovers these facts as soon as she lands, and also the further fact that her status is henceforth that of the colored islanders. The story itself is told with much power and pathos, but perhaps an equal interest is to be found in the description of island life, which is vivid and novel.

MARAMA. By Ralph Stock. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.25 net.

The Honorable Senator Sage-Brush.

What may be called the novels of political reform have hitherto been marked by a certain tiresome repetition of ideas without any basis in fact. We have had incredibly wicked politicians and incredibly pure young reformers, and the latter have usually been more or less beguiled and fascinated by the incredibly beautiful daughters of the former. It takes imagination and even poetry to recog-



Illustration from "The Ripple," by Miriam Alexander. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

nize what has been called the incurable goodness of bad men, and the political reform novelist is usually so hallasted with enthusiasm as to exclude other cargo.

But in this case we have a reversal of the customary procedure. When Evan Blount returns to his home town he endeavors to apply the ideas of political purity that he has absorbed at college, and so he finds himself at variance with his father, who is the political boss of the state. If the father had condescended to explain things to his son everything would have been all right, but probably the senator thought that his son was an ass

who had better go his own way. As a matter of fact the boss and the machine alike are working for reform, and the boy is left to discover this for himself.

All the characters are subsidiary to that of the old boss, whose shrewdness and intelligence are admirably drawn. It is a robust and wholesome story and to be recommended to those who conceive of the world of politics as a struggle between saints and devils.

THE HONORABLE SENATOR SAGE-BRUSH. By Francis Lynde. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.35 net.

The Isle of Life.

This new story by Stephen French Whitman will probably not be one of the best sellers, but for artistry its place is among the three or four notable novels of the year. Mr. Whitman lays his scene in Italy, but his characters are cosmopolitan and of the literary, artistic, and dilettante kind that form the upper circles of Roman society. Chief among the men is Sebastian Maure, wealthy, cultured, profligate, and decadent, and his antithesis in every respect is Ghirlaine Bellamy, the American girl who loathes Sebastian instinctively and shuns and repulses him upon every occasion.

Sebastian naturally resolves to conquer the frigid beauty who so disdains him, and his first advances are of the ordinarily evil sort that is hidden behind the veneer that is the chief weapon of such as he. When Ghirlaine suddenly leaves Rome she finds to her consternation that Sebastian has taken passage on the same steamer and is resolved at all costs to get her in his power. By a desperate manoeuvre he abducts the girl and lands her on the Island of Toregianta, known to the

ancients as "The Isle of Life." Communication with the mainland is very uncertain and the inhabitants almost barbarous, so the now desperate Sebastian believes that his triumph is in sight.

The heart of the story may be said to consist of the redemption of Sebastian. Cholera breaks out among the fishing population of the island and Sebastian in a sort of cynical bravado sets himself to the work of rescue. The superstitious opposition of the people arouses in him the fighting spirit, and we soon find him playing the combined rôles of hoard of health, physician, hygienist, and nurse. He works with an unsleeping fury of resolution, organizing, directing, and dominating everything, repelling the attacks upon his life and imposing his own fierce will upon the ignorances and credulities of the people around him. It is extraordinarily well told, one of the most vivid and startling portrayals of human character and of its unsuspected capacities that has been written for a long time. There is no unreal or sickly picture of repentance or conversion. It is not a reversal of character, but its unfoldment. Sebastian accepts the challenge of the cholera as he has accepted all challenges at all times, and the struggle merely diverts the extraordinary forces of his nature into new channels of service for others instead of for himself. Mr. Whitman is to be congratulated on a story that contains no flaws and that is a piece of striking literary art.

THE ISLE OF LIFE. By Stephen French Whitman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.35 net.

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Louis Joseph Vance, author of "Joan Thursday." Little, Brown & Co.

dawning of the dramatic instinct, and the price that beauty is inevitably called upon to pay to those who are in a position to exact it. Regrettably we discover that Joan has no moral instinct. Joan's virtue is a matter of self-preservation, a something that can always be given for value received, but the value must be substantial enough. She gives it willingly for advancement in her profession. Once she gives it in response to a sort of maternal instinct for a youth who tells her that he can not live without her:

Almost unconsciously, she lifted her arms and clasped them round his neck, drawing his face to hers.

"You poor kid," she murmured fondly, her eyes closed. "You poor kid."

Mr. Vance has created a character whose goodness is represented by a certain camaraderie, and whose badness consists of a complete unconsciousness of a moral law or of any restraints except those of self-interest. It is a fascinating study of a type that is perhaps more common than we suppose and of certain characteristics that may lie hidden, unless called into visible play by the desperations of penury. The story would have been more artistic if Joan's hard and callous ambitions had been less successful. It is just these ambitions that are successful in real life, but we expect that the novelist will change all that for us and show us something that shall be more in accord with our ideals.

JOAN THURSDAY. By Louis Joseph Vance. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.30 net.

The Taste of Apples.

Jennette Lec needs no recommendation as a writer of artistic stories that depend more upon their power of characterization than upon their narrative. In her latest book she describes the adventures in London of an old New England couple, Anthony Wickham and his wife. Wickham is a shoemaker, one of those gentle and philosophic souls in whose presence we like to believe, but that we so rarely meet. The old couple have a son who has made money in New York and who fur-

ART LITERATURE AND MUSIC.

The Piano.

The piano is now so common—too common, perhaps—that it is hard to realize that it had to fight for recognition. Ellye Howell Glover in her fine little history of the piano tells us of a musical critic somewhere about the year 1760 who said, "The piano is so deficient in its shadings and minor attractions, it is adapted only for concerts and chamber music." The same critic added, "In order to judge a virtuoso one must listen to him while at the clavichord, not while at the piano or harpsichord." In 1767 an old English play bill of the Covent Garden Theatre announced that a certain singer would be accompanied by "a new instrument" called the pianoforte. The author is to be congratulated on a sincere and unpretentious little work that is full of valuable musical information about the piano and that is entirely readable.

HOW THE PIANO CAME TO BE. By Ellye Howell Glover. Chicago: Browne & Howell Company; 50 cents net.

Joyous Gard.

There is much of a muchness about Mr. Benson's hooks, and we may suspect that most



Illustration from "Threads of Grey and Gold," by Myrtle Reed. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

of his charm is to be found, not in the things that he says, but in the graceful way he says them. "Joyous Gard" is intended to indicate—what surely we all know already—that there are quiet and secret places in the mind to which we can always retire from the stresses of life and that we can furnish with all sorts of beautiful and restful things in the way of memories, retrospects, visions, hopes, and sympathies. Hundreds of others have said the same thing, and it is a thing that hardly needs to be said at all, but we may suppose that there are readers in plenty for Mr. Benson's gentle and inoffensive egotisms and that he persuades a great many people that he has something in the way of a revelation for them.

Of course there is no revelation. Mr. Benson has a way of propounding the great problems of life and then solving them with a mellifluous nothing. For example, he asks, "What, then, is one horn for?" And he tells us that we must live fully and ardently, and that we must rise as often as we can into serene ardor and deep hopefulness. But surely these are mere pious wordings with no comprehensible meaning behind them. They may satisfy the vague cerebrations that we dignify by the name of thought, but they do no more than this.

But it would be ungracious to criticize. There seems to be a large audience anxious to know everything that has ever happened in Mr. Benson's internal life, to note every fluctuation and change that he records with so graceful a precision. We have all had very much the same experiences and thought very much the same thoughts, and perhaps some of the author's popularity is due to his skill in dealing with the universal.

JOYOUS GARD. By Arthur Christopher Benson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.

The Publisher.

There is a certain grim satisfaction in getting a publisher into the witness box, even though he be a voluntary victim and beyond the reach of cross-examination. In this case the witness is Mr. Robert Sterling Yard, who has forgotten more about publishing than most people are ever likely to know, and who now lifts the veil and allows us to glance at some of the trade secrets of his profession. First of all he asks if publishing is actually "the worst business in the world," and he seems to think that it is, except to the man who is born to it and for whom it is the only business in the world that is worth while. Then Mr. Yard tells us what it is that makes a book sell. The answer seems fairly simple except to the unsuccessful author. First of

all is the book itself. It must be a book that says a hundred thousand people want to buy. No one can say quite why they want to buy it, but they do. Secondly it must be a book that excites the enthusiasm of the publisher, which will express itself through every part of his publishing mechanism. And thirdly it must be scientifically, though not necessarily voluminously, advertised.

There are other sections of Mr. Yard's hook that are worth reading. He tells us something of the finance of a publishing house, and the margins of profit and loss that must be so anxiously considered. The publisher is a merchant and he must buy and sell according to the market, and his profits, when there are any, are very small. A paragraph from Mr. Yard's last page is worth reproduction and it will prove a surprise to many. He says: "If I should tell you that your favorite novelist has to write short stories, and sell at least one a month to the magazines in order to average thirty-five hundred dollars a year, you would be surprised. There are not many who do so well as that, year in, year out, notwithstanding an occasional lucrative hit. . . . And yet your novelist will make two or three times out of a hook what his publisher does; and many, many times his publisher actually loses money." And finally Mr. Yard quotes with approval from Charles Scribner, who said to him, "Publishing is neither a business nor a profession. It is a career."

THE PUBLISHER. By Robert Sterling Yard. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.

Pastimes.

Most of us are content to play games without much knowledge of their history, and it is surprising to learn from Mr. Monckton how interesting that history may be. For example, he tells us that chess was favored by the early Buddhist monks because it allowed a harmless gratification of the pugnacious instincts of humanity. Also we are told of the many changes and developments of the game in the course of centuries. A chapter of some real importance is devoted to the identity of chess and playing cards, although we may be disposed to doubt if they had a military origin, as the author seems to suppose. Other interesting chapters are on golf, cricket, lawn tennis, billiards, and croquet.

PASTIMES IN TIMES PAST. By O. Paul Monckton. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50 net.

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Illustration from "The Honourable Mr. Tawnish," by Jeffery Farnol. Little, Brown & Co.

lected as to represent the widest possible range of national life. Thus we have stories of the Civil War, of the Revolution, of pirates, forest fires, tornados, and Indians. Mr. Booth has confined his work to the simplification, condensation, and clarification of each narrative. Where an adventurer tells his own story his words have been followed as closely as possible, and in no case has the narrative been materially changed. The stories are all of the best kind and well calculated not only to interest but to give a competent idea of various phases of the national life in the past.

WONDERFUL ESCAPES BY AMERICANS. Arranged and edited by William Stone Booth. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Much fresh and unhackneyed material is found in Miss Coe's "Second Book of Stories for the Story-Teller," recently published by the Houghton Mifflin Company. A large number of the stories in this little volume have been chosen for their moral value and many are drawn from real life.

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Illustration from "Field Days in California," by Bradford Torrey. Houghton Mifflin Company.

that anything has gone amiss or that there can be any cause for sorrow in orderly events. The child that cries over a broken toy is doing on a small scale what its elders do on a slightly larger scale when confronted with hereafter. Both are lacking in a proper time perspective, in a proper standard of values, by which the true import of events is to be measured. Mr. Hall's little book is to be commended as a suggestive effort to rectify the vision that has been obscured by griefs.

THE MASTERY OF GRIEF. By Bolton Hall. New York: Henry Holt & Co.: \$1 net.

The Missions of California.

Those who wish for a succinct account of the California missions can hardly do better than consult this new volume by George Wharton James. The author modestly disclaims any pretension to novelty of historical research or scholarship. His aim is to provide a work that shall satisfy the curiosity of the intelligent visitor and also to link the history of the California missions with that of the other missions founded elsewhere in the country during the same period of religious activity.

That there were other missions antedating those founded in California is not universally known, or at least remembered, and here Mr. James has done a useful work. The Jesuits had founded no less than fourteen of these establishments in Lower California and conducted them until 1767, when the Order of Expulsion of Carlos III drove them into exile.



Illustration from "Siám," by W. A. Graham. Broune & Howell Company.

The northern missions resulted from the subsequent order of the Spanish king that the Indians thus deprived of their Jesuit friends should still be cared for, and this work was confided to Don José Galvez, who enlisted the aid of Padre Junipero Serra.

Mr. James has done a competent piece of work. He has produced just such a book as the tourist will find most useful, a book well calculated to present the charms of the old missions to those who are qualified to appreciate those charms.

THE OLD FRANCISCAN MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA. By George Wharton James. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.: \$1.50 net.

Roads from Rome.

This is a series of well-written narrative sketches intended to show that "the men and women of ancient Rome were like ourselves," a demonstration not wholly unneeded at a time when self-complacency was never less

justified. The author explains that a secondary purpose is to suggest Roman conditions as they may have affected or appeared to men of letters in successive epochs from the last years of the republic to the Antonine period. Three of the six sketches are concerned with the "Age of Augustus." One is laid in the years immediately preceding the death of Julius Caesar, and one in the time of Pliny and Trajan. The author is already well known for her studies of antiquity. The little volume that she now gives to us is pleasingly designed and executed.

ROADS FROM ROME. By Anne C. E. Allinson. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

Immortality

In this volume we have a presentation by a scholar and a thinker of some of the problems of immortality. Mr. Fosdick's purpose is first to show that the inquiry is one of importance, since action is inevitably influenced by belief. He then goes on to examine the objections usually urged against immortality and to demonstrate their inconclusive nature. Finally we are given an array of the positive reasons for an assurance that death does not end all.

The author has done his work well. He has produced a book worthy of intelligent attention and one that bears every mark of scholarship and reflection. Especially cogent is his argument that mind is not a product of brain, but that brain is a product of mind, that the mind is slowly fashioning the brain into a medium for its expression. Dr. Fosdick appeals to reason and never to superstition, and he presents a case of compelling force.

THE ASSURANCE OF IMMORTALITY. By Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1 net.

William Morris.

It is well that we should have so vigorous a biography of William Morris as is given to



Rose Cullen Bryant, author of "Ruth Anne," J. B. Lippincott Company.

us in this "study in personality" by Mr. Arthur Compton-Rickett. There are some biographies that succeed in telling us everything that a man did, but that fail to tell us what he was. Mr. Compton-Rickett gives us a living, breathing picture of his hero. We seem to become intimately acquainted with a personality of enormous force, generous, impulsive, impetuous, and passionate, admiring whatever was practical, impatient and contemptuous of whatever seemed to him to be theoretical or subjective. Morris's conception of workmanship was to do the thing with his own hands and to get gloriously dirty in the doing of it. Not soon shall we forget the picture of the Morris studio and the volcanic kindly human force that animated it.

Perhaps the author is not quite so happy in his estimate of Morris as artist and poet. But we can do this for ourselves according to our individual standards. What we can not do the author has done admirably for us, and that is to reconstruct a personality of extraordinary human interest and one that left an ineffaceable mark upon the thought of the day.

WILLIAM MORRIS. By Arthur Compton-Rickett. With an introduction by R. B. Cunningham Gramham. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50 net.

The Business of Life.

This new story by Mr. Chambers is distinctly above what may be called the haser examples of his art, and of which we have had far too many. It is uniformly clever, the colloquy has the scintillating qualities to which we are used, and the only defects are an excessive length and the persistently low moral tone on which the story is built. Presumably Mr. Chambers is aware that there are good people in the world, but apparently he does not think that they make good "copy." Or possibly he thinks that the amount of goodness in the world is so small

that it should be used by the novelist with a frugal care.

Of course the hero belongs to the idle class, and we are not surprised to find the usual married woman who is intent upon his subjugation. There is also the beautiful maiden who knows everything that is to be known about antiques and who eventually convinces the hero of her desirability as a partner in more senses than one. If the author had been less determined to write five hundred pages he could have finished his story advantageously in very much less space. As it is he pads it to the required length with long discussions of porcelains and antiquities and the frivolities of society until we feel rather bored. But no doubt it will all be read with avidity by the increasingly large number of people whose ideal of life is idleness, wealth, and pretty women.

THE BUSINESS OF LIFE. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.40 net.

Charles Gordon Ames

This "spiritual autobiography" will be read with special interest in California, where Mr. Ames is well known through his connection with a San Jose pastorate. He was one of the few ministers whose influence was widespread and whose words were received with unfeigned respect far beyond the limits of his church.

Mr. Ames was ordained as a Free Baptist minister in 1849 and spent a year or two in wandering preaching until 1851, when he went to Minnesota as a missionary. Here his

views changed and he left the ministry, but entered it as a Unitarian and spent the rest of his life in various pastorates, including Santa Cruz and San Jose. He died in 1912 at the age of eighty-three and a half. Mr. Ames tells his story with unaffected simplicity and charm.

CHARLES GORDON AMES. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

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The publishers are to be congratulated on supplying a distinct want by this fine complete edition of the poems and ballads of Robert Louis Stevenson. It is almost a revelation to find how substantial a volume it makes. We have 367 pages of comfortable but not large type, composed of "A Child's Garden of Verses," "Underwoods," "Poems Posthumously Published," and "Ballads," preceded by a fine portrait frontispiece. The legion of Stevenson lovers will welcome so fine and so worthy an addition to the poetry shelves of their libraries.

THE POEMS AND BALLADS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2 net.

"The Letters, Speeches, and Correspondence of Carl Schurz" are presented in a volume edited by Frederic Bancroft and published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. A number of the letters are produced for the first time. This work has been prepared for publication under the general direction of the Carl Schurz Memorial Committee, which was constituted in 1906.

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WAR AND WASTE. By David Starr Jordan. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.25 net.

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Illustration from "The Unafraid," by Eleanor M. Ingram. J. B. Lippincott Company.

no special interest because of her sex. The woman in science has arrived and doubtless she will arrive in greater numbers than ever during the years that are immediately ahead of us.

Dr. Mozans tells us that he found his task a large one. The largeness of the task should have satisfied him that it was unnecessary. The vista broadened out as he advanced, and he might easily have written half a dozen books as large as this one. The idea first came to him when "the sun, leaving a gorgeous afterglow, had about an hour before disappeared behind the azure-veiled mountains of Ithaca, where, in the long ago, lived and loved the hero and the heroine of the incomparable Odyssey." But where, he asks, was the shade of Aspasia, the wife of Pericles and the inspirer of the noblest minds of the Golden Age of Grecian civilization? The question seems to have remained



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unanswered, but it started a train of reflections that have culminated in the present substantial volume.

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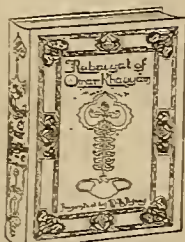
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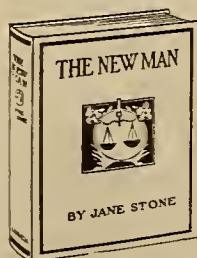
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The author wisely adopts the plan of treating each country separately. He shows us the factors that are for and against trade in each case, and the part that is played by individual character and commercial instinct. He leaves upon the mind the general impression that the trade of a country is governed more by the good sense of its merchants than by what are ordinarily called trade opportunities, and that it is the personal equation that controls the results. Mr. Whelpley's book is not only extraordinarily interesting, but extraordinarily valuable because of this psychological emphasis with its wide range of application.

THE TRADE OF THE WORLD. By James Davenport Whelpley. New York: The Century Company; \$2 net.

American Ideals.

This volume is made up of addresses delivered by Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie before various associations and universities in Japan on the occasion of his recent visit to that country. Mr. Mabie's object is clear and laudable. Such friction as may exist between America and Japan can be removed



A. Henry Savage-Landor, author of "Across Unknown South America." Little, Brown & Co.

only by a clearer idea of the histories, national ideas, and ambitions of the two countries, and to such an end there could be no better road than an exchange of public men qualified to speak nationally and with restraint and conciliation. The task was by no means an easy one, seeing that the differences are racial and fundamental, but those who read Mr. Mabie's book will hardly fail to admire the skill and the sincerity with which it has been accomplished.

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Illustration from "Cathedrals and Cloisters of Northern France," by Elise Whitlock Rose. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

he found in books of this kind, and even though we may prefer the more conventional systems of healing we shall still find that Mr. Patterson has much to say of an unquestionable value and inspiration.

IN THE SUNLIGHT OF HEALTH. By Charles Brodie Patterson. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$1.20 net.

The American Book Company has published "Cà et Là en France," otherwise entitled "Paris et à travers la France en automobile," par J. Grant Cramer, A. B., M. A. (45 cents). Intended for juvenile reading, the book is suitable for school purposes and contains a vocabulary and a map.

Published by LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Boston. At all Booksellers

SOCIAL SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

Social Révolutions.

It is to be feared that Mr. Brooks Adams is not to be numbered among those who predict comfortable things. At a time when most men are busily estimating the speed of our "progress" Mr. Adams tries to show us that the social system is actually disintegrating before our eyes and that we are menaced by a recurrence of those great upheavals which seem to be nature's way of showing that she is tired of a moral inactivity.

The author seems to think that Mr. Roosevelt is the personification of these forces of disintegration, and that his attack upon the courts is not a mere expression of petulance, but a part of an elaborated scheme that may be described as revolutionary. The courts stood in his way, and therefore the courts must go. But Mr. Roosevelt's audiences have been emotional and discursive "even for a



Grover Cleveland, author of "Religion in Social Action." Dodd, Mead & Co.

modern American audience." His party has consisted mainly of "philanthropists and women who could hardly conceivably form a party to aid him in establishing a vigorous, consolidated, administrative system." None the less it indicates a social incoherence that is ominous in the extreme.

The author seems to suggest that an attack upon the courts is an almost inevitable prelude to revolution and then to the cruder forms of tyranny. France, for example, has seen many governmental changes since the revolution, but the social equilibrium has been stable, and the chief reason of this stability has been "the organization of the courts upon rational and conservative principles." Elsewhere we are told that "a political court is not properly a court at all, but an administrative board whose function is to work the will of the dominant faction for the time being. Thus a political court becomes the most formidable of all engines for the destruction of its creators the instant the social



Fyodor Dostoevsky, author of "The Idiot." Moccimillon Company.

equilibrium shifts." The same truth is voiced still more insistently a few pages further on. Speaking once more of the political court, the author says: "It is an administrative board of control which is useful or may be even essential to the success of a dominant faction, and the instinctive comprehension which the American people have of this truth is demonstrated by the determination with which they have for many years sought to impose the will of the majority upon the judiciary. Other means failing to meet their expectations, they have now hit on the recall, which is as revolutionary in essence as were the methods used during the Terror. Courts, from the Supreme Court downwards, if purged by recall, or a process tantamount to recall, will, under proper stress, work as surely

for a required purpose as did the tribunal supervised by Fouquier-Tinville."

The actual value of this remarkable work with its many citations of historical precedents must be left for the determination of the individual reader, who will probably be guided by his predilections. But there will be many who, with the author, will be disposed to see a certain handwriting upon the wall that it would be folly to disregard.

THE THEORY OF SOCIAL REVOLUTIONS. By Brooks Adams. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

The Religious Revolution.

This volume consists of the William Brewster Clark Memorial Lectures delivered in 1913 by Dr. James T. Shotwell, Ph. D. Without pausing overlong to demonstrate the fact of a religious revolution the author assumes that there is such a revolution and proceeds to ask its cause and its probable goal.

The author's conclusions will be acceptable or otherwise to the reader in accordance with his own individual religious standpoint. Certainly we feel some dismay at an assertion that "the thrill from the mysterious" is the first phenomenon of religion and that the emotions were then awakened by this thrill—and there you are, so to speak. The fact that the primitive mind animizes nature is hardly sufficient to explain the phenomena of religion unless it is first established that we have inherited religion from the primitive mind, a highly disputable point. We have at least an equal justification for belief in a revelation by superhuman beings, perhaps one of those beings in whom Professor Huxley expressed his belief whose intelligence must be as much superior to ours as ours is superior to that of a black beetle. The vast question of the origin of religion is



Illustration from "Peg o' My Heart," by J. H. Monners. Dodd, Mead & Co.

not to be settled by a casual finger pointed toward a fetish worshiper or a medicine man. Nor may we be disposed to look upon science as necessarily the enemy of superhuman religion, which is not the same thing as supernatural religion, since it is conceivable that even superhuman religion may be brought within the domain of knowledge and research. Indeed we seem to see the process going on.

THE RELIGIOUS REVOLUTION OF TODAY. By James T. Shotwell, Ph. D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.10 net.

Christianity and Life.

Mr. Charles Henry Dickinson explains that the object of his book is the spiritualizing of the social passion. Obviously it becomes important to know what he means by spirit and spirituality, and here we find at once a certain obscurity perhaps inevitable to the inquiry. It may be that the terms are not definable by a language designed for lower rather than higher things and that we must rely rather upon intuition than upon intellect. Spirituality, we are told, delights in the accordances of things wherein it seeks the vital intensity and harmony of its own unfoldings. The world which is transcended by spirit is actually within us, and so the conflict becomes an interior strife for accordance and harmony. The idea is a suggestive one because it indicates an individual effort which must react upon the social organization. Without seeking unduly for a paraphrase it might be said that the world will be conquered only by the united efforts of those who have first conquered themselves. We may be grateful to the author for many

other striking clarifications of our vision. He tells us, for example, that our civilization is not the result of our Christianity and that it would better become the missionary to disavow civilization with its oppressions and abominations rather than to hold out civilization as a goal to be attained through religion. Civilization is the result of Hellenic-Roman social forces. Christianity is in a sense a



Florence L. Barclay, author of "The Broken Halo." G. P. Putnam's Sons.

conflicted energy from the outside and the two must be reconciled if society is to be reconstructed. Equally suggestive is the remark that "it is a frivolous assertion, unworthy the eminent disciples of an imposing religious genius, that Christianity is the only religion which the world can consider seriously, that the only alternative is Christianity or no religion at all."

THE CHRISTIAN RECONSTRUCTION OF MODERN LIFE. By Charles Henry Dickinson. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

Astronomy.

To Professor Harold Jacoby must be given the credit for the best work on popular astronomy now obtainable. It was prepared,

says the author, with a double purpose, first to meet the wishes of the ordinary reader who desires to inform himself as to the present state of astronomic science, and secondly to produce a satisfactory text-book for use in high schools and colleges. For this reason the book has been written in two parts. The first part is free from mathematics, while the second contains a series of extended elementary mathematical notes and explanations, to which appropriate references are made in the first part of the book. The general reader may thus confine himself to the first part of the book, while the student should master the whole of it.

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Josephine Daskam Bacon, author of "The Luck o' Lady Joon." Browne & Howell Company.

explanations are of an admirable lucidity, their scope is wide, and the illustrations are carefully designed to supplement the text.

ASTRONOMY. By Harold Jacoby. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50.

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Publishers DODD, MEAD & COMPANY New York

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

Books for young people seem to be less numerous than in some other years, although doubtless there will be a goodly number from which to make selections for Christmas gifts. But if the present supply is somewhat limited in quantity the quality is all that it should be. There are fewer stories specially written for children and that can only be described as silly, and more of the books that are none the less interesting because they are also suggestive and instructive.

Harper & Brothers publish two fine books on electricity written for boys, and full of



Illustration from "African Camp Fires," by Stewart Edward White. Double-day, Page & Co.

practical information and experiment. The first of the two is "Harper's Beginning Electricity," by Don Cameron Shafer (\$1 net). It is a book that explains electricity very simply in connection with experiments which any boy can do and devices which any boy can make. It seems to be complete and admirably illustrated. The second of the two is "Harper's Wireless Book," by A. Hyatt Verrill (\$1 net). The author's object is to show boys what to do and how to do it in the lines of wireless telegraphy, telephony, and power transmission, and to point out exactly what has been accomplished in the past and what still remains to be done. The illustrations are practical and good.

From Little, Brown & Co. come some half-dozen volumes intended for all ages. "Don-

ald Kirk, the Morning Record Correspondent," by Edward Mott Woolley (\$1.20 net), belongs to the Donald Kirk Series and relates some of the school adventures of the hero and his career as school correspondent of the *Morning Record*. "Laddie, the Master of the House," by Lily F. Wesselhoeft (\$1.20 net), is for smaller children, and relates the doings of three fine Scotch collies, who have good times with the children of the farm. "Mother West Wind's Neighbors," by Thornton W. Burgess (\$1), is a story for little children in which many old friends reappear. The author knows his audience and so manages that all his characters shall be of the most popular kind. "The Pipes of Clovis," by Grace Duffie Boylan (\$1 net), is intended for children from nine to fourteen, and relates the adventures of Clovis, the forester's son, who possesses the power to charm all animals of the field and wood by his pipes. The story is historical in that it deals with Karl, King of Swabia, and his queen, Hildegard, with the marauding Huns, and with the king's wars. "Ned Brewster's Bear Hunt," by Chauncey J. Hawkins (\$1.20



Illustration from "The Boy Editor," by Winifred Kirkland. Houghton Mifflin Company.

net), is for boys from twelve to sixteen. Ned Brewster goes hunting bears with a camera, but his efforts to "snapshot" Bruin at home are not crowned with success. But he has a good time in other ways. "The

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Freshman Eight," by Leslie W. Quirk (\$1.20 net), is for boys of fourteen and upward, and is the second volume of the Wellworth College Series. The sport that occupies the chief attention of the boys is rowing, but there are all kinds of minor sports, and the story as a whole is vigorous and wholesome.

The Thomas Crowell Company is to be congratulated upon the publication of a new edition of "Heidi," translated by Helene S. White (\$1.50 net). This classic by Johanna Spyri is as new today as when it was first written. It is juvenile literature of the highest order, and it is now presented again in a particularly attractive form with sixteen full-page colored illustrations. "Dorothy Brooke Across the Sea," by Frances C. Sparhawk, is a new addition to the Dorothy Brooke Series (\$1.50 per volume), whose readers now accompany the heroine on a European tour, where she meets with many pleasant incidents, including some that are almost inevitable to heroines of that particular age and attractiveness. A good story for boys appears under the title of "Boy Scouts in a Lumber Camp," by James Otis (\$1.25 net). Mr. Otis is a fine teller of yarns. He always writes as though he were relating personal experiences. A somewhat similar story, but from the girl's point of view, is "Camp Brave Pine," by Harriet T. Comstock (\$1.25 net), which contains the story of the camping experiences of a party of girls and their guardian on an abandoned farm in New Hampshire.

Dodd, Mead & Co. publish a volume worthy of very special attention. It is "The Children's Blue Bird," by Georgette Leblanc (Mme. Maurice Maeterlinck), translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, and with fine illustrations by Herbert Paus (\$2.50). It is hard to speak too warmly of a book that thus combines fine workmanship with a literary excellence that promises many happy and profitable hours to the child so fortunate as to possess it.

The Century Company publishes a very dainty story under the title of "Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman," by Annie Fellows Johnston, well known as the author of the Little Colonel Series (\$1 net). It is a story of two motherless children who learn that their father has married again and who go home with dire forebodings of the wicked stepmother. For smaller children we have "Daddy Do-Funny," by Ruth McEnery Stuart (\$1 net), made up of songs of the Old South with innumerable quaint illustrations.

From the J. B. Lippincott Company comes a fine story for boys by Edwin L. Sabin entitled "On the Plains with Custer" (\$1.25 net). Mr. Sabin always writes something worth while, and here we have a story with the substantial veracity of a history and with all the excitement of romance.

Charles Scribner's Sons contribute "The Steam Shovel Man," by Ralph D. Paine (\$1 net). Mr. Paine's story is of the building of the Panama Canal and it is full of energetic description, as well as of all the other essentials of a good yarn.

The Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company has a long list of juvenile books, among which may be mentioned "The Boy Sailors of 1812," by Everett T. Tomlinson (\$1.25), a story of Perry's victory on Lake Erie in 1813; "The Half-Miler," by Albertus T. Dudley (\$1.25), issued in the Phillips Exeter Series; "Betty Tucker's Ambition," by Angelina W. Wray (\$1 net), being the second volume of Mother Tucker Books; "Harmony Wins," by Milli-

cent Olmstead (\$1 net), which tells how "a bright little girl brings harmony out of discord"; "The Girl from Arizona," by Nina Rhoades (\$1 net), a story of an Arizona girl's visit to New York; "Dorothy Dainty's Vacation," by Amy Brooks (\$1), being the twelfth volume of the Dorothy Dainty Series; and "Uncle David's Boys," by Edna A. Brown (\$1 net), intended for boys and girls from twelve upwards.

Salisbury Plain.

This charming book by Ella Noyes is a reminder of how much can be written that is worth writing on even the smaller areas of a country so rich in historical associations as Great Britain. Nowhere else in England are there so many vestiges of pre-historic human life as here. Salisbury Plain may have had some peculiar sanctity in the minds of these early islanders which led to its choice as a burial ground. There are nearly two thousand round barrows still existing in Wiltshire, and a century and a half ago an observer standing near Stonehenge counted one hundred and twenty-eight within his view. There seems, too, to have been a succession of races or at least of grades of progress. The later tombs contain shrouds, pins, buttons, and weapons, some of them of great beauty. The author suggests that princes may have been brought here for burial from afar as to a place of great holiness. The tombs around Stonehenge are in such numbers that the place seems to be like a city of the dead.

Naturally the author tells us a good deal about Stonehenge and she is to be congratulated on her self-restraint in the matter of conjecture. She has no theory of her own to explain these titan monoliths, but she tells us a good deal of the theories of other people. She quotes Sir Norman Lockyer, who calculates from the precession of equinoxes, and so reaches a date between 1900 and 1500 B. C. for the building of Stonehenge. But supposing that the equinoctial theory is a correct one, and probably it is correct, there is still the possibility that we might have to go back a complete precessional circle for the true date and so add another twenty-five thousand years to the dates suggested by Sir Norman Lockyer.

But Salisbury Plain is the silent record of innumerable pages of history far more recent than the obliterated story of Stonehenge and the mound-builders. The author glances at them all and with a light and dainty touch. She knows her subject in all its dimensions. Every line in her competent book is evidence of the conscientious care that she has brought to its compilation and of the long study that preceded it. The colored and line illustrations by Dora Noyes are worthy of special commendation.

SALISBURY PLAIN: ITS STONES, CATHEDRAL, CITY, VILLAGES, AND FOLK. By Ella Noyes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.50 net.

A de luxe edition of that delightful classic of the West, "The Canoe and the Saddle," by Theodore Winthrop, author of "The Mountain That Was God," has just been issued from the J. H. Williams press, of Tacoma, Washington. It is a tale of the "early days," and the author's letters, as well as his diary of the times which are no more, assist materially in the sustained interest of the book. The price is \$5 net.

Hamlin Garland, author of "Cavanagh: Forest Ranger," recently spent a month among the forest rangers and Indians of Montana, gathering material for a new book.

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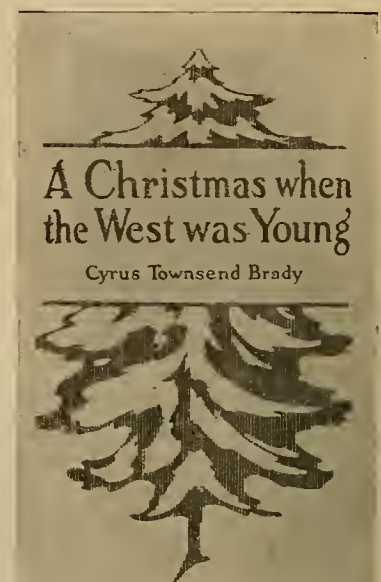
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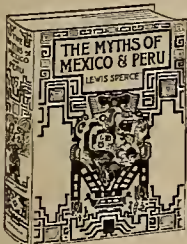
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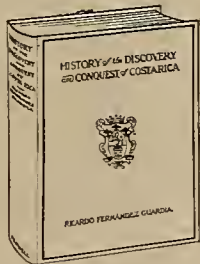
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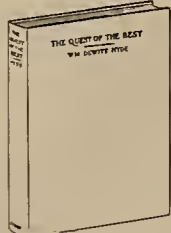
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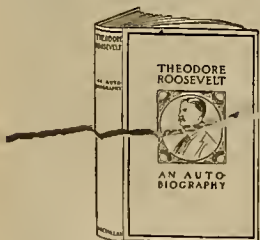
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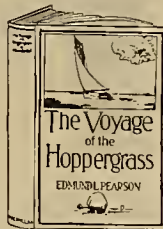
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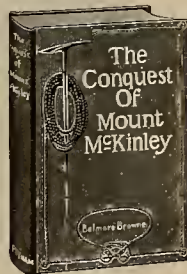
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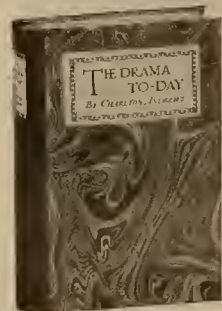
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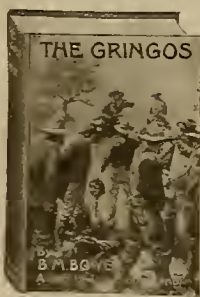
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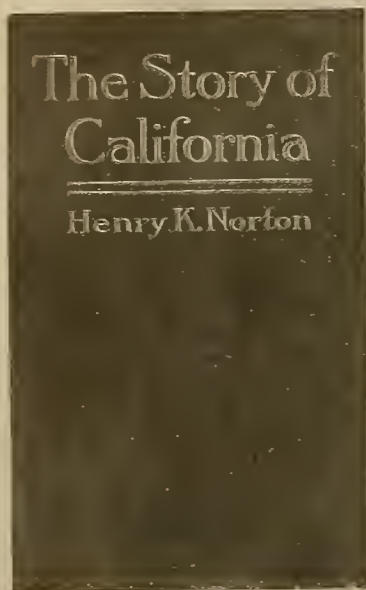
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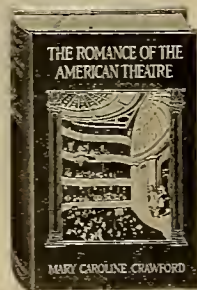
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The House of Seven Gables, by Nathaniel Hawthorne, Visitors' ed., illus., \$1 net; Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Jungle Book, by Rudyard Kipling, illus. in color by M. and E. Detmold, \$2.50 net; Century Company.

The Lady of the Lighthouse, by Ellen S. Woodruff, illus., \$1 net; George H. Doran Company.

The Larger Values, by Humphrey J. Desmond, 50 cents net; A. C. McClurg & Co.

The Little Gift Book, illus. in color by Harrison Fisher, \$1.25 net; Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Little Window, by Helen M. Hodgson, illus. by Emily Hall Chamberlin, 50 cents net; Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

The Luck o' Lady Joan, a fairy tale for women, by Josephine Daskam Bacon, illus. by Clara Eisene Williams, 50 cents net; Browne & Howell Company.

The Myths of Mexico and Peru, by Lewis Spence, illus. in color, etc., \$2.50 net; Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

The Near East, by Robert Hichens, illus. in color from paintings by Jules Guérin, \$6 net; Century Company.

The New Man, by Jane Stone, with frontispiece by Emily Hall Chamberlin, 75 cents net; Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

The Old Boston Post Road, by Stephen Jenkins, illus. from old prints, photographs, etc., \$3.50 net; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Old Curiosity Shop, by Charles Dickens, illus. in color by Frank Reynolds, \$5 net; George H. Doran Company.

The Pictorial Life of Christ, illus. from scenes modeled by D. Mastroianni, \$2 net; Dodd, Mead & Co.

The Princess Badoura a tale from the Arabian Nights, retold by Laurence Housman and illus. in color by Edmund Dulac, \$3 net; George H. Doran Company.

The Riley Baby Book, by James Whitcomb Riley, illus. by William Cotton, \$1.50 net; Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, illus. in color by Willy Pogány, cheaper ed., \$1.50 net; Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

The Russian Ballet, text by A. E. Johnson, illus. in color by René Bull, \$6 net; Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Secret of Love, by J. R. Miller, D. D., illus. in color, 50 cents net; Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

The Sleeping Beauty, and other fairy tales from the old French, retold by Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch, illus. in color by Edmund Dulac, \$2 net; George H. Doran Company.

The Snow Queen and other stories from Hans Andersen, illus. in color by Edmund Dulac, \$2 net; George H. Doran Company.

The Song of the Cardinal, a love story of the Limberlost, by Gene Stratton-Porter, new ed., illus. in color by Worth Brehm, \$1.35 net; Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The Spell Series, new vols.: The Spell of Switzerland, by Nathan Haskell Dole; The Spell of the Rhine, by Frank Roy Fraprie; each illus., \$2.50 net; L. C. Page & Co.

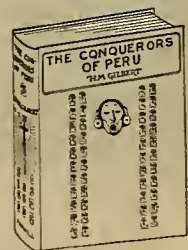
The Story of My Heart, by Richard Jefferies, illus. in color by E. W. Waite, \$2.50; E. P. Dutton & Co.

The Three Godfathers, by Peter B. Kyne, illus. by Maynard Dixon, \$1 net; George H. Doran Company.

The Toiling of Felix, by Henry Van Dyke, with paintings in color, decorations and letter-text by Herbert Moore, \$1.50 net; Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Wind in the Willows, by Kenneth Grahame, illus. in color by Paul Branson, \$2 net; Charles Scribner's Sons.

Their Christmas Golden Wedding, by Caroline Abbot Stanley, illus. by Emlen McConnell, 50 cents net; Thomas Y. Crowell Company.



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Thirty Pieces of Silver, a play by Clarence Budington Kelland, illus., 50 cents net; Harper & Brothers.

Tristan and Isolde, retold by Oliver Huckel, printed in two colors, 75 cents net; Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

Under the Christmas Stars, by Grace S. Richmond, illus., 50 cents net; Doubleday, Page & Co.

Under the Greenwood Tree, by Thomas Hardy, illus. in color by Keith Henderson, \$2.50 net; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Vanity Fair, by William Makepeace Thackeray, illus. in color by Lewis Baumer, \$5 net; George H. Doran Company.

Village Life in America, 1852 to 1872, as told in the diary of a school girl, by Caroline Cowles Richards, with introduction by Margaret E. Sangster, third ed., enlarged and illus., \$1.30 net; Henry Holt & Co.

Westminster Abbey, by W. J. Loftie, illus. in color by Herbert Railton, \$1.50 net; J. B. Lippincott Company.

Wives and Daughters, an every-day story, by Mrs. Gaskell, with preface by Thomas Secondus Mead, by M. V. Wheelhouse, \$1.60 net; Dodd, Mead & Co.

LITERARY NOTES.

Briefer Reviews.

"The Boys' Life of General Sheridan," by Warren Lee Goss (Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.50), is a complete account of General Sheridan's career from boyhood up, and also a review of all the campaigns with which he was identified. It is a well-written narrative and adapted to manly boys.

"The Runner's Bible," compiled and annotated for the reading of him who runs by N. S. Holm, is published by John Howell, San Francisco. It is written to keep pace with the hurried reader, remind him of the things he likes to remember, and starts him on interesting and profitable thoughts. It is printed on French Japan paper. The price is 75 cents net.

Mr. Elmer Russell Gregor, already known as the author of "Camping in the Winter Woods," has now written another good frontier story for boys. It is entitled "Camping on Western Trails," and describes the adventures of two boys in the Rocky Mountains. The illustrations are fairly good. The story is published by Harper & Brothers and the price is \$1.25 net.

A contribution to our knowledge of Indian life comes in the form of a volume by George Bird Grinnell entitled "Blackfeet Indian Stories" (Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1 net). In addition to a number of well-told myths and legends the author gives us some curious information of life among the Blackfeet and incidentally removes some misapprehensions as to Indian customs.

The Macmillan Company has added "Antony and Cleopatra" and "The Tempest" to the Tudor Shakespeare, now in course of issue under the general editorship of William Allan Neilson and Ashley Horace Thorndike. The whole edition, now nearing completion, will consist of forty volumes, each under the general editorship of an American scholar. The price is 35 cents per volume.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

"The Drift of Pinions," a volume of selected verse by Marjorie L. C. Pickthall, is published by the John Lane Company. The author is one of the newer writers, and is destined to be heard from in greater achievements.

Mr. Grant Richards, the well-known English author and publisher, whose novel, "Caviare," was one of the successes of last season, has written a new story, "Valentine," which has just been published by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

"The College Chaucer," edited with notes, glossary, and appendix by Henry Noble MacCracken, was published on October 7 by the Yale University Press, and within a week it had been officially adopted for use in the English courses of several universities, among them Yale, Columbia, Brown, Wellesley, and Smith.

The story of "Broke: The Man Without a Dime," is from the pen of Mr. E. A. Brown, a well-to-do citizen of Denver who some years ago conceived the idea of municipally conducted emergency homes for the homeless, penniless workman. In order to satisfy himself as to what was being done for the honest man or woman temporarily out of work he donned the cap and overalls of a working man, and without resources other than his own wits, visited every large city of the country, traveling from town to town exactly as a penniless man must do. The Brown & Howell Company is the publisher.

In "Yankee Swanson" Captain A. W. Nelson, commander of the Pacific Mail liner *Korea*, sailing from San Francisco, gives an account of his adventures as cabin boy and before the mast, a veracious picture of sea life and sailor types in the days of clipper ships. The Sturgis & Walton Company is the publisher.

Among late publications by Henry Holt & Co. are "The Garden Without Walls," by Coningsby Dawson; "Making Over Martha," by Julie M. Lippmann; "The Dust of the Road," by Marjorie Patterson; "Mother's Son," by Beulah Marie Dix.

Martin Johnson, who accompanied Jack London to the South Seas, in the capacity of cook aboard the *Shark*, has written his impressions of that interesting voyage. His story deals more particularly with the isolated islands visited and their peculiar people. The book is published by Dodd, Mead & Co.

New Books Received.

TALES FROM WASHINGTON IRVING'S TRAVELER. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2.50 net. With illustrations in color by George Hood.

HARRISON GRAY OTIS. By Samuel Eliot Morison. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$6 net.

In two volumes. A full biography, based upon correspondence, now handled for the first time, and other manuscript records.

THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR. By James Kendall Hosmer, LL. D. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$3 net.

In two volumes. "Writing as a soldier and

also a historian, the author's purpose has been to portray not so much the motives of the contestants as their behavior on the field of war."

PETIT BLEU. Par Gyp. New York: Americana Book Company; 35 cents. Edited for school use.

AN OUTLINE HISTORY OF CHINA. Part II. By Herbert H. Gowen. Boston: Sherman, French & Company; \$1.20 net.

From the Manchu conquest to the recognition of the republic.

GLIMPSES OF THE EAST AND OTHER POEMS. By Henry Coolidge Adams. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.50 net.

A volume of verse.

R. L. S. By Francis Watt. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

A biographical and literary appreciation.

BITS OF VERSE FROM HAWAII. Collected by Charles Dana Wright. Honolulu: Charles D. Wright; \$1.

A volume of verse.

THE CHRISTMAS BISHOP. By Winifred Kirkland. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1 net.

A Christmas story.

TALES OF TWO BUNNIES. By Katharine Pyle. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1 net.

A book for children.

THE SPHINX IN THE LABYRINTH. By Maude Ammesley. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

THE FACTS OF SOCIALISM. By Jessie Wallace Hughan. New York: John Lane Company; 75 cents net.

Intended for college study groups.

JANE AUSTIN. By Francis Warre Cornish. New York: The Macmillan Company; 75 cents.

Issued in English Men of Letters.

THE LOVELY LADY. By Mary Austin. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1 net.

A story.

THE BOY SCOUTS' HIKE BOOK. By Edward Cave. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; 50 cents net.

Anything from a half-hour's walk to a 1000-mile bicycle trip.

A SON OF THE HILLS. By Harriet T. Comstock. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

WILD ANIMALS AT HOME. By Ernest Thompson Seton. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.50 net.

With over one hundred sketches and photographs by the author.

THE VALLEY OF SHADOWS. By Francis Grierson. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50 net.

A new edition. Illustrated by Evelyn Paul.

TWO LITTLE PARISIANS. By Pierre Mille. New York: John Lane Company; \$1 net.

Authorized translation from the French by Bérengère Drilling.

MAD-CAP. By George Gihbs. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.30 net.

A novel.

AFTER ALL. By Mary Cholmondeley. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

KWAHU THE HOPI INDIAN BOY. By George Newell Moran. New York: American Book Company; 50 cents.

A supplementary reader for the sixth school year.

JESUS SAID. Selected and arranged by Frances E. Lord. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; 75 cents net.

Religious reflections.

THE TINDER BOX. By Maria Thompson Daviess. New York: The Century Company; \$1 net.

A story.

POLAND OF TODAY AND YESTERDAY. By Nevill O. Winter. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; \$3 net.

A review of its history, past and present, and of the causes which resulted in its partition, together with a survey of its social, political, and economic conditions today.

FROSTY FERGUSON, STRATEGIST. By Lowell Hardy. New York: John Lane Company; 50 cents net.

A story.

BARKER. By E. H. Lacon Watson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel.

AIMA'S SOPHOMORE YEAR. By Louise M. Breitenbach. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Issued in the Hadley Hall Series.

HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE. By C. H. Robinson. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

A story of Indian life and adventures in the early times.

THE CUBIES' A B C. By Mary Mills Lyall. Pictures by Earl Harvey Lyall. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

For little children.

THE LURE OF THE LITTLE DRUM. By Margaret Peterson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35 net.

A \$1200 prize story.

SONGS OF NEW SWEDEN. By Arthur Peterson. Chicago: The Engberg-Holmberg Publishing Company; \$1.25.

New edition, revised by the author.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE. By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1 net.

A dramatization of "Buried Alive."

HARVEST HOME. By E. V. Lucas. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.

A volume of essays.

THE GREATEST BOOKS IN THE WORLD. By Laura Spencer Porter. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

A consideration of "The Odyssey," "The Divine

Comedy," "Faust," "Arabian Nights," "Pilgrim's Progress," "Don Quixote," and "Book of Job."

POEMS AND BALLADS. By Hermann Hagedorn. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.

A volume of verse.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. Edited by George Wylls Benedict, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; 35 cents net.

Issued in the Tudor Shakespeare.

THE TEMPEST. Edited by Herbert E. Greene. New York: The Macmillan Company; 35 cents.

Issued in the Tudor Shakespeare.

"BROKE." By Edwin A. Brown. Chicago: Browne & Howell Company; \$1.50 net.

A novel.

OUR SOUTHERN HIGHLANDERS. By Horace Kephart. New York: Outing Publishing Company; \$2.50 net.

An account of the inhabitants of the stretch of country covered by the Appalachian Mountains.

RALPH SOMERBY AT PANAMA. By Francis Raleigh. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

A book for boys.

THE GOLDEN ROAD. By L. M. Montgomery. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

JOHN O' PARTLETTS. By Jean Edgerton Hovey. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

LAOY LAUGHTER. By Ralph Henry Barbour. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50 net.

A novel.

DOWN AMONG MEN. By Will Levington Comfort. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

A novel.

THE VALLEY OF THE MOON. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.35.

A novel.

THE EGOTISTICAL I. By Ellen Wilkins Tompkins. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1 net.

A story.

EVE. By Katharine Howard. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net.

A poem.

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"THE MERRY COUNTESS."

In April, 1905, Conried, the New York impresario, brought out a troupe of famous singers, and we saw them in high-priced opera at the Grand Opera House. As a popular novelty he brought out "Die Fledermaus," knowing that the public would be immensely tickled to see celebrated vocalists lightly disporting themselves on the stage in time to the dizzying whirls of the Strauss music.

And so, indeed, it proved. Everybody turned out *en masse*. Even those husbands who habitually settled the opera bills of their spouses and with cheerful resignation went on big operatic nights to the club could not resist the temptation to see how their fellow-sinners acted in Strauss's time.

Marcella Sembrich was the countess, and with Andreas Dippel in the rôle of the Hungarian lover, the two evinced a perfect mastery of light comedy methods. Bella Alten was the maid, and Mühlmann, Reiss, Goritz, and Bläss, all renowned as they were in grand opera, formed a brilliant galaxy in the lighter element of a Strauss operetta. It was a great Sembrich night, but the general performance was so polished and full of the spontaneous charm appropriate to the piece, that it proved to be a most notable occasion. The audience was enchanted, and few will forget that night when, in the ball-room scene, they saw a group of grand operatic stars whirling madly around to the intoxicating beat of one of Strauss's most provocative waltzes.

"Die Fledermaus," now metamorphosed into "The Merry Countess," has been modernized. And has fallen thoroughly in line with our own regular clan of gay operettas and musical comedies. Or at least there is a belief to that effect. In reality, however, this work, that seems on the face of it to be so much in line with many of our frivolous operettas, refuses to conform. The music is, as ever, delightful, full of sparkle and lure. But although Gladys Unger has made over the li-hretto, it has an old-fashioned flavor, and absolutely refuses to sparkle in or out of tune with the music. The librettist is somewhat at fault, there being, indeed, a good, cohesive story, but with a plentiful lack of wit in the dialogue. The efforts of Charles Udell, who would probably be funny if he had half a chance, were really touching. Manfully he worked to make the lines snap and crackle, and to win those salvos of laughter from the house that make glad the heart of the comedian. In vain. Try he ever so hard, here wasn't a heart-whole, unperfunctory laugh in his lines.

Jack Henderson, who ambled in during the third act, contrived to wring some merriment from a complaisant audience, and the men in front discovered a fellow-feeling for the poaching husband of the merry countess, but although there were shapely girls in ballet costumes and a generally pronounced attempt during the hall-room scene of the second act to suggest illicit and reckless gaiety, the comedy side of the performance did not go on oiled wheels.

Julia Gifford plays the title-rôle, and as she is decidedly pretty and has a good figure gown in irreproachably up-to-date costumes, she pleases the eye. Her defect, however, is lack of stage temperament. She smiles brightly but pointlessly in her efforts to be a merry countess, is deficient in by-play, and she offers, in this piece at least, the ever-curious spectacle of a young, physically attractive, and prettily gowned woman who, in what would seem to be the rôle of an alluring coquette, failing to suggest that sex charm which was, for instance, so pronounced an element in the success of a little girl at the Orpheum this week; of whom more anon.

Dale Winter, too, a sprightly young thing who plays the rôle of the countess's maid, gives us more muscular than temperamental gaiety. Both ladies sing acceptably sometimes, and better than acceptably others, Julia Gifford particularly, although much the better of the two, being uneven in her vocalism and unable to keep control of a voice that has considerable possibilities for musical comedy. She has a bad mannerism; that of pitching her broken lines in a high singing key. The best thing she does is the good-bye song, which, after failing to stir us vocally, she suddenly delivered with sweetness and charming sentiment.

Quite a number of men are required to

round out the cast, and we have the spectacle of big, husky fellows making fools of themselves as gracefully as they know how; a most difficult feat, unless a man is a born comedian.

In fact, the company is not up to the opera. But the champagne sparkle of the music is so great that it carries over in spite of that. There are meltingly sweet love lyrics, ballet numbers that would make every happening but a funeral gay, and waltzes that almost irresistibly invite to the maddest, merriest whirl known to Christendom, while the familiar echoes that one continually recognizes are so full of associations that before the evening is over we feel that we have regained an ear-acquaintance with a number of elusive old melodies that have joyously haunted us in the past.

On revising my impressions I am puzzled as to why "Die Fledermaus" does not modernize. The characters in it unquestionably act as do those in musical comedy, the intrigue is what we are accustomed to, and Prince Orloffsky's ball in the second act is exactly in line with the now firmly established cabaret scene. And yet it doesn't.

ELLEN BEACH YAW, ORPHEUM STAR.

Ellen Beach Yaw has a wonderful voice, or rather she can do wonderful things with it, and yet she was not born for the operatic stage. One has only to see her standing there, reserved, contained, refined, liquid notes welling from her lips, her arms hanging limply by her sides, and the whole of her slight, blonde person the very epitome of New England young ladyhood, to realize almost immediately why, with such an endowment, she has confined herself to the career of a concert singer. She feels no impulse, as she sings, to let her arms extend of their own volition and describe free, emotional gestures. During her fifteen minutes' appearance on the stage at the Orpheum she only made two gestures, and neither of them broad, sweeping, or temperamental. Yet she is a wonder. She sang first the mad scene from "Lucia." Although she is not, I should judge, impelled toward expressing the emotions of mad heroines, she evidently chose the number to show her technical perfection during those passages that run parallel with the flute obbligato. She is one of those fortunate beings who not only has a miraculously true ear, but a voice miraculously in accord with it. It is as flexible as rippling waves and almost as unemotional. Yet when she sang "The Sky Lark," which is her own composition, there was something of a warming-up of her delicate, calm restraint. Ecstatic she could not be. One has only to look at her to feel it and know it. But it was a pleasure to her to pour forth her love of the delicate tones of music in those fluent runs and trills, those chromatic scales in which she seemed to improvise notes with inappreciable intervals, so swift and spontaneous and delicately accurate and airy pure and perfect were the cascades of silver sound. The third number was "the laughing song" from Auber's "Manon Lescault." It was done so exquisitely as a piece of vocalism that it troubled us not at all that, dramatically, the spirit of laughter was absent. In these two songs the notes ran up and down on silver-runged ladders; they skated and slid, and rounded curves, and almost shot down in mad, vocal slants, all the time retaining their perfect pitch and absolute purity of tone. It was a curious sensation to see the singer so calm and cold in the midst of that silver tracery that seemed, independent of her aid, to weave itself about her. It made of her an anomaly, so that she seemed like a sort of human music box. She soars high indeed in her celebrated upper range, and it is a keen pleasure to note the ease and perfection of her higher notes, although there is a slight blur on the crystalline purity of that one that soars far up in the blue ether of music.

The Orpheum can beguile you into staying longer this week, even if you only intend to hear Miss Yaw. They have an offering from Harry Fox and Yancesi Dolly, during the presentation of which the entire audience fixed its composite gaze in one concentrated stare of appreciation on Yancesi Dolly. Yancesi is a maiden fair to see, a fetching little flower of girlhood who has "something about her," as her partner appreciatively says, that makes people want to keep her in sight. That something is compounded of flawless youth, with its pleasant accompaniments of bright eyes, glossy hair, ivory-white skin, delicate contours, and youthful grace; a quintessence of *beauté du diable*, in sum (for Yancesi is no classic beauty), which, in conjunction with some unclassified, unexplainable fascination, makes people eat her up with their eyes. Of all this Yancesi Dolly is perfectly aware. She has probably been told dozens of times that there is "something about her." What that "something" is she is profoundly ignorant, so she doesn't spoil it by trying to drag it up by the roots, and waving it before our dazzled eyes. She just goes on heing the same Yancesi, dancing like a sprite, uttering banalities with a Yancesi-ism that makes them carry, and wearing frocks that are almost as

dainty and delightful to the eye as her pretty self. Being a young thing, she probably puts it all down to just pretty girliness. I think that it is possible she looks at her reflection sometimes and realizes that her eyes are slightly oblique and her mouth built on too generous a scale and asks herself candidly what is the matter with everybody. For pretty girls often do not know why or how they are pretty. What she does not realize is what constitutes the "something." Yancesi's partner travels on his joyous, confident air, and his cheerful assurance. He, too, has a something which holds the audience when he sings or becomes a raconteur. Both can sing and dance, and, in popular phrase, the act "goes big."

Then they have a thriller, an act by the Blank Family, "continental champions of double juggling." The pith and marrow of their act is vested in the small, slight, dainty person of the only woman in the trio; a small, active, deft, sure-footed, steely-muscled creature about the size of a girl of twelve. This little being will have to be nameless—I fancy the family have taken refuge in the name of Blank from some unpronounceable extension of mid-Europe syllables unacclimatable to American tongues. She is one of those persons who was born fearless, and she risks, if not life, at least the integrity of her pretty little body fully half a dozen times during their brief act. They do many kind of tortuously perilous and intrinsically uninteresting things, until finally the Sandow of the troupe holds, balanced on his head, a tall rod bearing a sort of saddle-shaped couch resting on its upper extremity. In this short couch or seat rests the little creature in a reclining position. Her Sandow, meanwhile, tosses and catches disks in rapid rotation, while she twirls dextrously other disks on the ends of rods attached to her improvised couch. It came to us all suddenly how horribly dangerous it was. We saw the painful tension in the faces of her two co-workers. The audience was mute and motionless, held fixed and rigid in that terrified, horrified but undoubted pleasure of excitement at seeing danger made into a play. And up there at the end of the slender metal rod, resting her little body in her improvised couch as unconcernedly as a baby rests in its cradle, lay the pretty, cheerful, little thing, twirling her disks skillfully and untiringly. There was a signal, a short, sharp cry. Sandow lowered the rod in his iron hands. The little acrobat bounded to the floor, fresh and pretty, and bright-eyed, the tense audience relaxed and applauded, and no doubt the two men said to themselves with a sort of routine relief: "Well, we've come through all right today."

SOMETHING NEW AT THE GAIETY.

In the meantime, as a contrast to all this change, the Gaiety across the street still draws crowds with what is practically its original bill. There are just enough trimmings on the original garment to draw enthusiastic appreciators a second or a third time.

One of these extra touches is the Fulton and Rock take-off on a scene from one of Bernhardt's performances. Maude Fulton's startling powers of mimicry are shown here in full flower. She actually acquires a sort of Bernhardt resemblance, and when she pours forth a rapid, foaming torrent of what purports to be French the intonations are so Gallic and so Bernhardtian that no one except a Frenchman is perfectly certain what it is. More particularly as Bernhardt herself could puzzle a Parisian circus sieler, if such a thing there be, when she is started off on one of these vocal runaways. I don't in the least doubt that Maude Fulton does the trick that has such a spontaneous air much as Bernhardt herself does: by repeated and inexhaustible practice. But practice can not give her her French intonations, nor the physiognomical wizardry by which she makes herself look and speak and pose like Bernhardt. As to the matter of her discourse,

people have made hets about it, but it is really a wild mélange of French, English, and invention. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Stage luminaries announced for the near future at the Columbia are Mrs. Fiske, May Irwin, Otis Skinner, and Robert Hilliard.

Going Back to 1854

All phases and forms of public service are becoming more and more specialized. This is an era of specialization. They depend for the success of their operation more and more upon the training and skill, as new and greater problems are encountered with growth of the country. To attempt to operate a public utility now without this trained intelligence is to invite disaster.

The investing public is quick to recognize this fact. Securities in a company which has achieved success in its operations are always sought, and obtain ready sale at low rates of interest. Such securities are not salable at any price when the element of success in previous operations is lacking.

The watchword in production circles today is "efficiency." The higher the standard of efficiency, the more effective and valuable is the product, while the cost to the consumer becomes correspondingly less. To promote efficiency is to advance on the shorest road to minimum cost of product, and this is the aim, in these days of keen competition, of every producer. High standard of quality and lowest cost compatible with good business judgment sum it up.

It is the pioneer concerns which have seen the greatest change in cost reduction, and having started on a firm foundation their attention has been given to growth, quality, and reasonable cost of their product. Perhaps no other institution has seen such sweeping changes as the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, which may be said to have had its inception away back in 1854. It is of public interest to learn that San Francisco was the first place in California, the first place in the whole Western part of America, the first place among all communities surrounding the Pacific Ocean, to have a gas works.

Pioneers still remember the banquet of February 11, 1854, in the old Oriental Hotel, to celebrate the fact that that night San Francisco's streets were first lighted by gas.

The system, it must be allowed, was crude compared with the present-day method, and the light was of a considerably poorer quality than the Pacific Gas and Electric Company has for years been giving the public. True, it cost a great deal more to manufacture gas in those days, and the consumer paid the fancy price of \$15 a thousand. Twelve miles of mains were laid, and two holders with a combined capacity of 160,000 cubic feet of gas were erected and in operation the first year, something of a marvel and a very great undertaking, it must be admitted, when only the few far-seeing ones had much confidence in San Francisco becoming a great city. Two years passed and the cost of gas had been reduced to \$6 a thousand cubic feet, and the price has been coming down ever since, as the company grew, took advantage of newer scientific methods, and found a cheaper fuel for its gas plants. For years coal was used, but in February, 1906, the gas company began making gas from petroleum. Tests have proved that this substance, treated by the very advanced gas-making methods now applied to it, produces a quality of gas superior to that made from coal, and that San Francisco as a city has gas of a higher candle-power and heat value than any of the great Eastern cities.

While this company has been extending its gas service all over its great field it has also been forging ahead in the production of hydro-electric power, until "Pacific Service" supplies two-thirds of California's population, covering 30 of the 58 counties of the state.



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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Passing of the Tivoli Opera House.

Old traditions are no more. The Tivoli is closing its doors as the home of opera, and to think that this splendid new edifice is to be devoted to moving pictures!

Of all play-houses the Tivoli is the last that could be wished to meet such a fate—and so undeserved. Had the management attempted to give the public mediocre music and mediocre singers, there could have been excuse for the lack of patronage; but when W. H. Leahy built the new Tivoli—he and his wife are the sole owners—he assured San Francisco that he would give it a company worthy of the old traditions, and Leahy-like he kept his word. On March 12 the house opened its doors and at the outset there were such audiences that success seemed spelled for the Tivoli. Nothing was left undone. Leahy, rich in experience, aided by able lieutenants, saw to it that everything from stage settings to costumes was beyond criticism. The singers themselves were well worthy of the handsome opera house, and straightway sang themselves into the hearts of music-lovers and critics alike. A splendid revival of the evergreen Gilbert and Sullivan productions was soon carried out in a manner which evoked warmest praise, and no wonder, since no finer rendition of these old favorites had ever been given in the city. This, too, taking into consideration the all-star cast which came here from the East, some time prior to the opening of Mr. Leahy's new home of song. Then came other fine productions, such as "The Bohemian Girl," "Maritana," and "The Beggar Student," all sung and staged splendidly, but it was a sad sight to view the pitifully small houses which finally came to greet the Tivoli offerings, and weeks ago the wise ones shook their heads and sighed sadly. Their fears have come true.

If Mr. Leahy had any doubts as to the sound business sense of the proposition he never revealed a glimpse of them. The Tivoli's past had been glorious, and the future seemed golden. At any rate he was given no rest after the fire of 1906 by enthusiasts who importuned him to give San Francisco back its beloved Tivoli. He did so, and now come the moving pictures. Evidently the true lovers of good music are in a pretty small minority for continuous opera of any kind, and the whole outcome puts the city at the bar in a way. To quote Mr. Leahy:

"It has been put squarely up to the people of San Francisco. They have signified by their lack of support that they do not want opera and opera comique. Still I think that instead of raising \$850,000 for a municipal opera-house it would be more consistent to support the house already open in their midst."

And he is quite right in his assumption. The Tivoli has been a local musical landmark since 1876, and despite its passing the management has reserved a term in March of each year for a grand opera season.

"Stop Thief" at the Columbia.

"Stop Thief," a farce that created unbounded merriment in New York for over one year at the Gayety Theatre, comes to the Columbia Theatre for a two weeks' engagement, beginning Sunday night, November 23, with matinees on Wednesday and Saturday and a special holiday performance on Thursday afternoon (Thanksgiving Day).

Carlyle Moore, who takes no advantage of us through his reputation, is the author, and his frivolous theme is kleptomania. An opulent New Yorker fears that he will steal his daughter's wedding presents, and so does her prospective husband. A crook, mistaken for a detective, pilfers contributions of silver and linen, and escapes gayly through the guilty conscience of father and son-in-law, who believe they themselves are the leading bandits.

"Stop Thief," with narration stimulated by melodramatic thrills, is rendered doubly entertaining by its vast amount of good humor.

A perfect company of players are represented in the cast, which includes Messrs. Elmer Booth, who, by the way, created the rôle of Jack Duggan, the crook; Albert Tavernier, John McCabe, Hal Mordaunt, Sydney Stone, Henry Hubbard, Sydney Mason, Chic Burnham, Harry Starins, and the Misses June Keith, Gladys Wilcox, Veve Martin, Emma Campbell, Marie Vaughn, Laura Walker, and Elsa Glyn.

Robert Mantell in Shakespearean Revivals.

In this season of numerous Shakespearean revivals, a distinct novelty is being offered by Robert Mantell in his coast-to-coast tour, a massive scenic production of the historical tragedy, "King John." It is in this play that Mr. Mantell will open his two weeks' engagement at the Cort Theatre, starting next Monday night, and he will repeat it at the special Thanksgiving matinee and on Friday night of the second week. In addition Mr. Mantell will be seen in eight of the other plays at Shakespearean and classic rôles, the interpretation of which has won for him such a high position on the American stage.

The order of the plays for the first week to be

is "King John," Monday night; "Othello," Tuesday night; "Richelieu," Wednesday afternoon; "Macbeth," Wednesday night; "King John," Thursday afternoon; "Hamlet," Thursday night; "King Lear," Friday night; "The Merchant of Venice," Saturday afternoon, and "Richard III," on Saturday night.

During the course of the second week Mr. Mantell will present "Louis XI," Monday night; "Macbeth," Tuesday night; "The Merchant of Venice," Wednesday afternoon; "King Lear," Wednesday night; "Richelieu," Thursday night; "King John," Friday night; "Hamlet," Saturday afternoon, and "Louis XI," Saturday night.

The New Bill at the Orpheum

MLE, Dazie, the most noted American pantomimic and classic dancer, will be the headline attraction at the Orpheum next week in the little fantasy, "Pantaloon," a plea for an ancient family by Sir James Matthew Barrie, author of "Peter Pan," "The Little Minister," etc. Mlle. Dazie possesses the distinction of having been the first American prima ballerina to appear in New York in grand opera. Her recent engagements have been at the Winter Garden and the Casino Theatre. She has also triumphed at the Palace Theatre, London, where she attracted the attention of Sir James Matthew Barrie, who immediately recognized in her his ideal for the rôle of Columbine. "Pantaloon" is a story of the home life of actors of the "Harlequinade" as done in England years ago, the principal characters being Clown, Harlequin, Columbine, and Pantaloon (her father).

Stuart Barnes, the favorite singing comedian and one of the funniest of monologists, will sing a number of amusing songs and also give impersonations of the embarrassed lover and the forlorn husband.

Mabelle Lewis, the petite, delightful ingénue, and Paul McCarthy, who is always popular, will combine an offering in fifteen minutes of enjoyable entertainment, consisting of music, song, and chatter.

Harry Armstrong and Billy Clark, those popular song-writers, will sing their latest compositions, "I Wasn't Exactly Running" and "Have a Heart," and will also contribute a bright, snappy, and amusing comedy stunt.

Next week will conclude the engagements of Harry Fox and Yancesi Dolly, Genaro and Bailey, George Rolland and company, and Ellen Beach Yaw.

Fiftieth Performance at the Gaiety.

This Saturday witnesses the fiftieth performance of that gay concoction, "The Candy Shop," at the Gaiety Theatre. Ocular evidence is amply forthcoming that fifty performances have by no means exhausted the desires of San Francisco playgoers to see the remarkable number of really clever people who have made this show an epoch-maker locally.

The last weeks are now announced, however, for sanguine as the promoters of the new O'Farrell Street house were at the beginning, they did not anticipate anything like the degree of success that has been attained. Consequently previous contracts had been made and arrangements completed for "The Candy Shop's" successor at a fixed date yet to be publicly announced. This leaves but a short time for those who have not seen this show to make good their neglect, and it is a safe bet they will do it.

Opportunity to introduce still more good things in the piece is not being overlooked, though one must confess there seems but little necessity for doing so. The specialties and the features of the whole entertainment are such that to eliminate any seems a pity. It has been the pleasing policy, however, to try and give more instead of merely replacing, so that "Candy Shop" patrons are treated to a richer feast today than they were during the opening weeks of the run. One of the new songs to be put in today is "The Suf-fragette Bell-hop," sung by that inimitable comedienne, Maude Fulton, who never seems satisfied unless she is giving her friends a great deal more than their money's worth. Miss Fulton, by the way, writes all the words of her songs herself.

Meantime J. J. Rosenthal is due back in the city with his pocket full of new contracts to which he obtained signatures from a fresh galaxy of musical-comedy stars in Chicago and New York, whither he has wandered these past three weeks. None of the names are yet announced, but it is safe to predict that one of them at least will create a furor of delight when the Gaiety management lets the secret out.

Savoy Continues Scott Pictures.

The conclusion of the fourth week of the most successful engagement of "The Undying Story of Captain Scott," and "Animal Life in the Antarctic," in San Francisco finds a succession of crowded houses at the Savoy Theatre, with eager and interested spectators of the most daring, thrilling, and pathetic series of motion pictures ever flashed upon a screen, continuing in evidence. When Herlert G. Ponting, F. R. G. S., was chosen as the official photographer and cinematographer of Captain Scott's ill-fated expedition to the South Pole he proved to be the man above all

men to secure the most wonderful films and glimpses of strange lands and animal life imaginable, the whole forming a record that is bound to go down to posterity and be wondered at for many years to come. The pictures are by no means devoid of comedy, the antics of the odd little penguins in their native haunts never failing to provoke incessant and prolonged laughter, while the explanatory lecture of Charles B. Hanford is as entertaining as it is instructive. The entertainment is broad in its appeal, being as well adapted to the school child as to the most advanced scientist. The fifth week in San Francisco will begin at the Savoy Theatre Monday afternoon, with the usual matinee every day at half-past two and the evening performance at 8:30.

The Theatre Francais.

The second performance of the Théâtre Francais will be given Thursday night, December 4, and the programme will consist of the one-act comedy, "L'Ete de la Saint-Martin," by Meilhac and Halévy, followed by the operetta, "Marriage aux Lanternes," by Jacques Offenbach, with a complete operatic orchestra and an excellent singing cast. This work is one of the gems of the genuine opera comique school and both the story and music are most fascinating and charming. Tickets may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

The final performance of the Julian Eltinge engagement at the Columbia Theatre will be given this, Saturday night. "The Fascinating Widow" is as fascinating as ever, and Eltinge will jot down another big week's business in his book of records.

Mrs. Fiske will follow "Stop Thief," presenting Edward Sheldon's latest play, "The High Road." Of great popularity in San Francisco are not a few of the members in Mrs. Fiske's supporting company, which includes Arthur Byron and Eugene Ormond. This is the second season in which Mrs. Fiske has been appearing in "The High Road," and her appearance here in the play is sure to prove a notable event of the season.

THE MUSIC SEASON.

The Carreno Concerts.

Mme. Teresa Carreno, the "queen of the pianists," will give three exceptionally interesting programmes at Scottish Rite Auditorium during the coming week.

The first concert will be given this Sunday afternoon, November 23, when Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata," Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques," a group of Liszt masterpieces, and four Chopin gems will comprise the offering.

The only evening concert will be given next Friday night, November 28, and Beethoven's "Sonata," Op. 31, a group of important Brahms works and works by Chopin and Schubert will be on the list.

The farewell Carreno concert is announced for Sunday afternoon, November 30, and on this occasion Beethoven's "Waldstein" Sonata, Schumann's exquisite "Fantasie," Op. 17, and groups by Chopin and Rubinstein will be the offering.

Tickets are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's, and there are two hundred and fifty special student seats at the rate of 75 cents.

Clarence Whitehill with Symphony Orchestra.

Clarence Whitehill, the great baritone of the Chicago, Philadelphia and Metropolitan opera companies, will by his appearance as soloist make memorable the fourth symphony concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, to be given at the Cort Theatre, Friday afternoon, December 5.

Mr. Whitehill has sung with marked success in the great opera houses of Europe, having also the rare distinction of being selected by Frau Cosima Wagner for the performances of the "Nibelungen Ring" at Bayreuth. Mr. Whitehill's voice is big, vibrant, and mellow in tone from bottom to top and is so easily controlled that there is always imparted to the listener a feeling of perfect confidence that whatever is being done will be absolutely satisfactory.

The concert will open with the Brahms Symphony No. 4, E minor, followed by Mr. Whitehill in "Wotan's Farewell" from Wagner's "Die Walkure." The orchestra is also announced to give the overture from Humperdinck's "Die Koenigskinder."

Tickets for the fourth symphony concert will go on sale Monday, December 1, at the box-offices of Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase, and the Cort Theatre. The prices will be as follows: Box and loge seats, \$3; orchestra, \$2; balcony, \$2, \$1.50, \$1; gallery, \$1, 75 cents.

The Names Alone Spell Success.

The opportunity of hearing Mme. Melba, Jan Kubelik, the violin virtuoso, Edmund Burke of the Royal Opera at Covent Garden, Marcel Moyse, the flute virtuoso of the Paris Grand Opera Orchestra, and Gabriel Lapiere, the pianist, all for the price of the usual

Melba concert alone, is one that the music-lovers of the entire country are taking advantage of. Of course only a few cities can be visited with such an expensive combination, and Will Greenbaum has had the courage to undertake two concerts by the colossal aggregation of stars.

The Melba-Kubelik concerts will be given at Dreamland on Sunday afternoons, December 7 and 14, and mail orders are now being placed on file to be filled in order of their receipt.

Mr. Greenbaum announces that at the first concert Mme. Melba will sing numbers from Handel's "Alegro ed Il Penseroso" (with flute obligato), Mozart's "Il Re Pastore," with violin obligato by Kubelik, and arias from "La Bohème" and "Otello." Kubelik promises a Wieniawski "Concerto" and a group of beautiful numbers, and Burke will sing operatic numbers and Irish songs.

AMUSEMENTS

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"The Queen of the Pianists"
SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM
This Sunday aft. Nov. 23, at 2:30
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Between Stockton and Powell
Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America
Week Beginning this Sunday Afternoon
Matinee Every Day
ALWAYS A GOOD SHOW
MLE, DAZIE, in "Pantaloon," a plea for an ancient family, by Sir James Matthew Barrie; STUART BARNES, Singing Comedian; MABELLE LEWIS and PAUL MCCARTHY, Dainty Different Doings; HARRY ARMSTRONG and BILLY CLARK, Comedy Song Writers, singing their latest creations; HARRY FOX and YANCESI DOLLY; GENARO and BAILEY; GEORGE ROLLAND & CO.; THE WORLD'S NEWS IN MOTION VIEWS, taken exclusively for the Orpheum Circuit. Last Week ELLEN BEACH YAW, the Famous Prima Donna Soprano. New programme.
Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats, \$1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone—Douglas 70.

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Matinees first Week Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday. Wednesday Matinee, 25c to \$1.
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Another Cohan & Harris Success
A Farce by Carlyle Moore
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Thrills Galore and Laughs Aplenty

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William A. Brady presents
ROBERT MANTELL
In Shakespearean and Classic Repertoire
First Week—Mon., Nov. 24, "King John"; Tues., Nov. 25, "Othello"; Wed. Mat., Nov. 26, "Richelieu"; Wed. Night, "Macbeth"; Thurs. Mat., Nov. 27 (Thanksgiving), "King John"; Thurs. Night, "Hamlet"; Fri., Nov. 28, "King Lear"; Sat. Mat., Nov. 29, "Merchant of Venice"; Sat. Night, "Richard III."
Second Week—Mon., Dec. 1, "Louis XI"; Tues., Dec. 2, "Macbeth"; Wed. Mat., Dec. 3, "Merchant of Venice"; Wed. Night, "King Lear"; Thurs., Dec. 4, "Richelieu"; Fri., Dec. 5, "King John"; Sat. Mat., Dec. 6, "Hamlet"; Sat. Night, "Louis XI."

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"The Playhouse Beautiful" Phone Market 130
Fifth Big Week Stars Monday, November 24
Matinee Daily at 2:30
The Undying Story of Capt. Scott
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Animal Life in the Antarctic
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The Candy Shop
ROCK and FULTON
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VANITY FAIR.

We learn with intense satisfaction—we may even say enthusiasm—that Ambassador Gerard presented himself to the Kaiser in “the dress of an American gentleman,” it being forbidden by Congress to wear anything else. The military and naval attachés wore the full uniform of their services.

Now to the normal and uninstructed intelligence it will always seem that there is something peculiarly asinine about these dress restrictions that apply to ambassadors and to no one else upon earth. Why in the name of heaven must an ambassador make himself conspicuous by violating the customs of the court to which he is accredited, while military and naval attachés may be as resplendent as they please? To be conspicuous is not to be simple, nor is the cause of republican simplicity to be served by the wearing of a costume that stands out like a sore thumb. To insist upon wearing evening dress in an assemblage where every one else is wearing something wholly different is to be vulgarly ostentatious. That is what we compel our ambassadors to do.

Moreover, why should we call evening dress an American costume? Not one American in ten possesses such a costume, and there is certainly nothing national about it. If we are to be truly democratic in this matter we should require our ambassadors to wear pajamas, since this is about the only garment that is possessed by rich and poor alike. We should think it supremely absurd if a European diplomat turned up at a White House reception in knee breeches and sword, and we should say so in the loudest and most offensive manner at our command. But he would be actually no more ridiculous than an American diplomat in evening dress at a court reception in Berlin.

Why it should be a mark of subservience to wear knee breeches is one of those problems that the ordinary human mind can not solve. George Washington wore knee breeches, and no one ever accused him of subservience. He dressed almost exactly like the European diplomat of today on ceremonial occasions, and as a matter of fact the court dress is practically the same as the dress of the average American gentleman a hundred years ago. If American ambassadors are to illustrate the national trait then they should certainly wear the most gorgeous uniforms at their command, for if there is anywhere on earth an almost universal love of costume it is in America. It is almost a national obsession. The militia organizations are often tricked out like popinjays, and as for the average citizen his one idea in joining a secret society is the opportunity that it gives him to make himself ridiculous by strutting about in public in some amazing costume that would bring tears of mirth to the eyes of a horse. Members of conventions, of deputations, even of business associations, will seize upon the smallest occasion to plaster themselves from head to foot with medals, pennants, bits of cheap ribbon, with anything and everything that shines, and strut about like veritable figures of fun. Let us at least be consistent. If we are to insist that our ambassadors dress like “plain American gentlemen” then let them be allowed to wear tin armour pennants, medals at \$4.80 a gross, rosettes, and strips of ribbon just like the rest of us.

Miss Elizabeth Wetzlar Coit, daughter of Dr. Stanton Coit, well known in America, has just been married in London, and by way of making herself conspicuous she refused to promise to serve and obey her husband. She said that it was a moral indignity, and as she wanted to be married in an Anglican church and as the ceremonies of the Anglican church are “by law established” there had to be a compromise. The clergyman recited the usual formulas, but the bride refrained from repeating them after him. As marriages in the Anglican church are supposed to be “in the sight of God” we must hope that Providence overlooked the little subterfuge.

What humbug it all is. If we are to eliminate from life all the little poetic insincerities that we are used to we shall be losers and not gainers. No one in his senses ever supposed that wives obeyed their husbands or had the slightest intention to do so. When a bride promises to obey her husband she means just about as much by it as the husband himself means when he says “with all my worldly goods I thee endow.” What he means is that he will give her \$14 a week for housekeeping, less 50 cents every time it pleases him to have his dinner in town. He means that he will give her just as little as he can induce her to accept and that he will consistently deceive her as to his income.

Whatever we may think of the trade in aigrets—and, speaking personally, our thoughts are not fit for publication—it is with a certain sense of disgust that we read of the treatment accorded to Mme. Pavlova when she landed in New York. She was required to tear the aigrets from her hats, and several other ladies have been subjected to the same indignity.

There is something wrong here, although

we are by no means sure what it is. The aigret is obtained by barbarous cruelties, and those cruelties ought to be stopped. There was a time when an appeal to women on the ground of humanity was effective, but that time has passed. The woman of fashion would scalp a living baby if she happened to need the scalp for her decoration, and she would do it just as callously as she wore her picture hat in the theatre until she was ordered by law to remove it, just as callously as she scalped the living bird in order to get its feathers. The barbarity had to be stopped in some way. And there seemed to be no other way than by law.

But none the less there is something wrong somewhere when a distinguished stranger who was probably quite unaware of the law is “held up” at the custom-house and required to mutilate her own personal wearing apparel. We are not sure that it is not nearly as barbarous as the evil that it was intended to combat. One thing at least is certain. Such a thing could be done nowhere else than in America. For example, it could not be done in Russia, and an intelligent Russian would say that it was a violation, an impossible violation, of personal liberty. That is why it would be impossible in Russia. There are now a good many dangers that confront the woman visitor to America, and it is a pity to add another. She may be forcibly detained and “investigated” through the stupid impudence or ignorance of some jack in office who has doubts about her virtue or her means of self-support. That sort of thing happens more often than we suppose. And now it seems that the clothing actually on her person is to be subjected to supervision and to mutilation. Presently we shall find that women whom we should delight to receive and to honor are actually afraid to come to America, afraid of an irresponsible officialism that can easily inflict intolerable annoyances and humiliations long before an appeal can bring redress. There is no doubt that the aigret evil ought to be abated, but we have some uneasy suspicions that it is being done in a way that is not only wrong, but brutally wrong.

They seem to be suffering rather badly from the hatpin over in England just at present. A young woman has just been prosecuted, not for the damage that she inflicted with her hatpin, but for a furious assault upon the victim when he remonstrated. Of course he should have known better than to remonstrate. There is nothing to be said for him there. He should have retired honorably and silently from the field of battle and nursed his wounds in solitude. But the days of a true chivalry are dead.

And now we find some one writing to the *Daily Express* to suggest that women be required to take out licenses to wear hatpins. They should first be examined as to their competence to steer their ways through traffic like taxicab drivers, and then if they are afterwards found to be exceeding the steel limit or to be wearing their hatpins furiously they could have their licenses endorsed or perhaps forfeited altogether on a repetition of the offense.

It is in the London omnibus that the hatpin is most deadly. There is no escape in the omnibus unless you ride under the seat. The accommodation is always limited, and the mere male sits in fear and trembling lest the damsel next to him should casually turn her head in order to glance out of the window. So long as she sits quite still she will only reduce you to insanity by tickling you with her feather, which now sticks out horizontally and has a radius of about eighteen inches. If she moves you are likely to get two inches of cold steel in the starboard eye. It's great fun.

An *Express* representative has been talking to the conductor of a Bayswater omnibus. He received his first wound in 1890. During the Merry Widow hat campaign his nose was raked fore and aft, and during the present year he has been wounded three times more. And now the hat plume seems to have filled his cup of sorrow to the brim. “They tickles you in the face with their fevers,” he says, “and then gets you with the pin while you're off your guard.” The correspondent goes on to say that he was at a moving-picture show the other night and the girl behind him fastened her hat to the back of his seat with such energy that she pushed her hatpin right through the plush and got him neatly between the shoulder blades. Luckily his suspender buckle saved him from actual impalement, and then the girl was cross because the impact bent her pin and blunted its point. He heard afterwards that the same girl was a sort of amateur champion with the pin. She once bagged two omnibus passengers at the same time with a quick right and left, and she has already transfixed quite a number of men this season without losing a single pin. That was what made her so mad to run up against the suspender buckle. She did not know it was there, and now she wants to pass a law against suspender buckles.

Ella—You say she has driven two men insane? *Bella*—Yes. She jilted one. *Ella*—What about the other? *Bella*—She married him!—*Cornell Widow*.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A poet was walking with Mr. Talleyrand in the street, and at the same time reciting some of his own verses. Talleyrand perceiving at a short distance a man yawning, pointed out to his friend, saying, "Not so loud; he hears you!"

A settlement worker visiting the Liverpool slums found a woman whose appearance indicated a steady diet of drink. Asked why she consumed so much beer, she replied: "Well, miss, yez sees it's this way. 'E's a Protestant and I'm a Catholic, so I'm bound to take drink."

The colored porter approached a genial gentleman from Missouri one morning as a through train was nearing the station, and, smiling, asked: "Shall Ah jest bresh yo' all off, sah?" "Not on your life," replied the genial gentleman, "I'll get off this train in the regular way just as soon as she stops."

After spending the summer in a mountain hamlet in Tennessee, the visitor hired a native to help pack up. As they were engaged in boxing a shelf of hooks the mountaineer remarked: "Somehow Ah nevah keered much foh hooks; hut," he resumed after a thoughtful pause, "Ah caint read, an' mehbe that had sumpin' to do with it."

An Irishman knocked at a door one day and asked the lady of the house (who was very ugly) if she could help him, as he was hard up and on the road. "Indeed, I'll not," she replied; "and if you don't clear off out of this I'll call my husband, who is a policeman, and he'll come and take you." "I quite believe ye, missis," retorted Pat; "he'd take anything when he took you."

A missionary who was making his way through a hackwoods region came upon an old woman sitting outside a cabin. He entered upon a religious talk and finally asked her if she didn't know there was a day of judgment coming. "Why, no," said the old lady. "I hadn't heerd o' that. Won't there be more'n one day?" "No, my friend; only one day," was the reply. "Well, then," she mused, "I don't reckon I can get to go, for we've only got one mule and John always has to go everywhere first."

At one time Henry George during a trip abroad held a meeting at Forfar. After he had made his oration he invited questions, and an old farmer, rising, said: "Ye'll have land o' yer ain, Maister George?" "No, indeed," was the reply. "I am not a landlord." "Ye'll be a tenant o' land, Maister George?" "Not L. I am no man's tenant." "Ye'll be an agent for land, Maister George—ye'll manage it for some one else?" "Not at all. I am not an agent. I have nothing to do with land." "I thoct so," said the questioner, as he resumed his seat.

The old man who acts as postmaster in a small Southern town likewise keeps a general merchant's shop. He is often accused of reading the postcards that pass through his hands, but this he strongly denies. A lady called at the shop and ordered, among other goods, a ham and a cheese. Two days later the lady called again and asked why these two articles had not been sent with the other goods. "Oh!" replied the merchant, calmly, "I saw by the postcard yo' got yestiday thet yo' friends wasn't comin', so I natchelly thought yo' wouldn't need them things."

A student in an ophthalmic institution was requested to examine and report upon the condition of a man's eye. Having ceremoniously adjusted the ophthalmoscope he looked long and carefully into the optic. "Most remarkable!" he ejaculated in a tone of surprise. Then, having readjusted the instrument, he made a further careful examination. "Very extraordinary indeed!" he exclaimed. "I have never heard of such an eye. Have you ever had professional opinion on it?" "Once," was the laconic reply. "The man who put it in said it was a fine bit of glass!"

Two traveling men reach a small place in Alabama late one evening and found that there was no room to he had at the hotel. The proprietor did not want to disappoint them, as they were regular patrons, so he told them that he would send some bedding over to an old church he had just bought and make them as comfortable as possible there. About midnight the whole town was startled by the furious ringing of the church bell. An old colored man was sent by the proprietor to see what was the matter. Soon he came shambling back. "Massa Boss!" he exclaimed. "Massa Boss! Jes' cam' yo'self. 'Twan't nothin' but de gemm in pew twenty-six ringin' fo' a drink!"

A Canadian named Morgan was appointed to a government place which technically had to be occupied by a lawyer, which Mr. Mor-

gan was not. The benchers of the Law Society, however, undertook to obviate the technicality, and appointed one of their number to examine Morgan as to his knowledge of the law. "Tell us, Mr. Morgan," said the examiner, "what do you know about the law, anyway?" "To tell the truth," was the modest response of Morgan, "I don't know a single thing." Whereupon the examiner intimated that the questioning was at an end. He turned in his affidavit, wherein it was stated: "I have examined Mr. Morgan as to his knowledge of the law, and to the best of my knowledge and belief he has answered all the questions with entire correctness."

At one time E. T. Smith, lessee of the Surrey Gardens, was unable to get a music license for the hall in the gardens. The Bishop of London asked him to lend the hall for a Sunday prayer-meeting. Ever ready to curry favor with the clergy at a time when bigotry was strong against all sorts of amusements, Smith consented. It was a huge concourse. Every nook and corner of the hall was crowded, the meeting was a great success, and came to its end, when up spoke the Bishop of London, who was in the chair. "Dear brethren," said his lordship, "we will now conclude the afternoon's good work by singing the Doxology." "You can't," protested a voice (Smith's) from the back. "I haven't got a music license—it's against the law—the magistrates won't let me."

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Today's Attractions.

"Friyo! Theatre next week, 'Hamlet,' in a way unique, With a new 'Soliloquy,' Dealing in a manner free With things sexological, Educational to all; And a new eugenics scene 'Twixt Polonius and the Queen!"

"At the Guff, new play by Barrie, 'Why Blonde Women Shouldn't Marry'; Heroine a spinster cynic; Plot all hinges on a clinic. Public flocking in a swarm. (Bring your own iodiform!)"

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"'Peter Pan,' rewrite to show Just why Peter couldn't grow! Proving that his parents' shame Was entirely to blame. Orchestra (this is immense) All play surgeon's instruments! 'Tis a thing kids shouldn't miss. Next week Rostand's 'Paresis.'"

Moving pictures at the Grand, Pictures all should understand! Ulcers, pretty running sores, Which the public just adores. Tetanus scenes, three reels of rabies, Special matinee for babies."

—Paul West, in Boston Post.

Back to Nature.

The waist line which erst was so slender, And sometimes was high and then low, Is now disappearing completely, As pictures in fashion books show. I looked for the reason and found it, And so, pass it on in all haste; We have cried, all these years, "Back to nature!" And in nature, you know, there's no waste.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Hard Luck of Tom.

Tom Hankins was a pessimist, which no one could deny; He thought that people charged too much for what he had to buy. When he had anything to sell the price was always low—

Tom Hankins was a pessimist, as any one might know. His house burned down one August night, when all was calm and clear; He'd lately had the place insured—which seemed a little queer; He told the agents up in town a most pathetic yarn, But all his furniture was found secreted in the barn; Since then it has been mighty hard to get him to agree

That things upon this earth are not as bad as they can be.

He never raised a crop of corn or oats that made him glad; He never felt quite satisfied with anything he had, Because his girls had not been boys he worried and was blue; And bad news was the only kind he ever thought was true;


There never was a pleasant day that filled him with delight, He never for a moment thought that things were going right.

When Harvey Dixon's wife took sick and died within a week Tom sadly said—and in his voice there was a dismal squeak:

"That's twice he's been a widower—there's no such luck for me!"

Tom Hankins was a pessimist, as any one could see.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.



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Capital actually paid up in Cash.....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	1,757,148.57
Employees' Pension Fund.....	158,261.32
Number of Depositors.....	62,134

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Total Assets.....	7,735,110
Surplus to Policyholders.....	3,266,021

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

From Paris comes the announcement of the engagement of Countess Martha Gontaut Biron and Mr. James Hazen Hyde, formerly of New York. Countess Gontaut Biron is the eldest daughter of Mr. John G. Leishman, former American ambassador to Germany, and Mrs. Leishman, and a sister of the Duchess of Croy and Mr. John G. Leishman, Jr., of New York. Her husband, Count Louis Gontaut Biron, died in Paris in December, 1907.

Mrs. Robert Avery Sidebotham of Boise, Idaho, announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Mary Sidebotham, to Mr. Harry Thayer of Philadelphia. Miss Sidebotham is sister of Mrs. Harry Umhson, with whom she makes her home in this city. The marriage will take place the first of February.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Moreland announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Esther Moreland, to Mr. Harry Oelrichs. Miss Moreland, who is the niece of Mrs. George T. Marye, Jr., spent the winter here two years ago. Mr. Oelrichs is a brother of Mrs. Peter Martin and Mrs. Leonard Thomas of Philadelphia.

The wedding of Miss Grace Dudley and Ensign Valentine Wood, U. S. N., took place Wednesday, November 12, in the ladies' chapel of the Cathedral of New York. The bride is the youngest daughter of Mrs. A. Palmer Dudley of Pelham Manor, New York, and a half-sister of Mrs. Oliver Kehrlein of Menlo Park. Ensign Wood's sister, Miss Muriel Wood, attended the bride as maid of honor and the bridesmaids were the Misses Mary de Vol and Constance Flanigan. Miss Grace Gibson entertained a number of friends at tea yesterday afternoon at her home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Tuhhs gave a dinner Wednesday evening at their home on Jackson Street. The affair was in honor of their niece, Miss Elizabeth Oyster, who later in the evening made her formal home to society at a hall given by her mother, Mrs. Alfred Oyster, at the Hotel Fairmont.

Mrs. William Miller Graham was hostess at a luncheon Tuesday at her home in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Benjamin Donahue gave a luncheon and bridge party Thursday at her home on Washington Street.

Mrs. Charles McCormick has issued invitations to a dinner Friday, December 19, preceding the next Bachelors' and Benedicts' Ball.

The Misses Marie and Evelyn Withrow were hostesses at a musicale Thursday evening at their home on Pine Street.

Miss Marion White was hostess Thursday evening at a dance at her home on California Street.

Miss Molly Sidebotham entertained a number of friends Wednesday at the d'ansants at her home on California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bowers Bourn have issued invitations to a dinner Tuesday evening, November 25, preceding the musicale given by Dr. Harry L. Tevis at the Hotel Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Joel Fithian entertained a number of friends Wednesday evening at a theatre and supper party at their home in Santa Barbara. The affair was in honor of Mr. William Faversham, who is the house guest of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson.

Miss Lillian Van Vorst was hostess Monday at a tea at the Palace Hotel in honor of the Misses Stone.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ward Mailliard gave a dinner Wednesday evening at their home on Gough Street in honor of Miss Helen Wallach.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bowles entertained a number of friends Saturday evening at a dinner-dance at their home, The Pines, in Piedmont.

Mrs. Lester Herrick was hostess Friday at a luncheon and bridge party at her home on Hyde Street.

A series of supper-dances have been inaugurated for Thursday evenings at the Cliff House. They will take place weekly, and like the d'ansants at the Hotel St. Francis, will be under the auspices of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Crane.

Miss Harriet Pomerooy was hostess Monday at a luncheon at the Town and Country Club in honor of her house guest, Miss McKenzie, of Portland.

Miss Ila Sonntag was the guest of honor at a luncheon Monday at the Francesca Club given by Miss May Colburn.

Mrs. Walter Seymour gave a tea Wednesday at the Palace Hotel in honor of Miss Helen Nicol.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Heuter entertained a number of friends at dinner Friday evening in honor of Mrs. George Haney.

Mayor James Rolph, Jr., and Mrs. Rolph gave a tea Wednesday afternoon in honor of Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney V. Smith entertained a number of young people Thursday evening at a dinner at their home on California Street. The affair was in honor of Miss Barbara McKenzie.

Miss Sadie Murray was hostess at a small tea Monday afternoon at her home at Fort Mason.

Mrs. William Hendry gave a tea Tuesday afternoon at the Palace Hotel in honor of her daughter, Miss Pearl Hendry.

Among those who entertained at dinner before the Bachelors' and Benedicts' Ball Friday evening were Mr. Edward Greenway, Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl, Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Sullivan, and Mrs. Eleanor Martin.

Mrs. Elton Davis was hostess Tuesday at a luncheon and bridge party at her home on Green Street. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Joseph Moore, who is visiting her sister, Mrs. James Rolph.

Mr. I. Lowenberg entertained a number of friends at a luncheon Tuesday at the Hotel Fairmont.

Mrs. William H. Monroe was hostess Thursday at a luncheon and bridge party at her home at the Presidio in honor of Mrs. Richmond P. Davis.

Mrs. Harry Mitchell entertained a number of

friends Wednesday afternoon at a bridge party complimentary to her cousin, Mrs. Leon Roach, the wife of Captain Roach, U. S. A.

Major George B. Guyer, U. S. A., and Mrs. Guyer were the guests of honor Thursday evening at a dinner given by Captain Frank D. Ely, U. S. A., and Mrs. Ely at their home at the Presidio.

Captain Harry Mitchell, U. S. A., and Mrs. Mitchell entertained a number of friends Friday evening at a small dance at their home at the Presidio. Lieutenant George Alexander Speer, U. S. A., and Mrs. Speer were the guests of honor.

Dr. William Lewis, U. S. A., and Mrs. Lewis gave a bridge party Wednesday evening at their home at the Presidio.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Eugene Murphy left Sunday for New York to spend a few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, who have been at the Hotel St. Regis since their arrival from Europe. They will return to this city early in December and will spend the winter at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Barbara McKenzie has come from Portland to visit Miss Harriet Pomerooy.

Mrs. Theodore Payne has returned from Europe, where she has been selecting furnishings for her new home in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe and their daughters returned to town Monday from Menlo Park and are established for the winter in the residence on Pacific Avenue of Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson.

Mr. Edgar J. de Pue and his daughter, Miss Corannah de Pue, left Monday for a brief visit in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Felton Elkins have arrived from the East and are occupying a cottage near the Burlingame Club.

Miss Minnie Rodgers is in Santa Barbara, where she will remain until the holidays. She is the guest of Mrs. George Tallant.

Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant, Miss Helen Tallant, and the Messrs. Drury and Jerome Tallant are occupying apartments at the Hotel Monroe. Mrs. Tallant has rented her home on Buchanan Street to Mr. and Mrs. George Rodman Shreve.

Mrs. Thomas Porter Bishop, Sr., is en route to Italy, where she will remain during the winter.

Mrs. A. P. Hotaling and her daughter, Miss Jane Hotaling, have returned from a visit in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis E. Hanchett have returned from a visit in Southern California.

Mr. John Colegate of New York and his daughter, Miss Susan Colegate, are at the Hotel Potter in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian de Guigne, Jr., have returned from the East, where they have been spending the past month.

Mrs. William Wood is established for the winter at the Hotel Bellevue.

Mrs. Silverberg is visiting her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tohin, at their home in Burlingame. Mrs. Silverberg was formerly Mrs. Eleanor Dimond Jarcoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Tennant Harrington and their daughter, Miss Marie Louise Harrington, have returned to Colusa after a month's trip to Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Murphy and their daughter, Mrs. John Breckenridge, will spend the winter at the Hotel Gotham in New York.

Mrs. Frederick Kellond has arrived from the East with her little daughter and is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Selfridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur B. Foote (formerly Miss Jeannette Hooper) have returned from their wedding trip to Southern California and will reside permanently in Grass Valley.

Mrs. W. D. Fennimore and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Arthur Fennimore, have returned from a visit in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., will close their home in Menlo Park December 1, and will occupy the home on Scott Street of Mrs. Buckingham.

Mr. Claus Augustus Spreckels has arrived from New York and is a guest at the Fairmont Hotel. He will sail next month for Europe, where he will join Mrs. Spreckels, who returned last week to Paris after a visit in New York. They will spend the winter in their villa on the Riviera.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hussey left last week for Victoria, where they spent several days en route to their home in New York. Mrs. Hussey was formerly Miss Ethel Dean.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferd C. Peterson have returned to their home in Belvedere after a pleasant visit with Mrs. Harriett P. Miller at Earlton Lodge, Montecito, Santa Barbara.

Lieutenant-Commander G. C. Sweet, U. S. N., has been relieved from duty at the navy yard in New York, and ordered to the navy yard at Mare Island.

Lieutenant-Commander S. I. M. Major, U. S. N., has been relieved from duty as fleet engineer of the Pacific fleet and ordered home to await further orders. Lieutenant-Commander H. T. Winston, U. S. N., has been detailed to take Lieutenant-Commander Major's former place.

Mrs. W. E. Brown, wife of Lieutenant Brown, U. S. A., will spend the winter at the Hotel Court.

General Charles G. Bailey, U. S. A., Mrs. Bailey, and their daughter, Miss O'Mira Bailey, are the guests of Mrs. Bailey's aunt, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, at her home on Franklin Street.

Mrs. Louis Dougherty and her infant son, who has been spending the past few weeks in Fruitvale as the guest of her husband's parents, General Edgeworth Dougherty, U. S. A. (retired), and Mrs. Dougherty, returned Thursday to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, to join her husband, Lieutenant Dougherty, U. S. A.

Major Philip Wales, U. S. A., Mrs. Wales, and the latter's daughter, Miss Geraldine Forhis, are at present in Rome.

Major Edward Sigerfoos, U. S. A., has been granted a month's leave of absence from the Presidio.

Captain W. K. Wright, U. S. A., has been placed on the detached list of officers.

Captain W. A. Powell, Medical Corps, U. S. A.,

returned Wednesday from detached service in the Yosemite Valley.

Captain John R. Barber, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at the Letterman General Hospital and will proceed to Fort Huachuca, Arizona, for duty.

The home in Modesto of Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Broughton has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Broughton was formerly Miss Olga Jungblut.

Mr. Benjamin Schloss, one of the best-known insurance brokers of California and a pioneer of 1850, died at his residence, the Hotel Dorchester, on Friday evening, November 14, aged eighty-five. He is survived by a widow, a daughter, Mrs. Theodore Rothschild, and a son, Leonard B. Schloss, of Washington, D. C.

George P. Upton, already well known for his writings about music, has now prepared a volume of musical information intended for children. He says he consulted five youngsters as to what they would most like to know about music, and he has kept their views in mind in the preparation of this book. The stories are intended to be entertaining as well as instructive, and a glance through the pages is enough to show how much they would delight any child with a bent in their direction. The title is "In Music Land," and the publishers are the Browne & Howell Company. Price, \$1.25 net.

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INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mr. George R. Parkin, organizing secretary of the Rhodes Scholarship Trust, is traveling in this country in the interests of his work.

Alexander Sweek, the next minister to Siam, was formerly presiding officer of the Oregon state senate, and was chairman of the Democratic state central committee.

General Clinton L. Riggs, one of the Philippine commissioners recently selected by President Wilson, is prominent in the Maryland militia. He is a Princeton graduate, and lives in Baltimore.

Mme. Deschamps, mother of M. Pierre Deschamps, president of the celebrated Golf Club of La Boule, near Versailles, despite her eighty-two years, is an ardent golfer and in fair weather seldom misses a day on the links.

Yagoro Miura, successor to K. Shidehara as counsellor to the Japanese embassy at Washington, has been first secretary of the embassy at Paris. He has had much diplomatic experience in European courts, and has paid several visits to this country. A deeply studious man, he speaks and writes English with ease.

David B. McBean, builder of the famous subway tunnels now in use under the Harlem River, has brought suit against the City of New York for a million dollars, declaring that he has been damaged to that extent by the infringements of his patents in construction of the new Lexington Avenue subway tunnels under the Harlem.

Yale's oldest living alumnus, Dr. David Fisher Atwater, who was graduated from Yale in 1833, observed his ninety-sixth birthday anniversary recently at his home in Springfield. Dr. Atwater was at Bellevue Hospital in New York in his early career, practiced in Brooklyn and Cleveland, and was surgeon to the Sixty-Fourth New York Volunteers.

Frank M. Lee, secretary of foreign affairs of the province of Kuang Tung, Canton, has arrived in this country on an extended tour. He will investigate conditions and practices in America with a view to putting the best ideas into practical use in China. Although a native of New York, Lee is of Chinese descent, and has taken out citizenship papers in the new Chinese republic.

Captain Henry B. Miller, who will relieve Captain Augustus F. Fechteller as president of the board of inspection and survey of ships, is now commanding the battleship *North Dakota*. He will assume his new duties with unusual knowledge of his work, having formerly been on duty in the department as assistant to the bureau of navigation. He has held his present command for about two years.

Dr. Harry C. Jones, on whom the Edward Longstreth Medal of Merit was conferred this year for his paper on "The Nature of Solution," is a member of the American Chemical Society and stands high in the world of scientific scholarship. He is professor of physical chemistry at Johns Hopkins University, and has written a number of important textbooks dealing chiefly with solvents and solutions.

Herr von Ihné, the architect whom the Kaiser has entrusted with the building of a new \$1,000,000 embassy at Washington—after sweeping the designs of 272 competitors into the dustbin—is really half an Englishman, for his mother was English and he himself was born at Liverpool, where his father was for long a teacher of German. After that the father became professor of English literature at Heidelberg.

Theodore Watts-Dunton, poet, essayist, author of many books, and noted for his contributions to the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, is working away almost as hard as ever, though he is now eighty-one years old. At present he is engaged on a volume of collected essays. He is interested in an absorbing degree in current affairs, not only in the commonwealth of letters, but in the wider world of science in most of its branches, and international politics.

Governor William Sprague of Rhode Island, aged eighty-three, is the sole surviving "war governor," since the death of Governor Samuel J. Crawford of Kansas, with whom he shared the distinction for many years. He went to Washington with the first troops from Rhode Island in 1861 and took part in the battle of Bull Run. During the Peninsula campaign he served in a commanding position. In 1862 he was elected United States senator. Since 1860 he has been a trustee of Brown University.

King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, whose throne has appeared in danger of late, is a German prince and a Roman Catholic. His mother was a princess of the house of Orleans. He was elected to the principality of Bulgaria in 1887, and declared himself Czar of the Bulgars in 1908. It was his initiative after his quarrel with Turkey which led to the loss by the Ottomans of Eastern Rumelia that the

Balkan league was formed and the war against the Turks was begun. In the first campaign King Ferdinand went to the front and was present at the siege of Adrianople and all the great engagements of the war.

Sir George Bullough, proprietor of one of the loneliest islands in Europe, the island of Rhum, in the Inner Hebrides, made famous by Scott under the name of Rona, is immensely wealthy, for his father was one of the founders of the famous engineering firm on which the prosperity of Accrington mainly depends. When released from business cares Sir George spends much of his time yachting. During the South African War he took his yacht Rhouna to the Cape, and fitted it out at his own expense as a hospital ship.

San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission.

While the air is steaming with turkey and cranberry sauce, when college youths come home for their short holiday, when busy housewives search the markets for the fattest and best turkeys, the poor are not entirely forgotten, for the workers of the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission are preparing their annual Thanksgiving dinner. This feast does not take place at great long tables, but at each little fireside, for the mission sends out complete dinners of turkey, cranberries, mince pies, and all the goodies that mean "Thanksgiving dinner" to you and me. It is indeed the mission's holiday when, on the day before Thanksgiving, some thirty generously donated automobiles leave its doors laden with provisions for two hundred families, meaning that at least one thousand grown-ups and children are made happy.

Yes, of course this means that the mission needs money—that it needs money and supplies not only for this Thanksgiving cheer, but so that it can continue its every-day work, which is the carrying of baskets containing substantial food and delicacies to the needy sick throughout the year. And so the president, Miss Helen Gibbs, and her able directors will be at the mission headquarters, 1372 Jackson Street, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, November 24, 25, and 26, to welcome the gifts of those who wish to help along this worthy work.

Dinuzulu, the last of the warrior kings of the former Zulu nation of South Africa, died recently. He was a son of Cetuywayo, the king who led the Zulu nation against the British troops in the war of 1879. Cetuywayo was eventually defeated after he had inflicted a crushing blow on the British army at the battle of Isandhlwana, when practically the entire Twenty-Fourth Infantry Regiment was massacred. Dinuzulu did not become king when his father died, but was proclaimed later by the Boers, and led two or three rebellions against the British. On one occasion when captured he was exiled to the Island of St. Helena. When permitted to return to his native land he took part in another rebellion, after which he was tried and sentenced to four years' imprisonment. He was set at liberty and granted a pension when the union of South Africa was established in 1910.

Despite his seventy-eight years, Saint-Saëns recently appeared before a representative Berlin audience and played with remarkable fluency, transparent clearness, and evenness of passages, while his touch was elastic, his tone full, round, and of a beautiful quality. Moreover, the ease and nonchalance with which he played astonished his hearers. He exhibited an astonishing amount of vitality in other respects, too. When Claire Dux sang two vocal numbers—an aria from the opera "Henry VIII" and the chanson "La Cloche"—Saint-Saëns sat down at the piano and played the accompaniment with exquisite finish and refinement, following the singer with the greatest fidelity. He played both accompaniments and also his piano solos from memory.

A Gluck association for the propagation of the works of that master has just been formed in Dresden. The society calls itself "Gluck Community," and intends, little by little, to bring out in print all the literary and musical works of the composer of "Orfeo," and to foster a wider love of and understanding for the great man's music. At the head of the body is Dr. Max Arend of Dresden.

In 1912 "Village Life in America" was published in the form of a diary written by Caroline Cowles Richards. The charm of this book has been recognized by a steadily increasing circle of readers, and this has induced the publishers, Henry Holt & Co., to reset the book in order to include more extracts from the author's war-time diary and more appropriate illustrations.

In "Old Italian Lace" Elisa Ricci describes minutely Italian laces and also those of France and Flanders, showing how the lace of both those countries really emanated from Venice and Genoa, the two great mothers of lace-making. This monumental work contains some 700 illustrations. The J. B. Lippincott Company is the publisher.

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Diner—Is there any soup on the bill of fare? Waiter—There was, sir, but I wiped it off.—*Livingston Lance*.

Pompous Statesman—I trust the people, sir. Cynicus—All right. Lend me five dollars.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

"Does he ever have much to say?" "No, but that doesn't keep him from talking a great deal."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Levy, old fellow, let me offer you a good cigar!" "Thanks, I don't smoke, but you might make it a few stamps."—*Le Rire*.

Jack—My mother paid nine dollars for this coat. Jill—My mother has a charge account. She never pays for anything.—*Collier's Weekly*.

Abishai—Who's running the old Brown farm now? Hiram—Eliphalet! Th' son that took up literature ez a profession!—*New York Globe*.

"Do you believe the theory that doctors have a right to kill where they can not cure?" "Haven't they always been doing it?"—*Boston Transcript*.

"That young Rawlins stays till a very late hour, Nora. What does your mother say about it?" "She says men haven't altered a hit, pa."—*London Opinion*.

Motorist—All I want is justice. Justice—All I can fine you is \$10.—*Houston Post*.

Visitor—Does this town boast of a hotel? Native—No; it apologizes for it.—*Judge*.

"It is better to have a light purse than a heavy heart," quoted the Wise Guy. "Yes, but it is still better to split the difference," added the Simple Mug.—*Philadelphia Record*.

"That bunch of geologists that were visiting here yesterday—how did they like the village?" "They had their hammers out all the time they were here."—*St. Louis Republic*.

Miss Smart—There's Scribbler, the poet, dining on a guinea hen and a porterhouse steak. I thought he was a vegetarian. Mr. Flip—A relative just left him some money.—*Punch*.

Miss Jagers (angling for a compliment)—They say plain girls are always religious. Now I'm not at all religious. Mr. Forinit (gallantly)—Yes, but there are exceptions to all rules, you know.—*Puck*.

"What can you do?" asked the hatcher of the applicant for a job. "Most anything around a shop." "Well, I'll start you at \$6 a week. Can you dress a chicken?" "Not on \$6 a week."—*Kansas City Star*.

"Is your client going to plead insanity?" "I haven't decided," replied the lawyer. "He wants to look the ground over and see which is the easiest to escape from, the prison or the asylum."—*Washington Star*.

"Don't you want good roads?" "Oh, I dunno," replied the man who was whittling a pine stick. "I aint got no horse er wagon, and there aint no place around here that's worth goin' to."—*Washington Star*.

"Now, my friends," said the candidate, making another effort to arouse enthusiasm in his hearers, "what do we need in order to carry this constituency by the biggest majority in its history?" The response was immediate and enthusiastic. "Another candidate!" yelled the audience.—*Toronto World*.

Mr. and Mrs. Flatty were having quite a brisk little quarrel. "You have no regard for my feelings," asserted Mr. Flatty. "You treat me worse than you do your dog!" "How can you say such a thing?" demanded Mrs. Flatty. "I do nothing of the kind. I never make the slightest difference between you!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

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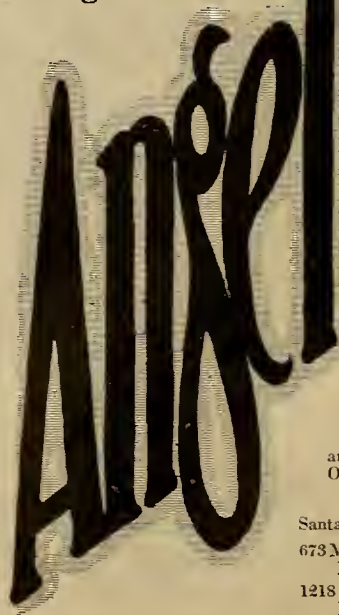
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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Mayor and the Opera House.

The Argonaut has not permitted itself to get het-up over Mayor Rolph's veto of the opera house ordinance, albeit that cheap little dough-face has done a foolish and a stupid thing. The Argonaut wants for San Francisco a multitude of things—among them an independent and honest daily newspaper—more than it wants a temple of musical art. None the less it is in positive though quiet sympathy with a disappointment which seems well-nigh universal among citizens of liberal mind and plain common sense.

Here are the facts of the matter: Certain enthusiasts for music and musical culture some two years or more ago conceived the idea of organizing in San Francisco a centre of musical interests. The plan was a generous one. It included the creation of an opera house with the maintenance of an endowed school of music, with all that goes with such an institution when established upon high conceptions and provided with a liberal sup-

port. About this time the city undertook the enterprise of creating a Civic Centre, and into this enterprise the musical project fitted perfectly. As the result of painstaking inquiry and calculation it was found that a building proper for the purposes proposed and planned for ornament as well as utility would cost about \$850,000. The raising of this fund was taken up in earnest with the result that some fifty or more citizens agreed to provide the money. This was accomplished under a plan which gave to the subscribers a prior right to the use of a certain limited number of boxes and seats for any performance to be held in the projected building, this right being nothing more than the privilege, before others, of paying for such seats at the usual prices. It was further provided that this privilege might be bequeathed like any other possession or property.

When Mr. Rolph came into the mayoralty the project found in him a cordial friend. It was proposed with his enthusiastic approval to make of the projected building a gift to the Civic Centre scheme. It was to be placed on a lot owned by the city. But the municipality was to be at no cost for the structure itself, for its administration, or for its upkeep. To make sure that the opera house should be maintained as an agency and support of musical art, as distinct from politics, it was arranged that the management should lie with a board of directors organized by the contributors to the fund and recruited as occasion required by election at the hands of the existing board. Mr. Rolph was consulted at every point and gave to the project as thus devised an enthusiastic support. He consulted and advised with the city attorney as to means of legally accomplishing the purposes in view, and even went so far as to attempt to win over certain critics and opponents of the scheme. So the project went forward up to the point of adoption, some two or three weeks back, by the board of supervisors of an ordinance authorizing the construction of the opera house upon the terms and conditions as agreed upon.

Under these circumstances it came as a shock to those especially interested when they were informed last week that the mayor "had his doubts" about the matter. A conference was held with Mr. Rolph, whereat these doubts were declared, not in a friendly and manly way, but in that mood of reticence and evasion characteristic of a coward who finds himself in an awkward situation. Mr. Rolph hemmed and hawed and then hawed and hemmed. He was afraid, he said, that the ordinance—the same ordinance which he had helped to define and which he had supported with enthusiasm—would not stand the test of judicial examination. Then he had come to fear that the plan by which contributors to the opera house fund were to have prior rights to the purchase of seats and to be able to pass on these rights to others was "undemocratic" and "calculated to promote aristocratic pretensions." In short it was evident that the poor little mayor had changed his poor little mind, likewise that he had become subject to some influence which had robbed him of an independent attitude in the matter. Two days later Mr. Rolph vetoed the ordinance.

We can only guess at the reasons. But the guessing is easy. There was an election in San Francisco early this month for certain minor officials, including several members of the board of supervisors. Mr. Rolph had a favorite ticket to which he had given public endorsement. That ticket was badly beaten. An opposing ticket representative of certain phases of social agitation—the same phases represented by a faction which for some inscrutable reason was opposed to the opera house—was elected. This faction Mr. Rolph now seeks to conciliate, and his first opportunity came in the shape of the opera house ordinance. He vetoed it under the pretence above outlined. But there is small doubt in any rational mind that his real motive was to curry favor with an element which is afraid that we shall

develop a local aristocracy by conceding to the members of a syndicate who propose to present to the city an opera house the trivial and insignificant privilege of first call (subject to the usual prices) upon certain boxes and seats.

To repeat what was said at the beginning, the Argonaut is not in a violent state of excitement over this matter. There are many things it would rather see done with the tidy sum of \$850,000 than the building of an opera house. It believes the subscribers to the syndicate, regarding them as public-spirited citizens, might apply their money to better uses. Nevertheless it is their own money and nobody has the right to criticize their way of spending it, especially when the thing they propose is a public benefit and a civic ornament. Any other city on the face of the earth would welcome with open arms a gift thus offered. San Francisco loses it, not because there is anything wrong or questionable in the proposition, but because a cheaply ambitious mayor seeks to win favor at the hands of a political caste by coddling its vanities and emphasizing its prejudices.

Carranza and "Constitutional Government."

In the London Times of October 27th there appears a letter written by an accredited correspondent from Hermosillo, Sonora, treating comprehensively and most intelligently of Mexican affairs. The writer speaks particularly of the leader of the "constitutional movement," General Carranza, describing him as "a reader, a scholar, and a man of unquestioned sincerity and personal honor." It is a marvel, he says, "how a man of this professorial student type should have gained such an ascendancy over the sort of men active in revolutionary affairs," and he ascribes his "dangerously high position" to sheer intellect and force of character. He quotes Carranza as saying:

I am the only leader recognized as supreme by all the chiefs of the revolution. What we fight for is the constitution of our country and the development of our people. Huerta outraged the constitution when he overthrew and murdered President Madero. He continues to outrage it by attempting to govern despotically as Diaz did, and refusing to administer fairly the laws, which are equal for all. This revolution can not cease until either we triumph or until Huerta triumphs over us. Even in the latter case it would only cease for the moment. It has its roots in social causes. The land, which was formerly divided among the mass of the people, has been seized by a few. The owners of it compel those who are working it to buy the necessities of life from them at a price which is a burden of debt upon the poor people and which they cannot pay. If they try to go on working the land, they can not go away. If they try to go away, they can be put in prison. And as the land is the basis of the growth of a middle class. Formerly there were no rich and the poor. Now there is a class in Mexico which does not like to see the poor oppressed; which knows that democracy and social reforms mean in other countries, and which is resolved to take successive steps forward in the direction of complete self-government.

The correspondent asked Carranza if he had any definite plans for land reform and other reforms, to which he replied that "the first necessity is the fair and free election of a president." Then with curious inconsistency he added, "In the disturbed state of our country it is impossible to hold a proper election. Large numbers of voters will not know anything about it. We Constitutionalists refuse to recognize any president who may be returned at a fraudulent election. We shall execute anybody who does recognize him."

At this point the correspondent, both amazed and shocked at Carranza's statement, asked him just what he meant by it. "We shall," the general replied calmly, as if he were making a perfectly natural remark, "execute any one who recognizes a president unconstitutionally elected and directly or indirectly guilty of participation in the murder of Madero." The comment of the correspondent upon this is as follows:

To hear this amiable, scholarly old gentleman declare so bloodthirsty and to us so utterly unreasonable is

action made me feel as if I were dreaming. It threw a strange light upon his profession of belief in democracy. I have no doubt that he sincerely imagines himself a believer in that creed.

Discrepancy between their professions and their avowed policy shows how far the mentality of Mexico is distant from that of Europe and the United States, and how impossible it is to apply to it, as President Wilson persists in doing, the same tests and the same standards which obtain in countries where the idea of self-government is a plant of mature growth. It is the custom of the Constitutionalist and Federalists alike to execute all the general and field officers who are captured; sometimes other officers, and even men. They justify this by reference to a law of 1862 against fomenting treason. Each side calls the other side "traitors," and the only course to take with a "traitor"—that is, a man who differs from your views—is to shoot him.

Continuing the correspondent says:

I thought of these sayings as I sat in the Palacio de Gobierno listening to flowery speeches, such as all Mexicans can make, about the beauty and justice of popular rule, at a meeting upon regular European or American lines held in honor of General Carranza. I thought of them as I watched a working men's procession march through the streets of Hermosillo hearing banners on which were inscribed "Club Liberal," "Club Democratico de Obreros y Artesanos" (laborers and artisans), and so on. And I am bound to admit that meeting and procession impressed me not very greatly, now that I knew what, to the Mexican Constitutionalist, liberalism and democracy mean.

All of which exhibits plainly that when Mexicans and Americans speak of liberty, democracy, justice, the constitution, the laws, and all the rest of it, they have in mind quite different things. When President Wilson thinks of the Mexican constitution and of "a full and fair expression of the will" of the Mexican people he has in mind the conditions, the conceptions, the habits of thought and action of his fellow-citizens of New Jersey or Indiana. When a Mexican, even the most educated, enlightened, and well-intentioned, uses the same terms he thinks of a situation and of things as jumbled and confused as the declarations of General Carranza, who in one breath demands a constitutional election, in the next declares such an election impossible, and then by way of exhibiting his devotion to the constitution, law, and the spirit of liberty, proposes to execute whoever may hold opinions or propose policies different from his own.

There is no doubt an element of justice in Carranza's assertion that the Mexican lands have been alienated from the many and possessed by the few. Selfishness and tyranny have no doubt played a grievous part in the organization and government of Mexico. But when it comes to remedies the Mexican mind, even while it prattles the phrases of law and liberty, conceives no other method of action save that of military force exercised arbitrarily. "We will," says Carranza, "execute all who oppose us."

It would seem that even the academic mind of President Wilson should see that there is but one way of organizing and administering government among a people so incapable of comprehending or working an orderly system under the professed standards of a free constitution—a document in no sense representing Mexican understanding or sentiment, but merely copied from the constitution of the United States to serve the convenience of a conqueror and arbitrary ruler. Since even the leader of the so-called constitutional faction admits that a full and free election is out of the question, there would seem little purpose from any point of view of waging war for the constitution. As a matter of fact the demand of the so-called Constitutionalist party is a mere rallying cry, put forth to give such justification as it may to a movement which has no other purpose, no other conception, than that of military autocracy. For the United States to give aid to Carranza as against Huerta is merely to support one military autocrat who makes a profession of murder against another military autocrat of the same type.

Whoever governs Mexico must do so upon terms and under conditions which the Mexican mind can understand. Any government for long years to come must be a government of force. If now we shall knock down Huerta and set up Carranza we will have in a half-year's time to play the game all over again, since our protégé would have in order to sustain himself to do what Diaz did and what Huerta has tried to do. The case of Mexico is not one in which an enlightened and moralized system under our standards can possibly be established or sustained. It is possible to secure a social order, as the experience of Diaz has proved; but the job is one for a military autocrat, not a Constitutionalist. And if we shall insist upon thrusting out

in turn each man who ascends to the chair of authority in Mexico by the sword, we shall ultimately have to wield the sword ourselves. No doubt if we should set about it we can pacify Mexico. But we shall have to do it by sending armies into the country and—what is worse—keeping them there for an indefinite time. It would indeed be an amazing commentary upon our professions if we should drive one tyrant or half a dozen from the country, only in the end to establish the rule of the sword under the Stars and Stripes.

A Timely and a Significant Discussion.

The annual meeting of the California Bar Association at San Diego within the week has afforded an interesting illustration of a new spirit in respect to the "railroad situation"—a spirit highly to be commended as compared with that exemplified in fierce partisan contentions in recent times. At this meeting two notable papers were read by two notable men. Mr. John M. Eshleman of the State Railroad Commission dealt with "Control of Public Utilities in California," and Mr. William F. Herrin, chief counsel of the Southern Pacific Company, with "Government Control of Railroads."

It is quite beyond the facilities of the *Argonaut* to present these papers in full or even comprehensively in substance. But we will glance for a moment at their more notable points. Mr. Eshleman laid down as a fundamental proposition that no man should be permitted to indulge in a selfish inclination to get as much as he can for his commodity or his service in such manner as to deprive the public of the opportunity to get the necessities of life on reasonable terms. Again: That monopoly in some form is essential to constitute an agency a political utility. Again: Agencies become public utilities independent of the desire of the owners of such agencies and irrespective of any voluntary devotion of their property to public use. Again: Owners of public utility property hold such property by different tenure than other owners. Again: The amount of money wisely invested in a public utility property is the best evidence of value for rate-fixing purposes and is the controlling element in determining the amount on which a utility should be permitted to earn. And finally: If we put a restriction upon public utility business and clouds upon public utility property, public authority has a reciprocal duty to protect these utilities and their property from injustice on the part of their patrons.

Mr. Eshleman supported each of these fundamental propositions calmly and with logical clearness, sustaining his presentments with arguments drawn from facts and original reflection and supported by authoritative citations from students, lawyers, and courts.

Mr. Herrin's paper dealt with the central principle of Mr. Eshleman's theme as directly related to railroads. He introduced his address with a quotation from a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission declaring that "the United States is trying an experiment which never has been successfully worked out yet in the history of the world. It is trying to build, develop, and operate its railroads by private capital under rates and regulations fixed, not by the owners of that capital, but by the public." Mr. Herrin recalled the evils which arose in the administration of railroads before their public regulation was attempted, frankly declaring that they were many and grievous. No principle, he said, is more vital in railway administration than that there shall be no unjust discrimination between shippers as to service rendered or the rates charged therefor. There could be no more insidious or vicious practice than to favor one shipper or class of shippers at the expense of others. It would prevent any sound business development, and be corruptive and destructive in its tendencies. "Yet," he added, "these vicious discriminations were frequent before they were abolished by the force of government regulation."

Mr. Herrin proceeded to show that many of the abuses of the era preceding regulation were due to conditions which nothing but the hand of some general authority was capable of correcting. Unfettered competition among railroads enabled unscrupulous or reckless railway managers to establish rates and maintain practices which others better intentioned were compelled to meet. The railroads themselves had much to be thankful for in a system of regulations which put a stop to rate-cutting and to cut-throat methods in competition. "The railways," he said, "have good reason to accept any rational and fair scheme of regulation administered with reason and impartiality."

Upon this basis Mr. Herrin took up the question of the financial needs of the railroads in conjunction with the expanded and expanding traffic of the country. He quoted President Hadley of Yale, chairman of the Railroad Securities Commission, as authority for the fact that vast sums of money are needed to maintain and expand the existing railway systems and that "the thousands of millions of dollars needed for these purposes must be raised by the sale of securities." Proceeding, Mr. Herrin pointed out that the railways can not compete with other industries in obtaining money for their needs unless their earnings approximate the rate of return gained by such industries. It is a matter of common knowledge, he said, that for the last three or four years it has been difficult for the railroads to secure money upon any reasonable terms. They lay under a special disadvantage in that they are required by government authority to do many and costly things, including advance of wages, payment of increased taxes, installation of safety devices, meet the requirement of "full crew" laws, etc., while at the same time they can not raise their rates without consent of government authority. If, he declared, the present rates were certain to be continued, it would still be difficult to secure money urgently needed. But the railways can not deal with this subject upon the assurance that present rates will be continued, since rate reductions are being made from time to time by the Interstate Commerce Commission and by the State Railroad Commission, while applications on the part of the railroads for increases in rates have generally been unsuccessful.

Obviously, Mr. Herrin said, the experiment of government regulation must prove a failure if it forces down the net income of the railways to such an extent that necessary capital can not be secured. After all unjust discriminations are removed and the rates are such as do not obstruct the movement of traffic, the first interest of the public is that earnings shall be sufficient to give the railways first-class credit in the money markets, for only by such credit can adequate transportation facilities by means of private capital be secured. Putting the matter concretely, he said: "It is far more important to the public interest that the money necessary to furnish adequate transportation facilities should be expended by the railways for that purpose than that tariff reductions should be made to the extent of the interest rate upon that money. The first consideration of the rate regulating power should be to secure the most efficient transportation facilities for the public, and obviously it should avoid any policy or action tending to cripple the railways or lessen their ability to perform their public service." In conclusion Mr. Herrin said:

I have shown, I think, that without regulation neither the public interest nor that of the railways was fully protected. Some measure of regulation was therefore necessary. It may be that the regulation which has ensued has gone beyond the best and wisest limits, but I do not think it material to raise that question. * * * The administration of our present laws is the all important thing, and that of course largely depends upon the men who constitute the Interstate Commerce Commission and the railroad commissions of the different states. * * * While the leading responsibility for success or failure of government regulation must rest upon the railway commission, I have frankly stated that railway officials can not escape a large responsibility, and their duty is plain to co-operate with and aid the officials in every reasonable way. * * * I hope the period of litigating questions of constitutional law upon the subject has largely passed and that the efforts of all officials and parties interested will henceforth be loyally devoted to solving the question at hand in the best interest of the public; for if that is done I am certain that the railway interests will be fully protected.

We present these brief outlines of the addresses of Messrs. Eshleman and Herrin not so much in respect of their intrinsic merits, valuable though they be in this respect, as because they illustrate both in matter and manner a changed and improved attitude of mind both on the part of the regulators and the regulated. It signifies much in relation to a sound adjustment of a great problem that representatives of each side of the issue may come together in cordial and coöperative discussion free from rancor and subject to the lights of information and reason.

Having carefully gone over both the papers of Mr. Eshleman and Mr. Herrin, we fail to find in either anything in serious conflict with the principles or arguments laid down by the other. If we may accept these expressions as representative and authoritative, there has come a condition when thoughtful men representing both sides of what is called the railroad question stand upon common ground. And it has come none too soon. The country is dependent upon transportation;

and transportation is dependent for its efficiency upon fair treatment.

Mothers' Pensions in Oregon.

It hardly needs be said that the Mothers' Pension Law of Oregon has produced unexpected results. Laws that interfere with inexorable economic processes always do produce unexpected results, and the same may be said of laws that ignore the notorious failings of human nature. Germany, which was the first home of pensions, pittance, and doles, has already discovered to her dismay that her paternal legislation has been little more than a subsidy upon fraud, and that she has laid the axe at the root of her national morality. She has created a veritable pest of petty perjurers.

The Oregon law has now been in force for four months, and the report of its operation is precisely of the kind that might have been foreseen. It has done none of the things that it ought to do and a whole host of things that it ought not to do. Fifty per cent of the applications for relief have been refused, and we are told that "in many cases perjury has been committed and false affidavits as to financial status made." We may be fairly sure that many more than fifty per cent of these applications ought to have been refused, since there is nothing so hard to discover as the actual financial status of those who are bent upon hiding it.

But the other side of the shield is equally deplorable. As a premium upon vice and a discount upon virtue there is nothing quite so effective as a pension law. The most cursory knowledge of human nature would have shown that the honest and necessitous mothers would be precisely the ones to shrink from making known their plight and from a public application to a public fund. This is exactly what has happened in Oregon. It is exactly what has happened everywhere since the world began. It is the common human experience of all ages, and it is only certain callous and brutal forms of "charity" that ignore it. The report says that "in the mass of inquiries confronting the pension officers it has been felt that there may be many needy and proud mothers whose wants are not even known." This is not a conjecture, but a certainty. The mothers who ought to be relieved are just the ones who would rather starve than say so. A pension fund with its abhorrent concomitants of inquiry and investigation and publicity is a boon to the charlatan and an affront to merit. This is well known to genuine benevolence and it has always been.

But the report goes on from bad to worse. Mothers who have been found ineligible under the pension law have taken prompt measures to place themselves within its scope, to become eligible. Since a state of penury is a condition of relief a state of penury can be supplied. Mothers who have strained every nerve to keep the home and the family together have found that their painful success has been a bar to relief, and so we are told that "the law has filled the children's homes very nearly to capacity through the giving up to institutional charge of the children of unsuccessful applicants." One may be pardoned for thinking that the law could be better employed than this. But there is nothing here that could not have been foreseen, and that would not have been foreseen by legislators and agitators whose schemes were not of the "happy thought" variety. A little of the genuine human sympathy that brings wisdom would have predicted these very evils. A little real charity would have counted on a certain pride of poverty that is not only exquisite in itself but a social asset of incalculable value. But there was no real sympathy and no real charity behind this law.

Of course there are other evils yet to be disclosed. We may anticipate some future report that will show the effect of the new law upon wife desertion. There are many men whose fragile sense of decency persuades them to a certain fidelity to domestic duty and who hesitate actually to abandon the wives whom they can barely support. The new law will remove this hesitation by its guaranty against actual starvation. And many of the wives thus deserted will prefer starvation to an inquisitorial and intrusive charity with its investigations, its card indexes, and its interrogations.

No doubt the new mania for benevolence by taxation will run its course. It appeals to a sort of bastard philanthropy that is always ready to legislate money out of the pockets of other people, even though it wither up those personal benefactions that are an advantage alike to the giver and the receiver. We are told by the more moderate of our reformers that all

these expedients are in the nature of experiments. But they are disastrous experiments. We can not afford to experiment in the manufacture of cadgers and perjurers. They are numerous enough already. We can not afford to discourage private charity, which is actually the only kind of charity that counts, and that is now being withdrawn from those whose fine human dignities preclude an appeal for state aid. These are evils that are easy to create but difficult to cure. But it is at least legitimate to protest against the complacent assumption that these laws are the results of benevolence and that opposition is a sign of indifference. And such a protest is immeasurably strengthened by the disclosure of facts from Oregon.

The Seaman's Bill.

If the Seaman's bill, which passed the Senate last month and now awaits action in the House, had been avowedly designed for the destruction of American shipping and for the driving of the American flag from the high seas it could hardly be more effective to those ends or more deadly.

Of course the bill was presented to the Senate under its most innocent and beneficent aspects. It was supposed to be a humanitarian effort to provide for the safety of the passenger and for the comfort of the sailor, and the Senate swallowed it with a gullible congratulation that at last it was able to serve both God and labor. Apparently it occurred to none of the assembled incapacities of the upper house of Congress practically to apply its provisions to existing facts or to determine the precise results of a law that was certainly precise enough in its terminology. There may have been other reasons than this, less reputable reasons, but at least it is charitable to suppose that the majority in favor of the bill was actuated by a mere careless stupidity rather than by a venal craving for labor-union popularity at the cost of vital American interests.

But now some of the Eastern steamship companies are recovering from their bewilderment and are beginning to make themselves heard. They say they do not wish to be exterminated even to please the labor unions, and exterminated they must certainly be if this egregious and wicked bill should become a law. Among the provisions of the measure is one that requires lifeboat accommodation for every passenger that is carried, and that also calls for the supply of two trained seamen to each boat. At a first glance by one unused to mental processes the provision may seem to be a reasonable one, but let us see how it works out in actual practice. For example, the Central Railroad of New Jersey points out that its Sandy Hook boats, navigating a narrow and shallow channel where even a suicide would find it difficult to drown himself, must henceforth carry crews of about 240 able seamen instead of thirty, and they want to know what they are to do with this little army of 210 superfluous men for whom there is no possible employment. They also want to know how they are to pay them, and there being no possible answer to either question, the company announces the suppression of its services in the event of the passage of the bill. Some of the lake steamship lines say that they will be "annihilated" in the same event, and all of the transatlantic lines that have been consulted are in agreement that other provisions of the bill will drive them wholly away from American ports and into Canadian ports. These other provisions have to do with the premium that the bill places upon desertion and its harassing restrictions on the nationality and language of the seamen. Upon these points it may be necessary to make some future reflections, but in the meantime we may ask ourselves what would happen to our ferry steamers if they were required to carry a crew of 240 trained seamen as well as firemen and deck hands. The idea is almost too ludicrous for consideration, but not too ludicrous for adoption by the United States Senate. Nothing is too ludicrous for that.

It seems that Mr. La Follette is mainly answerable for this childish business, and Mr. La Follette's motives are sufficiently transparent. Hailing from Wisconsin, he knows about as much of navigation as he does of the Martian canals, and probably he considers them of equal practical importance. Mr. La Follette knows far more of labor unionism than he does of either, and he badly needs the labor-union vote in his business of reelection to the Senate. Therefore the deal is obvious. Mr. La Follette scratches Mr. Furuseth's back by his advocacy of this preposterous bill,

and Mr. Furuseth reciprocates in kind by advising the labor unionists of Wisconsin to vote for the true friend of organized labor. It is the kind of piously corrupt bargain to which Progressivism is inuring us. It is that peculiar combination of bribery and benevolence that is always so much more disgusting than open venality and that is the invention of the political purist. The Progressive mind seems always to be open for a trade. And nothing sickens it.

The Seaman's bill is now before the House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries. Perhaps it would be too sanguine to hope that the elementary considerations of patriotism will take precedence of labor-union coercion and labor-union votes, but it may still be possible for public opinion so to assert itself that this fatal injury to the American marine may be averted.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

The Mexican Mess—Why One Democratic Senator Does Not Knock Under to the Administration.

WASHINGTON, November 22, 1913.

When Woodrow Wilson was president of Princeton it was said of him that his ability to disrupt any organization almost rose to the dignity of a gift. His chief characteristic was described as stubbornness, evidence of this being found in the contour of his chin.

While Mr. Wilson has not disrupted the Democratic party, he has given it some severe jolts, and his stubbornness has been proved not only in the currency situation, but in handling the Mexican situation. With regard to Mexico, he has put the United States in an untenable position from which, unfortunately, it may not be able to withdraw with dignity. The manner in which the so-called Constitutionalists murdered the Federal officers at Juarez after the town had been captured renders futile any effort that Mr. Wilson might make to show that his recognition of the rebel cause would be a fulfillment of the high ideals which were the excuse for refusing recognition of Huerta.

Even Counsellor Moore in the State Department is willing to admit that it would have been far better for the United States to have recognized Huerta in the first place. Mr. Moore's resignation has been rumored a number of times, but the only real basis for the reports is the fact that he is known to be out of sympathy with the policy of President Wilson and Mr. Bryan with respect to Mexico. Probably Mr. Moore realizes that Huerta, after all, is about the strongest man in Mexico, and the only one who can have the slightest hope, even with strong financial backing, of bringing order out of chaos in the troubled republic.

There is not the slightest reason to believe, however, that Mr. Wilson will recede from his present position. In fact the United States has gone so far that to retreat now would be undignified. The only point to the argument is that Mr. Wilson's vaunted stubbornness is apt to get the United States in a peck of trouble.

Senator Hitchcock of Nebraska stands as the only untamed member of the Democratic party. Senators Reed of Missouri, O'Gorman of New York, and several others who opposed the President's financial measure are now eating out of the hand of Mr. Wilson, but Hitchcock has not yet been lassoed, and is not likely to be. He is against the Glass-Owen bill. He is against the O'Gorman plan. He is against Mr. Vanderlip's approval of the O'Gorman plan. He is against everything that savors of anything. He is "agin" the constitution. The real trouble with Hitchcock is his lack of a sympathetic heart.

He fails to appreciate the delicate situation in which his fellow-Nebraskan, William Jennings Bryan, finds himself. Mr. Hitchcock is annoyed because all the patronage which has gone to Nebraska has been distributed to the friends of the Secretary of State. As a member of the United States Senate Mr. Hitchcock is entitled to some of this patronage himself, but he is not getting it. He really should adopt a more sympathetic attitude towards Bryan, because the latter is struggling like Atlas, with a world of office-holders and office-seekers on his shoulders.

For more than twenty years Bryan has been paddling about the country making close, personal, bosom friends. In every state, county, city, and hamlet Mr. Bryan has played Damon to some leading Democrat's Pythias. The closest personal friend the Secretary has is to be found in any town visited by the traveling salesman. Pick out any village at random and ask for the citizen who has been shouting about Thomas Jefferson for twenty years and you will find "Bill" Bryan's closest friend.

When Bryan was appointed Secretary of State he found that he had 10,000 close personal friends. Every mother's son of them wanted a job. They felt that Mr. Bryan, having been so close to them for so many years, would appoint them to office the moment he assumed power.

Whenever a man is elected President he finds that he has about ten times as many relatives as he ever dreamed of, and the same thing has been true of Bryan's friends. He did not realize how many there were in

the country until he became Secretary of State. Ever since then he has been trying to take care of the faithful, but the problem of fitting about 10,000 men to 1000 jobs has never yet been solved, even by algebra.

A man with a sombrero and long hair steamed up to the office of the Secretary the other day, and without asking his name Eddie, the Secretary's messenger, ushered him quickly into Bryan's inner sanctum.

"How did that chap get in so quickly?" asked a congressman who was waiting for an audience.

"Oh, that gemmen's from Nebraska," answered Eddie.

"How do you know?" asked the congressman.

"Case all them long-haired fellows with th' big hats is from Nebraska—and dey goes right in."

That is why Senator Hitchcock has been insuring on the currency.

PRENTICE ARMSTRONG.

Up to the present time 522 Victoria Crosses have been awarded, and each has been won under circumstances of the deadliest peril to its owner. The cross itself is of bronze, cast from cannon taken at Sebastopol, inscribed with the words, "For Valor." It is the proudest decoration a British subject can wear. The Duke of Newcastle, secretary of state for war, 1854-5, is credited with having originated the idea of the cross after the Alma, being anxious to institute an English order which all ranks might win and be proud to wear, like the French Legion of Honor. The cross confers on all below commissioned rank an annuity of \$50. Out of the 522 awarded so far one has been won by a clergyman, three by civilians, three by men of color, twenty-six by officers of the medical profession, and forty-one by men of the royal navy. The first to gain the cross was a naval officer, the last a Gurkha lieutenant. During the war in the Crimean Peninsula 111 Victoria Crosses were won. In the two years of the Indian Mutiny (1857-9) the number of crosses awarded was 182, while seventy-eight were given for deeds of valor during the Boer War (1899-1902).

Scientists claim that young crocodiles, just before they are ready to hatch, utter a croaking cry within the eggs which can be heard though the eggs be buried some distance under the sand. Dr. W. A. Lamborn recently tested the fact at Lagos, on the West African coast. He heard a croaking noise from below a dry path and, digging in the path to investigate the cause, he discovered thirteen crocodile eggs at a depth of about eighteen inches. All the young crocodiles hatched out within half an hour of being dug up. So far back as 1899 Dr. Voeltzkow noticed that unhatched Madagascar crocodiles uttered a cry from the egg at a depth of two yards and that any shock, as of a heavy tread near the egg, caused the baby crocodile to produce this sound "with the mouth closed, as we produce hiccup sounds." In this way they inform the female crocodile, when she visits the nest, that they want her aid, whereupon she scrapes the sand away and they emerge.

In the Girara country, Papua, a district of New Guinea, where the country is almost entirely submerged, the natives are said to claim descent from the dog. They possess five totems, which are drawn on all their houses. Their villages are erected on hillocks so as to be clear of the water and the people of each village inhabit one large common house, sometimes as much as four to five hundred feet long and sixty to eighty feet in width. The centre of this huge building is a kind of common hall, which is used only by the men, while the walls of the structure are divided into cubicles in three or four floors, access to which is gained by means of ladders. The women are not allowed to enter the building by the same door as the men. A great deal of sorcery prevails in the western division. In the wilder parts of the country the chief is himself a head sorcerer. He claims to be able to separate his spirit from his body and to send it on various missions, including that of killing people.

Like the mining engineer, the building engineer now finds practically no problem in his field which he can not solve, and the question of excavating for foundations for high buildings is little more than a routine matter. Depth is no great hindrance, as has been demonstrated in New York. For the greatest office structure in the world, on the site of the Equitable Building, destroyed by fire, the engineers dug and blasted far below the street, and at a depth of eighty feet found a rock bed around the entire site for the more important base of the foundation. It is on this bedrock that the mighty cofferdam, which will form the true middle of a foundation covering over 49,000 square feet, will be built. The cofferdam itself, when complete, will be a solid concrete wall, six feet broad and eighty feet deep, strengthened or reinforced by heavy steel rods.

There is no more interesting character in California than that class of prospector known as the "pocket hunter." In certain sections of the mountains the rich gold deposits are contained in small scattered pockets near the surface. The pocket miners often discover many rich deposits by tracing the particles of gold in the soil to their sources. As soon as a pocket is gouged out and colors of gold are no longer shown the place is abandoned. In one pocket in Trinity County as much as \$45,000 was yielded in a few feet.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Mr. Herbert Samuel, the British postmaster-general, reminds us once more that laws always do so much more than we expect them to do. Mr. Samuel has just returned from a tour through Canada and the United States, the object of his visit being to inspect the postoffice and telephone systems of the two countries. He tells us that Canada has adopted the rule of equal pay for men and women in the postoffices and that as a result practically no women are engaged. Here we see an irreproachable theory in conflict with an immovable fact. It is theoretically true that men and women who do the same work ought to receive the same pay. But the actual wage values of human beings are not determined by theories. They are determined by the amount that employers are willing to pay for the services in question. And employers prefer men to women, and it is only the lower pay that overcomes that preference. Insist that men and women receive the same pay for the same services and the employer naturally says that in that case he prefers to employ a man, who can carry his own typewriter from one room to another, who does not need special dressing accommodations, who is untroubled by headaches, and who demands no peculiar consideration. Evidently the women of Canada have jumped from the frying-pan into the fire, as must necessarily be the case where legal enactments are invoked in order to counteract the inexorable laws of economics. Similar results have followed the passing of eight-hour laws, mothers' pension laws, and the whole schedule of follies so dear to the heart of the reformer.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw gives us another example of the rake's progress toward anarchy. Commenting on the Dublin riots, Mr. Shaw says that the practice of modern politics is to let loose the police to do their worst to the people. "If you put a policeman in that way on the footing of a mad dog, that can only end, if you persist in such conduct, in one way—and that is that every respectable man will have to arm himself. A gentleman says, 'Arm yourself with what?' I suggest that you should arm yourself with something that will put a decisive stop to the proceedings of the police. I hope that observation of mine will be carefully reported. I should rather like to be prosecuted for sedition, and have an opportunity of explaining fully exactly what I mean by it." Now it would be interesting to remind Mr. Shaw that practically every man in Dublin has a vote. Great Britain as a whole has manhood suffrage, or something very much like it. Democracy, we are told, or the rule of the people by the people, would forever destroy tyrannies, but it seems that democracy is quite powerless to do anything of the sort. It can only be done by revolvers, or by dynamite, or some other instrument of murder in the hands of persons who feel themselves to be aggrieved. It would be interesting to ask Mr. Shaw what kind of social system he would recommend so as to obviate the necessity for the civil war that he now applauds. Does he know of any way in which the interests of the average man can be better protected than by giving that man a vote? If so will he tell us what it is, since communal life of any kind appears to be impossible if individuals or organizations of individuals are to resort to revolvers and dynamite as soon as they find themselves unable to get something or to do something that they wish to get or to do.

Bulwer Lytton must have been something of an *enfant terrible* if we may accept the testimony of his grandson, Lord Lytton, who has just delivered a lecture in London. Lord Lytton said: "At the age of nine this precocious reader of books startled his mother by saying: 'Pray, mamma, are you not sometimes overcome with the sense of your own identity?' His mother replied: 'It is high time you went to school, Teddy.'"

We have sometimes wondered in a vague and unenthusiastic way about the teachings of Futurism, and now comes Mr. Marinetti, its founder, to tell us all about it. He says that Futurists are staunch free traders in politics and also thoroughgoing imperialists, determined that Italy shall have a big army and navy and that her foreign policy shall be an aggressive one. To this end education must be vigorous and wholesome, and therefore there must be an end to the teaching of Latin, Greek, and all dead languages. Music, art schools, specialists, and archaeologists must also be vigorously suppressed in favor of laboratories and workshops, and instead of pseudo intellectual cramming there must be obligatory physical training. Futurism declares war against maudlin sentimentality, eroticism, and quietism, and it wishes also to bring about the "extirpation" of lawyers and doctors with the exception of a small and competent residue. Doctors and lawyers, says Mr. Marinetti, have become an intolerable pest in social life, like rabbits in Australia. Money for all these necessary reforms could be raised by the suppression of all government grants to art, archaeology, and such like "played-out hobbies," and the periodical sale by public auction of all the contents of national picture galleries and museums. So now we know all about Futurism, or at least so much of it as we wish to know. It seems to be a sort of utilitarian savagery, although the proposal to extirpate the lawyers and the doctors furnishes a momentary gleam of sagacity.

Mr. Asquith, prime minister of England, says: "It is not part of our duty to prevent revolutions or control civil wars." That it is the duty of America to do these things seems to be a part of the new political gospel. But there was once a civil war in America. Also a revolution, and no foreign power even suggested that intervention would be advisable in order to restore peace and harmony.

A writer in the *English Review* quotes some words that are said to have been inscribed on the tomb of Napoleon in

his island prison. They are as follows: "I was born in Ajaccio, but destiny, which ordains by its profound decree the lot of man, impelled me to France, and upon the thousand shores that I traversed I held the balance of the world. Now, whilst my proud name still survives, second in comparison to perhaps none other, I myself am dead, and am but laid beneath a cold stone on an almost unknown shore." It would be interesting to know if these words were actually inscribed upon the tomb, and if so, who wrote them.

The *London Daily Chronicle* says that the career of Sir Rufus Isaacs, the new Lord Chief Justice of England, may be said to support Stevenson's plea for youthful idling. One of his schoolfellows some years ago described him as the very worst of boys from a schoolmaster's point of view. "Lessons he left unlearned, class work he shirked, and mischief was his only devotion. Nor was the mischievousness only in himself—he delighted in inspiring others in his 'wicked ways.' Indeed my recollection of him is always of a demoniacal, young, mischievous imp with sparkling eyes, who was always in disgrace or being caned, and yet withal was ever merry and deliciously humorous. 'Isaacs Secundus, you will go to the devil,' was the prognostication oft repeated by his schoolmaster. Instead of that the 'devil' (in a legal sense) comes to him, and is right glad of the privilege."

Those who look upon the Russian Duma as a sort of oasis of democracy in the midst of a desert of autocracy may take note of the fate that was meted out to the bill granting to Jews the same civil rights as are enjoyed by Christians. The bill was introduced by M. Shingareff and it was promptly defeated by a vote of 152 to 92.

We have heard a good deal of the mistakes of publishers, but now comes Mr. Macmillan to assure us that the publisher stands between the public and a lot of sad nonsense. Mr. Macmillan's firm accepts about one in every hundred manuscripts submitted to them, but it is to be feared that other publishers do not show the same discrimination. Considering the amount of drivel that finds its way into print one can only dejectedly wonder what sort of stuff it is that is rejected. At the same time Mr. Macmillan admits that the manuscript of "John Inglesant" was declined by several leading publishers and eventually a few copies were printed for private circulation. Mrs. Humphrey received one of these copies and sent it to Macmillan's and they decided to take the risk, and it need not be said that the story is now regarded as a classic. Mr. Thomas Hardy was once "declined with thanks" and has since professed himself as profoundly grateful for the rebuff.

Mr. Macmillan had a good story to tell of the late Professor Huxley. He was asked to write "Elementary Lessons in Physiology," and he submitted the first sixteen pages and then refused to continue the work on the ground of overpressure. Eventually Mr. Macmillan had these sixteen pages made up in a "dummy" copy and sent it to the author, who opened the parcel and without examining the book rushed to a colleague and said, "Look, that — Scotchman has got some one else to finish my work." "After that," said Mr. Macmillan, "it was not difficult to persuade the great scientist to complete the work quickly."

Cleopatra seems to have been the first hunger-striker. Shakespeare represents her as saying when she was captured:

Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
I'll not sleep neither; this mortal hour I'll ruin.
Do Caesar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinioned at your master's court.

The recent conventions of French labor unions have shown no disposition to favor sabotage, and they have administered a decided rebuff to the extremists in their ranks. Resolutions were passed that not only relegated violence to the back ranks, but that emphasized a reliance upon legislation as a remedy for injustices. The pet syndicalist scheme for going on strike during one day of each month was voted down by a large majority and the whole tendency of the meetings appeared to be pacific and conciliatory. A certain conservatism was bound to make itself felt in France as soon as the first exuberance of indignation had passed away. There could be only one end to the monthly strike and sabotage. France has had so many revolutions that there can be no illusion as to the suffering entailed, and the French workman might well hesitate before upsetting a social system that was at least better than starvation barricades.

Those who imagine that China and Japan are rapidly becoming Christianized would do well to acquaint themselves with the opinion of Dr. Charles W. Eliot, who has just completed a tour round the world. Dr. Eliot said he had observed that the missionary teaching of the last hundred years has almost no hold on the Oriental mind. He believes that Unitarianism might succeed where other forms of religion have failed, but we are still left in doubt why any effort at all should be made to change the religion of other nations. Apparently it does not matter much in what way they are changed so long as they are changed.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

During the year 1912 the people of the United States paid over six million dollars for mineral water. New York leads in the number of springs, quantity of water, total value, and value of table waters, but ranks seventh in the value of medicinal waters sold. Indiana takes first rank in the value of medicinal water sold and is third in total value.

THE MISTS.

Where Woman's Deft Handiwork Mattered Not.

The house stood some distance from the main road at the end of a weed-grown, deeply rutted lane. A few yards in front lay the sluggish, muddy prairie stream with its beautiful Indian name—Nishnabotna. In freshest time the waters, backed up by a high bank at the bend just below, came clear around the little house and coated with slime the two huge cottonwood logs which held it above the level of the ground. The logs had been placed there years before, after the first spring flood had crept up in the night with deceitfully lulling murmur. It had been easier so to prop the house up than to move it to higher ground. On one side lay a bare, unsodded yard, littered with rusty farm machinery and wood in various stages of preparation for the fire. Beyond this stood a low, slough-grass thatched barn, and behind it muddy cattle yards fenced with rails. On the other side and back of the house a dry-green field of Indian corn threatened to sweep over and engulf it. All about the yard were patches of ragged weeds, growing ranker toward the river bank, but in the corn field there was no growth other than the clean, straight rows of bladed stalks. The window which faced the river was draped, in ironical incongruity, with neat, white net curtains.

A woman stood in the doorway of the house and watched the clear red of sunset fading into dusk. From the barnyard came the sound of pails clinking together, and hearing it, she turned back into the house. After lighting a lamp and placing it on the back porch for her husband when he should come in, she washed out a large milk can and placed over it several thicknesses of muslin through which to strain the milk. Then she dragged a chair before the door and sat wearily down, waiting until her husband had finished the evening chores.

Slowly the night mists began to form in the valley. Tonight they came first as only a damp chill in the air. Then an added gloom appeared in the growing dusk, gradually thickening until the valley was enveloped in dull, gray chill. A shiver that was almost a shudder passed over the woman. The mists had come to stand, in her mind, as a symbol of the whole slow-chilling life in the prairie valley. Their oppression was so intangible, so incapable of being defined, and they settled down so inexorably with the waning of the light. Yet, as the quiet end of evening was beautiful, with a beauty that meant only a lull in pain and labor, and a rest in order that more pain and labor might be endured, so the mists were often very beautiful.

The neighbors were prosperous. Their houses and well-painted barns stood on the hilltops where the mists did not reach, where they were only weird and beautiful creations of the night, to be driven through quickly if one crossed the river after dark, and then looked down upon with wonder from above. Only to the woman in the little house in the valley were the mists a terror; and somehow only that house remained outside the march of prosperity, a relic of the old prairie days.

After the last of the evening work had been done and her husband had silently gone to bed the woman carried a lighted lamp into the sacred little front room. Placing the lamp on the table, she gingerly examined the curtains which draped the only window. They were growing yellow and dingy from the dust. (There was no escaping it; they would have to be washed again. Cunningly patched and mended almost to the limit they were already. The suddenly changing conditions of the air, together with many washings, had made them flimsy and almost brittle to the touch.) It was doubtful if they would survive another wetting. The woman sighed. She knew Jim would never consent to the buying of another pair. Times were too hard. As the mists had seemed to her to be symbolic of all the dreary and repressing side of her life, so these curtains, the one token of better times which her hand controlled, had come to stand for all that which was to be desired. While they remained there would always be a link with the great outside, a connection with things of larger worth. They showed proudly at the front of her house, telling plainly to those who passed by, if any such there might be, that here lived a woman; a woman whose pride neither mud nor weeds nor poverty could conquer.

Yes, she would have to wash them very carefully tomorrow. If the end of their usefulness had come—. She peered through the black window pane at the thickening mists.

On the following morning the sun was hardly above the horizon when her husband went to the fields, leaving the woman working at the endless household routine with feverish haste in order to make time for the extra task. By two o'clock in the afternoon she was ready to go out to the woodpile and select, out of a mass of old lathing, material from which to construct a rack for drying the curtains. Very, very carefully she washed the frail fabrics in the orthodox manner which all country women know. Still more carefully she fastened them upon the drying frames. Outside the hot afternoon wind carried dust from the main road, so she placed them in the little front room to dry and returned to her work in the kitchen. They had come out splendidly, she reflected. Not a single rent had appeared. They might even survive another washing. While the woman was busied in preparing supper

the big household cat got up slowly from her bed behind the wood-box. There was smoke in the kitchen, and being a fastidious cat she did not like it. So when her mistress's back was turned she slipped quietly into the front room. There were the spotless curtains lying one above the other in their racks, across the backs of two chairs. They looked soft and inviting. She leaped easily, landing in the centre of the white expanse. The net gave way beneath her weight and she turned with lightning quickness, striking out with her claws for a hold. But the flimsy, rotten material gave way wherever she touched it and she fell lightly to the floor.

It was not until the supper dishes had been cleared away that the woman paused again to gloat over her handiwork. When she entered the room one glance was enough to show the full extent of the damage. A sudden rage mounted above her dullness. She seized the frames and tore them apart with her bare hands. She pitched pieces of lath at the sleek, hateful cat, which had remained in the room. When her fury had spent itself there was nothing left but rags of her last emblem of pride and better things.

When her husband came in from the chores he found her sitting in the kitchen, white-faced and tired, with a heap of rags in her lap. He went to her and picked up a piece of the torn net.

"It's too bad," he said with a certain diffident tenderness. "They was right pretty."

"It don't matter," said the woman dully. "Nobody ever comes by here anyway."

From the river bed and dew-moistened fields the night mists drifted up and enveloped the little house in the valley. They were very pleasant to look upon from above on the moonlit hilltops, although in them there was neither warmth nor color.

HORACE C. TOWNER.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1913.

TEMPTATION AND THE TROUBADOUR.

When the Moment of Betrayal Came to Maxon.

One doesn't travel far in the Kentucky hills before crossing the trail of itinerant fiddlers. Often they travel in pairs, sometimes in bands of three or more, going from one settlement to another vending musical wares—epic versions of border feuds; long, plaintive love songs; quick and devilish jigs and synopated comment on life and politics. Thus they earn the bread and shelter that comprise the hospitality of the hills.

Of this light-hearted and generously welcomed profession was Luther Maxon. But through derelictions of code he was kept at the outer fringe of the brotherhood. Years ago he had tramped over the hills with the Blind Day Brothers and later with the Claypool Cousins, both troupes headliners in this continuous vaudeville of the Cumberlands. But he had fallen from eminence, and not through musical shortcoming, for his violin notes still rang as clear as when he traveled with the top-notch troubadours. His fall had been because he had found himself unable to resist the tinkle of mountain-brewed "corn" that enthusiastic lovers of his art had often forced upon him. A little of this sort of thing is tolerated in the profession, but excess is severely frowned upon and the ethics are meant for observance.

Step by step Maxon had been forced to drift away from the leaders in his calling, down through the lesser bands of wanderers. For three months his companion had been poor, half-witted Amos Ames, whose poor accomplishment of minstrelsy was the manipulation of a wheezy harmonica. The combination had not proven successful. Audiences had dwindled and the largess was trifling. Finally Amos Ames had been "put on the county" by a grasping relative, and Maxon for a month had ambled along the rut-filled mountain roads, desolate and lonely, pondering the bitterness of life and kindling a slumbering hatred for the country and its people because he was being denied enthusiastic audiences and the coordinate prosperity.

In this mood temptation, personified by Floyd Jackson, United States revenue officer, beset the troubadour. Jackson was searching for moonshiners, and he knew that Maxon's wanderings must have brought him knowledge of them. The officer especially desired to capture Don Atwood and his wife, Mary. They operated an illicit distillery that turned out an enormous quantity of the forbidden spirit. The husband marketed the product and the wife kept guard over the well-hidden place of manufacture. Of these facts Jackson felt convinced, and he had decided to arrest the pair and take chances on finding a weakling somewhere who through fear or avaricious hope would give testimony of purchase and thus convict the young mountaineer and his wife. The officer had worked the same game before and he felt that he could succeed at it again. The aid he sought from the fiddler was not difficult of performance.

There was to be a dance at the home of Anson Atwood, father of Don, and Maxon had been engaged to supply the music for the merry-making, such being a requisite of the troubadour. Jackson believed that Don Atwood and his wife would attend the dance, and it was his plan to surround the house with a trusted and well-armed posse, and upon being notified that his quarry was within, he intended to rush immediately

upon the revelers, seize his suspects, and get away before armed interference could complicate matters.

Such was the plan, and mellowed by drink and induced by the hope of being well paid in addition to the gold pieces which had already changed hands, Luther Maxon had become a party to it. His share in the scheduled coup was to betray the suspects. If Don Atwood came alone to the dance the signal was to be "Old Dan Tucker," played upon the violin. If the wife came alone the signal was to be "The Girl I Left Behind." If they came together the troubadour was to play the two selections in succession, and the signal was to be given when Maxon heard from the outside a well-simulated bird call in which Jackson was proficient.

When the hour for the beginning of the dance arrived there came merry crowds of rude and gawky mountain swains, with a correct apportionment of blushing, bashful maidens. There were old folks and young folks, and all were happy with the spirit of the fête.

Luther Maxon, enthroned in a chair which had been placed for the sake of providing eminence upon a table in the corner of the room, surveyed the roisterers with a slight relaxation of his morbid broodings. Anson Atwood had been cordial in his greeting and there had been a worthy supper, for Maxon, with foresight, had come early in the evening. The meal had been followed by frequent libations as the crowd gathered, and the musical ability of the fiddler had been lauded by the host. The guests seemed pleased that Maxon had agreed to provide the music and call the sets for the dancers. One maiden, bolder than her sisters, had slipped away from her tongue-tied escort to say a word or two by way of cordial greeting to the musician.

After the dancing had been in progress for an hour Maxon grew less bitter in his analysis of the mountaineers, for they seemed to appreciate his music. With vehement clatter of heavy shoes they emphasized the pleasant cadence of familiar tunes. They cheered heartily, in voice instead of rapid hand patter as do city audiences, when they desired a repetition of some specially happy selection. It pleased Maxon to consider that his days of evil were behind him and that the future beckoned pleasantly.

Just when the musician had begun to enjoy the occasion Don Atwood crept into the room and was covertly welcomed by his relatives and friends. He wore the apprehensive leer of the hunted man, and Maxon, full of sympathy, regretted that he had bargained for the boy's betrayal. But the look of dread did not haunt the fiddler long, for Atwood joined presently in the merry-making and gave full interest to the revel, except for momentary glances toward the door, as if he expected the approach of some one, not an enemy. Maxon suspected that he awaited the arrival of his wife; that they had approached the paternal roof by varying, circuitous routes to avoid the possibility of surveillance.

Directly she came, as Maxon had anticipated. In addition to her rough gingham costume she wore a heavy shawl which hooded her face and veiled her shoulders and hands as well. She barely paused in the living-room, but led the way into a bedroom, followed by her husband and his father. Maxon knew that she would emerge presently, having lain aside the heavy wrap and when disobedient curls had been plastered into place, after the fashion among mountain women.

Maxon had known the wife since she had been slender, lithe Mary Hargis, a roadside follower of himself and fellow troubadours when times had been more prosperous. He had seen her grow into womanhood—the flower of the mountains. He had observed the formidable rivalry which Don Atwood had been compelled to overcome before he led her triumphantly to his newly hewn log cabin as his wife. And this was the first time Maxon had seen her since her marriage a year before.

The fiddler listened with dread for the bird call from the officer, whose posse undoubtedly had surrounded the house by this time. He disliked to betray the young friends of his better days, but he had bargained with the law and he meant to keep his promise. As if induced by the thought of his miserable pact, there came, clear and insistent, the call from the woods. The plaint of a night bird disturbed on its perch it seemed, and Maxon knew that the minute of betrayal had arrived. After all, nobody cared whether he lived or died, so why should he, a worn-out wanderer over the hills, care for the world? He twitched nervously at the keys of his battered violin as he attuned it for "Old Dan Tucker," which was to be followed by "The Girl I Left Behind," music that would give the wife over to the law along with her husband.

As the bow began its mission of treachery Don Atwood and his wife came out of the bedroom and the other guests turned to greet the belated arrival. Maxon shifted his eyes towards pretty Mary Atwood and saw that she carried a precious, cooing bundle.

"What's her name?" inquired a guest, indicating the bundle.

"It aint her; it's him," responded the mother, "and his name is Luther Maxon Atwood."

"I guess there's nothing doing tonight, boys," United States Revenue Officer Jackson was telling the eager members of his posse, "old drunken Maxon seems to be playing 'Sleep, Little One, Sleep.'"

LUCILE BRIAN CHILDS.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1913.

A MUSEUM OF FAKES.

"Flaneur" Describes the Effort of Mr. Jacques Seligmann to Safeguard the Art Collector.

The museum of fraudulent works of art and of art curiosities that Mr. Jacques Seligmann is about to open in New York will doubtless be a most interesting exhibit. It will become one of the lesser sights of the metropolis and it will find a place among the entertainments so lavishly provided for the edification of country cousins. But of its educational values we may well have our doubts.

It seems that Mr. Seligmann has been much troubled by the ease with which the American collector falls victim to the wiles of the art dealer. He will buy practically anything that is offered to him. No claim is too preposterous for his credence. Pictures by "old masters" are sold to him with an astonishing rapidity undiminished by the obvious fact that the paint is not quite so dry as it will be in the course of a few days. Antiques of all sorts and sizes are foisted upon him just as fast as an industrious factory can produce them. He is even allowed the fascinating delight of making his finds for himself without the mediation of a dealer. He steps into a wayside cabaret or tobacco shop in Europe and through a half-opened door he catches a glimpse of an old picture or a bit of antique furniture. No, the proprietor has had no thought of selling it. Indeed he did not know that it had any value except from the fact that it has been in his family for centuries. But he can be persuaded to part with the treasure after due bargaining and a well-acted display of reluctance. And before the prize is well out of sight around the corner the trap has been baited again with another old master, or a fresh example—a very fresh example—of antique furniture. There are a dozen ways such as this in which the verdant collector is allowed to make his own discoveries and so to hold himself aloof from the well-known chicaneries of the dealer. And this is why there are hundreds of Rembrandts and Titians and Murillos in America and more of them arriving by every steamer.

Now Mr. Seligmann proposes to put an end to this sort of thing. The collector needs a guide, philosopher, and friend. He needs some one who can tell at a glance from his eagle eye whether a picture was painted by Michael Angelo, as the name in the corner would seem to suggest, or by a cunning young art student who is paid a commission on the sales and who has acquired quite an extraordinary dexterity in the imitation of antiques. Mr. Seligmann thinks that if he can but stock a gallery with these forgeries it will be easy to put the collector upon his guard. Moreover, he proposes to hold himself at the disposal of purchasers and to pass judgment on their intended purchases. His enthusiastic admirer and partner, Mr. Eugene Glaenzer, who has just returned from Europe, says: "If Mr. Seligmann is willing to run the risk of giving opinions does it not show, *ipso facto*, how thoroughly he relies on his knowledge, as a mistake would be fatal to his reputation? The reason he has so many enemies is because his assertions have always proved to be correct and fearless."

Mr. Seligmann seems to have a sort of superhuman penetration in such matters. A single glance is enough for him. The moment his eye rests upon a picture or other work of art he knows as though by inspiration whether it is a find or a fraud. Mr. Glaenzer says very truly that "it seems almost past belief that any one should reach such a point of certitude of judgment enabling him at first sight and quite instantaneously to be able to say that a work of art is genuine or not or partly genuine only. This my friend has the rare gift of being able to do, and to my knowledge almost unfailingly. Do you wonder now that I should unhesitatingly vouch for a work of art on which he has passed judgment?"

Mr. Seligmann has already laid the base for his museum. A number of his friends who have been victimized at one time or another have offered to lend him the pictures that proved to be their undoing, and these pictures will be placed in the gallery and their number will be added to from time to time as opportunity may serve. And there will be "fakes" of all kinds in addition to the pictures. Anything of the sort upon which Mr. Seligmann can lay his hands will be included in the collection, and there will be a printed catalogue which will point out the weak points of the exhibits and the evidences that have led to their detection. In this way collectors will be so educated that when they go abroad they will be armed by knowledge against the wiles that await them in effete Europe.

It is to be feared that Mr. Seligmann is assuming a desire to be undeceived that the average collector is very far from possessing. Indeed he likes to be deceived. He wishes to believe that he possesses something unique, and we can always believe whatever we want to believe. The priceless treasure that he has brought back with him from Europe and that he secured by a rare combination of luck and cleverness will give him a distinction in his home town of the most enduring kind. Why should he welcome even a suggestion that it is a "fake" and that it cost about \$4 million? So far from welcoming such a suggestion he will present it and he will take extraordinarily good care to hide it from the clairvoyant eye of Mr. Selig-

And it is so harmless a delusion that there is no good reason why we should wish to destroy it. The "faked" old master is an imitation so astonishingly good as to be almost a facsimile. It is only a sentiment that endows the one with a fabulous value and that would throw the other upon the rubbish heap. Some of the greatest experts living have been deceived again and again, and there are works of art around which the war of opinion still wages. Mr. Seligmann himself can not be everywhere, even if expert jealousies would assent to his infallibility, which probably they would decline to do. Why not let the collector be happy in his innocent delusions? He might be so much worse employed.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, November 19, 1913.

A year ago Serbia was not considered to possess the strength and resources brought out by the successful war with Turkey. The manner in which an army of 350,000 men was mobilized, armed, put into the field, and provisioned in the short space of three weeks, as also the manner in which the campaign was rapidly brought to a successful close, demonstrated to the world that a new factor had sprung up in southeastern Europe. The year opened with every prospect of commercial and industrial success, but within a few months the declaration of war stopped everything. Business houses closed their doors. The ministries were deserted, almost all the employees going to the front. The railways were converted exclusively into a part of the war machinery. On October 1 the moratorium law was passed. On August 16 all exportation of cereals and breadstuffs was prohibited. A little later the duty was taken off of wheat. From the second half of the year the entire male force of the country was to be found in the ranks. The Serbian peasant—and a large proportion of the inhabitants are peasants—is frugal, temperate, and industrious. His wants are almost supplied from the little farm which he cultivates, and every year almost every family finds itself the possessor of surplus grain and cattle, which finds a ready market in Europe. To the fact that mobilization for war began after the peasants had time to make the harvest in a great measure enabled the country to withstand so long and costly a campaign.

There are now 1500 miles of railway in the Sudan. Through the completion of the line from Wadi Halfa in the north through the desert to Khartum, a distance of 580 miles, and the establishment of comfortable express steamers on the Nile between Shellal on the southern boundary of Egypt and Wadi Halfa it is now possible to make the journey from London to Khartum in nine and one-half to ten days. Khartum, with a population of 20,000, is the centre of both the official and commercial life of the Sudan, containing the palace of the governor-general, the residences of many high officials, and the central administrative buildings. The city is laid out on modern lines, with broad avenues and streets, and has electric lights and a good water system. Sudan is the chief source of the world's supply of two important products, gum arabic and ivory. Formerly the ivory gathered in the far south was shipped through British East Africa, but the development of the Sudan has turned the trade to the north.

Shanghai recently saw the opening of the first street-car system financed, constructed, and operated solely by Chinese. It is in old Shanghai, or the section under Chinese jurisdiction. No foreigner was allowed to subscribe a cent of the \$130,000 which was raised to finance the project. All the construction work was done by Chinese contractors, and the management and working staff are all Chinese. The new line is only three miles long, running from the Chinese water-front from the Marche de l'Est to the Shanghai terminus of the Hangchow railroad. An extension of a half-mile to the Arsenal Road has already been begun, and it is planned to enlarge the service by building a line on the boulevard which is to encircle the old native city, on the ground formerly occupied by the ancient city wall. The native city has a population estimated at 280,000. Six cars are now in operation and twelve more are being made by Chinese car builders.

Rum was introduced in the English service early in the eighteenth century as a substitute for beer, but in 1745 Admiral Vernon, known in the service as "Old Grog," on account of the grogan breeches he always wore, came to the conclusion that his men would be rendered less disorderly by the daily tots if he mixed the rum with water. Before long this reform was universally adopted and thenceforth the new drink bore Admiral Vernon's nickname. Grog still is prepared with all ceremony at 12:30 p. m. each day on board every British ship of war. But the number of men who take it is becoming smaller every year.

It is estimated that nearly \$30,000,000 is spent on golf in the United Kingdom every year, and that of this sum about \$12,500,000 goes to the caddies. The number of players in the country is roughly estimated at 250,000.

Mount Pleasant, Florida, is probably the smallest mountain as well as the least in elevation in this country. It is only 301 feet above sea level, and is the highest determined point in the state.

OLD FAVORITES.

A Song of the Road.

The gauger walked with willing foot,
And aye the gauger played the flute;
And what should Master Gauger play
But *Over the hills and far away?*

Whene'er I buckle on my pack
And foot it gayly in the track,
O pleasant gauger, long since dead,
I hear you fluting on ahead.

You go with me the self-same way—
The self-same air for me you play;
For I do think and so do you
It is the tune to travel to.

For who would gravely set his face
To go to this or t'other place?
There's nothing under heav'n so blue
That's fairly worth the traveling to.

On every hand the roads begin,
And people walk with zeal therein;
But whoso'er the highways tend,
Be sure there's nothing at the end.

Then follow you, wherever hie
The traveling mountains of the sky.
Or let the streams in civil mode
Direct your choice upon a road;

For one and all, or high or low,
Will lead you where you wish to go;
And one and all go night and day
Over the hills and far away!

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

"If I Had Known."

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind
I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain,
But we vex "our own"
With look and tone
We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it might be
That never for me
The pain of the heart would cease.
How many go forth in the morning
That never come home at night;
And hearts have broken
At harsh words spoken
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the coming guest;
But oft for our own
The bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best;
Ah! lips with the curve impatient!
Ah! brow with that look of scorn!
'Twere cruel fate
Were the night too late
To undo the work of the morn.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Pictures.

Doth the bright sun from the high arch of heaven,
In all his beauteous robes of fleckered clouds,
And ruddy vapours, and deep-glowing flames,
And softly varied shades, look glorious?
Do the green woods dance to the wind? The lakes
Cast up their sparkling waters to the light?
Do the sweet hamlets in their bushy dells
Send winding up to heaven their curling smoke
On the soft morning air?
Do the flocks bleat, and the wild creatures bound
In antic happiness? and mazy birds
Wing the mid air in lightly skimming bands?
Ay, all this is—men do behold all this—
The poorest man.

—Jaanna Baillic.

Exile of Erin.

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

Sad is my fate! said the heart-broken stranger:
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not to me.
Never again, in the green sunny bowers
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours.
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh!

Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I re-visit thy sea-beaten shore;
But, alas! in a foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more!
O cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me?
Never again shall my brothers embrace me?
They died to defend me, or live to deplore!

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wildwood?
Sisters and sire, did ye weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that looked on my childhood?
And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?
O my sad heart! long abandoned by pleasure,
Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure?
Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they can not recall.

Yea, all its sad recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw.—
Erin, an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!
Land of my forefathers, Erin go bragh!
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean!
And thy harp-striking birds sing aloud with devotion.—
Erin mavournin, Erin go bragh!—Thomas Campbell.

THE LIFE OF A DANCER.

Loie Fuller Tells Us of Fifteen Years of Her Life and Gives an Account of Some Distinguished Friends.

We may be grateful to M. Anatole France for an introduction that does actually introduce, a virtue that is rare enough with introductions. Indeed M. France tells us more of Loie Fuller than she tells us of herself. We learn that she speaks French with a difficulty that adds to her power of expression without injuring her vivacity. She is extraordinarily interested in the lives of artists and scientists, and, more remarkable still, "the subject of conversation which comes closest to her is religious research." Loie Fuller, says M. France, is profoundly religious with a very acute spirit of inquiry and a perpetual anxiety about human destiny. She constantly asked him about the cause and the final outcome of things, and while his replies were never of a kind to satisfy her she received them serenely, smiling at everything. Loie Fuller, says M. France, is "the chastest and most expressive of dancers, beautifully inspired, who reanimates within herself and restores to us the lost wonders of Greek mimicry, at once voluptuous and mystical, which interpret the phenomena of nature and the life history of living beings."

The author tells us that at the time of her birth her mother, father, and brothers lived on a farm about sixteen miles from Chicago. She was born in the depth of winter and she caught a cold at the very moment of her birth and she has it still. When she was six weeks old she was taken to a party at a house about twenty miles distant and put on a bed in a room temporarily transformed into a dressing-room and was so discovered by two gentlemen who were at a loss to account for the infant phenomenon:

"Whose baby is this?"

"I don't know."

"Well, anyway, don't leave it here. Take it away."

Thereupon one of the two speakers seized the little thing and brought it into the dancing-hall.

It was an odd little baggage, with long, black, curly hair, and it weighed barely six pounds.

The two gentlemen went round the room and asked each lady if the child were hers. None claimed it.

Meanwhile two women entered the room that served as dressing-room and turned directly toward the bed where, as a last resort, the baby had been put. One of them asked, just as a few minutes before the man in the dancing-hall had asked:

"Whose child is this?"

The other woman replied:

"For Heaven's sake what is it doing there? This is Lillie's baby. It is only six weeks old and she brought it with her. This really is no place for a baby of that age. Look out; you will break its neck if you hold it that way. The child is only six weeks old, I tell you."

At this moment a woman ran from the other end of the hall. She uttered a cry and grasped the child. Blushing deeply, she prepared to take it away, when one of the dancers said to her:

"She has made her entrance into society. Now she will have to stay here."

From that moment until the end of the hall the baby was the chief attraction of the evening. She cooed, laughed, waved her little hands and was passed round the hall until the last of the dancers was gone.

I was that baby.

We have an interesting account of the way in which the author "discovered" her distinctive dance. An English army officer whom she had met in London sent her from India a skirt of very thin white silk and some pieces of silk gauze. She used it as a costume in a play in which she took the part of a hypnotized subject. The orchestra played a melancholy air very softly and she endeavored to make herself as light as possible in order to give the impression of a fluttering figure obedient to the hypnotizer's orders:

He raised his arms. I raised mine. Under the influence of suggestion, entranced—so, at least, it looked—with my gaze held by his, I followed his every motion. My robe was so long that I was continually stepping upon it, and mechanically I held it up with both hands and raised my arms aloft, all the while that I continued to flit around the stage like a winged spirit.

There was a sudden exclamation from the house:

"It's a butterfly! A butterfly!"

I turned on my steps, running from one end of the stage to the other, and a second exclamation followed:

"It's an orchid!"

To my great astonishment sustained applause burst forth. The doctor all the time was gliding around the stage, with quickening steps, and I followed him faster and faster. At last, transfixed in a state of ecstasy, I let myself drop at his feet, completely enveloped in a cloud of the light material.

The audience encircled the scene, and then encircled it again—so loudly and so often that we had to come back twenty times, or more.

The great Loie Fuller dance was an accomplished fact, but there were difficulties to be overcome. Loie Fuller was known as a singer and an actress, and it was no small matter to persuade New York managers—the most conservative of men—that she was able also to dance. In short they made fun of her:

One manager went so far as to tell me that two years of absence from New York had caused the public completely to forget me, and that, in trying to recall myself to their memory, I should seem to be inflicting ancient history on them. As I had then just passed my twentieth birthday I was extremely irritated by that insinuation, and I thought: "Would it then be necessary for me painfully to build up a reputation and to look old to prove that I was young today?"

Unable to restrain my feelings any longer, I told the manager what I thought.

"Hell," he replied, "it isn't age that counts. It's the time the public has known you, and you have become too well known as an actress to come back here as a dancer."

The author was to discover that a theatre contract in

Europe is a serious matter not lightly to be broken. Soon after she made her first appearance in Paris she was approached by a Russian manager and she signed with him for St. Petersburg. Then her mother fell ill and she determined not to leave her. The manager came to the house and "showed off" and actually returned the following day with the police and took her to the station, where, almost by main force, she was placed, with her electricians, on the train. She was naturally greatly distressed, and in this connection she relates an incident that seems hard to explain:

At this point begins the strange part of my adventure. I was alone in my compartment when we crossed the Russian border. Weighed down with dejection, I sat on the carpet of the carriage, with my head resting heavily on the woodwork, crying as if my heart would break. At the first stop a priest entered. Although I had quickly raised myself and wiped my face with my handkerchief, he saw at once that I was in trouble. He came and sat down opposite to me, and I noticed by his expression that he was disturbed by my suffering. Tears again flooded my cheeks and I told him that my mother was dying in Paris. He repeated the words "mother" and "ill" in German. He extended his hand to bid me not to speak for a minute. He closed his eyes and I looked at him. Everything subsided within me. I awaited for a miracle. The miracle took place.

After ten minutes, which seemed to me an age, he opened his eyes and said to me in German:

"No, no, your mother will not die."

I understood what he said, catching the words "mother" and "not." The frightful sense of oppression that was torturing me disappeared. I perceived that his words were not in vain, that he spoke the truth, and that my mother was not going to die. I stopped crying, feeling sure that now everything would come out all right.

The author tells us that she has never returned to Russia, since any suggestion of a journey to that country caused her mother to tremble with fright, but she adds: "This adventure at least caused me to believe in one thing—inspiration. For if the priest in the railway compartment was not inspired, then what was he?"

We have some interesting reminiscences of Sarah Bernhardt. Loie Fuller had begged the great Frenchwoman to give some sittings to "one of the best photographers of San Francisco," who had crossed the ocean for that purpose, and a lunch was arranged for the day on which the proofs were to be submitted. There were other guests, but the author does not remember who they were. Her mind was wholly occupied with Sarah Bernhardt. She says: "I understood not a word of what she was saying, but every syllable made me thrill":

All at once the photographer was announced. Sarah bade him enter. He was a nice elderly gentleman of about sixty, with pretty white curly hair. He looked well pleased with himself. He approached Sarah, and placed in her outstretched hands a packet of proofs of the photographs he had taken. She looked at them slowly, one by one. Then, her golden voice broke forth in shrill notes that gave me a sinking feeling. I did not know what she was saying, but I saw her tear the photographs into a thousand and one shreds and hurl them at the feet of my fellow-countryman. He knew no French. Pale and disturbed, he asked me to translate what Sarah said. But she gave me no time to reply. She cried, this time in English: "Horrible! Horrible!"

"What does she say?" he asked, making a trumpet of his hand about one ear.

Thank Heaven, he was deaf! I signaled to him to bend down toward me so that I might whisper in his ear.

"She says these portraits are unworthy of your work. She has seen some of your really wonderful photographs. You will have to come again and make another attempt."

A visit to Jamaica resulted in an acquaintance that, in its turn, resulted in an introduction to Alexandre Dumas:

During the journey in the railway carriage M. Pouille taught me a French phrase, which I was to say when Dumas extended his hand: "Je suis très contente de serrer votre main" ("I am delighted to grasp your hand"). And of course, when the psychological moment arrived, I phrased the words all askew. Instead of taking one of his hands I grasped both and emphatically and with stress on each word, I said: "Je suis très contente de votre main serrée" ("I am delighted with your close-fisted hand"). I did not understand his reply, but my friend later on told me that Dumas had replied: "My hand is not close-fisted, but I know what you mean, child. My friend Pouille has related to me his experiences in Jamaica, and I open my heart and my hand in your service."

The gesture he made is the only thing which I remember, for all the rest was Greek to me.

The author tells us that there are few important men whom she has met who have exercised upon her a charm such as that of Dumas. At first a little cold, almost stiff in manner, he became on further acquaintance exquisitely affable, and of a gallantry suggestive of the fine manners of the old days:

At breakfast one morning some one asked me if I was very fond of Dumas, and I replied in French, which I still understood only imperfectly: "I am very fond of her."

Dumas, convulsed with laughter, said something that I did not get, but which was translated for me thus:

"He says that he has been taken for a whole lot of things, but never before for a woman."

Dumas smiled again and kissed my hand, a circumstance that I have always remembered.

Another time we were at Marly-le-Roi and the Count Primoli took a number of photographs of us and of the garden, in which only a single yellow rose was left.

Dumas picked this flower and gave it to me.

"My dear sir," I said, "it is the last one in the garden. You ought not to give it to me."

M. Pouille, who served as translator, rendered this reply: "Oh, very well. Since it is so valuable, what are you going to give me in exchange?"

I replied that a woman could give only one thing for so pretty a thought as that suggested by the rose.

"And that is?" he asked.

I drew his face toward mine and kissed him.

It was sometimes difficult to persuade children who had seen Loie Fuller on the stage that she was actually the same person to whom they were presented afterwards. One child said: "No, no. That isn't her. I

don't want to see her. This one here is a fat lady, and it was a fairy I saw dancing":

At Bucharest Princess Marie of Rumania had sent all her children to see me at a matinee. The royal box was occupied by a chattering and noisy little regiment of princes, princesses, and their friends. When my turn came to go on the lights were turned down, and in the silence that ensued, one could hear distinctly, coming from the royal box, the words:

"Hush. Keep quiet."

Then, when I appeared:

"Oh, it is a butterfly!"

All this was said in a very high voice. Then I recognized the voice of the oldest of the princesses, the one who is so remarkably like her grandmother, the late Queen Victoria. In a tone of the utmost contempt she declared: "You don't know what you are talking about. It's an angel."

The Roumanian princess was subsequently to render a service to the American dancer. On the day before her departure from Bucharest she found that some money that should have been wired to her had not arrived, and in her perplexity she turned for help to her royal friend. The princess received her at once in her night robe, over which she had put on a dressing-gown, and showed her the many beautiful things that decorated the room:

I then told her my troubles. She rang a bell, and gave an order to let M. X— know immediately that Miss Fuller would come to see him with a card from her, and that M. X— would kindly do everything in his power to assist Miss Fuller.

I looked at her for some time and then I said to her:

"I should have liked greatly to know you without being aware that you were a princess."

"But," she said, "it is the woman whom you now know and not the princess."

And that was true. I felt that I was in the presence of some one who was really great, even if her birth had not made her so. I am certain that she would have accomplished great things if she had not found her career already mapped out for her from the day of her birth in her father's palace.

Loie Fuller tells us how she failed to see Queen Victoria, a second misfortune due to the exigencies of theatrical contracts:

One day at Nice some one came and asked me to dance before Queen Victoria. She had just arrived at the Riviera to pass the winter months, as she was accustomed to do every year.

It may well be believed that I was flattered by such a request. I assented, naturally, and set myself to work making all my preparations for this important event.

There was a knock at the door. A maid brought a telegram. It was signed by my manager, and was couched in the following words: "Take train this evening, to sail day after tomorrow; destination, New York."

I replied with a message pleading for a delay, for the purpose of dancing before Queen Victoria.

I received simply the following laconic telegram:

"Impossible. Leave at once. Time is money."

That's why I did not dance before Queen Victoria.

But an engagement to dance before the Emperor and Empress of China was actually broken by the illness of Miss Fuller. A magnificent reception had been prepared and Li Hung Chang had sent some marvelous embroideries as a present. The author tells us that she experienced genuine regret at the failure of the trip and then forgot all about it:

One evening in London one of my friends at dinner found herself seated next to a very high Chinese official. Apropos of the rich coloring of the mandarin's garments, they came to speak about me and my colored dances, and my friend said to her companion:

"You are acquainted with Loie Fuller, I presume."

"Well, yes, madam," he replied. "I am only too well acquainted with her, if I may say so."

"How is that?"

"I went to the United States with Li Hung Chang. Loie Fuller's manager accompanied us on our return to China, and, through the influence of the viceroy, we gained permission for Loie Fuller to appear before the empress. Just as she was about to leave for Peking she broke her agreement. It fell upon me to inform her majesty that Loie Fuller was unable to obey the imperial mandate. The empress had me degraded! That was eight years ago. I lost my yellow jacket, which has only recently been restored to me."

Loie Fuller was as unfortunate with Queen Alexandra as she had been with Queen Victoria. The queen visited the Hippodrome in Paris for the express purpose of seeing the dancer and with the understanding that she must leave at four o'clock. The manager in the conceit of his heart supposed that the royal visit was a compliment to the show as a whole and neglected to inform Miss Fuller:

I went into my dressing-room. I had nearly finished my preparations when the manager rushed in post haste calling out:

"It's four o'clock and the queen has been waiting since half-past two."

"What! The queen is here! Why didn't you inform me sooner?"

He was too unnerved to make a lengthy explanation. I hurried down and two minutes later I was on the stage.

In the middle of my dance the queen arose and left the theatre with all her attendants. I saw her rise and go!

I thought the floor would open and engulf me. What had I done to offend her? Was she indignant that I had made her wait? Was this her way of punishing me for my discourtesy, or did my dances displease her? What was I to think?

I learned afterward at the theatre that a telephone message had come shortly after noon to the effect that the queen wished to see Loie Fuller, but that she would have to leave at four o'clock.

The manager, who had supposed that the queen was coming to see the Hippodrome, had not attached any importance to the intimation regarding me, and did not even take the trouble to find out whether I was there or not.

Miss Fuller has done well to write her reminiscences. Every line of her book is interesting, not only because it is about interesting things, but because it is written with a modesty that is certainly the reflection of a very charming character.

FIFTEEN YEARS OF A DANCER'S LIFE. By Loie Fuller. With an introduction by Anatole France. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$2 net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Honorable Mr. Tawnish.

Mr. Jeffery Farnol gives us a fine little romance of the days when English gentlemen fought duels, went in fear of highwaymen, and showed their quality by drinking six bottles of wine at a sitting. The heroine is the delightful Lady Penelope, who has her own ideas on the qualifications of a suitor and is thus at variance with her choleric old father and his two old cronies, who still love the memory of Penelope's dead mother, for whose hand all three had been suitors. When the rather dandified Mr. Horatio Tawnish asks for Penelope's hand her father proposes three apparently prohibitive conditions and thinks thus to end the matter. The story tells us how these conditions were fulfilled and how Mr. Tawnish eventually proved himself to be even more of a man than he was a dandy. For pure romance Mr. Farnol is without a peer, and this little story, slight as it is, will add to a reputation already high.

THE HONORABLE MR. TAWNISH. By Jeffery Farnol. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The Old Colonial System.

The author of this valuable and analytical study of early American history says that his object is to describe the establishment, development, and operation of the English colonial system from the days of its formal creation down to the period leading to its disintegration. In his "Origins of the British Colonial System" he has already covered the period from 1578 to 1660. His "British Colonial Policy" similarly covered the time from 1754 to 1765. Now we have these two volumes that deal with the years from 1660 to 1688.

Mr. Beer is to be congratulated not only upon doing a work that has never been done before, but upon doing it in a way that might well serve as a model for the writing of history in general. He brings to his work a psychological insight that is far too rare in estimating the effect of conditions and events upon the mind of the day. The usual method is to ask ourselves how we should feel under like circumstances. Mr. Beer asks himself, not how we should feel with our wider conceptions of right and wrong, of justice and injustice, but the actual effect upon the contemporary mind with its narrower conceptions. Writing of the navigation laws, we find this illuminating passage, and it is but one of many of a like kind:

Such a system of rigid control over the commerce of dependent communities was the current practice of all colonizing nations. It necessarily implied the subordination of the colony's economic interests to those of the metropolis, and as a result, in theory at least, if not always fully in practice, it is repugnant to modern economic, political, and ethical ideas. But these modern ideas are largely the result of changed conditions and were totally inapplicable in the seventeenth century, where they would have seemed, and correctly so, merely the vagaries of an unpractical utopian out of touch with the forces that were making history.

The scope of Mr. Beer's work is shown by the titles of the sections into which it is divided.

In the first volume we have "The Colonial Policy of the Period," "The Laws of Trade and Navigation and Imperial Finances," "Central and Local Administrative Machinery," and "The Slave Trade and the Plantation Colonies." The second volume deals with the colonies separately, and includes Barbados, the Leeward Islands, Jamaica, Virginia, Maryland, the Carolinas, Massachusetts, and New England. Mr. Beer has given us not only a valuable array of historical fact, but an analytic study and examination that is remarkable alike for its breadth and its perceptions.

THE OLD COLONIAL SYSTEM. By George Louis Beer. In two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$4 net.

English Early Industries.

Mr. L. F. Salzman has written an interesting account of the manufacturing industries existing in England during the mediæval period. He treats them one by one, showing as far as possible their chief centres, their chronological development, and the conditions and methods of working. He omits building because the material is technical in quality and insufficient in quantity. Agriculture and fishing he excludes from his definition of industry. Wool is also excluded as belonging rather to the realm of trade and commerce. This leaves eleven interesting chapters devoted to mining, quarrying, metal working, pottery, clothmaking, leather working, and brewing. The author may be congratulated upon a book that not only shows much valuable research, but that is written with vivacity and energy.

ENGLISH INDUSTRIES IN THE MIDDLE AGES. By L. F. Salzman, B. A., F. S. A. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2 net.

The Judiciary and the People.

This volume contains a series of addresses delivered by Mr. Frederick N. Judson in the William L. Storrs Lecture Series before the Law School of Yale University. They constitute a condensed history of law from the earliest recorded times until the present, with special reference to American practice and the relationship between the branches of American government.

Turning with curiosity to the author's references to the judicial recall we find him in full agreement with the Hon. William B. Hornblower of New York. Mr. Judson says: "I concur in his condemnation of the scheme, not only in its effect upon the character of the judges and upon the rights of the individual litigant, but upon the principles of the law and the rights of the public, and with his statement that the tendency would be to substitute for the fearless and independent judge a spineless, flabby, cowardly judge, a reed shaken by every wind." To the plea that the recall would rarely be exercised the author says: "But the fatal objection to it is, not that the people would necessarily be unwise in its exercise, but because its existence, whether exercised or not, would be fatal to the independence of our judges." As a study in the history of law Mr. Judson's lectures are of great value.

THE JUDICIARY AND THE PEOPLE. By Frederick N. Judson. New Haven: Yale University Press; \$1.35 net.

Briefer Reviews.

Doubleday, Page & Co. have published a further volume of "The Confessions of Arsène Lupin," by Maurice Leblanc, translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. There are ten of these confessions in all, written with the usual amazing cleverness.

Among latest additions to the Home University Library now in course of issue by Henry Holt & Co. is "Psychology," by William McDougall, M. B., F. R. S. The volume is admirably done, a complete if miniature presentation of the science of the mind as it now exists. A valuable feature of the work is the chapter on Abnormal Psychology. The price is 50 cents net.

"The Child's Book of American History," by Albert F. Blaisdell and Francis K. Ball (Little, Brown & Co.; 75 cents), is intended as a supplementary history for use in the fourth and fifth grades or for boys and girls from ten to fifteen years of age. As in the other books of this series the authors have freely used such personal anecdotes and incidents as may serve to hold the attention because of their human interest.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company has published "Between Two Thieves," by Richard Dehan (\$1.40 net). Mr. Dehan is already favorably known as the author of "One Braver Thing," and now we have a second novel with the same evidences of strength and imagination. The scenes are in France, England, and Russia before and during the Crimean War, and among the characters are Napoleon III and Florence Nightingale.

"The Making of an Oration," by Clark Mills Brink (A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50 net), has for its purpose to present as clearly and definitely as may be the distinctions between the oration and other forms of discourse and to set forth concretely and specifically the fundamental methods that must

be pursued by him who would attain success in oratorical composition.

Mr. Gelett Burgess gives us another humorous exposition of feminine ways in his "The Maxims of Noah," just published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company (80 cents net). These maxims of Noah were "derived from his experience with women both before and after the flood as given in counsel to his son Japhet."

The chief characters in Elinor Glyn's new novel are a narrow and conventional English curate and a Russian nobleman of enormous wealth. The combination is one that is not without its possibilities, especially in view of the beautiful young English girl who knows nothing either of curates or of noblemen. The title of the novel is "The Point of View," and it is published by D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1.25 net.

Among later additions to the Outing Handbooks is "Tennis Tactics," by Raymond D. Little (Outing Publishing Company; 70 cents). The author explains that he has devoted his book to generalship and strategy. Having learned how to hit the ball and mastered the preliminaries, one is more or less in the position of a person who knows how to make the various moves in chess, but who does not know the openings, etc. It is with the aim of filling this gap that the book has been written.

In his preface to his "New Mediæval and Modern History" Dr. Samuel Bannister Harding, Ph. D., explains that it is something more than a revision of his "Essentials in Mediæval and Modern History." As the task of revision progressed it scope was so enlarged that, by reorganization, extension, and rewriting, the result has become practically a new work. The volume was prepared in consultation with Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart, LL. D., and it seems to be in every way competent to fulfill its object as a text-book. It is published by the American Book Company. Price, \$1.50.

Mr. Mosher's Books.

Mr. Mosher's literary offerings are of the high quality and fine finish that are now associated with his name. Mr. Mosher's imprint is now a guaranty of something beautiful in the way of book-making as well as of the more permanent values in authorship.

Among recent issues is "The Pierrot of the Minute," a dramatic phantasy in one act by Ernest Dowson. A revived interest abroad in

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this little play has led Mr. Mosher to re-issue it separately, including the epilogue which Theodore William Peters contributed to his friend's sole dramatic attempt.

Another fine little volume is "Songs from an Italian Garden," a selection from the works of A. Mary F. Robinson. So dainty a work should serve to arouse a new interest in a poet who ought to have a continuing popularity.

"Andromache," a play in three acts by Gilbert Murray, was inspired by a desire for a "nearer approach to my conception of the real Greece, the Greece of history and even—dare I say it?—of anthropology." Mr. Mosher has printed 450 copies on Van Gelder hand-made paper, old-style boards (\$1.50 net).

The fact that Mr. Robert Bridges is now the poet laureate of England should assure an added welcome to this edition of his "The Growth of Love" (\$1.50 net). The edition is of 450 copies on Van Gelder hand-made paper with ribbed boards.

Some smaller volumes from Mr. Mosher's house are "From the Upanishads," edited by Charles Johnston; "The Sermon on the Mount," reprinted from the King James Version; and "Songs of Adieu," first issued in 1893 and for long unobtainable (\$1 net). Some other of Mr. Mosher's volumes will receive attention in a subsequent issue.

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The Gloved Hand.

This is not the best of Mr. Stevenson's detective stories, but then some allowance must be made for the imperative need to find new situations and new characters. Worthington Vaughan, who lives at some little distance outside of New York with his only daughter, allows himself to fall under the influence of two Hindus, who so work on his interest in things occult and superhuman that he eventually makes a will in their favor for the endowment of their particular religious cult. Their nefarious designs are interfered with by the arrival of the daughter's lover and his efforts to rescue the girl from the toils that have been thrown around her. Then Vaughan himself is found murdered, and an examination of the body reveals bloody finger prints that are shown to be those of the lover, who has presumably quarreled with the father and then killed him. The main interest of the story lies in a demonstration of the way in which these finger-prints have been forged in order to inculpate an innocent man, and this part is very well and ingeniously done. But the semi-mystical atmosphere of the story is not so well managed.

THE GLOVED HAND. By Burton E. Stevenson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.30 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

The recent death of Stanley Waterloo, the Chicago author, has revived interest in his best-known book, "The Story of Ab"; particularly since shortly before his death he had completed a new book which will be a fitting companion piece to "Ab." The title is announced by Doubleday, Page & Co. as "A Son of the Ages" and will be another story of primitive man beginning far back in the mystery of the Stone Age.

Mrs. Alice Meynell, author of "Childhood," in the Fellowship Books published by E. P. Dutton & Co., in a vote which was gathered by *T. P.'s Weekly* in London last summer to indicate the popular choice for poet laureate was second on the list. Her verses have not been many in number, perhaps one hundred and twenty pages in all, but two of them Ruskin enthusiastically described as "the finest things he had seen or heard in modern verse."

Henry Savage-Landor, author of "Across Unknown South America," was born in Florence, educated at the Liceo Dante and at the Institute Tecnico of that city, and later trained in the Ateliers Thaddeus and Julian of Paris. When little more than sixteen he began his journeyings by visiting strange lands in the remotest Orient, and each new exploring achievement seems to lend fresh incentive to further efforts. The fund of scientific information which he secured was of such value that the Brazilian government presented Mr. Savage-Landor with a grant of £4000. The author-traveler is a man of attractive personality, of a slight but unusually strong physique; he is the master of many languages, preëminently cool and resourceful, and of an iron will which he himself sometimes deprecates. His book is from the press of Little, Brown & Co.

Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. are already having to print for the eighth time Edward Everett Hale, Jr.'s, "Dramatists of Today," an informal discussion of the principal works of Rostand, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Pinero, Shaw, Phillips, and Maeterlinck. At the same time the same house announces the sixth printing of Mrs. Dorothy Canfield Fisher's "A Montessori Mother."

Dr. Milo Milton Quaife, the author of "Chicago and the Old Northwest, 1673-1835," which has just been issued by the University of Chicago Press, received his doctor's degree from the University of Chicago in 1908, after two years of study in his special field of history. His new volume on the beginnings of Chicago is generally received as the first authoritative history of early Chicago and the development of frontier life in the Old Northwest.

Colyer Meriwether, author of "The Life of Admiral Semmes," soon to be published by George W. Jacobs & Co., studied history at the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, receiving the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Although he has been a teacher since graduation he has retained his creative interest in the subject and has written several books in educational history, biography, and kindred departments.

Mrs. Jeanette Lee, among the more recent of successful authors, was a college professor of note before she won literary laurels. Mrs. Lee began her teaching career at fifteen in a little district school and rang the bell herself. She taught English at Vassar for three years and then went out to Western Reserve University as the head of the department of English in the College for Women. It was not until 1901 that she returned East to take up her work at Smith College, where she has been until very recently.

"The Gospel Story in Art," by John La Farge, is n— than a critical survey. With

its eighty plates it is a pictorial review of Christ's life from birth to crucifixion and resurrection. Special care has been taken in the manufacture of the book, the purpose being to make it as handsome as its theme deserves, a purpose which has been well accomplished. It is published by the Macmillan Company.

Miriam Alexander, winner of the Melrose prize competition of 1912, has written a new novel, "The Ripple," dealing with the political life of eighteenth-century Ireland. It is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

With the publication of "Aphrodite and Other Poems" John Helston is introduced to this country. In his own England Mr. Helston has created a sensation not unlike that of Masfied. Mr. Helston was for years a mechanic turner and fitter in electrical, locomotive, motor-car, and other workshops. "Aphrodite at Leatherhead" is the poem upon which Mr. Helston won his first wide recognition.

A new volume by Carl Henry Grabo, instructor in the department of English at the University of Chicago, is announced for publication this month under the title of "The Art of the Short Story." Mr. Grabo, who has been connected with the English department for the last six years, graduated from the university in the class of 1903.

Mrs. Mary Antin, author of "The Promised Land," is making an extensive lecture tour under the management of the National Lyceum Service.

New Books Received.

BREAD AND CIRCUSES. By Helen Parry Eden. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.25 net. A volume of verse.

APHRODITE. By John Helston. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25. A volume of verse.

DREAMTHORP. By Alexander Smith. Portland, Maine: Thomas B. Mosher; \$3 net. A book of essays written in the country. Originally published in 1863.

FROM THE UPANISHADS. By Charles Johnston. Portland, Maine: Thomas B. Mosher. A study in Oriental literature.

THE GROWTH OF LOVE. By Robert Bridges. Portland, Maine: Thomas B. Mosher. A volume of poems.

SONGS OF ADIEU. Portland, Maine: Thomas B. Mosher; \$1 net. First issued in 1893.

ALMA'S SOPHOMORE YEAR. By Louise M. Breitenbach. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; \$1.50. Issued in the Hadley Hall Series.

THE DOOR THAT HAS NO KEY. By Cosmo Hamilton. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net. A novel.

THE MOUNTAINS ABOUT WILLIAMSTOWN. By George Lansing Raymond. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2 net. With thirty-three illustrations from original photographs.

A HISTORY OF LAND MAMMALS IN THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE. By William B. Scott, Ph. D., Hon. D. Sc., LL. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$5. Illustrated with thirty-two plates and more than one hundred drawings by Bruce Horsfall.

TALES OF TWO BUNNIES. By Katharine Pyle. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1 net. For little children.

MY LIFE WITH THE ESKIMO. By Vilhjalmur Stefansson. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$4 net. An account of an adventurous journey.

TO THE RIVER PLATTE AND BACK. By W. J. Holland, Sc. D., LL. D., F. R. S., F. Z. S. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$3.50. The narrative of the journey of an American naturalist to Argentine with observations upon things seen and suggested.

MARY ELIZA'S WONDER-LIFE. By Mrs. Ozora S. Davis. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net. "A story about the make-believe things."

THE VOYAGE OF THE HOPPERGRASS. By Edmund L. Pearson. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.35 net. A story for children.

DEDICATIONS. Compiled by Mary Elizabeth Brown. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50. An anthology of the forms used from early days of bookmaking to the present time.

A KEY TO HAPPINESS. Compiled by Page Fellows. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net. A collection of extracts from great writers.

A SONG OF THE DEEP AND OTHER VERSES. By A. S. Coats. New York: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net. A volume of verse.

THE NEW ALIGNMENT OF LIFE. By Ralph Waldo Trine. New York: Dodge Publishing Company; \$1.25. Concerning the mental laws of a greater personal and public power.

THE SAYINGS OF MRS. SOLOMON. By Helen Rowland. New York: Dodge Publishing Company; \$1. "Being the confessions of the seven hundredth wife."

MOAICONS OF TRUTH IN NATURE. By Etta Merrick Graves. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net. A series of ethical essays.

GENERAL JOHN REAGAN. By G. A. Birmingham. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.20 net. A novel.

AT THE FOUNTAIN HEAD. By William F. Boos, M. D. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; 60 cents net.

Five stories on the origin of life, for parents and teachers.

THE TRUMPETERS AND OTHER POEMS, INCLUDING ARIZONA VERSES. By Andrew Downing. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.50 net. A volume of verse.

GRIMM: DIE SIEBEN REISEN SINBADS DES SEEMANNES. Edited with notes, exercises, and vocabulary by K. C. H. Drachsel. New York: American Book Company; 40 cents. For school use.

KWAHU, THE HOPI INDIAN BOY. By George Newell Moram. New York: American Book Company; 50 cents. For school use.

THE YOUNG TRAPPERS. By Hugh Pendexter. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; 65 cents net. The fourth volume of the Camp and Trail Series.

THE TWINS OF SUFFERING CREEK. By Ridgwell Cullum. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.; \$1.25 net. A novel.

HISTORIC ADVENTURES. By Rupert S. Holland. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.; \$1.50 net. Tales from American history.

SIS WITHIN. By Harriet Malone Hohson. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. A novel.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT. Portland, Maine: Thomas B. Mosher. Reprinted from the King James version.

TOM STRONG, BOY-CAPTAIN. By Alfred Bishop Mason. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.25 net. A story for boys.

DEERING AT PRINCETON. By Latta Griswold. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.35 net. A story of college life.

THE PORTRAITS AND CARICATURES OF JAMES MCNEIL WHISTLER. By A. E. Gallatin. New York: John Lane Company; \$3 net. With twenty examples, ten hitherto unpublished.

THE TUMBLE MAN. By Hy Mayer. With verses by Charles Hanson Towne. New York: D. Appleton & Co. For children.

THE TORN BOOK. By B. Baker. New York: D. Appleton & Co. For children.

ANDROMACHE. By Gilbert Murray. Portland, Maine: Thomas B. Mosher. A play in three acts.

HAWTHORNE AND HIS PUBLISHER. By Caroline Ticknor. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$3 net. An account of the relations between Hawthorne and Ticknor.

BILLY TOMORROW'S CHUMS. By Sarah Pratt Carr. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.25. Issued in the "Billy Tomorrow" Series.

THE IRISH TWINS. By Lucy Fitch Perkins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net. For children. Illustrated by the author.

MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF THE GREAT PLAINS. By Katharine B. Judson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50 net. Tales and myths of the Osages, Cherokees, Omahas, Sioux, Pawnees, and other Plains Indians as told by themselves.

THE COMING OF CASSIDY—AND THE OTHERS. By Clarence E. Mulford. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.35 net. A frontier story.

GLOOSCAP, THE GREAT CHIEF. Retold by Evelyn Newcomb Partridge. New York: Sturgis & Walton Company; \$1.25 net. Legends of the Micmac Indians.

THE TRAIL TO EL DORADO. By Joseph Mills Hanson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1 net. A tale of Indians. For boys.

ETHICS AND MODERN THOUGHT. By Rudolf Eucken. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1. A theory of their relations.

A MAID OF THE KENTUCKY HILLS. By Edwin C. Litsey. Chicago: Browne Howell Company; \$1.25 net. A novel.

THREE LORDS OF DESTINY. By Samuel McChord Crothers. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net. The Raymond F. West Memorial Lectures.

SONGS FROM AN ITALIAN GARDEN. By A. Mary F. Robinson. Portland, Maine: Thomas B. Mosher. A volume of verse.

IN MUSIC LAND. By George P. Upton. Chicago: Browne & Howell Company; \$1.25 net. Fifteen fireside stories about music.

THE BOY SCOUT'S HIKE BOOK. By Edward Cave. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; 50 cents net. Hikes—anything from a half-hour walk to a 1000-mile bicycle trip.

MY VOYAGE IN THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE "CONGRESS." By Elizabeth Douglas Van Denburgh. New York: Desmond Fitzgerald, Inc. The story of a voyage.

THE SIGN OF THE TREE. By Harriet Mason Kilburn. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net. A novel.

HERE ARE LADIES. By James Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25. A volume of sketches.

THE CITIES OF ROMAGNA AND THE MARCHES. By Edward Hutton. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2. A description of some Italian cities.

THE PIERROT OF THE MINUTE. By Ernest Dowson. Portland, Maine: Thomas B. Mosher. A reissue, including the epilogue which Theo-

dore William Peters contributed to his friend's sole dramatic attempt.

PARIS NIGHTS. By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$3 net. Impressions of places and people.

HARPER'S WIRELESS BOOK. By A. H. Verrill. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1 net. For boys.

THE ETERNAL MASCULINE. By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.30 net. Stories of men and boys.

REMINISCENCES OF A SOLDIER'S WIFE. By Mrs. John A. Logan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.50. An autobiography.

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"KING JOHN."

Some years ago, when Robert Mantell first devoted himself exclusively to Shakespearean drama, all along the theatrical circuit the press supported him with praise and encouragement. Now, without soaring to actually lofty heights in any one detail, he devotes his matured and trained abilities to giving complete, well-balanced performances of Shakespearean drama, so that we see everything in due proportion. He is still under William Brady's management, and, as before, acting, stage settings, costumes, lights, music—all contribute in giving a complete and beautiful picture of the times aimed at that pleases the imagination and satisfies the judgment. There is business ability behind the scenes; everything goes smoothly; the waits are minimized, and an audience is apt to come forth from a Mantell performance, not in that state of exaltation inspired by the contemplation of genius, but full of pleasure and satisfaction at witnessing the success of a task well planned and completely carried out in every detail.

Thus every lover of Shakespearean drama can be warmly recommended to go and see Mantell and his company in "King John." It gives the stately historic atmosphere and revives in the mind half-forgotten impressions of those traditional middle ages, when, against a background of battle-planes or the tapestried walls of palaces, scheming kings, who correspond to the great politicians of our times, plotted against rival princes, and sought to wrest from the nerveless hands of the people treasure, territory, and the power over life and death that intoxicates the mere human into believing himself half divine.

Of the crafty brother of Richard the Lion-hearted Mantell gives a notably fine impersonation. His King John is made up to look like the authentic portraits, and he bestows on him that emphasis of width between the eyes, that evil pallor, and that shapeless mouth, like a red gash in a pale face, that suggests cruelty. A reading of the play is apt to evoke images of gloom and woe, but, as is generally the case when, for the first time, we see a Shakespearean play staged, it makes a powerful dramatic impression and leaves a gallery of striking historical tableaux upon the memory. True, the play is full of the atmosphere of history, but Shakespeare's invincible instinct for seizing the dramatic high lights in the historical perspective has inspired him to throw up, in high relief against the dark craft of kings and counselors, a pathetic picture of the tender youth of the young prince and of the lioness wrath of the deceived and bereaved mother robbed of her young.

In the Mantell production everything is done to emphasize, legitimately, this sense of contrast. Beside the warrior kings in their dark-toned suits of linked mail, or the soberly rich costumes of the courtiers, Prince Arthur in silver-shining mail, with his white tunic embroidered with silver fleur-de-lis, shone as the light of youth and innocence. And so with the Lady Blanch, in whose costume were mingled the harmonious colors of spring, with a veil of woven gold net flowing down over her fair hair, framing a young face that showed itself as an unwritten page. This figure of innocent maidenhood, added to that of the prince, served as a lovely foil of youth and guilelessness against the dark duplicities that encompassed them.

One picture of many will serve to show how minutely and carefully Mantell and his producers work for general effect. It is the scene which represents King John and Queen Elinor reassuring the docile prince at the very moment that the king plots to compass his assassination. The scene is an outdoor one and is bathed in afternoon light. The old queen leads the gentle boy to a bank on one side and invites him to sit with her. And as the prince, instinctive distrust visibly blended with the confidence of nature toward this royal lady who is his grandam, approaches her, King John draws near to Hubert and whispers to him of that lawless longing concerning the fate of the prince, whose culmination lies in those drear words, "death" and "the grave." As the king whispers to his trusty henchman his features express the evil nature of his desires and his members crook themselves in sympathy with his frowning thoughts. And when Hubert consents to yield to his wishes the king's sensation of relief is visibly succeeded by the foreboding of terror.

The whole picture serves as a touching allegorical tableau, showing helpless innocence in the power of villainy. The youthful figure of the prince stands for innocence, in contrast to that of the old queen, which expresses the confirmed wickedness of age. King John typifies craft, and Hubert the feudal idea of fealty and obedience to kings. Two menials standing in the background serve to convey the idea of servility which ever attends royalty.

There are innumerable details throughout the production which deepen this impression of dramatically historical perspective. Behind the walls of Angiers, whose ramparted heights suggest great distances, we see the clustered roofs of the town from which come the citizens who stand on these heights to hold parley with the invaders. In the scenes on the battle-plain come suggestive sounds from off stage, clamors, shouts, and the clatter of weapons. And ever and anon come marching groups of men-at-arms as if detailed for special service, each soldier shouting lustily for his king.

As to the individual acting, Mantell's excellent portrait of King John is built of infinite detail, each item of which is used to express the craft and cruelty of a nature of mixed evil. But Mantell does not protrude the portrait out of its frame because of his starship. Each element in the historical group preserves its due proportion, and the atmosphere of historical drama is faithfully preserved.

Thais Lawton's impersonation of Queen Constance bears out the promise always conveyed by the past work of this excellent young actress. She lays on her colors with sure hand in the difficult scenes which express Constance's fury of bitterness, grief, and revolt, beautifully softening down to pitifulness and pathos when the queen, her overtaxed reason tottering, has the delusion of hearing the voice of the dead prince, and disappears, her face lit by the pale ghost of maternal rapture.

Miss Genevieve Hamper's youth and trainability, assisted by the pathetic interest attached to the fate of the boy prince, enabled her to make suitable appeal to the imagination in those scenes which revolve around the touching figure of Prince Arthur.

Mr. Fritz Leiber made a bluff and candid Bastard, and the performance generally was characterized by the finish we expect in all of the William Brady productions.

The death of the king in the beautiful scene of the monastery gardens came almost imperceptibly, the final passing mingling itself with the soft, sighing breath of a strain of distant music which seemed almost imaginary, so faint it was, and yet so full of the sense of sadness and mystery of man's final destiny that it clung to the memory and followed one out of the theatre like a sorrowful ghost.

"STOP THIEF"

Some seven, or ten, or a dozen or more years ago that oration of drama known as farce, which once upon a time so dominated our stage, sowed its wild oats and threw out feelers for a union with comedy. In due time the wedding took place, and as a result of the high contracting parties the older of the two became gayer and more sportive and the younger sobered down considerably. Thus we had farce-comedy, in which no such wild antics and illogical absurdities were allowed as had formerly made up the very flesh and bone of farce proper. But during the intervening years French farce and English comedy have brought forth issue in the shape of the native product, American farce; and of this we are seeing an example this week at the Columbia.

"Stop Thief," by Carlyle Moore, has all the birthmarks of farce—mistakes, misunderstandings, mixed-up identities, respectability confused with its antithesis, mysterious disappearances and reappearances, the frequent use of various means of exit and entrance, and all the ingenuities by which the authors of farce keep the action in a state of perpetual motion. The author has shown some originality by eliminating, with the happiest effect, a whole lot of well-worn material. The sharp-tongued mother-in-law, for instance, that night-flying moth, the gay husband, rows between marital partners, the easy deception of innocent, unsuspecting wives, and so on. Instead we have the pleasant spectacle of a prosperous family living in the happiest accord; and when the criminals dawn upon the scene they have such earnest intentions toward immediate-if-not-sooner reform that the audience finds itself in the benevolent attitude of wishing them every success in carrying off the coveted swag, so that they may settle down with real comfort into their new life of respectability that beckons them.

The author has utilized the idea of the opportunities available to an enterprising cracksmen in a household of costly wedding presents. The new maid is his confederate, and with the two working into each other's hands, the rapid disappearances of diamond bracelets, jeweled ear-trumpets, and thousand-dollar rings, their mysterious reappearance in conveniently contiguous pockets or other receptacles when discovery threatens, make up

a series of adventures for these migratory valuables that almost if not quite equal those of Sardou's celebrated scrap of paper.

In carrying out his idea the author has shown considerable ingenuity. The action corresponds exactly in time to that taken in presenting the play, and the thread of the middle and last acts is resumed precisely following the moment when the curtain descends. The first act is so amusing, the mistakes so cleverly inaugurated, and the fun so unfailing that we feel we have good reason to anticipate a let-down in Act II. But, on the contrary, in spite of a faint possibility threatening, things go quite as well, and in the last act, when we merely anticipate a wind-up, the play is fairly crackling with surprises, which keep up to the very last minute.

During all this time the atmosphere is that of the purest farce. There is not a serious moment except at the dénouement, and the audience enjoys it keenly by virtue of contrast, more particularly as it goes like a flash and even in the passing is thoroughly mixed up with mirth.

A very good company is appearing in the piece at the Columbia, and had the satisfaction, on Sunday night, of facing a capacity house and a delightful audience. People laughed in a steady crescendo, finally becoming feeble and imbecile at that point in the play when a stern sergeant of police had an entire household lined up under suspicion of feloniously appropriating its own valuables. Here Mr. Moore accomplished a distinct feat: that of having originated a long, absolutely silent scene in farce, in which repressed and stealthy pantomime keeps the audience hugely entertained and screaming with laughter.

As is usual in farce the women serve largely as utility material and for decorative purposes. It is the men who do the clever things, except for little June Keith, who is highly satisfactory in the rôle of the confederate maid, with her soft, disarming voice, her full-orbed gaze of innocence, and her deft-handed obedience of Jack Doogan's swift instructions.

Elmer Booth, who impersonates the engaging cracksmen pausing in his nefarious occupation to indulge in the contemplation of marriage and reform, received, as a returned Californian, a special welcome from the opening night audience, but promptly won his way on his merits as a player. He has the faculty of swift transition of face-play, attitude, and tones, and juggled so with us that we were kept mentally teetering, amusingly incapable of keeping Jack Doogan steadily classified as beyond the pale.

Sydney Stone, as the English son-in-law-to-be, who horrified suspects himself of kleptomaniacism, offers us, no doubt, an example of the English type of farcical actor. He is exceedingly capable in his line, and with the several varieties of trepidation expressed by his galvanic shocks and starts is so exaggeratedly amusing as to keep his audience in a state of perpetual laughter.

Another super-excellent impersonation is that of Albert Tavernier, who plays the homey, amiable, absent-minded old father with such artistic realism as to make the portraiture stand out in the midst of all the exaggerations of farcical humor by sheer merit. Emma Campbell played a good second to him in giving us this agreeable picture of a home-like old married pair of the pure American type, and the remaining members of the company are so exact, well-trained, and reliable in their work that a performance in which perfect exactness of deed and word is absolutely essential went off with metropolitan finish.

In spite of our sympathies having wandered so warmly toward the peculating pair, the play is signally healthy in tone. The general nonsense tone of it deprives that element of all ethical significance, and the picture of healthy, wholesome family life, the clean, inoffensive motive for unrestrained mirth, the enjoyment it offers of the pure, unadulterated humor that prevails is so acceptable in every way to either well or ill regulated tastes, that the audiences come forth from seeing this piece with that air of refreshment which is visibly conferred upon us by the gift of heart-whole, legitimate mirth.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Home of "Peter Pan."

Kensington Gardens, one of London's most popular playgrounds for children, is the home of "Peter Pan." It was there that the idea of the boy who wouldn't grow up came to James M. Barrie, the Scotch dramatist. Coming into the gardens one day Barrie sat down on a bench and began smoking his pipe. As he puffed he saw through the rings of smoke the first picture of Peter, but it was some time later before he actually began putting the story on paper. After Peter Pan became so widely known Barrie wanted, in some way, to perpetuate the youth, and decided upon a statue of his hero as a means toward that end. In this the playwright had the aid of the London common council. Barrie's ideas for the statue were given to Sir George Frampton, and the completed work now occupies the place in the gardens where Barrie first thought of Peter. The work is of bronze and is beautiful in every way, particularly its base, which is in imitation of the trunk of a

tree, around which fairies, rabbits, mice, birds, and all sorts of tiny creatures disport themselves. Peter himself is four feet high and is holding his famous pipes in his left hand, beckoning to the birds with the other, the whole being surrounded by a pretty clump of trees.

Geraldine Farrar has lately set doubts at rest regarding the pronunciation of her name. Until she won her German success she accented the first syllable. Germans, French, and Italians found it easier to reverse the order of syllable accentuation and so changed her name for her. "It is still Father Farrar and Mother Farrar, with the accent on the first syllable," she told a friend, "but now that I am a personage I am Geraldine Farrar, with a very strong accent on the last syllable. And that is what I expect to remain until I die."

The fourth volume of "Corpus Nummorum Italicorum," by King Victor Emmanuel, has just appeared. It comprises a description of the coins of all the northern Italian mints, with the exception of Milan, which will be included in the fifth volume. The proceeds of the sale will go to the orphans of the Italian government employees.

Andrew Mack, the favorite singing comedian, is coming to the Savoy Theatre supported by a strong company early in January in a repertory of Irish plays.

Completing \$15,000,000 Project

The greatest structure of its kind ever erected, the Lake Spaulding Dam, built by the Pacific Gas and Electric Company in the high Sierras, has been practically completed. It rears its head in one of the most picturesque parts of Nevada County, and in addition to being the greatest structure of its kind is also one of the highest, both as a dam and considered from the point of altitude.

Final inspection was made a few days ago, the work being pronounced perfect in every detail.

The dam will hold back 30,000,000,000 gallons of water, which would supply San Francisco for a long time could the water be put to that use. It pours into Bear Valley basin from countless springs and from the melting snow of the giant mountains thereabouts, and will supply electric power to all central California from Chico to Santa Cruz.

The waters controlled by this dam will be used in developing electricity six times before they are turned loose to irrigate 75,000 acres of deciduous fruit lands in Placer County, whither they are carried in an ample canal.

Constantly increasing demand for hydro-electric power decided the Pacific Gas and Electric Company on the Lake Spaulding project. The company, unable with its various plants to meet the demand, was forced to purchase additional electric power from outside sources. Realizing that the future would mean vast usage of this power, the company went into power-generating on a gigantic basis, with the result that when the new project is in full operation it will add in the neighborhood of 200,000 horsepower to the output of this, the pioneer gas and electric concern in the West.

The site of Lake Spaulding dam was acquired by the present owners in 1905, construction work started in 1912, and on November 15 of that year the first concrete was placed in the river bottom, where excavations had been made in the bedrock for it. The last concrete was poured November 17, 1913, at which time the dam had reached an elevation of 242 feet, though the actual pouring of the immense body of concrete occupied only six months. Before the dam has reached its final height it will have been raised to 320 feet. So far 155,000 yards of concrete have been poured into the huge barrier.

Up to the present the undertaking has cost \$5,000,000, but before the entire contract has been finished the Pacific Gas and Electric Company will have expended \$15,000,000 in the enterprise, which means abundance of electrical power for every purpose, and a sufficient reserve to be drawn upon in the future as population increases and public needs become greater.

The feed pipe which will control the flow to the power plant reservoir runs 4450 feet through the solid granite mountain which stands on one side of the dam. From this point the water is conveyed in a concrete-lined canal nine miles to the first of the series of power stations at Drum.

The powerhouse at Drum is built of steel and concrete and is the finest of its kind in the West. Installed in this station are two electric generators with 17,500 horsepower each. Two additional generators will shortly be added to this equipment.

From the Drum station high-power lines carry the electricity to Cordelia, where it is distributed for use in the bay cities.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"The Common Law" Coming to Savoy.

On February 11, 1913, the whole world was startled by the news that Captain Robert Falcon Scott, R. N., and his noble little band of Antarctic explorers had perished on their triumphal return when within eleven miles of succor. The entire world mourned the loss of one of its splendid heroes, and since that day interest has been kept alive through different channels because of the unusual circumstances surrounding the discovery. Now comes the cinematograph with its voluminous pictorial record of all the episodes and incidents occurring on the hazardous voyage and journey. The brave men, seated around their patent cooker, which furnished the only means of artificial heat obtainable, and that in only very meagre quantities, are shown in the act of preparing a meal, and retiring into their sleeping bags, and cuddling together, just as they were afterwards found by the rescuing party, frozen to death. This complete and vivid animated record secured by Herbert G. Ponting, F. R. G. S., official cinematograph expert of Captain Scott's memorable expedition to the South Pole, is still packing the Savoy Theatre to the doors and will be shown for positively the last week, commencing next Monday afternoon, with the usual matinee every day at half-past two.

"The Common Law," a dramatization of the celebrated novel of that name by Robert W. Chambers, will follow "The Undying Story of Captain Scott" at the Savoy Theatre, beginning a brief engagement Monday evening, December 8.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum announces another great new show for next week. Marie McFarland, the American Nightingale, and Madame ?, an operatic star of international renown, will be heard in a delightful programme of songs selected from the most celebrated and popular numbers. Miss McFarland, whose equal is rarely found in grand opera, is proving an immense sensation in vaudeville, and Madame ?, whose identity is veiled by a mask, is equally as successful. The verdict on Madame's ability as a vocalist is awaited with curiosity by those who are aware of the reason for the mystery with which she envelops herself.

Billy Gould and Belle Ashlyn, whose personality, appearance, and ability have combined to make them immense favorites, will chat, sing, and dance in a manner that is a source of delight to their audiences.

John E. Hazard, comedian and author, whose series of verses, "Aint It Awful, Mabel?" have been everywhere read and laughed at, will deliver an amusing and thoroughly original monologue in that rapid-fire, easy way which is so effective with him.

Phlegmatic gymnasts is the peculiar description the Two Carltons give to themselves. These two young men, attired in ordinary street dress, perform a routine of acrobatics of the most difficult sort.

Hyman Meyer, "the man at the piano," will offer a unique piano skit which may be summed up as a mélange of monologue, burlesque, imitation, and musical travesty.

Next week will be the last of Stuart Barnes

and Mabelle Lewis and Paul McCarthy. It will also terminate the engagement of the famous American dancer, Mlle. Dazie, who is creating quite a sensation in Sir James Matthew Barrie's plea for an ancient family, "Pantoloon."

"The Candy Shop" Crowds the Gaiety.

Opera houses may come and go, and discussion as to the change of San Francisco's affections for theatrical musical entertainment may reveal much to lament, but one thing now seems tolerably sure—the Gaiety is here to stay because it has gauged public taste accurately in the particular form of amusement fare which it is offering. The business still being done by "The Candy Shop" shows clearly that the tendency of the times is distinctly in the direction of vaudeville, for the Gaiety production is vaudeville de luxe with such generous trimmings that are impossible in a regular vaudeville house. The number of light, irresponsible musical shows that will stand more than a single visit without boredom are few. "The Candy Shop" is certainly one of them. This is partly due to the fact that it is incapable of complete absorption in one dose, but more to the spirited thoroughgoing methods of the performers themselves, in whom familiarity with their work breeds only additional excellence and enthusiasm. Which observation applies equally to the principals and chorus and ballet, to say nothing of the really fascinating show girls.

But the days of "The Candy Shop" unfortunately are numbered. By the middle of December San Francisco will bid it a regretful good-by, the regret being happily tempered by the announcement of an even more attractive successor with that inimitable comedienne, Irene Franklin, as the chief star in the new constellation.

"Stop Thief," Comedy Hit at the Columbia.

"Stop Thief," to which the name of Carlyle Moore is attached as its author, is the comedy hit of the season at the Columbia Theatre, where San Francisco theatre-goers have been enjoying it since the first presentation last Sunday night. Laughs galore and thrills a-plenty express it exactly, and thanks to a good company of comedians, who understand the value of the playing of their respective parts, "Stop Thief" is the comedy of comedies. The story is an interesting and complicated one. Matinees are given at the Columbia Theatre on Wednesday and Saturday. The second and last week of the "Stop Thief" engagement begins next Sunday night. Last time Saturday, December 6.

To Open Second Week with "Louis XI."

With a performance of "Louis XI," in which he scored sensationally at his last previous visit to San Francisco, Robert Mantell will open the second week of his engagement at the Cort Theatre Monday night. "Louis XI" is from the French of Casimer Delavigne, a contemporary of Victor Hugo, who endeavored to do for the drama what Hugo was doing for fiction, namely to transplant the great characters of French history into romance. "Louis XI" was the most successful of all his numerous plays and is practically the only one that now survives. Mr. Mantell's impersonation of Louis is considered by many of his admirers his masterpiece. "Louis XI" will be repeated Saturday night. On Friday night he will be seen again in "King John," the featured play of this year's repertory, in which Mr. Mantell created so favorable an impression at the Monday night and Thursday matinee performances of his opening week. The other plays of the week are: "Macbeth," Tuesday night; "The Merchant of Venice," Wednesday afternoon; "King Lear," Wednesday night; "Richelieu," Thursday night, and "Hamlet," Saturday afternoon.

Alice Lloyd follows on Sunday, December 7.

Mrs. Fisk Coming to the Columbia.

Mrs. Fiske, after a complete season of success last year both for her and for her play, "The High Road," is to continue through this season in the Edward Sheldon vehicle, and makes her appearance at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks, commencing Monday, December 8. It would seem, from all that has been written of the play, that the youthful but vigorous author has given Mrs. Fiske a strong, vital, and unusual drama, and that in it she has reached the zenith of her artistic powers. The engagement at the Columbia Theatre will surely be looked forward to with keen and unusual interest. The theme of the play is one which is not confined to any single season or locality, and the principal character, Mary Page, calls for Mrs. Fiske's best efforts. The advance sale of seats opens Thursday, December 4.

Theatre Francais Firmly Established.

The second performance of the Théâtre Français will be given next Thursday night, December 4, at Scottish Rite Auditorium. The bill will be a double one and will consist of the charming comedy in one act, "L'Ete de la Saint-Martin" (The Summer of St. Martin), by those masters of French dramatic literature, Messrs. Meilhac and Halévy,

and the charming opera-comique by Jacques Offenbach, "Marriage by Lantern." This is a veritable gem by the composer of "The Love Tales of Hoffman." The little work to be given is a specimen of Offenbach at his best. The plays will both be well mounted, and an excellent operatic orchestra will furnish the accompaniment under the baton of Emilio Puyans. Seats may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and prices range from \$1.50 down to 50 cents. Both of these plays are particularly suitable for the young folks who are studying French, as the management of the Théâtre Français has been most careful in choosing its repertory to include only works that are not only examples of the best, but of the absolutely clean type of French plays.

THE MUSIC SEASON.

The Carreno Farewell Concert.

The last of the series of concerts by that brilliant pianist, Mme. Teresa Carreno, will be given this Sunday afternoon, November 30, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, at 2:30. One of the greatest pianists in the world, Mme. Carreno has long since won an important place in the world's musical history and is an artist that no student or lover of music can afford to miss. The programme will be a most interesting, beautiful, and important one, and includes the "Sonata," Op. 53 (Waldstein), by Beethoven, a group of five important Chopin gems, the rarely heard "Fantasie," Op. 17, by Robert Schumann, and a group of three compositions by Anton Rubinstein, who was Mme. Carreno's teacher. The tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's, and on Sunday the box-office will be open at the hall after ten o'clock.

The Fourth Symphony Concert.

The programme for the fourth symphony concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, to be given at the Cort Theatre next Friday afternoon, December 5, at three o'clock sharp, has every element of appeal. The concert will be made notable by the appearance as soloist of Clarence Whitehill, the great baritone of the Chicago-Philadelphia and Metropolitan opera companies. The big baritone will leave for Chicago immediately after the symphony concert, being unable to remain for two appearances. The seat sales open at the box-offices of Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase, and the Cort Theatre the Mondays preceding the concerts. The complete programme for the next concert follows:

Symphony No. 1, C minor, Op. 68.....Brahms
Wotan's Farewell and Magic-Fire Scene from "Die Walkure".....Wagner
Mr. Whitehill
Overture from "Die Konigskinder".....Humperdinck
"Wahn! Wahn!" from "Die Meistersinger".....Wagner
Mr. Whitehill
Introduction to Act III, "Die Meistersinger".....Wagner
"Dance of the Apprentices," "Entrance of the Guilds," "Procession of Meistersingers.".....Wagner
Mr. Whitehill

The Melba-Kubelik Concerts.

One of the most stupendous concert organizations ever formed to tour America is unquestionably the one composed of Mme. Nellie Melba, the soprano; Jan Kubelik, violinist; Edmund Burke, the Irish baritone from the Royal Opera at Covent Garden; Marcel Moyse, the first flutist of France, and Gabriel Lapierre, pianist. These artists will be heard at Dreamland.

Manager Will Greenbaum, who brings this attraction, announces that the sale of seats will open next Wednesday, December 3, at the usual box-offices, and that two concerts will be given, the dates being Sunday afternoon, December 7, and Sunday afternoon, December 14.

At the first concert Melba will sing a Handel aria, "Allegro ed il Penseroso," with flute obligato by M. Moyse, and this will demonstrate her glorious coloratura qualities. To please the lovers of exquisite lyric singing she promises the aria from Mozart's "Il Re Pastore," and to this Kubelik will play the violin obligato. And for those who want their modern opera there will be the exquisite "Ave Maria," from Verdi's "Otello," and the charming air of Mimi from Puccini's "La Bohème." Kubelik will play a Wieniawski Concerto, Paganini's "Witches Dance," and other splendid works, and Edmund Burke will sing English and Irish melodies besides the aria from the opera "Bevenuto Cellini," by Diaz.

A complete change of programme will be given at the second concert.

Mail orders will receive the personal attention of Mr. Greenbaum. All letters should be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum with check or money order inclosed.

To prevent speculators securing the choice seats, Mr. Greenbaum announces that not over ten tickets will be sold to any one person. Tickets range in price from \$1 to \$3.

Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler.

Another artist who has not visited this city for many years is Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, another woman pianist who has won a worldwide fame that will long endure. Mme. Zeis-

ler has lived in Chicago since she was but two years of age. For the past twenty years Zeisler has been recognized as one of the world's leading artists, and her return will be welcomed by hundreds who have not forgotten her brilliant performances of ten years ago.

Mme. Zeisler will play at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Tuesday night, December 9, when the programme will include Schumann's "Papillons," Chopin's "Sonta" in B with its sublime Funeral March, and a dozen other important works. The second and last concert will be given on Saturday afternoon, December 13, with a special educational programme of great beauty and value, and which will include works by Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt, Mendelssohn, and Schubert.

The sale of seats for the two Zeisler concerts will open next Thursday, December 4. On Thursday night, December 11, Mme. Zeisler will give the second concert for the Peninsula Musical Society's season at Stanford University.

SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
HENRY HADLEY - - - - CONDUCTOR
Cort Theatre—Friday, Dec. 5, 3 p. m.
Fourth Symphony Concert
Soloist—CLARENCE WHITEHILL (Baritone)
Fifth Symphony Concert, Friday, Dec. 12
ALL WAGNER PROGRAMME
Tickets on sale box-offices Cort Theatre, Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase, commencing the Mondays preceding concerts. Prices—\$2, \$1.50, \$1, 75c. Box and loge seats, \$3

ORPHEUM O'FARRELL STREET
Between Stockton and Powell
Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America
Week Beginning this Sunday Afternoon
Matinee Every Day
ALWAYS A GOOD SHOW
MARIE McFARLAND, the American Nightingale, and MADAME ?, an Operatic Star of International Reputation; BILLY GOULD and BELLE ASHLYN, in Songs and Sayings; JOHN E. HAZZARD, Monologist; TWO CARLTONS, Phlegmatic Gymnasts; HYMAN MEYER, the Man at the Piano; STUART BARNES; MABELLE LEWIS and PAUL MCCARTHY; WORLD'S NEWS IN MOTION VIEWS, taken exclusively for the Orpheum Circuit; Last Week Mlle. DAZIE, in "Pantoloon," a plea for an ancient family, by Sir James Matthew Barrie.
Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats, \$1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone—Douglas 70.

COLUMBIA THEATRE The Leading Playhouse
Geary and Mason Sts. Phone Franklin 150
Beginning Sunday Night, Nov. 30
SECOND AND LAST WEEK
Evenings and Saturday mat. prices, 25c to \$1.50
Wednesday mat. prices, 25c to \$1
Cohan and Harris's Greatest Laugh Getter
STOP THIEF
Fun to Spare—Thrills A-Plenty
Monday, Dec. 8—MRS. FISKE in "THE HIGH ROAD."

CORT Leading Theatre
ELLIS and MARKET
Phone Sutter 2460
Tonight—Mantell in "Richard III"
2ND AND LAST WEEK STARTS MONDAY
ROBERT MANTELL
In Shakespearean and Classic Repertory
Mon., "Louis XI"; Tues., "Macbeth"; Wed., "The Merchant of Venice"; Wed., "King Lear"; Thurs., "Richelieu"; Fri., "King John"; Sat. mat., "Hamlet"; Sat., "Louis XI."
Nights and Sat. mat., 50c to \$2. Wed. mat., 25c to \$1.50. Curtain at 8 sharp nights; 2 sharp mats.
Next—Sun., Dec. 7, ALICE LLOYD.

SAVOY THEATRE McALLISTER ST.
Near Market
"The Playhouse Beautiful" Phone Market 130
Positively Last Big Week Starts Mon., Dec. 1
The Undying Story of Capt. Scott
and
Animal Life in the Antarctic
Shown in Motion Pictures
2:30—TWICE DAILY—8:30
Explanatory Lecture by
CHARLES B. HANFORD
All seats reserved—25c and 50c.
Commencing Monday, Dec. 8—"THE COMMON LAW."

GAIETY O'FARRELL ST.
Opposite Orpheum
Phone Sutter 4141
THE BIG MUSICAL REVIEW
The Candy Shop
ROCK and FULTON
And 70 Comedians
Prices: Nights, Saturday and Sunday Mat. 25c to \$1; Thursday Mat., 25c, 50c, 75c.
Matinees Thursday, Saturday and Sunday

GREENBAUM'S ATTRACTIONS
At SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM
This Sunday aft, Nov. 30, at 2:30
TERESA CARRENO
"The Queen of Pianists"
Tickets 75 cents, \$1, \$1.50, \$2. Everett Piano.
THEATRE FRANCAIS
Next Thursday eve, Dec. 4, at 8:15
GREAT DOUBLE BILL
The comedy, "L'Ete de la Saint Martin," by Meilhac and Halévy, and the charming Opera Comique, "MARRIAGE BY LANTERN," by Offenbach.
Tickets \$1.50, \$1, 50 cents, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.
FANNIE BLOOMFIELD

PIANIST
Tuesday eve, Dec. 9, at 8:15
Saturday aft, Dec. 13, at 2:30
Tickets \$1.50, \$1, 75 cents, ready next Thursday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.
Steinway Piano.
EXTRA!
MELBA-KUBELIK
AT DREAMLAND
STEINER AND SUTTER
The WORLD'S GREATEST SOPRANO and VIOLINIST, assisted by EDMUND BURKE, the Irish Baritone; M. Moyse, Flutist, and G. Lapierre, Pianist.
2 SUNDAY AFTS
Dec. 7 and 14
Reserved seats \$3, \$2, \$1.50 (Lower Floor). 1500 unreserved in Balcony at \$1.
Box-offices open at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's next Wednesday. Address Mail Orders to Will L. Greenbaum.
Coming—PAVLOVA and the RUSSIAN BALLET.

VANITY FAIR.

There are two classes of people who seem to be driven irresistibly to the enunciation of nonsense as soon as they begin to address themselves to the woman's question. Scientists come first and clergymen follow closely at their heels. Take, for example, the speech delivered by Dr. A. T. Schofield at the Institute of Hygiene on the subject of the "National Importance of Woman's Health." The health of men, we are told, does not matter so much, since muscle has been supplanted by machinery, but woman is "the hearer of the future race." How true. But why, then, is there such an extraordinary clamor that men shall be chemically pure before they are allowed to play their unobtrusive part in the maintenance of the race?

Nature herself, says Dr. Schofield, recognizes the greater value of women. This is proved by the fact that during the siege of Paris, when the population was badly fed or starving, nearly all the children born were boys, "so you see nature only makes girls of good material, whereas she will make boys of anything."

Now in our uninstructed ignorance we should have drawn quite another conclusion from the fact stated, if it is a fact. If boys and not girls were born during the siege of Paris it was because boys and not girls were needed. Male births are usually in the majority after wars, and the reason is obvious. Nature is supplying a deficiency. She is restoring a balance.

But Dr. Schofield has more evidence of the same kind. In the case of most women, and of all beautiful women, the first finger is longer than the third. In men we usually find that the third finger is longer than the first, and this is also true with animals. Therefore man is nearer to the animals than woman. Here the lecturer paused sufficiently long to permit all the women in the audience to examine their hands surreptitiously, and they all found that their first fingers were longer than their third and that they were therefore beautiful. One woman nearly dislocated her knuckle joint in the effort to secure the desired result, and she did it, too. We may say that as soon as we read this surprising piece of scientific information we at once called a recess and examined our own hands. We found that our first finger was longer than our third, which seemed to hear out Dr. Schofield's theory as to beauty. But we may say that we found the same phenomenon in the hand of a colleague whom we esteem and honor, but who is not beautiful; so there you are.

And now a word for the clergyman. In this case it is the Rev. F. A. Russell, who says that the chief of modern sins is the renunciation of parenthood, and "that every churchman should blaze with antagonism against it." Now we should have thought that there were a good many sins worse than this. We should have thought it to be a much more serious offense to have children who could not be supported in a proper way. Does it not occur to the reverend gentleman that but for a possible limitation of families there would be practically no marriages at all? Who would have the courage to enter into the theoretically holy state of matrimony if it implied the uncontrolled arrival of children in unforeseen and possibly in overwhelming numbers?

There is another point that may be mentioned with diffidence. Personally we are not a mother. We have no expectations in that direction unless women should gain control over the laws of nature as well as over the laws of men. But we have read somewhere in a book that the bearing of children is attended with certain inconveniences amounting at times almost to discomfort, that the whole of this embarrassment falls upon the mother, and that the father's share is to enunciate certain precepts on the virtues of patience and resignation. This being so, we venture to suggest that it is for the mother and the mother alone to determine how many children she will have, and that male and clerical persons who venture to preach to her about her maternal duties should be thwacked over the head as meddling and impertinent busybodies. It may be further suggested that nature is well able to look after the little matter of population and that she will be able to stagger along under her responsibilities even if the aid of the clergy should be wholly withdrawn from her.

Now here is a curious fact that we should like to have explained. The Oregon state board of health, composed mainly of ignoramus and quacks, has been arranging for a eugenic wedding. Apparently the thing seemed simple enough. It was only necessary to search through the human pedigreed stock, select a sire and a heifer of unblemished heredity, and pair them off. But there were difficulties. It is not yet possible for a state board of health to marry us compulsorily. The noble cause of legalized "science" has not yet advanced quite so far as that, although there are great hopes. Some sort of consent

must still be obtained, so the board of health proceeded to advertise for blooded stock that should answer the requirements of the new charlatanism. Now here is the curious fact to which reference has been made. The advertisements resulted in one man, and only one man, who was prepared to marry any sort of woman furnished to him by the board of health, but there were over one hundred women who came clamorously to the front as willing participants in an experiment that can be described only by a biblical expression that has now gone out of use in polite society. In their applications these women describe themselves in very much the same terminology that was once used of female slaves in the slave market, that is still used in Oriental countries. In other words they endeavored to make it clear that the results of their marriage would probably be of a nature that would satisfy even an Oregon board of health. They were willing to marry any one, and for no other purpose than to produce children. And they said so.

And now the one man has withdrawn. Even the calloused moral epidermis of a being who is willing to marry any one in order that he may propagate children in public, so to speak, has been penetrated by a sense of disgust. He says he does not wish to be married under the eyes of the whole United States. There are some circumstances of married life that he does not care to see discussed by a nation. There are certain privacies from which he would exclude the curious eyes of a hundred million people. There are times, he thinks, when doors should be closed and curtains drawn. The women have no such reservations. And yet there are those who say that women have more modesty than men, but there was only one man who would do this shameful thing, and now even he says that he won't play any more.

They are doing this same villainous business in New York, and of course the unspeakable Mrs. Belmont is well to the front. They are advertising for couples and, as in the case of Oregon, the heifers and the brood mares are galloping into the corral eager and ready for—well, we are not in the stock-raising business ourselves and therefore do not know the correct phraseology. A prize of \$1000 will be paid to the selected couple if they can only find the requisite sires, and an additional \$500 is to be paid on calving.

How is that the purity people do not go on the trail of these medical and aristocratic procurers? Do they actually suppose that a marriage ceremony, performed of course by some clerical mountebank, can deodorize or disinfect such proceedings as these? Is this the kind of example that ought to be given to young people by elected officials?

The dinner given by the American Hotel Protective Association in Boston discloses to us some of the sorrows of the restaurateur. His fashionable guests almost invariably steal his spoons, and the more fashionable the guests the more spoons they steal. Mr. Damon of the Hotel Thorndike said that he had bought three hundred extra coffee spoons for his hotel on Hallow-eve, and the following morning he found that sixty of them had been stolen. So the hotel-keeper is very much "up against it." If he does not supply suitable silverware he loses custom for his niggardliness, and if he does provide pretty things for the use of his guests they will promptly steal them. They will steal anything that is not screwed down. They steal the napkins. They steal the towels. And of course they steal the soap. They carry away his whole stock of stationery. They will take portable cruets, silver plates, and anything that is valuable enough and portable enough. And these thieves are not poor people. They are rich people. They make the pretense that they are hunting for souvenirs. Actually they are replenishing their own household stores. It would be interesting to know if the poorer class of restaurants suffer in this way. We doubt it. It is only fashion that is so unspeakably paltry. It need not be said that the value of these purloined articles is added to the price of the dinner. The restaurateur estimates the amount that his wealthy guests will steal and he "puts it in the bill." What else can he do?

Cyril Maude tells the following story about his old friend W. S. Penley: Penley was stopping at a country house in Brittany, and the morning after his arrival, finding no looking-glass in his room, rang the bell. "Apportez-moi un cheval," he said to the maid who answered it. The maid, choking with laughter, ran down to her master. "Mon-sieur," she cried, "your friend who arrived last night is mad. He has nothing on but his dressing-gown, and he has asked me to bring him a horse!" The host ran up and asked Penley what on earth he wanted a "cheval" for. "Well," was Penley's reply, "we talk of a cheval glass at home, don't we? I thought 'cheval' was the French word for mirror."

"Do you believe that two can live as cheaply as one?" "No; I don't believe that even one can live cheaply."—Houston Post.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The Jew peddler rapped timidly at the kitchen door. Mrs. Kelly, angry at being interrupted in her washing, flung open the door and glowered at him. "Did yez wish to see me?" she demanded in threatening tones. The peddler backed off the steps. "Vell if I did," he assured her, with an apologetic grin, "I got my vish, dank you."

A merchant discovered that a man had been falsely representing himself as a collector for the firm, taking in more money than any two of the firm's real agents. "And so," said the merchant to the chief of police, "I want him collared as quickly as possible." "All right," replied the chief. "I'll have him in jail in less than a week." "Great Scott, man! I don't want him put in jail; I want to engage him."

When the Prince of Wales—later King Edward—visited India he took part in a tiger hunt, mounted on an elephant, with his gillie, Peter Robertson, behind him in the bowdah. Suddenly a swarm of bees descended on them and stung both prince and gillie severely. Peter cried out in his agony, regardless of all rank: "Whit's the use o' stayin' here to be stinged to death by these beasts, a' for the sake o' a dirty tager? Let's awa' and be oot o' it."

The elder Dumas wasn't in the habit of counting his money. One day, however, in leaving his money on the mantel, he counted it—nine louis—and went into the bathroom to shave. On his return, a quarter of an hour later, his servant was dusting the furniture, and of the little pile of gold on the mantel only seven louis remained. "A loss of two louis," sighed Dumas père. "I never counted my money before and I'll never do it again. It doesn't pay."

During the staging of a series of Shakespeare's plays in one week at Stratford-on-Avon not only were the performers tired out, but the heavy shifting and many changes had also wearied the scene-shifters and property-men. One night just after a strong death scene, when Mr. F. R. Benson as one of the English kings had drawn his last stage breath, one of the stage hands was beard to observe in a growling undertone to one of his fellows: "Well, Bill, thank God there's another bloody king dead."

While waiting between trains at a country town a drummer walked into the village cemetery. He saw a monument, one of the largest in the cemetery, and read with surprise the inscription on it: "A Lawyer and an Honest Man." He looked at the monument again. Then he walked all around it and examined the grave closely. Another man in the cemetery approached and asked him: "Have you found the grave of an old friend?" "No, but I was wondering bow they came to bury those two fellows in one grave."

"Drive like the dickens!" shouted Smith, springing into a taxi. With a lurch the car went forward and away they went like lightning through the gathering fog. People shouted, policemen impotently beld up their hands as the taxi dashed up one street and down another, taking corners on two wheels and threatening destruction on every hand. At last, after half an hour's furious racing, they slowed up and Smith poked his head out of the car. "Are we nearly there?" he asked, breathlessly. The chauffeur turned in his seat and shouted: "Where did you want to go, sir? You have not told me yet."

A Shakespearean company was acting "Macbeth." It had reached the thrilling point where Macbeth goes off to murder the king. On arriving behind the scenes the villain of the piece looked about for the blood in which to dip his hands. Not finding it, he summoned the stage manager, who had forgotten to prepare it. What was to be done? The time had come for him to reappear on the stage. Suddenly, with admirable presence of mind, he smote the manager's nose with all his force, and dipping his hands in the copious stream which flowed out, he dashed on the stage, followed by a roar from the smitten one, just in time with the words: "I have done the deed. Did ye not hear a noise?"

A certain reverend gentleman occupied a stateroom on one of the New York liners with a fellow-passenger. After a while he began to feel just the slightest bit uneasy as to some valuables he had with him. So he took them to the purser and said: "I should just like to explain to you that I am very pleased with my fellow-passenger. That is, I find him a gentleman in every respect, and I wouldn't have you think that—well, wouldn't have you think that my coming to you with these valuables is to be taken as any reflection on him." With a broad smile the purser interrupted him: "Oh, that's all right, sir;

your friend has come to me with some valuables of his own; and he said precisely the same thing about yourself."

In the early Victorian days the encore system became an awful nuisance, and an expensive one to the poor impresario who had to engage Sims Reeves. The great tenor took a large fee, sometimes \$1000 or \$1500, for a concert, and for this he agreed to sing two songs, with \$250 for every extra song or encore, till one frenzied music-seller, who exploited the great tenor, inserted in his programmes this appealing legend: "Please don't encore Sims Reeves, or I shall be ruined."

A one-armed man sat down to his noonday luncheon in a little restaurant the other day, and seated on the right of him was a big, sympathetic individual from the rural district. The big fellow noticed his neighbor's left sleeve, and kept eyeing him in a sort of how-did-it-happen way. At last the inquisitive one on the right could stand it no longer. He changed his position a little, cleared his throat, and said: "I see, sir, you have lost an arm." Whereupon the unfortunate man picked up the empty sleeve with his right hand, peered into it, looked up with a surprised expression, and said: "By George, sir, you're right!"

Oscar Seagle is a staunch American, and proud of his American lineage. The baritone's family, who are Southerners, lost most of their fortune during the Civil War, and as the father died while quite young, the family was left in rather straitened circumstances. So Oscar, fired by the American spirit of independence, sought one vacation to earn some money for himself, and arranged to accompany the driver of a laundry wagon on his rounds and collect the packages of laundry. Some years later, meeting one of the society ladies in London at a dinner party, the lady said, "Where have I seen you, Mr. Seagle? Your face seems very familiar." "At your back door, madame, often, when you came to complain that your husband's collars were not properly done," explained the singer, with a twinkle.

THE MERRY MUSE.

The New Study.
What care folks for tautology,
High prices or bugology,
When they can go
And from a show
Learn all about sexology?
—Boston Globe.

A City Lullaby.
Street-car clanging e'er attend thee,
Automobile toots befriend thee,
Noisy steamship slumber lend thee!
Sleep, my pretty one, sleep!
Squalling feline aid thy slumber,
Riveters thy sense encumber,
Whistles soothe thee, any number!
Sleep, my pretty one, sleep!
Hucksters crying lend thee shrillness,
Wagons rattling break the stillness,
Engines guard thee from an illness!
Sleep, my pretty one, sleep!
—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Passing It On.
The freshman has a sad career,
Finds much beneath the ban.
He stands it, for he thinks next year
To haze the other man.

The lodge initiate must prance
To please a pesky clan.
And he submits, to get a chance
To haze the other man.

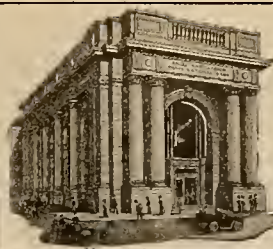
And such, we know, has been life's scope
Since first the world began.
We stand for much, because we hope
To haze the other man.
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

G. Washington.
G. Washington's entitled to considerable glory;
His fame is everlastingly embalmed in song and story,
But if he lived in modern times his name would not be great,
Because—we hate to tell it—he could not prevaricate.

Although he gave the British some fine samples
Of perdition,
He lacked the thing to make him a successful politician.
If he were living nowadays he wouldn't have a pull,
Because—if you have got to know—he couldn't throw the bull.

In business matters he was called a model of precision;
His diaries are teeming with subtraction and addition.
But in the modern business world G. W. would flunk,
Because he never learned the art of handing out the bunk.

The clubs that flourished in his day would manifest elation
If George desired to join and handed in an application;
But in the Ananias Club he wouldn't stand deuce high,
Because—Oh, what a handicap—he couldn't tell a lie.
—Springfield (Mass.) Union.



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June 30th, 1913:

Assets.....\$55,644,983.27
Capital actually paid up in Cash. 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.. 1,757,145.57
Employees' Pension Fund..... 153,261.32
Number of Depositors.....62,134

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. George Richardson of San Rafael announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Dorothy Richardson, to Mr. John Parkinson. Mr. Parkinson is the son of Dr. J. H. Parkinson of Sacramento.

The wedding of Miss Julia Thomas and Dr. James Corscaden will take place in New York Tuesday, December 16. Miss Thomas is the daughter of Mrs. Lillian Walcott Thomas, a sister of Mrs. Joseph Sefton, and a niece of Mrs. Wakefield Baker. The young couple will reside in New York.

Miss Ila Sonntag was hostess Friday at a luncheon at her home on Scott Street. The affair was in honor of Miss Murray of Los Angeles, the sister of Mr. Hamilton Murray, whose engagement to Miss Sonntag has recently been announced.

The Messrs. Dean Witter and Daniel Volkman have issued invitations to a dance Wednesday, December 3, at the home on Broadway of Mr. Volkman. About a hundred guests will attend the affair.

Miss Ruth Zeile was the guest of honor Friday evening at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl at the Hotel Fairmont. Accompanied by their guests Mr. and Mrs. Kohl later attended the Charity Ball at Scottish Rite Hall.

Dr. Stanley Stillman and Mrs. Stillman entertained a number of young people Friday evening at dinner. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Stillman's niece, Miss Amy Morrison, of Redlands.

Mrs. William Smith was hostess Monday afternoon at a tea at the Palace Hotel in honor of Mrs. Frederick Kellond.

Mrs. Frank Turner gave a bridge party Tuesday afternoon at her home on Green Street.

Miss Aimee Raisch entertained a number of friends at dinner Saturday evening at her home on Clay Street.

Mrs. J. E. Merritt was hostess at a luncheon Tuesday at her home at Presidio Terrace.

The second Assembly Dance took place Saturday night at Scottish Rite Hall. Mrs. Bowie Detrick was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Gaillard Stoney, Mrs. Joseph Hooper, Mrs. Alexander McCracken, and Mrs. Joseph Masten.

The Misses Elva and Corenna De Pue have issued invitations to a dance Saturday, December 26, at their home on Sacramento Street.

Miss Maye Colburn gave a luncheon Monday at the Francisca Club in honor of Miss Sadie Murray.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Stewart Tubbs have issued invitations to a dance Saturday, December 13, in the ballroom of the Hotel Fairmont. The affair will be in honor of their niece, Miss Elizabeth Oyster.

Dr. Harry Sherman and Mrs. Sherman entertained a number of young people at dinner Monday evening in honor of Miss Barbara McKenzie.

Miss Gertrude O'Brien has issued invitations to a dinner Friday evening, December 5, preceding the dance given by Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel.

Mrs. Hannah Neal Hohart was hostess at a luncheon Monday at the St. Francis Hotel in honor of Mrs. Emma Eames de Gogorza.

Dr. Henry Kugeler and Mrs. Kugeler entertained a number of friends Tuesday evening at a dance in honor of Mrs. Kugeler's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Coors, of Denver, who are visiting here en route to the Orient.

The Jefferson Davis Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy give a card party this afternoon at the St. Francis Hotel.

Dr. John Harold Philip and Mrs. Philip will entertain a number of young people at dinner this evening at their home on Steiner Street in honor of Miss Helen Wallach. Accompanied by their guests they will later attend the Neighbors' Dance at Century Club Hall.

The Misses Cora and Fredericka Otis were hostesses yesterday at a luncheon at their home on Broadway in honor of Miss Dora Winn, whose engagement to Dr. Lovell Langstroth was recently announced.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller was hostess Thursday at a luncheon at the Francisca Club. The affair was in honor of Miss Rebecca Shreve, who will be the guest of honor again Wednesday, December 3, when Mrs. William La Boyteaux will give her a luncheon.

Miss Dora Winn was hostess Friday at a luncheon at her home on California Street in honor of Miss Barbara McKenzie of Portland, who is visiting Miss Harriet Pomeroy.

Mrs. Henry Sartori and Miss Margaret Oleese entertained a number of friends at tea Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Sartori on Broadway.

The Colonial Dames gave their annual breakfast Saturday at the Hotel Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert I. Bentley entertained their friends at a country dance Friday evening at their home on Green Street.

Mrs. Henry L. Dodge was hostess at a bridge party Tuesday at her home on Franklin Street. The affair was in honor of her niece, Mrs. Bailey. Captain John Thomas Geary, U. S. A., and Mrs. Geary entertained a number of friends at tea Thursday afternoon at their home at the Presidio.

Captain Charles E. T. Lull, U. S. A., and Mrs. Lull gave a dinner and bridge party Wednesday evening at their home at Fort Winfield Scott. The affair was in honor of Colonel Richmond P. Davis, U. S. A., and Mrs. Davis.

Mrs. C. Ernest Anderson entertained a number of friends recently at a bridge party and tea at her home at the Presidio in honor of Mrs. Albert Taylor of Honolulu.

Miss Jennie Stone has issued invitations to a Christmas dance Friday, December 12, at the Hotel Fairmont. The affair will be in honor of the Misses Isabel McLaughlin, Helen Hinckley, and Helen Stone.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Holbrook entertained a number of friends at tea Monday afternoon at their home on Pacific Avenue. The affair was in honor of Señor and Señora Emilio de Gogorza.

Mrs. Alexander Hamilton was hostess at a luncheon at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Mrs. Emory Winship, who has gone to Macon, Georgia, to spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Douglas Whitman have named their little son Frederick Crocker Whitman, after his maternal grandfather, the late Colonel Charles Frederick Crocker.

Movements and Whereabouts

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis and their sons, the Messrs. Lloyd, William S., Jr., Gordon, and Lansing Tevis, are spending the Thanksgiving holidays at their home in Bakersfield.

Mrs. W. B. Harrah sailed Thursday for the Orient, where she will spend several weeks. She was accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Griffith, and her granddaughter, Miss Leila Kenny.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank King have returned from their wedding trip and are residing in Presidio Terrace, where they have rented the Van Arsdale house.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Postlethwaite will spend the winter in the Imperial Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Van Sicken and Miss Hilda Van Sicken have come over from Alameda to spend the winter at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. John Drum and Miss Virginia Jolliffe spent the week-end in Burlingame as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson.

Viscount Philippe de Tristan, Viscountess de Tristan, and their children arrived a few days ago in New York from Paris and are en route to this city. They will spend the winter with their relatives in San Mateo.

Miss Ysabel Chase has returned to her home in Napa County after a visit with Miss Martha Foster in San Rafael.

Mrs. Wellington Gregg is recovering from her recent serious illness and has returned to the Fairmont Hotel from a sanatorium in San Mateo County.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton have returned from a six months' visit in Europe.

Dr. Herbert C. Moffitt, Mrs. Moffitt, their children, and Mrs. James K. Moffitt have returned from Europe. They were accompanied from New York by Mr. and Mrs. James Moffitt, who have been spending a few weeks in the East.

Mrs. Claus August Spreckels has returned to Paris after a visit in New York. Mr. Spreckels, who arrived here a few days ago, will join Mrs. Spreckels next month at their villa on the Riviera.

Mr. William Geer Hitchcock has recovered from his recent serious illness, which for a month caused the greatest anxiety to his relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., have rented the Buckingham house on Scott Street and will come to town December 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, Jr., will occupy a house on Union Street.

Mr. and Mrs. John Johos, who have been East for several months, will spend Thanksgiving with relatives in New York, and will return to San Mateo early in December.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank West have come from Stockton to spend the winter. They have rented the Donohoe house on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Haskett Derby left Tuesday for Merced to spend the Thanksgiving holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Philip Lansdale, who are residing on their ranch.

Miss Marjorie Josselyn has recently been visiting friends in Burlingame.

Miss Alice Hager is very much interested in the plans for her new home in Burlingame. The house will be begun next week, and until its completion in April Miss Hager will reside in her residence on Gough Street.

Mrs. James Ward Keeney and her daughter, Miss Helen Keeney, will leave early in December for the East to spend the holidays. They will visit Mrs. Keeney's sister, Mrs. George Harding, in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Clara Hastings Darling and her sister, Miss Ella Hastings, are at present in Florence, where they are planning to remain most of the winter.

Miss Margaret Nichols is visiting the Misses Sara and Elizabeth Cunningham at their home in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent (formerly Miss Maud Bourn) will sail Tuesday from England, and will spend the winter with Mrs. Vincent's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bourn.

Mrs. Louis Marshall of Kentucky is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Julian Thorne at their home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Philip Boone of Berkeley sailed last week for South America, and will make a tour of the world before returning home.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis H. Porter have returned from their wedding trip and are established in their new home on California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Grimwood and Miss Emma Grimwood have moved from Fruitvale to Piedmont, where their home has recently been completed.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Keil will sail December 10 for Australia, where they will remain several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Mason B. Starring of New York are spending a few weeks at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Felton Elkins have returned to Burlingame after a visit in Menlo Park, where they were the guests of Mr. Elkins's grandfather, Mr. Charles N. Felton.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hewlett and their little daughter will spend the winter at the Fairmont Hotel, where they will be after December 1.

Mrs. William G. Dutton is en route to Panama, from where she will go to Salvador to spend the winter with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Waterman.

Mr. Eugene de Sahla is en route home from London, where he has been spending the past two months.

Miss Amy Morrison of Redlands is visiting her uncle and aunt, Dr. Stanley Stillman and Mrs. Stillman, at their home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcel Cerf and their children have gone to Santa Cruz to spend a week.

Mr. William Bohman is visiting his brother

in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. H. Clay Miller, at their home on Baker Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Dougherty have closed their home in Pleasanton and will spend the winter at the Hotel Bellevue.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Bowie are established in a house on Pacific Avenue near Buchanan Street.

Duke de Richelieu and the Duchess de Richelieu left last week for Southern California, where they will spend several weeks en route to New York.

Dr. George Lyman and Mrs. Lyman will sail next week for home after a two years' absence in Europe.

Brigadier-General Elmer H. Page, U. S. A. (retired), who has been spending several weeks at the Presidio, returned Friday to his home in Pasadena.

Lieutenant Francis Hardaway, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hardaway will leave December 2 for Fortress Monroe, where Lieutenant Hardaway will be stationed.

Major Louis Burgess, U. S. A., and Mrs. Burgess will arrive here shortly from Fort Morgan, Alabama.

Captain Edward P. Nones, U. S. A., and Mrs. Nones, of Fort Miley, have gone to Louisville, Kentucky, to spend the Christmas holidays with relatives.

Colonel John T. Chamberlain, U. S. A., left Thursday for Alaska on a tour of inspection. He will return the second week in December. Mrs. Chamberlain did not accompany her husband.

Lieutenant C. A. Woodruff, U. S. N., who has been stationed at Mare Island, has been ordered to the naval station at Samoa.

Major Adrian S. Fleming, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence.

Colonel Samuel W. Dunning, U. S. A., who has been in charge of militia affairs at Governor's Island, New York, has arrived in this city on sick leave and is staying at the Hotel Fairmont.

Captain Harry H. Pattison, Twelfth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been transferred to the First Cavalry.

Lieutenants Harry W. Stephenson, U. S. A., of Fort Barry, Henry Vaughn, U. S. A., of Fort Winfield Scott, and B. H. W. Williams, U. S. A., of Fort Baker, have been ordered to Fortress Monroe for special artillery practice.

Colonel H. C. Davis, U. S. A., and Mrs. Davis are expected to arrive here shortly from Washington en route to Corregidor Island in the Philippines. They will sail some time in December.

Lieutenant D. P. Wickersham, U. S. N., has been ordered to the U. S. S. Minnesota.

Lieutenant R. E. Rogers, U. S. N., has been transferred from the U. S. S. Hannibal to the U. S. S. Florida.

The home in New Haven of Mr. and Mrs. Murray Sargent has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Sargent, who was formerly Miss Mary Cunningham, is the daughter of Mrs. James Cunningham of New York.

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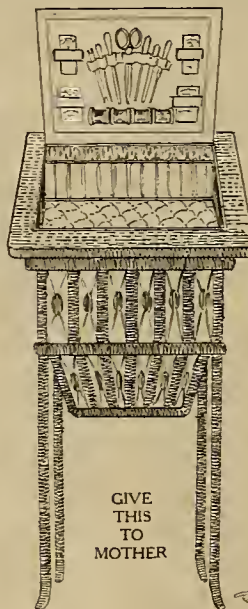
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Miss Phoebe Cousin, the first woman lawyer in this country, and once noted as a lecturer, is said to be in such reduced circumstances that she has sought aid in obtaining a government departmental position in Washington. She is now seventy-three years of age. St. Louis has long been her home.

Rabindranath Tagore, to whom the Nobel prize for literature has been awarded this year, is a Hindu, the first of his race so honored. He was born in 1860 in the province of Bengal, and has long been known as "India's greatest living poet." He is a member of a wealthy family highly distinguished in literature and the arts. Last summer he visited this country.

An unusually virile old gentleman is Dr. Andrew D. White, first president of Cornell University and former ambassador to Germany and Russia, who recently observed his eighty-first birthday at his home on East Avenue, the Cornell campus. Dr. White is in splendid health and may be seen almost any day walking briskly on the campus, as well as downtown.

Rev. Cephas C. Bateman of the Fourteenth Cavalry, ranking chaplain of the United States Army, has rendered services to his country which his ecclesiastical duties hardly call for. While in the Philippine Islands he, at no small risk, entered the territory of the Moro dattos and from them secured ethnological data and records of immense value to the American government which others had endeavored in vain to secure from the same source.

Professor Preston L. Peach, now en route to Kuala Lumpur, in the Malay States, where he will head the Methodist Boys' High School, one of the largest institutions in that part of the world, is undoubtedly the youngest man who has ever undertaken such an important post. He is twenty-nine years of age, and until his appointment was a member of the faculty of the Maryland Agricultural College. He will have corps of twenty teachers under him.

Dr. David Thompson, the senior of Presbyterians among the mission forces in Japan, has now been a full half-century on the field. He sailed from New York September 1, 1862. When Dr. Thompson landed in Yokohama the historic edicts which forbade the entrance of Christianity into Japan were still displayed on public bulletin boards and were nominally in force. No preaching had been begun. Not only has he mastered the language, but he has given the world numerous translations in addition to other publications.

General Giovanni Ameglio, who has just succeeded General Ottavio Briccola as commander of the troops in Cyrenaica and governor of the province of Tripoli, is a hero of the war with Turkey and has been governor of the Aegean Islands. He commanded the troops who landed at Benghazi and fought the worst battles of the entire war at Punta Giuliana and Due Palme, and then commanded the army which occupied the Aegean Islands, and fought at Psythos, in the Island of Rhodes. He was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general for his victories during the war.

General John Breckenridge Castleman, a veteran of two wars, recently enjoyed the unique distinction of witnessing the unveiling of a statue of himself at Louisville, Kentucky. General Castleman was a major under Morgan in the Civil War, was captured and released on parole to leave the United States never to return, but the parole was revoked by President Johnson. When the Spanish

War broke out he enlisted the First Kentucky Regiment, Volunteer Infantry, and led it to service. For his services he was appointed brigadier-general, U. S. V., but declined the command of brigadier-general in the regular army tendered by President McKinley.

CURRENT VERSE.

Sea Born.

I know not, I care not, that leagues of huddling green,
Of roadside and hillside stretch barriers between.
The gray gulls skirt the intervals;
The sea mists mount the upland trail;
And lo, beside my darkened pane,
The minstrel sea wind, strolling bold,
Plucks at his harp, of sunset gold,
Till, sweeter, clearer, echo-plain,
The lilt of star-lit waves' refrain
Beats on my naked heart again.
I know not, I care not, that leagues of inland green,
Of roadside and hillside stretch barriers between!
—Martha Haskell Clark, in *Ainslee's Magazine*.

Homesick.

O my garden, lying whitely in the moonlight and the dew,
Far across the leagues of distance flies my heart tonight to you,
And I see your stately lilies in the tender radiance gleam
With a dim, mysterious splendor like the angels of a dream!

I can see the stealthy shadows creep along the ivied wall,
And the bosky depths of verdure where the drooping vine-leaves fall,
And the tall trees standing darkly with their crowns against the sky
While overhead the harvest-moon goes slowly sailing by.

I can see the trellised arbor, and the roses' crimson glow,
And the lances of the larkspurs all glittering, row on row,
And the wilderness of hollyhocks, where brown bees seek their spoil,
And butterflies dance all day long, in glad and gay turmoil.

O, the broad paths running straightly, north and south and east and west!
O, the wild grape climbing sturdily to reach the oriole's nest!
O, the bank where wild flowers blossom, ferns nod, and mosses creep
In a tangled maze of beauty over all the wooded steep!

Just beyond the moonlit garden I can see the orchard trees,
With their dark boughs overlaid, stirring softly in the breeze,
And the shadows on the greensward, and within the pasture bars
The white sheep huddling quietly beneath the pallid stars.

O my garden, lying whitely in the moonlight and the dew,
Far across the restless ocean flies my yearning heart to you,
And I turn from storied castle, hoary fane, and ruined shrine,
To the dear familiar pleasure where my own white lilies shine—

With a vague, half-startled wonder if some night in Paradise,
From the battlements of heaven I shall turn my longing eyes
All the dim, resplendent spaces and the mazy star-drifts through,
To my garden lying whitely in the moonlight and the dew!
—Julia C. R. Dorr, in the *Literary Digest*.

That Never-Failing Anonymous Contribution.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 24, 1913.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Have the kindness to receive on behalf of the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission the enclosed \$50 as a donation for its annual fund for the distribution of Thanksgiving Day sunshine.

Respectfully, M. R.-M. F.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 26, 1913.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: The San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission, through your courtesy, has received its yearly contribution from its most faithful friend, M. R.-M. F. The continued interest of M. R.-M. F. means so much to us at Thanksgiving time and the generous donation helps us to brighten the homes of many poor families. Kindly extend to our donor our very deep appreciation of his kindness and our best wishes for this holiday season.

Sincerely yours,
JOSEPHINE ABRAHAM,
Corresponding Secretary.

Kathleen Parlow, the violin virtuosa who commenced her career as a child wonder here in San Francisco and who was sent to Europe to study through the influence of some of the leading society folk, has taken her place among the truly great players of that difficult instrument and has been winning triumphs in Russia, Spain, and Germany this year. She has visited New York twice since achieving world-wide fame and will arrive in that city next week for her third American tour, which will bring her as far west as this city, and Greenbaum has secured a contract for a few concerts with her early in the new year.



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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Mac—Where are you working now, Bill?
Bill—I aint working: I got a city joh.—
Judge.

"I suppose your new automobile made a
big hit when you went out in it?" "Yes, it
did. Most of them are hospital cases."—
Chicago Record-Herald.

She—Mr. Slick always manages to say the
right thing at the right time. He—Yes; he
is one of the most accomplished liars I know
of.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Bob—Aint it awful that Dick is going to
get married? Jack—What's awful about it?
Bob—Why Dick was such an easy guy to
horrow money from!—Puck.

Beggar—Kind sir, I'm hungry! Cholly Van
Violet—But you certainly can't be intend-
ing to dine at this time of the evening in
those clothes!—Yankers Statesman.

Office Seeker—Is there anything else in
the joh you speak of besides the salary?
Political Boss—There's a little work on the
side. Office Seeker—Ah! I knew there was
some string to it!—Kansas City Star.

Bill (on the third story, to Tam, on the
fifth)—I say, Tom, whenever convenient
would youse mind dropping a hammer or a
hriek or anything hard on me head? Oi just
heen takin' out some accident insurance!—
Buffalo Courier.

Friend—So your husband has been deceiv-
ing you, eh? Mrs. McSnub—Yes, the
wretch! I used to give him a dime for his
car fare every day, and I find he's been walk-
ing to the office and spending the money.—
Life.

Mrs. McFay—I know ye'll be plazed to
hear, Mrs. McSnub, that me daughter Mary
Ann is to be married to Jimmy Doyle nixt
wake. Mrs. McSnub—Indade, Oi am thot,
fur it was only this mornin' that I saw the
poor hoy's fayther foire him out av the
house.—Puck.

"No," said the stage manager, "you are the
heroine. You are supposed to suffer more
than anybody else in the play. You must put
yourself into a frame of mind which repre-
sents grief and remorse." "I know," replied
the leading woman. "I'll try to make myself
believe I'm one of the people who paid \$2 to
see this play."—New York Globe.

"My dear," he said, "we really haven't room
in this place for your mother. It's altogether
too crowded. These apartments were in-
tended for only two people, you know." "Yes,
love," she sweetly replied, "it is rather
cramped, I know, but how could we get along
without mamma? She is such a help in exer-
cising the dog."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Ere comes a benevolent-lookin' old
cove," said a gentleman of leisure to his
chum. "Let's tackle him fer the price of a
night's lodgin'." "Don't yer think of it,
Bill," hastily responded the other, seizing his
arm. "Let's wait for somebody that's half
full. Them benevolent-lookin' ducks allus
wants t' organize a society, elect a hoard of
directors, an' hire a hall afore they give ye
a quarter. I don't want ter stay up all sum-
mer!"—Puck.

"Henry, what is this underworld there is
so much talk about?" "The underworld is a
general term that is applied to the class
which is made up of people who trade on
vice and live by criminal practices." "Dear
me. Why is such a class permitted to exist?"
"Oh, it serves its purpose." "In what way,
I should like to know?" "For one thing, if
there were no such class I'm afraid I'd have
to go out of the law business right away, and
I don't know of anything else that I could
make a living at." "Well, of course, that
heing the case, I suppose we ought to look at
it sensihly, but I almost wish you had studied
to be a doctor."—Chicago Record-Herald.

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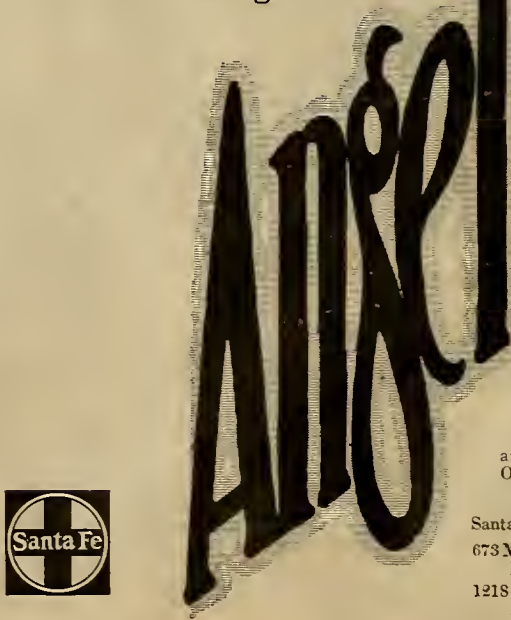
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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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An Inspiring Compliment.

The *Educational Review* of New York, of which Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia College, is the editor, in its October number says:

The *Educational Review* regards the *Argonaut* as having the best influence of any newspaper published in America.

The Appeal of Chris Evans.

In the appeal of Chris Evans for a free pardon in place of ticket-of-leave under the parole system, under which he is now at liberty, Governor Johnson has to deal with a matter at once serious and interesting. Evans is a notorious criminal. His murders and robberies were many and unprovoked. He kept the whole countryside around about Bakersfield in terror for many months, and half a dozen graveyards bear monuments testifying to his cruelty and his prowess. Finally captured and sentenced to state's prison for life, he spent several years in Folsom. Some two or three years ago, under the appeals of age and infirmity, supplemented by good conduct in prison, he was paroled and permitted to join his family in Port-

land, Oregon, where he is now employed in some minor but useful work. He now begs that a free pardon be substituted for his privilege of parole. He wishes to die a free man. However much of a menace to society Evans may have been at one time, that hazard is now past. He is old and broken. At best he has only a year or two of life. Even if he were minded to do it his old life of crime would be an impossibility. No positive harm could come from his pardon. Yet there remains to be considered the effect of a pardon which might carry with it to certain minds a sense of moral effacement of things which can never be effaced or condoned. If Evans had had his deserts he would have been hanged. He deserved nothing better, for his criminality was gross and deliberate. Pity for this poor wreck of a man all must feel; but is it good for society that his wish to die a free man—purged of his crimes so to speak—should be granted? It is for the governor to decide. Mr. Johnson is a man of emotional temperament. His sympathies, where his combative instincts are not involved, are easily aroused. He will not unnaturally have the wish to ease the path of an aged and no doubt a repentant sinner to the grave. It will be interesting to note how a natural disposition to charity and mercy will weigh as against the record of a gross criminality, and further as against the moral effects of a pardon which, however it may illustrate the principle of human kindness, can not wipe away a blood-red record.

Points in Our New Politics.

The second year of a presidential administration, particularly where there has been a change from one party to another, is traditionally a period of many internal anxieties. For it is within this period that the country in the election of a new House of Representatives passes judgment upon the administration. If a majority of the representatives newly chosen are of the President's party, then he may regard himself as having been "endorsed"; if, on the other hand, men of other political affiliations are elected, he stands condemned. In one case the personal stock of the President goes high; in the other it goes low.

Special circumstances tend to make the coming year of 1914 unusually important in a political sense, for the country has before it for judgment not only the Wilson administration, but the whole scheme of what may be styled the New Politics. It is to be seen: (a) if the country is satisfied with Wilson; (b) if it approves of the movement of the Democratic party away from its old traditions towards the aims of an advanced progressivism; (c) if the Republican party is dead, or if it be still a vital force in the life of the country; (d) if Republican progressivism or Democratic progressivism has gained what the Republican party may have lost.

In view of the incidence of so many and of such serious political interests it might be presumed that Democrats the country over would be profoundly stirred. But we do not find it so. Particularly it is noted that something akin to lethargy has seized upon the Southern Democrats in Congress. They are indeed supporting the President with their votes, but they show no sign of entering next year's campaign with anything approaching enthusiasm. The exhilaration with which they greeted the new order of things last year has not carried through, as the golfers say. And there is reason for it. Mr. Wilson came into office as a Democrat. But his Democracy is not that of the old school. He has made over the party; and in doing so he has quite obviously substituted the personality of Woodrow Wilson for an old faith and an old tradition. The wheelhorses who have stood for Democracy in season and out of season, if not absolutely disappointed, are not wholly pleased. The old Democrats are not fond of Mr. Wilson; and it is hardly an exaggeration to say that on the majority side in Congress there are

many who would not seriously object to seeing a Republican in the White House in 1917.

They find in Wilsonism nothing of particular advantage to themselves. In a section of the country where it is a crime to vote any other ticket than their own, Southern congressmen are individually sure of reelection. Then they have found that there are responsibilities connected with affiliation with the party in power which did not attach to the old free days of Republican rule. Contentions about patronage, responsibility for legislation, these and a lot of other things tend to harass the life of the Democratic congressmen these days, whereas when the Republicans were in authority there was on the part of the Southern Democrats no responsibility for anything, no embarrassment over failures, no possibility of doing anything in a personal way for anybody. They could, as one shrewd commentator has expressed it, "go home and blame everything on the particular Uncle Joe of the moment, orate fluently about the wickedness of the Republicans, make lavish promises of what they would do if they only had the chance, and then in various ways take life easy. These gentlemen have not precisely enjoyed a year which has been quite as full of disappointments as of successes and they see no particular use in getting heated up in the effort to secure an endorsement of the Wilson administration. However it may be at the North, there is going to be no particular excitement at the South next year."

The situation brings into conspicuous view the significant fact that the new politics emphasizes the personality of the party leader in office, while it minimizes the importance of the party itself. This is not precisely a new condition, for it has been steadily developing this half-dozen years past—ever since Mr. Roosevelt established the precedent of imposing his private secretary upon the Republican National Committee as its chairman. In other days the official head of the party was not a presidential clerk, but Somebody—very much indeed Somebody—as illustrated in the case of the late Matthew Stanley Quay, the late Marcus Hanna, and others who might be mentioned. But now party organization is a mere instrument of the party leader, especially if the party happens to be in power. Nobody in considering Democratic party affairs takes serious stock of young Mr. McCombs. Nobody on the Republican side is seeking guidance or inspiration from Mr. Hillis. And nobody even remembers who is the chairman of the Bull Moose organization. The situation in so far as parties are concerned is represented by Wilson for the Democrats, Roosevelt for the Bull Moosers, and a blank space for the Republicans—with ex-President Taft sitting with quiet dignity in the background.

Upon such a situation it comes quite naturally that Mr. Joseph Tumulty, secretary to the President, is already by common consent slated for the chairmanship of a to-be-reorganized Democratic committee for the purpose of carrying on the coming campaign for party endorsement under the direct orders of Mr. Wilson.

And so it seemed almost an impertinence when Mr. McCombs, so newly married as to be accompanied by a still-blushing bride, drifted into Washington last week and took it upon himself to make sundry remarks about political affairs. It was in reality a surprise, since those who remembered anything about Mr. McCombs at all had supposed that he was in Europe thinking of any other thing in the world before politics.

Whether his views have value or not, Mr. McCombs has been at the pains to formulate definite opinions. Ignorant or perhaps diplomatically unconscious of the fact that he has already been picked for discard, Mr. McCombs protested that he "could not be called upon to lead a factional fight within the Democratic party"—which apparently innocently

mark being fairly interpreted means that Mr. McCombs is not favorable to the idea of a breach between the national Democratic party and the Tammany organization in the State of New York. Mr. McCombs obviously cherishes no illusions based on the theory that Tammany was eliminated by the recent election in New York City. He is fully alive to the fact that the success of the 75,000 anti-Tammany Democrats in New York City last month was due not so much to themselves alone as to the more than 200,000 Republicans, Progressives, and others who joined in the movement which carried Mr. Mitchel into the mayoralty. Mr. McCombs is not impressed with the idea that the 75,000 anti-Tammany Democrats when they have duly parted with their Republican and Progressive associates are going to run things in New York. Hence Mr. McCombs with a certain political astuteness disapproves of "any effort to overthrow the regular state organization in New York."

But the range of Mr. McCombs's ideas is not limited to his own party; and he is sufficiently in line with the hopes of President Wilson to encourage, in so far as a man in his position may, the hopes of the Republicans. The Bull Moose movement, Mr. McCombs declared, was a sporadic incident which is practically closed. The recent elections, he said, "have served to strengthen a conviction I have had since the last national election that much of the Progressive party would be absorbed either by the Republican or Democratic parties and that the next national political contest would find the Republican party the principal opponent of the Democracy." Plausibly and shrewdly said—and be it noted, after he had had a "long talk" with the President. It is obviously the President's idea that Bull Mooseism is to be left no ground to stand on by 1916.

Here we have one of the inspirations—we had nearly said one of the secrets—of President Wilson's policy, which in many ways has been surprising. Himself a conservative by temperament and habit, he has come to be a furious progressive—not by his acts indeed so much as by his utterances. He has been seeking by a course of advanced speeches and by his writings to eliminate from the situation any necessity for a separate Progressive organization. Why, he has in effect been saying, bother with Progressivism, which is without hope of success, when here already installed in the White House and in control of Congress is something with another label just as good? Mr. McCombs, as becomes a dutiful subordinate, falls in with the idea and promotes the suggestion. Regarded as mere policy, it is not without merit; but it remains to be seen if the substitution can be made to go down with that element which even though hopeless for success as an independent political movement is still too advanced and too consciously virtuous to fall back into the old Republican affiliation.

Some Miscellaneous Reflections.

There is one department, and but one, of our municipal system which goes on year after year undisturbed by the turmoil of politics or the conflicts of interest, free from graft or scandal. It is the department which administers the municipal library. And this department is managed by a board of unpaid commissioners authorized to fill vacancies by election of the commissioners themselves. The result in the case of every vacancy is the selection of a citizen of eminent respectability, sufficiently interested in the business of the library to give reasonable attention to the work of the board. While other departments of the city government are recruited under the motives of politics and suffer accordingly, the library board sustains itself and tends to high and higher standards of character and efficiency. Before vetoing the opera house ordinance Mayor Rolph might with advantage have studied the record of the municipal library; and he might with further advantage have compared it with those other departments of the city government under the hands of officials selected on the basis of ward activities, relationship to interests or cliques or devotion to the business of political organization. But we suspect that Mr. Rolph does not wish for instruction of this kind. His study is not so much the efficiencies of government as the intrigues of parties and factions. He wishes to establish himself as a political figure, either to the end of succeeding himself in the mayoralty or, better still, of getting himself placed in the governorship. Mr. Rolph's first interest is not the welfare of the city, but the political promotion of Mr. Rolph.

Other men have played the game as Mr. Rolph is

trying to play it, and now and again it has been done successfully. But in nine cases out of ten the man in administrative office who turns aside from his duties to pursue private advantage reaps in the end a harvest of disappointment and bitterness. It calls for very exceptional talents or for very exceptional luck, or both together, to achieve personal success by substituting the leadings of ambition for the call of duty. Of the former Mr. Rolph, although now for several years before the public in one capacity or another, has given no evidences. And he has only one chance in ten thousand of success under the mere chances of the political game.

Mr. Rolph's election was an emphatic protest against abuses which had grown out of class interest in our municipal politics. The public had grown weary to disgust of domination at the hands of organized labor as represented in the political sphere by Ruef, Schmitz, McCarthy, and the like. There was an all but universal wish for a man in the mayor's chair who would stand for law and for equity rather than as the agent of a particular class. By some process which we have never been able to understand this wish and purpose came to centre itself upon Mr. Rolph. He was known as a man eminently respectable, albeit of an essential lightness of mind. His candidacy presumed to stand for something better than what we had had in the recent past. The spirit and enthusiasm of the election, while rallying around Mr. Rolph as a champion, was not for the man, but for the cause. But no sooner had Mr. Rolph gotten into office than the more serious weakness of his character became apparent. Very speedily he contracted a bad case of swelled-head; he misinterpreted the motives of his election; and to this misconception he quickly added the vice of personal aspiration. It was soon seen that he lacked the solidity of character, the impersonal devotion to duty, which the mayoralty in any proper conception calls for. He became obsessed with a desire for popularity and for political promotion. While continuing to prate the jargon of his candidacy he made abject surrender at every point of administration. He failed to reform the police. He took no steps to eliminate influences which had practically corrupted the school department. He made no effort to rebuke extravagance and to check recklessness in public expenditures. He did not even attempt any one of the reforms which his election was designed to bring about. On the other hand he fell into the vices of his recent predecessors, even while lacking their courage. In small things and great he soon exhibited the cloven foot of the political calculator and the timidity of the born coward. His whole effort in office has been to exhibit and exploit himself, especially to establish a close connection with the very element which his election was intended to unhorse.

We find Mr. Rolph today, at the end of his second year in office, not an administrator of municipal affairs under the law and subject to the inspiration of honorable motives, but a little scheming, compromising politician. Without the force to do very wrong things, he lacks the virtue to do right things. He is weak rather than wicked. His idea is to pose, temporize, conciliate. And like many another man of small mind and large aspirations, he has conceived the idea of getting ahead by serving his enemies. He first sought to cajole the bugaboo of organized labor; more recently he has groveled before it. It follows of course that Mr. Rolph has lost the respect of that element which gave his candidacy for the mayoralty its most positive and effective support. No doubt he thinks he has gained the friendship of the politico-labor element. But here he is the victim of an egregious self-deception. Whatever its faults, the politico-labor element is in full possession of its wits. And however humbly and obediently it may follow a strong man, it never yields to a weak one. It may make use—indeed it is now making use of Mr. Rolph—but it is not following or supporting him. It is he who is following and supporting it.

And when through influences and tendencies which Mr. Rolph's administration of municipal affairs has promoted politico-laborism shall again command the situation—as it now seems likely to do two years from now under the lead of Andy Gallagher—it will deal with Mr. Rolph in a way that may surprise him, though it will surprise nobody else. It will reject him as a poor creature who through yielding supinely to it has only succeeded in winning its contempt. It will support, not the man who bowed before

it, but some man who has made it bow before him. Then Mr. Rolph will find himself in the position of one who, having sacrificed all, has gained nothing. He will be despised alike by those whose trust he has betrayed and by those before whom he has bowed his official head in unmanly surrender.

The President to Congress.

There is but one subject treated by the President in his Annual Message—or Address—to Congress which has not hitherto in one form or another been fully exploited. The recommendation of a full territorial government for Alaska is both new and timely and it is in every way to be commended. The President's suggestion that the territory be provided with railroads at the national cost and under national administration lies in quite another category and is subject to serious question. We see no reason why the government should take upon itself a function which private capital will do if it be given the chance, subject to governmental regulation. We can see no justification for the project which originated with Mr. Roosevelt to use Alaska as an experimental ground for the try-out of nationalization schemes. And we can but wonder if Mr. Wilson is not by this recommendation undertaking to checkmate Roosevelt by stealing his private thunder. At any rate the proposal for national ownership of a projected Alaskan railway system, to be followed no doubt by other experimental projects in public ownership, will not be satisfactory to Alaska, and there will certainly be a considerable protest in the country at large.

The President offers nothing new as to Mexico, contenting himself with denouncing Huerta as a usurper and prophesying his early downfall. As to what our government will do when Huerta shall be out of the way, the President gives no intimation.

Other recommendations relate to matters in which the position of the administration has already been developed. The President wants the currency bill to go through without delay. And he wants further currency legislation in the form of an extension of rural credits—this without defining just what he wants. He wants to hold fast to the Sherman law, with some further legislation not specifically defined. He asks for a law applying the direct primary principle to the selection of presidential candidates. He proposes to gradually give more power to the Filipinos in their own country, looking to their ultimate independence. He wants to improve the conditions of mine-workers, to provide a national railway employers' liability law, and to safeguard the rights of sailors and the general safety on the seas.

The brevity of the President's Message, in one sense a relief from the long-drawn-out Messages of recent times, is an enforced effect of Mr. Wilson's plan of appearing in person before the two houses of Congress in joint session. To deliver before Congress thus assembled the enormous volume of matter which ordinarily makes up an Annual Message would obviously be a physical impossibility. Much is to be said in behalf of brevity as illustrated in Mr. Wilson's address; yet there remains something to be said in behalf of the old plan. It burdened the telegraph lines and made a problem for the newspapers, but it served to inform the country upon a great variety of matters connected with the administration of the government. It has been held as a species of obligation by every citizen of intelligent and liberal mind to read the Annual Message. Something is lost therefore when this document dwindles to the limits of a thirty-minute address devoted chiefly to matters both immediate and familiar.

On the whole we think the President who practically eliminates the Annual Message in favor of a brief personal address to Congress loses an opportunity to instruct the country in detail; and that, on the other hand, the country misses an important contribution to its stock of information concerning governmental affairs.

Whether the new fashion introduced by President Wilson shall survive and become established as a fixed procedure, or whether the old practice shall be revived, will depend upon circumstances. If Mr. Wilson shall be succeeded in the presidency by a man of his own party anxious to sustain Democratic precedent, and if furthermore such successor shall be an effective speaker or reader, then we shall have hereafter the Annual Message in the form of an Address. But if President Wilson shall be succeeded by a President representing another party, or by a man who from temperament

shrinks from public appearance, the old practice will no doubt be restored. There are obvious conveniences and plausible arguments both ways. It is really no great matter. If the written Message may be made useful as a means of informing the public in a broad way, the spoken Address has the advantage of being briefer, more dramatically interesting, and therefore more widely read.

Voting in Oregon.

We are indebted to one of the editors of the Indianapolis *News* for a piece of interesting political information that might otherwise have escaped attention. Mr. Lewis has just undertaken a journey through Oregon and Washington for the purpose of studying the working of the initiative and referendum. His mission was in no way hostile to the new methods, since the Indianapolis *News* is strongly inclined to favor anything that bears the Progressive label. But it seems that Mr. Lewis has now been disillusioned. He finds that the initiative and referendum has proved so heavy a burden that they have actually increased the political apathy that they were intended to cure and that the average citizen, disgusted with incessant demands for his vote, is now in a fair way to refuse to vote at all. In 1902, when Oregon began her crazy-quilt reforms, there was one legislative measure for popular decision. The number has grown year by year until in 1912 there were no less than forty, and "this year a special election is to be had on referendums alone." The last election that was held involved the expenditure of \$20,000,000 for harbor work, and only twenty per cent of the voters went to the polls. And we may well believe that these twenty per cent did not represent the intelligence of the state, but rather that part of the community whose self-interests and ambitions gave to their votes something of the quality of a financial investment. And this deplorable and dangerous state of affairs is supposed in some mysterious way to be a concession to the spirit of democracy.

Mr. Lewis seems to suggest that illumination first came to him through the action of the Hon. Jonathan Bourne. Now we need not remind ourselves that Mr. Bourne is an enthusiastic champion of the referendum, the initiative, the recall, and of the whole bag of tricks of the modern political dervish. But Mr. Bourne has allowed it to be known that when he was confronted with the forty new ways for bringing the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth that formed the staple of the last election he voted only upon three of them and ignored the other thirty-seven. He said he did not understand them sufficiently well to vote on them. Now Mr. Bourne is a politician and a man of ripened experience in public affairs. He has exceptional knowledge, not only of his own state, but of the business of the nation. He has patriotism, intelligence, and energy. But even with such an equipment as this he felt that he was unqualified to express opinions on thirty-seven propositions that had a bearing on the community well-being and that were to be definitely decided by a public vote. It is much to his credit that he refrained from any electoral action that he felt to be without basis in knowledge, but in view of Mr. Bourne's action, or rather inaction, we may legitimately ask ourselves if there is any one voter in Oregon who combines within himself the qualifications necessary to a vote on forty important projects? Is there one man in the world who has such qualifications without the preliminary aid of prolonged study and debate? Of course there is not.

But there were thousands of voters who did not share Mr. Bourne's electoral reluctances. Indeed such reluctances are usually felt only by intelligence and capacity. It is the fool who is always ready with opinions, verdicts, and decisions, and we may well believe that the length of the ballot cast by the average voter was in precise proportion to the length of his own ears. The Italian fruit vendor, the Italian fruit vendor's young woman, the embryo stenographer, the housemaid, and the shopgirl, were all solemnly invited to express their invaluable opinions on matters of statecraft that the Hon. Jonathan Bourne confessed himself as incompetent to determine. The grocer's young man and the garbage collector were implored to do their parts in a decision that involved the expenditure of \$20,000,000, and we need not doubt that their vanities impelled them to do so, while those whose opinions were worth having were standing aside in disgust and contempt. And these humiliating absurdities are imposed upon us in the name of reform.

The story is not peculiar to Oregon. We are quite familiar with it here in California. It has been told wherever the referendum and the initiative have established themselves, and it will be repeated more and more disastrously as time goes on. The whole system must eventually break down by its own weight, but it is to be feared that in the meantime it will break down a good many other things, and things that we can ill afford to lose.

The Film Censorship.

Mr. John Collier, speaking before the City Club of Brooklyn, seems to have made it clear enough that self-government is not necessarily the legalized tyranny of a majority, and that unsanctioned agreements may actually have a force and efficacy wholly unattainable by statute law. Mr. Collier's topic was the picture-film censorship. That there is such a censorship we are all vaguely aware. The fact is displayed upon nearly every film that is publicly exhibited. But we are indebted to Mr. Collier for an exposition of the nature of a supervision that is certainly salutary and that acts as a restraint upon a pictorial exuberance that might easily degenerate into a scandal and a nuisance.

The National Board of Censors consists of 150 citizens of both sexes, who sit in judgment upon every film intended for public display. This committee has no legal powers. It can not enforce any decision that it may make. The law is indifferent alike to its licenses and its prohibitions, and its actual authority is no greater than that of a social club or a debating society. Nevertheless this board of censors orders the annual destruction of half a million dollars' worth of films, and the condemned pictures go straight to the scrap heap without protest or resistance. There is no friction, no suspicion of undue influence, and no recrimination. There is not a legislature in the world that receives the unquestioned obedience given to the decisions of this group of unpaid and unelected men and women. All the police in New York could not add one jot to its effectiveness or authority. Indeed we may legitimately believe that law and police force would instantly destroy its value. If this board were organized and sustained by the legislature we all know that it would become a scandal and a reproach in about a month.

Into the wisdom of the actual censorship there is no need to enter. To some its standards will appear to be too broad, while others will think that they are too narrow. Such questions must always depend upon the personal equation. But at least it is neither perfunctory nor time-serving, since it destroys annually half a million dollars' worth of property. It would be an unusual law that could do that. But the board has certain definite standards that guide and regulate the idiosyncrasies of its members. All attacks upon religion—any religion—are barred. There must be no crime for crime's sake. There must be no prurient suggestiveness. And what may be called the news picture must be historically accurate.

But these are secondary matters that must always involve an amicable difference of opinion. The supreme fact is this triumphant exhibition of self-government, and it seems to be about the only example of self-government that we have. Amid a very orgy of coercions and legal brutalities, all perpetrated in the name of self-government, the National Board of Film Censors seems to be the only evidence that we are actually "getting there," and to be, in very truth, the first fruits of a rational civilization. Coercive legislation is no more than a thin veneer upon a basis of barbarism. Compulsive laws and police are but a step from savagery, a slight advance over the aboriginal war club so astonishingly like the policeman's staff. True civilization is mutual agreement, without sanctions and without force. We are still a long way from it, but the board of censors proves it to be within sight.

There is hardly a social problem that could not be solved in the same way if we had but the courage to try it, to place less reliance upon a crude legislation that invariably awakes resentments and resistances and more reliance upon a public opinion that would be irresistible if it were allowed to grow. There is a certain "sweet reasonableness" in every human being that always responds to the cooperative appeal, that is always inclined to compromise and to agreement. We have been so swaddled in laws that we are almost blinded to the better way and to the marvelous organizing powers of the race if only those powers are allowed to assert themselves spontaneously and naturally. But at least we have an object lesson.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

Marriage of the President's Second Daughter—An Incident at the Other End of the Social Scale.

WASHINGTON, November 29, 1913.

Turning its attention from the currency bill and the Mexican situation, Washington paid tribute to Cupid when Jessie Woodrow Wilson was married to Francis Bowes Sayre in the historic old East Room of the White House this week. The human interest side of Washington was very prominent in the preparations for the wedding and in the events immediately following.

The marriage service which united the daughter of the President to the young lawyer of New York was a unique combination of the Episcopal and Presbyterian forms. In the latter the word "obey" is not included in the promise of "to love, honor, and obey," but upon the bride's special request it was inserted.

Showing the national and pardonable interest in the wedding of the President's daughter, hundreds of men and women who knew neither the bride nor bridegroom sent presents to the White House. Included in the list of presents were barrels of potatoes, baskets of onions, carrots, rag carpets, pots and pans, clothes-lines, tubs, monkey-wrenches, wash-wringers, pies, apples, and all sorts of provisions.

Another human side of the wedding was the unhappiness of Miss Blanche Nevin, favorite aunt of the bridegroom. "I don't suppose I should really tell any one that I am unhappy," said Miss Nevin, "but nevertheless I am. The reason is because Miss Wilson—or to put it right, now, Mrs. Sayre—has gained and I have lost. In the past Francis has always considered his mother and myself first. Now, as is quite natural, he will consider his wife first. He will be molded to her way of thinking, and gradually I am afraid we two old women, his mother and myself, will be in a measure forgotten. I am, of course, happy that he is married and will be happy—happy because he chose such a sweet and sensible girl—but it hurts my heart to think that I will not be among the first to be thought of by him in the future. I am not conceited in saying that I have always been his favorite. Now it will be different. It will mean that he will not come to me for loving words; that he will not come to me when he is worried and tired, and needs comfort. His wife will be the one to whom he will go at these times, and his mother and myself will be left out more than we ever were."

"Miss Wilson—now there I go again!—but it will be awfully hard to call her Mrs. Sayre—made one of the prettiest brides I have ever seen. The way she turned her head towards Francis before that crowd showed plainer than words that she thinks he is the greatest man in the world, and I agree with her on that point absolutely. He is the greatest man—or I had better say, boy—in the world."

There were many gay and happy people at the wedding, and afterwards there was an informal dance in the East Room, where the tango proved its popularity. Until late in the night the close friends of the family celebrated the marriage. There was one girl present, however, who must have had some heart-burnings. Miss Genevieve Clark, daughter of the Speaker of the House, is nearing the marriageable age, and is one of the most popular debutantes in Washington. Prior to the Baltimore convention she had every reason to expect that if she should marry within the next four years she would be a White House bride. Her father had won a popular majority in the primaries, and soon after the Baltimore convention opened he obtained a majority of votes in that assemblage. History does not record another case where a Democrat obtaining a majority of votes in a convention was not gracefully conceded the two-thirds necessary for his nomination. Clark's case was an exception. Just as he seemed on the verge of being nominated he lost and Wilson won the prize. Nevertheless Miss Clark showed no signs of chagrin and was one of the merriest young ladies at the White House. Her congratulations to the bride were enthusiastic and sincere.

Captain "Bill" McDonald, United States marshal for northern Texas, former body-guard of President Wilson, a veteran Texas ranger, had a different kind of trouble. He received a nicely engraved invitation to attend the White House wedding and arrived at the capital early, wearing a broad Texas sombrero. Captain Bill said he was somewhat embarrassed as to how he was to be dressed. "Wouldn't it be possible," he inquired, "for me to go in my ordinary street clothes?" His friends assured him that he would have to "dress up." "Then," said Captain Bill, "I reckon I'll have to get some one to help me get harnessed. It will be like putting a new harness on a bronco mule that has never been bridled. I really think that I ought to be excused from wearing formal afternoon dress, but I suppose I will have to yield to convention."

Three of his friends proving themselves good Samaritans worked all morning on Captain Bill to squeeze him into a frock coat and tie his cravat. He thought he should take his revolvers along, but they finally prevailed upon him to leave them behind. He shook his head ruefully, said that he really felt that he should have his guns, "because you can't never tell what will happen."

There were several thousand people around the White House while the ceremony was on.

Sullivan, the officer in charge of the policemen on duty at the White House, demonstrated that he knows how to handle a crowd. "You can make people do anything you want if you play on their vanity," he said. "See that orderly gathering I have got lined up on the other side? Well, I got them all bunched up that way waiting to have their pictures taken."

"I just simply mentioned that if they would stand back of the curbstone the photographer could make a better picture, and you should have seen them start to pose. One man who was on this side of the street ran over to the curb so as not to miss the picture. They have been standing there now for some time, but the photographer has not arrived, and I don't believe he will."

And then a thin individual broke from the crowd and seemed to be trying to squeeze through the fence palings. "They didn't have all this fuss when I got married," he said irritably. "No, but I'll bet there was a lot of fuss afterwards," retorted a fat man standing near—and the crowd roared.

Mr. Sayre and his best man, Dr. Grenfell, were held up at the main gate when they were about to go into the White House. Patrolman Murphy stepped up to the door and asked for the card, as he had done for the other guests. He didn't recognize the occupants. "But I am Mr. Sayre," explained the bridegroom while the officer waited. "I know; but there are a lot of Mr. Sayres today, sir," replied the officer. "I am the bridegroom, Francis B. Sayre." But the policeman insisted that he find his card, and the automobile stood in line delaying all those in the rear until the bridegroom finally found means of identifying himself.

The list of guests to the White House wedding was extremely limited. Only the Speaker of the House, the Vice-President, and the President *pro tempore* of the Senate, and the New Jersey delegation in Congress were invited from the congressional set. Of course all the members of the United States Supreme Court were invited. The members of the Supreme Court stand upon a very high plane in Washington. They see the politicians come and go, and have nothing to fear from the President. The Chief Justice of the United States really is in a better position than the President of the United States, because his moulding of the destiny of the nation extends over a longer period and sometimes leaves a greater impress.

The justices, without a single exception, accepted the invitation of the President and Mrs. Wilson to attend the wedding of their daughter. They were among the most distinguished guests at the White House. And yet, showing one of those sharp contrasts that are furnished in few places besides Washington, indicating the simplicity and democracy of the highest tribunal in the land, Chief Justice White and four of the associate justices only a few days before had crowded into the humble little negro shack where Archie Lewis, the colored messenger of the Supreme Court, had ended his days.

For sixty-four years Archie Lewis had served as a messenger in the Supreme Court. When he first entered upon his work Chief Justice Taney was presiding over the Supreme Court. He was serving the court when three of the justices who attended his funeral were born—Justices Day, Van Devanter, and Lamar. Chief Justice White and Justice Holmes, the fifth member of the court attending the funeral, had not yet started to school when Lewis began his duties in the Supreme Court. Lewis was born in 1833 and was eighty-two years old at the time of his death. He claimed to have served two-thirds of all the men who have occupied the supreme bench, and he had a fund of anecdotes about the celebrated men he had known.

"He was a man of great character," said Justice Willis Van Devanter. "He had a wonderful disposition and endeared himself to my associates and myself. He worked up to a few days ago, and died suddenly. This old colored man was of such fine character that the members of the Supreme Court determined to attend his funeral." All of which goes to show that it is not merely the daughter of the President, or the President himself, who receives homage from the Supreme Court. Doing small things well brings almost as much reward as being born of illustrious parents. Sometimes it brings even greater reward.

ELIZABETH HOLCOMBE.

The imperial forestry bureau of Japan has recently been encouraging the growth of camphor trees in order to bring the production of raw material up to the demand for it. Under the direction of the forestry bureau each prefectural government in Kyushu has been cultivating model camphor forests, and private individuals have greatly increased the number of trees on their estates. The number of camphor trees in Kyushu is over 500,000, while the area devoted to their cultivation is more than 60,000 acres. Up to the present time all refined camphor has been made at the sacrifice of the tree, but recent experiments, using only the leaves and twigs, have been remarkably successful. As a result the trees will no longer be felled, and as they grow larger the value of camphor forests will increase year by year.

Though Nebraska has been termed "the state without a mine," it ranks first in the production of pumice, for less than one per cent of the total output of pumice comes from other states.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

The increasing attention now being given to Mr. Tait's occasional utterances on public affairs seems to suggest that the ex-President is in a fair way to become a sort of national sage. The functions of the national sage have been well understood in some other countries, and notably in England, where the opinions of such men as Lord Rosebery and Mr. Goldwin Smith have been usually received with the consideration due to their disinterestedness and therefore to their precise value. In a recent lecture to the students of Hill School Mr. Taft sketched some of the constitutional powers of the President, with a special emphasis upon the pardoning power. He said frankly that he had been deceived by medical experts in the matter of the pardon that he extended to Charles W. Morse. He had been told that Morse was near death, and in order to ascertain the facts he had instituted an inquiry through the Army Medical Corps. The resulting report was to the effect that Morse was in the last stage of a fatal disease, and upon the strength of this report he ordered that the prisoner be released. This, said Mr. Taft, shakes one's faith in expert examinations. Certainly it does. Faith in the medical certificate is now nearly universal, pathetic, and imbecile. It is allowed to exercise an almost incalculable power over human liberty, a power greater than that of judges or governors. And yet the medical certificate to any effect whatsoever is invariably purchaseable somewhere. It is one of the cheapest commodities of the day. Apart from the ascertained character of the man who signs it, the medical certificate has about the same practical value as the predictions of a fortune-teller.

The whale is usually supposed to be an innocuous animal, and not lightly would we assail a character for virtue that has been well established. But Captain Scott's diaries show that the "killer" whale is a veritable demon, and an intelligent demon at that. He tells us that on one occasion the ship's photographer, Ponting, and two dogs were on an ice floe when they were attacked by six or seven whales. The method of assault was ingenious. The animals swam under the ice and smashed it by blows from their bodies with the evident intention of shaking their victims into the water. "Then it was clear that the whales shared our astoundment, for one after another their huge, hideous heads shot vertically into the air through the cracks which they had made. As they reared them to a height of six or eight feet it was possible to see their tawny head markings, their small, glistening eyes, and their terrible array of teeth—by far the largest and the most terrifying in the world. There can not be a doubt that they looked up to see what had happened to Ponting and his dogs. . . . That they could display such deliberate cunning, that they were able to break ice of such thickness (at least two and a half feet) and that they could act in unison were a revelation to us."

It has taken the people of Bavaria a long time to recognize the hopeless insanity of King Otto, although it was evident enough that he was violently mad nearly thirty years ago, and actually before his accession to the throne. The medical commissioners appointed to report officially upon the king's condition had an easy task before them. Otto took no notice of the visitors even when they spoke to him. He gazed fixedly at a padded door, apparently listening to imaginary voices upon the other side, and sometimes he broke out into ravings, throwing his hat upon the floor, and pacing up and down like a wild animal. The feeling of loyalty must be very strong in Bavaria to tolerate a maniac on the throne for nearly thirty years. And yet, who knows? There may be worse things than mad kings. Sane and ambitious kings, for example. Kings who hate and resist the spread of popular rights. Kings who look with envy upon autocracy and strive to attain to it. On second thoughts there may be much to be said for mad kings, even kings so mad that they must be forcibly fed, like poor Otto.

The whole of Europe is now sending up a chorus of lamentation at a waning birth rate. In England the rate is now the lowest upon record. Sixteen other countries show a decrease, and it is only in Russia that the fall is so slight as to be insignificant. But it is by no means insignificant that Russia should be the one exception. The level of intelligence in Russia is lower than in any other part of Europe, and a low intelligence usually means a low sense of responsibility. In other words Russia sustains her birth rate because she does not know any better, because she is not sufficiently educated to cut her coat according to her cloth. Intelligence, whether in individuals or in nations, usually tends toward small families and good ones. Intelligence and the size of the family are usually in inverse proportion. That the stress of life throughout Europe has had the effect of diminishing the size of the family is therefore a matter for congratulation, and not for regret. It is a proof that human conduct is at last beginning to shape itself to conditions. Consternation at low birth rates proceeds either from ignorance of social law or from militarism, either from the folly of estimating values by weight, measure, and count, or from the wickedness of assuming that military needs are the one standard of human utilities.

Russian and German celebrations of the fall of Napoleon have had an unexpected result. Intended to direct the attention of patriotism toward its own prowess they have served rather to emphasize the greatness of the man who was overthrown. No one speaks of the valor that rid Europe of the shadow that lay across the land. Every one speaks of the tremendous greatness of the man who threw that shadow. The human mind is irresistibly attracted toward mystery, and peculiarly so when mystery and achievement go hand in hand.

And there is no such mystery as the genius that obtains results without a recourse to any of the mechanism indispensable to lesser minds, that is able to know without any of the machinery of knowledge, and that can act over wide areas as it were by direct volition. There have been persistent efforts to drag Napoleon down into the ranks of humanity, to account for him, to explain him, and to classify him. And the net result of all these attempts is the present unanimity with which Europe adores the memory of the man whom she once united to destroy.

The lot of Dr. Keshava Devi Shastri is certainly a hard one. This learned Hindu gentleman was invited by the purity people to come all the way from India in order to explain to the Purity Congress here how much progress the great work had made in India. During the course of an interview Dr. Shastri found occasion to speak lightly of the work done in India by Christian missionaries. He said that the missionary work had made no headway in his native land, and that if its complete failure were more generally known there would be no more subscriptions in aid of a quite hopeless undertaking. Dr. Shastri went on to say that the missionary in India "lives like a lord with a retinue of servants," a statement that has often been made before, and upon high authority, but usually by those who were beyond the reach of the theological Black Hand. But Dr. Shastri has now received an object lesson in the propriety of suppressing unwelcome truths. The purity people have promptly canceled all his lecture engagements and he has been invited to return to his own country as soon as may be. Apparently no one without church affiliations may belong to the great purity movement. A zeal for Christian missions is an essential part of membership. It is to the credit of one woman delegate that she protested against this display of hypocritical intolerance, but she was in a hopeless minority. But we can at least profit by the incident to give deserved publicity to the opinion of a Hindu scholar and reformer as to the true nature of Indian missions.

Dr. Andrew D. White, formerly American ambassador to Germany and Russia, is led to express his surprise at the popularity of the opera bouffe Sulzer among the Jews of the East Side in New York. It was Sulzer who was largely instrumental in annulling the treaty with Russia on account of her Jewish policy, not that Sulzer cared for the Jews any more than Judas Iscariot cared for the poor, but because he had a keen eye upon the Jewish vote. As a result, says Dr. White, we have now no treaty with Russia, and theoretically no American has a right to enter Russia or any claim upon Russian laws for protection. And so far from benefiting the Russian Jews, Dr. White says that "for several generations it is probable that no Jews will be allowed to enter." Why Sulzer should be regarded as a Jewish benefactor is therefore one of the insoluble problems of the human mind.

There has been a general tendency to believe that the current attacks upon the government of Portugal have been due not so much to the facts of the case as to a European prejudice against a new republic. Possibly prejudice has played its usual part, but since the French press has now joined in the outcry we may believe that there is fire as well as smoke. Portugal, say a number of French newspapers, is a welter of anarchy and of oppressive cruelty. Laws are in abeyance, the prisons are full of men whose unobtrusive opinions are their worst crimes, the public debt is increasing, and a general apprehension has paralyzed trade and commerce. During the last few years we have ecstatically welcomed the overthrow of three "despotisms" and hailed the emergence of three peoples into the light of freedom and progress. These three peoples are the Chinese, the Mexicans, and the Portuguese.

Mr. Macmillan's defense of the publisher has called forth some spirited rejoinders. A correspondent of the New York *Sun* reminds us that "The Broad Highway," by Jeffery Farnol, was submitted to six leading houses and rejected by all of them. At last "one of the firm" read it and said that "any man who can make me smell bacon frying under a hedgerow will hold the public," and hold the public it surely did, for it became a best seller. The correspondent in question says that the publisher can usually be trusted to reject without benefit of clergy any book that has a touch of novelty about it. A sound, straight told, and healthy yarn does not stand the slightest chance. But then what can we do about it? The publisher is risking his own money, not ours, and there seems to be no valid way to compel him to revise his standards. The only relief is to sneer at the incapacity of the expert, and we have been doing this for some time past.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

Eight concerns in Europe supply the larger part of the world with moving-picture films, and the price paid to procure good pictures is surprising. There is the instance of the makers of the film showing Forbes-Robertson as Hamlet, who paid \$75,000 for the use of a castle and costumed 400 people for the purpose. The whole expenditure was \$250,000, but the company sold 3,000,000 feet of that film for \$750,000. To obtain the pictures of Scott in the Antarctic \$250,000 was expended, and the royalty already collected by Mrs. Scott exceeds the original cost of the picture.

New Jersey is the only state of any importance as a mineral producer in which the utilization of the clay resources constitutes the chief industry and represents over fifty per cent of the total output of the state. The clay products of the state have included every variety of brick and tile and every variety of pottery produced in the United States, as classified by the federal survey.

THE WITCH'S RING.

The Man Who Was Devoid of Superstition.

A very curious, straggling, sleepy old village is Adlingtune. Half a century behind the rest of the world, it still sits between the green hills of an Eastern state, with its elbows on its knees and its chin in its hands, musing on bygone days, when old King George held the land under his sway, and when, as its old folk sagely remark, things were not as they are now. There are a great many old people in Adlingtune—in fact, very few die young there. The atmosphere is so dreamy and peaceful that excitement can not exist, and the wear and tear of the busy world is unknown, or, at most, only hums faintly over the hills, like the buzzing of a fly on a sunny pane on a summer day. And so they still sit in their chimney corners from year to year, and muse, and doze, and dream, until they dream their lives away and take their final sleep. It was to an old crone of this description that I was indebted for my adventure.

In the course of my idle ramblings about the village I chanced one day to peer over a crumbling wall and discovered an old, disused burial-ground. The brown slabs were broken, prostrate, and scattered, with only here and there a forlorn, unsteady stone standing wearily and waiting for the time to come when it, too, might fall down and rest with the sleepers beneath. Scrambling over the low wall, I stooped about among the grass, pushing away the tangled masses of vines and leaves from the faces of slabs that I might read the inscriptions there. But the suns and storms of over an hundred years had obliterated nearly all the letters, so that only portions of names and dates remained. Finally, down in a deep corner of the enclosure, where the weeds grew densest and the shade was darkest, I found an old stone which, leaning forward, had protected its face from the storms, and on this stone I read the words:

BARBARA CONWAIL.

BORN 1670, DIED 1730. AGE, 60 YEARS.

Having been lawfully executed for the practice of witchcraft.

My curiosity was at once aroused. I inquired of several persons as to the history of this woman, but without success for a time. Finally, however, I found an old woman who told me the history of Barbara Conwail as it had been handed down by her ancestors:

Living in an old stone house at the edge of the village, she was rarely seen—for no one ever crossed her threshold—save when she was occasionally met by a frightened party of children idling away a summer afternoon's holiday in the woods, when she would scowl and pass away, stooping along over the fields, gathering herbs with which to brew her mighty potions. No one ever interfered with her, however, until a sad year came to Adlingtune.

An epidemic broke out and raged with a fury that nothing could withstand. People began to mutter that Barbara the witch was the cause of it. Passing along the road, she was stoned by a party of boys, to whom she turned and, shaking her bony hand, shrieked that the curse was upon them.

Two of the lads sickened and died in a few days, and though scores were carried away in a like manner, an especial import was attached to their death. Barbara began to be watched. They looked through her windows at midnight and found her bending over a seething cauldron, throwing in herbs, muttering cabalistic words, and stirring the mixture with what they reported to be a human bone. Old Barbara was working her charms.

So when one morning a man came into town, bruised and covered with mud, and testified that as he rode past old Barbara's house at twelve o'clock the night before he saw the Arch Fiend and the witch in conversation upon the housetop, surrounded by flames, and laughing fiendishly in the lurid glare as they shook their fists at the plague-stricken village sleeping below, his tale found ready credence. The fact that he was an habitual drunkard, and had on more than one occasion rolled from his horse in a drunken stupor and passed the night in a ditch, dreaming wild dreams, did not in the least detract from the belief of the villagers in his account of this scene; and when he related how this pair of demons had pounced upon him and had first tortured and then thrown him senseless into a ditch their indignation became uncontrollable.

Old Barbara was tried, condemned, and hanged, though she protested in her innocence to the last. The little sum of money found in her possession was used to buy that gravestone—as no one would dare appropriate it—and to this day, if any one were bold enough to go to her grave at midnight on the same day of the year on which she was hanged and say: "Barbara, I believe you were innocent," at the same time stretching out his hand over the grave, she would appear to him and place in his hand a talisman.

This talisman would bring good fortune as long as he retained it, but at some time in his life the witch would return to him and claim her own.

The old woman ended her story in a low, impressive monotone, which, with her earnestness and sincere belief in what she said, almost carried conviction to me in spite of reason. As I sauntered away, ridiculing these ignorant and superstitious village folk, I found myself unconsciously wandering back through the old burial-ground to the witch's grave. Carelessly reading the inscription, I was surprised to find that

upon that very day was the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of her death, and still more surprised when the thought occurred to me of watching at her grave that night. I ridiculed and scoffed the idea. Where was my boasted common sense and incredulity? But, still returning ever, came that wayward thing called fancy—and it conquered.

The world was wild and weird that night when I stole forth from the village. The wind was moaning through the trees and sobbing piteously; the black clouds were driven in broken patches across the sky, now letting down the moonshine, and again shrouding all in blackest night, and making the shadows chase each other about and steal around corners upon one in a manner that made me wince in spite of myself. Climbing the low stone wall—rather nervously, I confess—I stole away through the old, downtrodden graves, pushing through the weeds and briars as silently as possible, and making my way toward that dark, dreary corner where the old witch reposed. A graveyard at noon is a very different spot from a graveyard at midnight, especially if one is there to seek an interview with a spirit.

I reached the place and stood by the tomb. It still lacked a few minutes of twelve, and as I stood there watching the moonlight flitting over the graves, I longed for a little ray to creep in with me. But no—approaching and receding and wavering all about me, it never touched this grave, but fled away as often as it approached, as though frightened at the black shadow forever lurking there.

By and by the village clock tolled twelve. As the slow, tremulous tones stole out on the night, the wind ceased moaning, the clouds covered the face of the moon, the insects stopped chirping, and when the last stroke was finished, the almost unbearable silence was broken only by my own breathing, which I strove in vain to suppress. The darkness was intense, and I could see nothing. A terrible feeling of guilt and terror seized me that I, a mortal, should be intruding there at such an hour. Mechanically I strove to speak the words I had been told, but my lips refused to form a sound.

Still I stood in that awful, black silence, chilled with fear, until with a mighty effort I reached out my arm over the grave and grasped—a hand.

It was only for an instant—not that, for it was jerked away in a twinkling—but long enough to feel how warm and velvety it was, and how small. Not that I lingered there to reflect upon these novel qualities in the hand of a ghost—and an old witch at that—for you altogether mistake my bravery in supposing it; but it was after I had cleared the old wall at a bound and was out on the moonlit road, walking at a rattling good pace toward town, that I recalled it.

From a state of intense cold, I had changed to burning heat. The touch of those soft fingers thrilled me through as with an electric shock, and I walked faster still in my excitement. Gradually the consciousness forced itself upon me that I held something in one of my clenched hands. There was first a glitter and then a sparkle, as the moonlight fell into the hollow of my upraised hand, and I saw there a glittering ring set with flashing stones. The icicles began slipping down my back again and I hurried on.

Some persons may be inclined to deride my nervousness on this occasion, but I assure such that I am not naturally a timid man. I have a medal hanging in my room at home which asserts that I am not a timid man, and above all I had always been particularly devoid of superstitious fear; but truth compels me to say that I not only lighted all the lights on reaching my room at the little inn that night, but turned them very high into the bargain; and that I made a systematic inspection of all the closets and removed from its peg a long cloak that was hanging in a very suggestive position on the wall. This done, I sat down—with my back against the wall—and examined the ring.

It was a quaint old ring, curiously carved and massive. The setting was composed of several small colored stones set in a circle about a large diamond. My financial circumstances had rendered it unnecessary for me to acquaint myself with precious stones and their values, so that I could only surmise that the ring was somewhat valuable. Considering the excited condition of my nerves by this time, it was not strange that I should start when my eye fell upon the name that was inscribed in quaint letters inside the ring—"Barbara."

I sat and mused upon the whole adventure; what the crone had told me—the graveyard, the ring, and (this was returned to me the oftener) the thrilling touch of that soft hand in the darkness.

Perhaps I should say right here that I called myself an old bachelor, and had never been in love—that is, with any mortal. I did not think that I was devoid of sentiment or feeling, for I often dreamed of love, and worshiped beautiful things of my own fancy; but my life had been thrown among boys and men, and woman was far away and a mystery. A motherless home, a stern father, a hard-working student's life at college, a stranger struggling for bread and reputation in a great city—one can perceive how it could be that I had made few acquaintances among women. In reality I was only twenty-five, but much experience and a busy life had made me feel older; so, as I said, I called myself a bachelor.

I have given this brief history of myself in order to prepare the way for another confession. I was falling in love with the owner of that soft, warm hand. It is

preposterous, but it is true. I began to doubt my reason. In vain I tried to remember that Barbara, the witch, was an old, ugly woman. The only picture I could call up was that of a beautiful young girl with—but words fail me; only she was far from ghastly, but was as warm, and substantial, and full of life as that hand had seemed to be.

The fire-irons fell with an unearthly clatter and startled me out of my dreams. I went to bed to soothe my nerves with sleep, and lay awake most of the night with the lamps burning.

Fortune smiled upon me from that night. Two years of busy, city life had passed, the old Barbara's talisman was still unreclaimed, when one day—Do you believe in love at first sight? Well, if the first appearance of Walter Wyman's sister had not conquered me, as she stood under the parlor lamps, a revelation of beauty and youth, the touch of her hand when she welcomed her brother's friend would have enslaved me forever. Never had touch so thrilled me since—since I had held the witch's hand in the graveyard. The same peculiar shock passed through me, and the memory of that spectral night came over me like a flash.

But I did not start out to tell a love story. Let me briefly say that I fell in love, hopelessly and ridiculously in love, and that I acted just like all lovers have done since the world began. It doesn't matter much about a man's age. At twenty-seven he will conduct himself pretty much as he would have done at seventeen, and so I wrote verses, and sighed, and tormented myself with a thousand hopes and fears, and grew hot and cold by turns, and wonderfully timid, and prided myself upon concealing it all, when, as a matter of fact, the state of my feelings was perfectly apparent to all my acquaintances.

Matters were in this interesting state when one day an opportunity occurred of which I availed myself with a degree of skill and presence of mind that I am proud of to this day. It all came about through my asking the young lady if she believed in ghosts.

"I suppose I should," said she, laughing, "considering my experience."

Leave a woman alone to make an evasive answer. Of course I implored an explanation, and she related to me the following story:

"It was about two years ago when a party of girls, just home from school, were visiting a friend down in the country. One of the girls had heard a foolish old story about a witch's grave, and some nonsense about her annual appearance and a talisman, and when I expressed my incredulity they braved me to put it to the test. What is the matter? The place? A little town called Adlingtune.

"Foolishly I accepted their challenge, and received a terrible fright. I carried out the instructions and stretched my arm over the grave. It was so dark I could see nothing, but some one seized my hand. I was so benumbed with fear that I could not cry out, but could only fly through the lonely graveyard to where trembling companions were awaiting me in the field. It was a foolish adventure, for I fell ill, and it cost me a valuable ring, which was left to me by poor Aunt Barbara. 'For her little namesake,' she said, when she sent it across the sea to me. You see, the ring was a little large for my finger, and was pulled off by—by—"

"By me," I interrupted, taking the lost ring from my pocket.

It was time for Barbara (I forgot to say that was her name) to be startled now. I hope I may say that I came out strong on that occasion. I told my story in a very impressive way; lingered over the effect of the witch's hand on my heart; spoke of the good fortune the talisman had brought me; made a very pretty allusion to Barbara the witch reclaiming her own—for was she not a witch, after all, as I could testify, having felt her charms?—and, finally, not only offered to return the ring, but to give myself into the bargain.

She took both.

F. R. H.

North Missouri's famous hunting ground, known as the Chain of Lakes, having resisted all attempts to drain and cultivate, has been allowed to return to its natural state. The Chain of Lakes is wilderness surrounded by rich farming land, towns, and good country roads. This section was the original happy hunting ground for the Indians of the West. On the banks of the Chariton River, at the edge of the lake territory, they pitched their wigwams, built a stone fort or dam, and put up an ingenious fish trap, for there were no game wardens in those days. That trap, repaired and strengthened from time to time, was inherited by white men who followed the Indians and operated half a century. Then the game wardens, attracted by the ancient fish trap's fame, went over to the river and blew it up with dynamite.

In the last four years a number of important nations have adopted the compulsory use of the metric system. Among these are Denmark, China, Japan, the five republics of Central America, Bulgaria, Chile, Uruguay, and Siam.

The *Queen Elizabeth*, the first battleship ever designed to be driven entirely by oil fuel, was recently launched at the Portsmouth dockyard, England. The *Queen Elizabeth* is regarded as purely an experimental ship.

LIGHT FROM THE WEST.

Parisian Dramatists and Occidental Inspiration.

Time was when the painters of Paris sought their inspiration in the West. Delacroix set the fashion as the result of his embassy to Morocco. When he got back to Toulon he was the slave of the hues and odors of the barbaric land in which he had been wandering. Where he led others followed—Decamps and Vernet and Landelle and Gérôme—to be equally captivated by the splendor and simplicity, the blazing light and radiant color of that newly discovered land. That epoch has left an indelible mark on the history of French art; it has its abiding memorial in those canvases of the first half of the last century which still scorch one with their hot sunshine and dazzle with their lustrous color.

And now the dramatists are seeking inspiration from the same source. They are "following the flag" so to say, or, to speak by the book, treading in the wake of France's twenty million dollar loan to Mulai Hafid. Henri Kistemaekers has set the example, but we may take it for granted that he is only the *avant-coureur* of a numerous band, for, Belgian though he is, none of his compeers can boast a larger coterie of enthusiastic disciples. What is more to the point, too, his name is a talisman with managers, players, and public alike.

All of which is sufficient to explain why the Théâtre de la Renaissance was taxed to its utmost capacity for the first performance of M. Kistemaekers's latest play, "L'Occident." Until the story had developed a little the title was a conundrum; with the scene laid at Toulon it was difficult to imagine where the Occident came in. For Toulon is of course on French soil, the chief station for the Mediterranean fleet. But in that fact lay the explanation of the title. It would seem that M. Kistemaekers had remembered Delacroix; perhaps, indeed, he, too, had been across to Algeria, and, like the painter, had picked up his idea there. At any rate when we were introduced to the captain of the gunboat *Fraternité* and his fellow-officers and remembered that their serious occupation consisted largely in supporting the authority of France over the distant province, it became obvious that the dramatist had chosen his title with knowledge. The *Fraternité* and its officers might be having a peaceful time in Toulon, but one never knew when the call to duty would come and transport them across the Mediterranean to sterner work.

In the meantime they were reveling in the piping times of peace. And doing it, too, after the manner of their nation. *Cherchez la femme*, of course. And there were plenty of her. Following the example of their gallant captain, all the lieutenants had set up their establishments ashore, each ruled over and graced by a bewitching member of the world's oldest profession. The captain, however, was the most favored of the band. He had transformed a one-time opium den into a daintily furnished flat, and installed therein the most ravishing female of the band, a genuine daughter of the desert who, when torn from her home in Morocco and put up for sale at Marseilles, had started on a picturesque career which had landed her at Montmartre. Now, however, she had been brought back to the shores of southern France, within hailing distance, as it were, of her native land.

At Toulon she meets the tribesman who had sold her at Marseilles, and from him learns that about a year since her father and three brothers and her youngest sister had been killed in the bombardment of their home near Mogador, the said bombardment having been executed by a French warship. Of course this was the *Fraternité*, and on discovering that fact the Moorish beauty determines revenge. So she sets her cap at a young officer with the object of luring him away from his ship at the moment when that vessel is ordered to sea on service, a task which is rendered all the easier by the fact that the said officer has imbibed pacifist doctrines and has become convinced that war is the most horrible of crimes. The pair, in fact, do get away, but the captain starts in pursuit, overtakes them, and rescues the officer by a dramatic appeal to patriotism and duty. So far as the play has a moral it is wrapped up in that tense scene; the West may be all very well for times of peace, but its sentiment must give place to duty when danger calls. Thin though that moral may be, the spirited acting of M. Tarride as the captain and the seductive graces of Mlle. Després as the daughter of the West, plus the bewildering charms of the Toulon harems, captured the audience so completely that the Renaissance will not need another play for many months.

But the Vaudeville is in a different case. And that notwithstanding the fact that the new play there is by such a master of his craft as Henri Bataille. This time, however, the author of "Poliche" has made a mistake. And that is because instead, as is his wont, of confining himself to a woman's heart, he has made an exploration of a woman's entire physiology. In brief, his "La Phalène" shows that he has spent too much time over the memoirs of Marie Bashkirtseff, whose artistic aspirations and clinical peculiarities are the chief themes of "The Moth." The first would have been endurable; the second become intolerable and nauseating. This explains why the first act was received with unmistakable warmth, while the second and third turned that warmth to disgust.

For the replica of the notorious Marie the playwright presents us with one Thyra, a lovely Slav woman of

twenty-three, who has already had to abandon a career as the world's most famous singer owing to the failure of her voice. So now her ambition has taken a new direction; she will become a sculptress, but is suddenly made desperate by her master telling her that it will need five or six years' study and work to make her proficient. This is but the spell of her life; she is the victim of tuberculosis and has but five or six years to live. In the rage of her disappointment she smashes her clay model to atoms, and then breaks off her engagement with an Italian prince. But her last years shall be crowded with riotous living; dressing herself as Salomé she departs for the Bal des Quatz Arts. But the prince had followed her, seen her at supper with a couple of rakes, watched her depart with one of them to his flat; and so on. Again there is a meeting between Thyra and her lover; if she will not marry him, at least she can be his mistress! The final act gives us Thyra visibly sinking into the grave, with the prince tired of his toy. And the end comes with Thyra's suicide at a supper. Such a play is too great a tax on even Parisian lenity. The end is not in the beginning. If Thyra had been depicted at the start as a *vierge folle* the climax would have been forgiven. But that she should have been so ambitious and so virtuous and then succumbed so shamelessly was too great a strain upon credulity. Mlle. Yvonne de Bray exerted herself nobly to make Thyra acceptable, and at least deserved gratitude for not looking the part of the consumptive; but no acting can save a piece so fundamentally wrong.

Another contemporary notable, no less a person than the late Chauchard, the self-made millionaire of the Louvre, has provided an entertainment for the patrons of the Comédie des Champs Elysées. M. Lucien Gleize has entitled his burlesque "Le Veau d'Or," and makes his hero a golden calf indeed. This hero—M. Durand by name, for politeness demands that Chauchard shall have a disguise—is depicted as living in more than regal splendor; countless flunkies attend his every movement, there is a crowd of courtiers, journalists flit to and fro to jot down his immortal sayings, and his medical attendant tests his heart every hour or so. But M. Durand has one consuming sorrow; he pines to be made a commander of the Legion of Honor, and is tormented by the thought that the proprietor of a rival store seems to stand a better chance than he of securing the coveted cravat. At this juncture the rival's secretary deserts him for M. Durand, to whom he suggests that if he will rescue a Watteau picture from going to America—at the modest outlay of a million and a half francs—and present it to the Louvre, his ambition will be realized. There is excellent fun over that picture: it is a glitteringly fresh copy, but is accepted by the minister of fine arts as a genuine article. So M. Durand gets his cravat, but as he puts it on falls back and dies. There is a gorgeous funeral, with an astounding model of the hero's monument thrown in.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

PARIS, November 18, 1913.

In the Punjab grain is still trodden out by the feet of cattle, assisted by the threshing frame. This frame consists of a hurdle covered with brushwood and weighted with bricks or clods of earth. The bullocks are yoked to the threshing frame and fastened to a post in the centre of the threshing floor of beaten earth. They are driven round and round the stake about which the wheat is heaped and in a short time the brittle straw is broken up into short pieces and the grain is freed from the chaff. One pair of bullocks with the threshing frame will tread out the produce of an acre in four days. Winnowing is done by low caste workmen, rarely by the cultivators themselves, who, in some cases, would prefer to see their grain destroyed by rain rather than winnow it themselves.

Though diving bells were taken to Ceylon in 1825 for use in the pearl fishery, neither they nor the European diving dress can compete with the naked native. Arab divers use a sort of horn clip with which to close their nostrils when under water, but the Ceylon diver holds his nostrils with his hand only until such time as he reaches the sea bottom. The average time that a Tamil remains below is between fifty and sixty seconds, while an Arab remains under water between eighty and ninety seconds. Occasionally men, either from greed or over estimation of their strength, collapse at the bottom and are brought up dead. Tradition says that King Solomon's pearls were from Ceylon and the Phenicians came to the coasts for them.

As a result of the recent boom in South Polar exploration a considerable supply of albatross wing bones, ordinarily excessively rare, has been placed on the market. These bones, when dressed, polished, and mounted in silver, make ideal connecting stems for the best quality brier and meerschau pipes. They are greatly prized when made into cigarette and cigar holders, although it is only very rarely that specimens are brought home that are sufficiently large and perfect for this purpose.

Among certain tribes on the West African coast any stranger who dies in a town is buried on the road by which he entered it, so that his spirit may easily find the way back to his home, or at least watch the road thither and listen for the coming of friends.

OLD FAVORITES.

Auf Wiedersehen.

The little gate was reached at last,
Half hid in lilacs down the lane;
She pushed it wide, and, as she passed,
A wistful look she backward cast,
And said,—*"Auf wiedersehen!"*

With hand on latch, a vision white
Lingered reluctant, and again
Half doubting if she did it aright,
Soft as the dews that fell that night,
She said,—*"Auf wiedersehen!"*

The lamp's clear gleam flits up the stair;
I linger in delicious pain;
Ah, in that chamber, whose rich air
To breathe in thought I scarcely dare,
Thinks she,—*"Auf wiedersehen!"*

'Tis thirteen years; once more I press
The turf that silences the lane;
I hear the rustle of her dress,
I smell the lilacs, and—ah, yes,
I hear,—*"Auf wiedersehen!"*

Sweet piece of hashful maiden art!
The English words had seemed too faint,
But these—they drew us heart to heart,
Yet held us tenderly apart;
She said,—*"Auf wiedersehen!"*

—James Russell Lowell.

Bugle Song.

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lake,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

—Alfred Tennyson.

"Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms."

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly today,
Were to change by tomorrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul may be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear!
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns to her god when he sets
The same look which she turned when he rose!

—Thomas Moore.

The Glove and the Lions.

King Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on the court.
The nobles filled the benches, and the ladies in their pride,
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom he sighed:

And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show,
Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.
Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like hammers, a wind went
with their paws;

With wallowing might and stifled roar they rolled on one another.

Till all the pit with sand and mane was in a thunderous smother;
The hoody foam above the bars came whisking through the air;

Said Francis then, "Faith, gentlemen, we're better here than there."

De Lorge's love o'erheard the King, a beauteous lively dame,
With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always seemed the same:
She thought, "The Count, my lover, is brave as brave can be;
He surely would do wondrous things to show his love of me;
King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine;
I'll drop my glove to prove his love; great glory will be mine."

She dropped her glove, to prove his love, then looked at him and smiled;

He howed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild;
The leap was quick, return was quick, he has regained his place,
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face.

"By Heaven," said Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from where he sat;
"No love," quoth he, "hut vanity, sets love a task like that."

—Leigh Hunt.

The Norwegian government has granted Roald Amundsen, the explorer and discoverer of the South Pole, permission to establish a postoffice on board the *Fram* during his coming trip through the Arctic seas. This will be the most northerly postoffice in the world, and its object will be to send souvenirs from the unknown world through which the *Fram* moves. Only five authorized postal cards designed by a Norwegian artist will be accepted.

France has set the seal of disapproval on celluloid cinematograph films, and henceforth their use will be prohibited. They will be replaced by a new process which is known to be uninflamable.

ELEPHANTS IN AFRICA.

Captain C. H. Stigand Writes of Big Game Shooting and of the Peculiarities of the Native Mind.

Captain Stigand tells so vigorous a story of his hunting experiences in Africa that it is easy to accept his assurance that there is something so fascinating and absorbing about elephant hunting that those who have done much of it can seldom take any interest again in any other form of sport. It seems so vastly superior to all other big game shooting that, once they have surrendered themselves to its charms, they can not even treat any other form of hunting seriously. Everything else seems little and insignificant by comparison.

But the lot of the elephant hunter, says the author, is now a hard one. Girt about on all sides with exorbitant and restrictive licenses, and with most of the elephants now driven into unhealthy and impenetrable country, he must needs be an enthusiast who would become a devotee of this sport. Sometimes he must think bitterly of the accident of birth that brought him some fifty years too late into the world. He would hardly be human if he did not think with envy of those who had been able to shoot an unlimited number on no license in a gloriously healthy climate, and moreover in country so open that the pursuit could sometimes be carried out on horseback. There is only one thing for which the modern hunter has to be thankful, and that is the accuracy, lightness, and power of his weapon. In all other respects he is handicapped.

Captain Stigand wastes but little time in preliminaries. In spite of the disadvantages that he deplors he seems to have had a royal time, if his enjoyment may be measured by his danger, which seems indeed to be usually the case. On his tenth page he tells us of being surrounded with a herd of elephants, who came so close to the tree behind which he had taken refuge that he felt it incumbent on him to make some sort of demonstration. The first elephant to be seen was a young male, who came swinging along straight toward the tree, and so at about ten yards he fired at his forehead and he dropped dead, while the herd turned and went back the way they had come:

I was just looking at the fallen elephant and regretting the accuracy of my aim when another herd appeared on the scene, so I ran back to the shelter of my tree whilst they trooped past at thirty yards' distance. In the middle of the herd was a sizable bull, but he was surrounded on all sides by females and young. I got a momentary clear view of his head and had a snap shot, and he fell. Instantly the rest closed round him, heads inward, to lift him with their tusks, and there was nothing to see but a ring of sterns. I ran out from my shelter to try and get another shot, but the next moment they had got him on his feet and, surrounding him on all sides, so that it was impossible to get even a glimpse of him, the whole herd bore down on me.

They were not charging, they were only stampeding, and I happened to be in the direction they had chosen. I did not wait, but turned to run, and looking over my shoulder saw a perfect avalanche of flesh bearing down upon me.

On this occasion it was only the timidity of the elephant that saved the author's life. He climbed into a tree and fell to the ground on the breaking of the branch, and "this strange fruit dropping off the tree so startled them that they swerved away at right angles and crashed into the bamboos, pushing and jostling to get in front of each other." The hind view of the herd reminded him of nothing so much as a scrum in a Rugby football match.

The author gives us much curious information about the African natives, of whom he has no high opinion. Natives away from their own forests are perfectly useless, one of their failings being a fixed conviction that all game is stone deaf. Nothing can induce them, as a rule, to keep their mouths shut, and many of them walk clumsily and noisily:

Often when I have been trekking along with a party of men or porters I have turned to a hoy orderly or gun-bearer and said, "Tell them to keep their mouths shut or else there will be no meat for them today." The individual so addressed generally turns and yells at the men behind him, expatiating on the virtues of silence at great length, and in a voice sufficiently loud to scare any game for miles around.

Perhaps it is, however, that each native thinks he himself possesses a soft and gentle voice and that it is only his fellows who are loud and raucous. As the Swahilis say, "A hahoon sees not his own stern callosities, he only sees those of his fellows."

The author tells us of another narrow escape from a Galongwa or young bull who charged the party, with the usual result that the natives fled at their best speed. He dodged sharply from the path of the enemy and tripped over a fallen tree, dropping his rifle and just managing to seize it by the muzzle as the elephant was about to tread on it. He then dived head foremost into the branches of the fallen tree:

I made frantic efforts to crawl through, but a stout branch resisted my progress, and at the same moment the Galongwa pushed in after me, and pushed me through the branches to the other side. Two drops of blood from his forehead fell on my shorts, one on the thigh and one on the knee. Instead of pushing me straight through in front of him, though, he kicked me sideways. The impetus he gave me sent me aside the stubborn branch, and the next moment I found myself crawling out on hands and knees on one side of the tree, with rifle still grasped by the muzzle, whilst the elephant was executing a dance and stamping up the ground the other side, five yards from me, evidently thinking that I was under his feet.

I quickly changed my rifle round and discharged it into his stern. It was the last cartridge in the rifle. Having fired, the rifle was taken out of my hands, and I found Matola, who had counted the shots, standing beside me, serving me the second rifle as a waiter might offer a dish. By some oversight it had not been loaded, and I had given strict orders that none of my men were ever to load or unload my rifles. Being a good soldier, Matola had not disobeyed this order,

even under these extreme circumstances, but had gone the nearest to loading it he could. The breech was open, and he was holding the clip in position with his thumb just over the magazine. All I had to do was to press it down as I took hold of the rifle, close the bolt, and I was ready to fire. The elephant was turning round, and I shot him in the brain, dropping him dead.

The rhinoceros seems to be a more dangerous customer than the elephant. The author tells us that he found some tracks and was left in little doubt as to their owner when he heard the engine-like puffs of a pair of rhinos close at hand breaking down the grass. Evidently, he says, they had been lying close to the spot at which he had hit their tracks and had now got his wind, and of this he soon had a satisfactory demonstration:

The next moment a great hehored head burst out of the grass a yard or two from me. I had no time to think, but just shoved my manlicher in his face and pulled the trigger. He swerved, but I do not know what became of him after that, as at the same moment I became aware of the second one bearing down on me from my left. There was no time to reload, so I tried to jump out of his path, with the usual result in thick stuff, that one tripped up.

He kicked me in passing, and then, with a celerity surprising in so ponderous a creature, he whipped round, and the next moment I felt myself soaring up skywards. I must have gone some height, as my men on the elephant track said that they saw me over the grass, which was ten or twelve feet high. However, they are so very unreliable in their statements that it would be quite enough for them, if they heard what had happened, to imagine that they had seen it. Anyhow I fell heavily on my shoulder blades, the best place on which it is possible to fall, partly by accident and partly from practice in tumbling in the gymnasium.

On looking up he saw the wrinkled stern of the rhino disappearing in the grass, but "somehow I had the idea that he had been playing battledore and shuttlecock with me for some time," although he could only remember going up once. Next he looked round for his rifle, and while examining it he suddenly found that a finger-nail had been torn off and was bleeding, and naturally it became painful as soon as it was observed:

Whilst examining this injury some of my men appeared and uttered cries of horror. I could not make out why they were so concerned till I glanced at my chest and saw that my shirt had been ripped open and was covered with blood whilst there was a tremendous gash in the left side of my chest, just over the spot in which the heart is popularly supposed to be situated. Small bits of mincemeat were also lying about on my chest and shirt.

This was a new problem to think out; I was in rather a dazed state, so I left the consideration of my finger and began to consider my chest. I felt nothing at all except a rather numb sensation. It struck me that it must have pierced my lungs; I would soon know if this was the case, as I would be spitting blood. I waited a short time and nothing of the sort occurred, so I concluded that the lungs were all right.

The native tribes were not always friendly, and sometimes were actually hostile to strangers. It was only by a bold front that they could be safely handled, as any sign of fear would have been fatal. On one such occasion the author was asked to visit the chief, who had been wounded by a hippopotamus, and he complied with some reluctance, fearing that the man might die at once, in which case he would probably get the blame for the fatality:

I was taken down to the village and found the chief, supported by a number of women, in the centre of a stockaded enclosure, whilst round him was a great crowd, wailing and lamenting for him. His arm was tied up with a rough splint made of reeds, but nothing soft in the way of dressing or padding had been used, as these people had no cloth or clothes of any kind and could devise nothing else. I undid the splint and found that his arm was lacerated by enormous gashes from the hippo's teeth, the bone was broken, and the lower arm was only attached to the shoulder by two pieces of flesh. It was a ghastly wound and I had little hopes of his recovery.

The native is extraordinary, however, in his recuperative powers and, if given a chance, heals most rapidly. The reason most of their injuries develop into large, festering sores is that they get filled with dirt and are treated by being plastered with mud. The swarms of flies that settle on the wounds also tend to make them unhealthy. I squirted out the wounds with strong antiseptic and dressed and set the arm as well as I could. During the rest of my stay in the village I dressed him twice a day and gave him sleeping draughts at night. When I left, to my relief, he was not yet dead; on the contrary, he appeared much better.

The author gives us some good lion stories, and in spite of his partiality for the elephant as sport he admits that there is a certain thrill in connection with the king of the jungle. The Somalis say that a lion makes you jump three times, first when you hear him roar, secondly when you unexpectedly meet his spoor, and thirdly when you first sight him. They say that even a bold man is thus frightened three times by a lion, but after the sudden shock of seeing him is over he is no longer afraid. And in this connection he tells us a good story of female heroism:

At a village near Fort Mangoche, also in Nyasaland, a man was sitting one night at the door of his hut drumming, whilst his wife was cooking food inside. The hut was an isolated one, being several hundred yards from the rest of the village.

Suddenly the woman heard the man call out, "A lion has got me." She took a burning fagot from the fire, ran out, and smacked the lion in the face. The astonished animal let go, and she dragged her husband into the hut and hastily put up the poles which form the door. The man died a few minutes after, and the woman sat there with the dead body.

Presently the lion returned and scratched gently on the door. This he repeated several times till it got on the woman's nerves. At last she could stand it no longer, so she took another fagot from the fire, unbarred the door, and fled to the village, leaving the dead man. The lion then walked into the hut and took him.

It was at Simba that Captain Stigand was mauled by a lion. He had shot a lioness, and while watching the body from a tree he saw two lions approach. They stood over the lioness and roared alternately for half an hour. He succeeded in shooting them both, but on

approaching the body of his second victim he found that it was not quite so dead as it had seemed:

I approached the edge and immediately the inert mass assumed life, and with a roar sprang on me with one bound. The orderly, who was a few yards behind me, not the gallant Matola I have spoken of before, immediately retired precipitately. As the lion sprang I fired into his chest and he landed on me, his right paw over my left shoulder, and he seized my left arm in his teeth. As my left arm was advanced in the firing position, it was the first thing he met.

The weight of his spring knocked me down, and I next found myself lying on my back my left arm being worried, and my rifle still in my left hand underneath his body. I scrambled around with my left arm still in his mouth until I was kneeling alongside of him, and started pummeling him with my right fist on the back of the neck. He gave me a final shake and then quickly turned round and disappeared in the grass a little nearer to the station than I was.

The author tells us that he was drenched with blood, and upon examination he found eight big holes in his arm and three claw marks on his back, a damage that partially disabled him for two years. He remarks modestly that since that adventure he has bagged seven more lions.

Reverting again to the native peculiarities, the author comments on a certain state of coma into which the "boys" descend when there is no active work for them to do, or at least when there is no compulsion to do it. He believes that the native is capable of assuming a state in which the mind is absolutely detached and not working, and when in such a state he is only recalled by a start to his present surroundings:

The life of the head man of a village in Nyasaland, when not engaged in the strenuous pursuit of his official duties, is something like this. At sunrise he crawls out of his hut and sits outside. After a short time his wife crawls out and offers him some food. He eats this and then makes his way to a tree, perhaps a hundred yards from the village. Under this he sits in deep abstraction, till about noon a child brings him some food and water. After partaking of this he moves a little so as to get the afternoon shade. He then sits in deep meditation till sunset, when he crawls into his hut and goes to sleep.

Sometimes he is joined by a few other old men under his tree. They hardly ever speak to each other, and if they say anything it is to make some obvious remark as, "There is a dog," "Yes, it is a dog," "Oh," "Ah," and a further period of silence.

At the same time Captain Stigand suggests that unfamiliarity with a language and an inability to appreciate the limitations of a native's life make him appear much more stupid than he really is. Then again, every one of the hundreds of objects with which a white man surrounds himself is foreign to the native and he has to learn their use:

Very strange are the mistakes made with the white man's belongings. Pictures are put upside down, a white canvas shoe is paired on the shelf with a brown leather hoot, the tablecloth is arranged pattern downwards, and every conceivable mistake is made. A favorite saying of one of the old inhabitants of Nyasaland was, "that a native has only one way of doing a thing, and that is the wrong way," and it does seem as if he always manages to hit on the wrong way of doing a thing by an extraordinary fatality.

Take a tin of jam that has to be opened with a tin opener. To the native who can not read the writing on the label and who never notices which side up a picture should be, the top and the bottom must look exactly alike. It is really immaterial which end is opened, but I have often remarked on the unerring instinct with which a native chooses the bottom to open.

Division of labor is practically unknown among the African savage. They have been forced into living in communities, but it is seldom that even two sections of a tribe will act together in case of attack. There is no cohesion. Each man does as he likes, but the knowledge that there are others makes him feel bolder:

It is very difficult, practically impossible, to make any large body of savages work in cohesion. I have often seen twenty natives make the most futile efforts to lift a log of wood off the ground that two able-bodied Englishmen could lift with ease. This is partly because they are, as a rule, weak in the arms and partly because none of them make any effort. Each one sees that the log is too heavy for him to lift by himself and so thinks it an impossible feat to be asked to accomplish. If after great exertions the log is lifted, they generally make the most awful groans and put it down again. Probably also each one thinks that with so many others at work it is not necessary for him to be more than a spectator.

In this connection the author tells us that he was once watching a party of natives raising one end of a tree which was to be used as a beam to a house. With awful groans they got the end about four feet off the ground and then were gradually letting it down again, inch by inch. He thought it must be heavier than it looked, so gave a hoist to the end and up it went above his head, leaving all their hands groping for it. But this, he says, is not laziness. It is sheer inability to understand that a few men working together can accomplish much more than one singly:

To continue with the raising of the beam. You get one end up, with the end on the top of the wall to prevent it slipping back, and you tie a rope to it which is given to ten men to hold. You then start hoisting the other end and look up to see what the ten men are doing. Half of them have let go altogether, one is sitting down to pick his toes and is holding the end of the rope under his chin, the remaining men are lightly holding it with one hand and engaging in conversation. Any moment the beam may slip off and come rattling down on the heads and toes of those below. They do not understand the responsibility of their position; that is all.

Captain Stigand is to be congratulated on a thoroughly readable book, one that is full of adventure and of shrewd observation of countries and peoples. No better story of hunting big game in Africa has yet been written. Mr. Roosevelt supplies a preface and the illustrations are unusually good.

HUNTING THE ELEPHANT IN AFRICA. By Captain C. H. Stigand. F. R. G. S., F. Z. S. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50 net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Philippine Commission.

The average American has a very vague idea of the civil government of the Philippines or of the methods and difficulties of its establishment. He has a comfortable conviction that everything is all right, but having troubles of his own, he forgoes from a too precise inquiry. Nor would such inquiry have been an easy one in the absence of such a volume as is now furnished by Mr. Daniel R. Williams, the secretary of the Philippine Commission and associate judge of the Philippine court of land registration. Mr. Williams tells us the whole story of the commission and of the work that it did, and it was a work that might well have perturbed even the most experienced of administrators. It means the practical creation of a social system, of a system that must be applicable to a people of a widely varying civilization, and that must pay due heed to customs and prejudices wholly foreign to American sentiment. It meant the establishment of law, education, sanitation, and a hundred other things calling for the nicest balance as well as for a benevolence not always to be found in the government of subject peoples. In the course of a survey of achievement that bears every mark of sincerity and good faith Mr. Williams seems to justify his assertion that in promising to give to the Filipinos "all those things which minister to the material, mental, and moral uplift of a people, together with a constantly increasing participation in government as they developed capacity therefor," full faith has been kept, and that "neither here nor at home is there just ground for complaint or criticism at the record which stands revealed." Mr. Williams may be further congratulated upon the telling of his story in a way that arrests the attention and stimulates the imagination. He has produced a book that deserves a place among the permanent records of civilization.

THE ODYSSEY OF THE PHILIPPINE COMMISSION. By Daniel R. Williams. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.75 net.

The Spotted Panther.

This is a vigorous story of an expedition into the heart of Borneo in order to recover a jeweled sword known as the Parong of Buddha that had been taken by the natives from Enrique de Gama. The adventurers are two Americans and an Englishman thrown together by chance in an opium den of Banjermassin. The Englishman had already recovered the fabled Chalice of Everlasting Fire inscribed in Portuguese "To my King, Joam II, from Enrique de Gama, who is dying in the Sea of China," but the great sword is still in the hands of the Dyaks, and a desperate journey is planned for its recovery. Mr. Dwyer has told a first-rate story of adventure, and one that is worthy of his vivid imagination. He seems to be a little vague as to the difference between Hinduism and Buddhism, but perhaps that is a small matter in such a yarn as this.

THE SPOTTED PANTHER. By James Francis Dwyer. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Loterer's Harvest.

The essays of Mr. E. V. Lucas are always popular because they bear no evidence of a desire on the part of the author to make us better men. Mr. Lucas wanders up and down in the world, noting a thousand commonplace things and then discoursing about them in a

way that is not commonplace. He is an artist because he shows us meaning where we had supposed no meanings to be, and his interpretation is always quaint and humorous.

For example, every one has noticed, in a sense subconsciously, that golfers are very superior beings and that one feels vaguely uncomfortable in their presence. Mr. Lucas brings us face to face with the fact and asks its cause. He says:

Why does golf make some men so intolerable? Not all, of course, but too many. Why is that one would rather walk home than sit in a railway compartment amid a certain type of golfer? Racing men can be coarse enough; but they do seem to belong to the human family. Cricketers can be boring enough, with their slang and their records; but they, too, are men. Footballers can be noisy and rowdy enough; but there is a basis of gentility under all. Lawn-tennis players can be frivolous enough; yet one knows that they mean well. But these golfers? What is there about golf to so lift a man's nose, and curl his lips, and steel his manners, and doom him to dwell in the wilderness of superiority?

To Mr. Lucas we owe the revelation that the postoffice pencil, the postoffice pen, and the postoffice ink are special inventions designed to be inefficient. No one can buy the kind of pencil that is chained to the postoffice desk and that will make no mark except under extreme pressure, when it breaks. No one can buy ink of such consistency, nor such pens. Mr. Lucas has discovered that all these things are made to pattern, and that postoffices have a sort of exclusive patent on them. There is much information of this kind on a wide variety of topics and the judicious will hurry away and get this book and be instructed.

LOTTERER'S HARVEST. By E. V. Lucas. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25.

The Pony Express.

Every one has heard of the Pony Express, but it has been left to Mr. Glenn D. Bradley to write its history, to which no greater compliment could be paid than the wish that it were longer. Mr. Bradley points out that the establishment of the Pony Express was actually due to the exigencies of the Civil War and to the need of some means of communication between the loyalists of California and those of the East. As war became more and more imminent it became evident that the Confederacy would gain control of the southern mail routes. Once in control, she could isolate the Pacific Coast for many months and thus enable her sympathizers there the more effectually to perfect their plans for secession. Some new project of communication had to be devised to avert this crisis, and this new plan was the establishment of the Pony Express, which made possible a close coöperation between the California loyalists and the Federal government.

As has been said, the story might have been much longer, but this is a failing upon the right side. At least it is told energetically and well, and in such a way as to stimulate a desire for more detailed knowledge of a service singularly rich in the kind of heroism that is in no way inferior to that of the pitched battle.

THE STORY OF THE PONY EXPRESS. By Glenn D. Bradley. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; 75 cents.

Amelia Woodward Truesdell.

Mrs. Truesdell's poems need nothing in the way of a review for a California audience, by whom they have been appreciated and admired almost to the extent of their value. But that the best of those poems should now be available in a form so delicate and distinctive as that given to them by Mr. A. M. Robertson is a fact worthy of comment and publicity. Finely printed on large pages and with a particularly tasteful binding, the volume should be in eager demand among those who love the poems for their own sake and who will be glad to possess them in so adequate a setting.

Mrs. Truesdell wrote poetry because it was her natural method of expression. She seemed to be always in touch with those universal ideas of which happenings and events are merely the indications. Even her own immediate and domestic experiences were never limited to personal application. She always illuminated them with a certain touch of a wider consciousness that gave to her writings a suggestion of mysticism inseparable from true poetry. Her workmanship was not always faultless, but it always expressed a thought worth thinking or suggested a hearty not discernible without poetic aid. It would be only a truism to say that her writings are worthy to be preserved. They are worthy to be read many times and to be treasured.

ALL THE WAY. By Amelia Woodward Truesdell. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson; \$1.25.

Briefer Reviews.

Readers of the *Saturday Evening Post* are familiar with the clever "Sonnet of a Suffragette," by Berton Braley. These have now been published in volume form by the Browne & Howell Company, together with various other examples of the poet's muse, all of them equally amusing. Mr. Braley accurately reproduces certain habits of thought and conduct as well as of terminology that

constitute in themselves a social study of some importance.

Those in search of Christmas cards should become acquainted with the fine reproductions of California pictures issued by Mr. A. M. Robertson. They are finely printed in colors, tastefully mounted, and of a size suitable for mailing. And they are of the kind that will not be thrown on one side as among the tiresome superfluities of the season. The price is 25 cents each.

Boy Scout literature is increasing rapidly, the latest addition to the shelf being "For Uncle Sam, Boss," by Percy K. Fitzhugh (Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.25). The story tells us of two years' adventures in the Canal Zone, and it is not only based upon a clever plot, but it contains also a large assortment of well arranged facts of Zone life. It is readable all the way through, by boys as well as by their elders.

Lieutenant Brooke, the most successful competitor among the English officers who took part in the jumping contests at the International Horse Show, is the author of a volume entitled "Training Young Horses to Jump" (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50). The author seems to have forgotten nothing, while a clear style and a number of admirable illustrations combine in the production of a book to be valued by the horse-lover.

A boy's hook of exceptional value is "Tom Strong, Boy Captain," by Alfred Bishop Mason (Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.25 net). To a certain extent it is a sequel to "Tom Strong, Washington's Scout," continuing the adventures outlined in the earlier volume. Mr. Mason knows how to write for boys without writing "down" to them, and as a result his stories should be particularly acceptable. His latest story is all that it should be in the way of plot, while it is interwoven with an historical background that is both ample and accurate.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Recently new translations of Feodor Dostoevsky's have begun to appear. Three volumes by him are already in the convenient editions of Everyman's Library—"Crime and Punishment," "The House of the Dead," and the just issued "Letters from the Underground," which includes also "The Landlady." A fourth volume, "The Idiot," is announced for issue in January.

Inez Haynes Gillmore's remarkable quintuple love story, "Angel Island," which ran in the *American Magazine*, will be issued by Henry Holt & Co. about January 24. In hook form the story will contain many unusual episodes that did not appear in its serial version.

Winston Churchill, author of "The Inside of the Cup," writes a thoughtful and reverent paper in the *December Century* on "Modern Search for a Religion."

At the head of the best novels of the year is "The Happy Warrior," by A. S. M. Hutchinson, according to a selection made by Arthur B. Maurice, the editor of the *Bookman*. This confirms the Boston *Transcript's* selection of "The Happy Warrior" as the best novel published during the first six months of 1913. Mr. Hutchinson is at present at work on a new book for 1914, to be brought out by Little, Brown & Co.

E. Phillips Oppenheim's latest success, "The Double Life of Mr. Alfred Burton," has been purchased by the Navy Department for crews' libraries on hoard vessels, and will soon make a bid for Jack Tar's favor.

Theodore Roosevelt's autobiography came from the press of the Macmillan Company on November 19. In his autobiography his friends and others are counting upon finding a correct statement of his views, political and social, his philosophy and his reasons for it. The majority of those of whom the author speaks are still active and still prominent in affairs of the world.

Dr. Alexander Smith, head of the department of chemistry at Columbia, and author of "Inorganic Chemistry" and "General Chemistry for Colleges," has accepted a chair at Princeton and will go there to be head of the department in the fall of 1914. The Century Company is about to publish his "Elementary Inorganic Chemistry" for high school use. Dr. Smith's college books are used everywhere in the English-speaking world. The "Inorganic Chemistry" has been translated into French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Russian.

One of the first hooks to deal satisfactorily with the life that is lived within the Arctic Circle is Vilhjalmur Stefansson's "My Life with the Eskimo," published by the Macmillan Company. Written largely from notes made by the author when he was on the ground, there is a vividness, a completeness to the pictures of Eskimo civilization which have never characterized preceding work in this field. The reader is shown what the day to day existence of these people of the Far North is, what their customs, their ideals, their legends and traditions, not by long dull paragraphs of description, but by introductions into real Eskimo homes.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Marie Antoinette.

The cataclysms that attended the later days of Marie Antoinette have necessarily obscured those earlier events that actually gave rise to them. The French Revolution has become one of those water-tight compartments of history to be studied almost independently of source and origin, at least so far as they bear on the individual characters of the actors in the drama. We know much of Marie Antoinette as Queen of France, but very little of Marie Antoinette as wife of the Dauphin. Her shortcomings as queen have been discussed and analyzed without much reference to an earlier story in which those shortcomings were born. Her responsibility for the national tragedy has been weighed and measured without recognition of an education that almost precluded the sense of responsibility.

Lady Younghusband has now produced a history of the early life of Marie Antoinette that must take its place as an integral part of the story of the Revolution itself. She shows us the family and the environment that produced the young girl who was to be brought to so high a place without a conception either of its duties or of its dangers. It was indeed true, as was said by a commentator of the day, that "a queen who was crowned for no other purpose than to amuse herself is a fatal acquisition to a people charged to defray the cost."

Lady Younghusband has hased her hook on the secret correspondence of Comte de Mercy-Argeuteau with the Empress Maria Theresa, dovetailed with that of Prince Kaunitz with the same ambassador. To these have been added the letters of the Abbe Vermond. The result is a history of an intimate nature that becomes at once invaluable to the student and that gives rotundity and completeness to the records of the day. It may be said that the author writes with a skillful vivacity and a thoroughness of vision that make her hook as delightful as it is important.

MARIE ANTOINETTE: HER EARLY YOUTH. By Lady Younghusband. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$5 net.

New Books Received.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN THE BORDER. By Andrew Lang and John Lang. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.
With illustrations by Hugh Thomson.

GENERAL HYGIENE. By Frank Overton, A. M., M. D. New York: American Book Company.
A text-book.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ART. By Edward Howard Griggs. New York: B. W. Huebsch; \$1.50 net.
A consideration of the four great ideal types of art—sculpture, painting, music, and poetry.

DEUCES WILD. By Harold MacGrath. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1 net.
A story.

HEROIC BALLADS OF SERBIA. Translated into English verse by George Rapall Noyes and Leonard Bacon. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.25 net.
A volume of national poetry.

OUR IRISH THEATRE. By Lady Gregory. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
A history of the Irish theatre and of the dramatists and actors associated with it.

THE LIFE OF HENRY LABOUCHERE. By Algar Labouchere Thorold. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$4.50 net.
A biography.

THE FACTS ABOUT SHAKESPEARE. By W. A. Neilson, Ph. D., and A. H. Thorndike, Ph. D., L. H. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; 35 cents.
Issued in the Tudor Shakespeare.

READING, WRITING, AND SPEAKING SPANISH. By Margaret Caroline Dowling, B. L. New York: American Book Company; 75 cents net.
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ON THE SEABOARD. By August Strindberg. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company; \$1.25 net.
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PERSONAL HYGIENE. By Frank Overton, A. M., M. D. New York: American Book Company; 40 cents net.
A text-book.

MOLLY BEAMISH. By H. De Vere Stacpoole. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.25 net.
A story.

THE DOMINANT PASSION. By Marguerite Bryant. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.35 net.
A novel.

THE STRANGER AT THE GATE. By Mabel Osgood Wright. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.
A story of Christmas.

NANCY IN THE WOOD. By Marion Bryce. New York: John Lane Company; \$1 net.
For children. With illustrations colored and plain by K. Clausen.

JEWELS IN BRASS. By Jittie Horlick. New York: Brentano's; \$1.35 net.
A novel.

MONEY. By William A. Scott. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; 50 cents net.
A simple statement of money functions.

WHITE WITCH. By Meriel Buchanan. New York: Brentano's; \$1.35 net.
A novel.

THE LADY OF THE LIGHTHOUSE. By Helen S. Woodruff. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1 net.
A Christmas story.

THE THREE GODFATHERS. By Peter B. Kynce. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1 net.
A story of the desert.

THE RUNNER'S BIBLE. By N. S. Holm. San Francisco: John Howell.
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THE BOOK OF THE EPIC. By H. A. Guerher. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2 net.
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OUR COMMON ROAD. By Agnes Edwards. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.
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THE MECCAS OF THE WORLD. By Anne Warwick. New York: John Lane Company; \$2 net.
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THE CANOE AND THE SADDLE. By Theodore Winthrop. Edited by John H. Williams. Tacoma: John H. Williams; \$5 net.

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"PANTALON," A REAL GEM.

In "Pantalon," the beautiful little pantomime at the Orpheum this week, all of us who belong to the generation that was reared more particularly on English literature will recognize the familiar names of traditional characters of the old British Christmas pantomime; names that were once tenderly enshrined in the memories of every London child that ever went to the play. Some of these children grew up to be mighty men of literature. Indeed the writings of Englishmen contain innumerable allusions to Columbine, Harlequin, and Pantalon.

Sir James Matthew Barrie—to respectfully give him his full name and title—terms his little play "a plea for an ancient family." For the old harlequinade is passing away from the English stage, squeezed out by the banalities of the music hall. Long and honorably did it hold its own, nearly two centuries in fact, avoiding the early indecencies of the Continental harlequinade, from which it was borrowed for the English stage. Its early roots are away back in the dimness of centuries, and in the literature of Germany, Italy, and France we may find allusions to these old friends of English childhood. Leonecavallo, who is a poet as well as a musical composer, like Barrie, seizes the salient points in the old harlequinade, and in his opera, "I Pagliacci," of which he himself composed the libretto, makes a tragic parallel. Du Maurier in "Trilby" has his tone-deaf heroine sing in public while hypnotized by Svengali this little French chanson that contains the plea of Columbine to the obdurate Pierrot:

Au clair de la lune,
Mon ami Pierrot,
Prête-moi ta plume,
Pour ecrire un mot.
Ma chandelle est morte,
Je n'ai plus de feu.
Ouvre-moi ta porte,
Pour l'amour de dieu.

Thackeray makes innumerable allusions to the venerable fairy pantomime all through his books. In "Travels in London" he gives an account of an evening at Covent Garden Theatre, whither he had invited some young friends to see the Christmas pantomime. It was made apparent that this was a sacrificial evening on Thackeray's part, for he says, in mental apostrophe to his youthful guest, Master Jones, who was too impatient for the happy hour of the rise of the curtain to appreciate one of those neat little dimmers loved by the genial novelist, "O thou brisk and bounding votary of pleasure! When the virile toga has taken the place of the jacket and turned-collar that Columbine, who will float before you a goddess tonight, will only be a third-rate dancing female, with rouge and large feet."

But the little Columbine at the Orpheum this week is no such destroyer of illusions. Unlike the harlequinade seen by Thackeray and his young friends, which was merely the temporary appearance toward the end of the Christmas fairy play of the traditional five—two clowns, Pantalon, Harlequin, and Columbine—Barrie's play is a beautiful and touching little drama, half pantomimed, half spoken, with Mlle. Dazie, a genuine little artist both in pantomime and dancing, as the exquisite centre of the story. It represents the characters of the harlequinade in their real home aspect, and chronicles their cares and griefs. Each character is endowed with the traditional attributes. Pantalon, the father of Columbine, is friend and flatterer to the Clown, to whom he serves as foil. Pantalon, once a famous clown, grows old, and sometimes he "misses his laughs." This means tragedy, for the Clown, who is the man of power and patronage among these poor mimes, is the one to whom they owe their bread and butter. The Clown fancies Columbine—he loves no one but his bragging, blustering self—and old Pantalon brings announcement to dainty Columbine that she must wed the Clown that very day. But, alas, poor Columbine!—she loves Harlequin, the youth in the tinsel stripes, who has scarcely a penny to kiss himself with. Through a misunderstanding the young pair believe themselves secure of paternal sanction, and lightly as a butterfly Columbine dances in the ecstasy of happiness around the humble room.

Mlle. Dazie, indeed, is, as I have said, an unusual artist. Her shapely little body and her expressive face are highly trained to imitate—by swift alterations, of her features

and by poses that are as quick as thought every emotion known to pantomime.

When, to resume the story, Columbine discovers her mistake, and that the terrors of impending want must force her to wed the Clown, all the white radiance that shone from the floating figure is extinguished. She stands at bay when the Clown comes, fear and aversion written all over the expressive little body. But she is ordered by her new master to show her joy by dancing, and what a difference! The music—which is exceptionally appropriate and expressive—plays a curiously delicate, subtle dancing measure, one which has the tripping time of a dance and yet the wistful, sighing strain of sorrow. And obediently the little figure floats around the room again, the feet tripping airily, while on the fixed and tragic features is written heart-break. At this point Barrie revives the traditional invisibility of Harlequin when he wears his mask. He enters and carries willing Columbine away from her abhorred bridegroom and the curtain falls, to rise again after an imagined lapse of years. In this scene Pantalon, dismissed by the harsh Clown and aged and shabby, sits by his lonely fireside, brooding over the past. Then the two wanderers, transformed to a trio by the presence of their child, a little urchin of six in the dress of a Clown, steal in upon the old man to beg his forgiveness. Columbine is changed. Her white dancing dress is replaced by the sad, earth-colored garments of poverty, and the years have exacted their toll from her fresh youth. The embittered old man rejects them at first, but when he sees the little clown, dressed in the garments that to him spell fame and glory, his pride and love soften his heart and the curtain falls on a reunited group, given over to the precarious happiness that even poverty can sometimes snatch.

In "Pantalon" the father and the Clown speak, as was customary in the old harlequinade; the child also speaks; but Columbine and Harlequin tell all their share of the story by means of dance and pantomime. Their home names are also those of tradition, Columbine being addressed as "Fairy," Harlequin as "Boy," and Pantalon as "Joey" or "the old 'un." These characters were revived in the '90s in Paris in a pantomime piece called "L'enfant prodigue," which attained some fame, and only within the year the Theatre Français de San Francisco presented Jean Bertot's "Le Mariage de Columbine."

The old harlequinade has passed from the stage. It is too childish for our times and will not be missed. But Barrie in his "plea for an ancient family" restores its characters to us in the only possible way. Hallowed by tradition, yet glorified by art, they come back to us, and in such guise we welcome them warmly. For among the glittering gewgaws and showy paste gems that ornament the bosom of vaudeville Barrie's "Pantalon" is as a diamond of purest ray serene.

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

"The Merchant of Venice" always draws well during a season of Shakespearean repertory. It gives so many contrasts; the gloom of tragedy, the gayety of comedy, young love made picturesque by the silken vestures of Venetian gallants and ladies, and the settled hate of graceless age caught in its own trap of vengeance. It is a play that attracts youth in the performers, as well as in the spectators; there are so many quibbling young bloods trying their wit upon each other's follies, and so happy a trio of young couples pouring forth the sweet, enamored fancies of lovers in the jeweled Shakespearean phrase that the ear loves and looks for.

The old Shakespearean stand-bys greatly favor this play, and the adherents of Shakespearean tradition turn out by the score, settling themselves in their seats in devout mood and waiting with anticipatory pleasure for familiar passages and well-established business.

Such patrons know Mantell by this time, and are aware that he is always to be relied on. And, indeed, the first sight of him as Shylock immediately put us in the mental attitude intended by the actor. His Shylock was seen at once to be the Jew of the dignified, Oriental type. As he stands pondering over Bassanio's request for the money loan, his figure, in its Jewish gaberdine with an Oriental dash of color in the sash, strikes an alien note against the background of old Italian garden, with its pointed cypresses and massive, arched gateway. It came to us at once, etched upon the consciousness by some alchemy of the actor's art, that the dominant note in the character of this melancholy old Oriental Jew was fanaticism. The features were settled in lines of flint and in the eyes was the fixed look of monomania. Repressed ferocity glamed in his gaze when Antonio entered, quickly replaced by a look of guile. The exaggerated courtesy of his greeting gave subtle indication of the hidden hatred that concealed itself behind a carefully fitted mask, and his laughter was mere sound. At certain passages, such as "For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe," the look of fanaticism would deepen in his eyes, like the mo-

mentary glowing of a smouldering coal. In the scene when Shylock approaches his home his demeanor changes, for Mantell never neglects what might seem to the tyro minor shadings. Moody and preoccupied though the Jew is, his manner toward his daughter is not cold, but shows affection, mingled with a modicum of constitutional distrust toward guileful woman. That backward glance of the departing Jew, half solicitude, half distrust, as he leaves his daughter to the perilous solitude of a Venetian home precedes a pretty tableau, for against the dimly lighted background, in the shadows loved by lovers, comes Lorenzo, his cloaked figure surrounded by masked gallants, while pretty Jessica, possessed "of an unthrift love," steals coyly to the balcony, carrying the Jew's ducats as a dowry to her Christian bridegroom.

Mantell, with his usual tempered judgment, divines the need of allowing an audience its meed of sympathy for Shylock, and in the scene when the grim old fanatic finds his house deserted of family life and affection, and his heart, swept void of all gentleness, forced to open itself to fresh floods of hatred for the Christian dogs, we moderns felt the desolate loneliness of the alien figure at which the Elizabethan spectators once laughed and jeered. True to his conception of a certain dignity attached to the character of the Jew, Mantell saw to it that Shylock retained it when he discovered the flight of Jessica, even while thwarted avarice mingled itself with the expression of his grief as a father. In the court scene the lines had carved themselves deeper in his face. A Christian had stolen his ducats and his daughter, and his more fiercely enkindled fanatic hatred shows itself to have extended toward the whole Christian race.

Mantell, by the way, shows in his numerous make-ups how thorough he is in availing himself of the resources of his art. Recognizing that the mouth is the best index to character, he models a different one for each new character-structure that he builds up. That granite fixity to the stern lines of the old usurper's lips, King John's mouth that shows conscienceless and shiftiness, the curve of dignity mingled with craft that defines itself on the lips of Richelieu, the cruelty and fixed scorn of his human tools which are expressed by the twisted angularities in Richard the Third's lips, and the hateful cunning that one can detect in the hypocritical mouth-line of Louis XI—all these are but a few of the many diversities that Mantell shows in his stage portraits. His work, in its careful detail, so repays study that it steadily grows on the observer, thus making clear the stability of his prominence as a Shakespearean player.

Mantell's support, while not so good in its general effect as in "King John," was sufficiently satisfactory in the lighter piece. Thais Lawton is an excellent emotional actress, but has not the temperament of the comedienne. She is a serious actress, and was more congenially placed in the court scene than when joining with Nerissa in expressing the buoyancy and madcap gayety of Portia in lighter mood. In this scene Miss Lawton looked handsome in her judge's cap and gown and gave the lines with beautiful expression. When she first entered the courtroom the feminine charm of the disguised lady of Belmont caused her to dominate the

scene but for a moment. Then we saw Shylock, his eyes gleaming with ferocious expectancy, handling the scales and testing the edge of his blade. That was a good bit of business when, as Portia exclaims, "It is an attribute of God himself," all heads are bowed, and Portia, exalted by her appeal to the Jew's clemency, rises and approaches the menacing figure.

Genevieve Hamper's youthful attractiveness has a pensive and wistful cast to it which enabled her to fill pleasingly the frame of gentle Prince Arthur's portrait. So, like Thais Lawton, in "The Merchant of Venice" she is not quite up temperamentally to expressing the gayety and frolicsomeness which cast such a pleasant light over the comedy intrigues of the play. Nevertheless when the two plotting rogues swaggered and showed how well they could play off manly airs the scene went well and made a pleasant impression.

Fritz Leiber made a good lover, no light accomplishment in these prosaic times, and charmed the romantic by his graceful and fervid wooing of Portia. This actor, with his well-shaped head and good features, pleases the eye and was a picturesque element in the general composition.

The inexperience of Ethel Mantell necessitated cutting some of the exquisite passages that fall to Jessica's share, as this young creature is still an actress in the making. But all the gay gallants were suitably impersonated, and the young players showed in their various renderings that mingled joy and reverence of fresh-hearted youth for Shakespearean poetry and Shakespearean tradition that caused them to be fitting associates for the veteran actor.

It is curious how the old play, with all its impossibilities, holds its charm, more especially when we recall the entirely different spirit with which Elizabethan audiences received it and their cruel delight in the calamities that huddled around the old Jew's fallen head. There is a certain cruelty, too, in the contrast of the last scene, but audiences always enjoy to their fill the final atmosphere of youth, and love, and merry-making.

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The Pacific Gas and Electric Company's Lake Spaulding-Drum development in the Sierra Nevada is now an accomplished fact and in regular operation.

From the big 225 foot dam at Lake Spaulding the water is now rushing through tunnel and ditch to turn the wheels of the new Drum power-plant on the Bear River.

This new development, the machinery of which was set going on Thanksgiving eve, has already added 33,000 horsepower to the sum total of electric energy which "PACIFIC SERVICE" places at the disposal of its consumers, night and day.

It is so much additional aid to the development of the natural resources of our wondrous state of California.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"The High Road" at the Columbia

An announcement that should excite the keen interest of all who are interested in the real worth of the stage is that of the coming of Mrs. Fiske and the Manhattan Company in Edward Sheldon's play, "The High Road," in which she is now appearing for the second season, and which last year in New York and elsewhere brought to her a measure of enthusiastic critical and public favor such as even she had not known in many years.

This engagement is scheduled for the Columbia Theatre on Monday night, December 8, for two weeks, with matinees on Wednesday and Saturday, and considering Mrs. Fiske's position as the unquestioned leader of the stage, it will need be one of the most important and artistically gratifying of the year. "The High Road" is the story of a woman's life from its early struggles amid poverty and soul-starving conditions, her gallant progress in the face of almost overwhelming odds, with ever a spiritual growth steady and sure, until she finally emerges triumphant in a splendid destiny—a great love and her woman's happiness.

In the unfolding of the story, which touches upon social and political reforms that are now uppermost in the public mind, there is said to be a tenseness of interest, a variation of character drawing and development, a picturesqueness and a power that make the play a remarkable contribution to the drama of the period. Best of all, it is declared that the finest efforts of Mrs. Fiske's art are enlisted in the visualization of Mary Page. Particularly gratifying is the fact that the rôle brings out the inherent sweetness, softness, and womanliness of Mrs. Fiske's wonderful personality as none other has done in years.

Last Week of "The Candy Shop"

Tomorrow night ushers in the final week of the record-making run of "The Candy Shop" at the Gaiety. This merry musical mélange will be played and danced and sung for the last time on the night of Sunday, the 14th. It will leave immediately for the Morosco Theatre, Los Angeles, where it opens on Monday night with the same company that has occupied the O'Farrell Street house for the past two months.

On the same night, Monday, December 15, the Gaiety will reveal the manifold secrets of its second production to local enthusiasts. Curiosity is keenly aroused, but the management confidently claims that it will have the laugh on the skeptics who profess to believe it next to impossible for the new house to repeat the emphatic success registered by "The Candy Shop."

When it is noted that the chief magnet of the new piece is none other than Irene Franklin there is some reason for believing that the Gaiety will make good all the claims of the press agent that "The Girl at the Gate," as the new piece is named, will surpass even the attractiveness of its predecessor.

Beyond this the new piece will be replete with novelties and good things. A splendid supporting company has been engaged by J. J. Rosenthal, who was directly responsible for "The Candy Shop" aggregation; and in at least one respect it is a foregone conclusion that "The Girl at the Gate" will far surpass the earlier show. That is in its music, which has been composed by Ben M. Jerome, whose music is always lilting and tuneful, and who will also be the musical director at the Gaiety when the forthcoming Irene Franklin piece is put on.

"The Common Law" Monday at the Savoy.

The remarkably interesting Captain Scott South Pole expedition motion pictures will complete a successful season at the Savoy Theatre with the performances of this and tomorrow afternoon and evening, and on Monday night "The Common Law," a dramatization of Robert W. Chambers's widely discussed novel, will begin an engagement limited to two weeks.

"The Common Law" has lent itself admirably to dramatic purposes. The thousands in San Francisco who have read "The Common Law" have undoubtedly experienced a desire to behold the flesh and blood characters of Louis Neville and his sweetheart model, Valerie West. The reasoning powers of the young woman in the case, whose mind is filled with false ideas regarding the marriage state, and the exalted character of the

artist, whose noble manhood finally wins the girl over to his way of thinking.

The well-known New York producer, A. H. Woods, is a past master in the art of presenting book plays, and it is said that he has taken special pains to make Mr. Chambers's novel a play that should have enduring fame. With this end in view he has provided a cast that brings out intelligently all of the finer points contained in a story fraught with so many interests, while the production is up to the high standard established by Mr. Woods for these many years.

During the engagement of "The Common Law" at the Savoy Theatre matinees will be given Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

Alice Lloyd's Big Entertainment.

Through special arrangement with William Morris the manager of the Cort Theatre has again arranged for another spectacular show, equal if not greater than that of Anna Held, in which will be starred Alice Lloyd, England's most celebrated comedienne, and a company of seventy-five artists and large augmented orchestra, at the Cort Theatre for one week, commencing Sunday afternoon, December 7, with matinees daily.

William Morris, who is presenting Alice Lloyd, has arranged an attraction that is something out of the ordinary to local theatre-goers—in fact, an exact reproduction of an English music hall such as offered at the Empire Theatre, London, and the "Follie Marina," Paris.

Engaged to support the twinkling little star of two continents is Frank Fogarty, "the Dublin Minstrel," who has a world-wide reputation as a funmaker. Fogarty has an unlimited supply of good clean comedy.

Always ready to present an innovation, so far as the theatre is concerned, William Morris has arranged to place on the programme one of the biggest features of the twentieth century. This feature will be immediately after the intermission of the first half of the monster bill and it is entitled "Dance Mad," during which every member of the entire company will be seen to good advantage. "The Blindness of Virtue" follows.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum announces for next week one of the best bills in its history. Taylor Granville and Laura Pierpont will appear in the one-act play, "The System," which deals with the police as they are and the underworld as it is. This act was written by Mr. Granville and Junie McCree, and one of its greatest assets is its character drawing. Each one of the fifteen members of the cast presents a distinct and recognizable type.

Lyons and Yosco, "the harpist and the singer," and both natives of sunny Italy, will be heard in their latest successes, "When I First Met You," "Margarita," "I'm Coming Back to Dixie and You," and "Mardi Gras Rag."

Clayton Kennedy and Mattie Rooney will appear in an eccentric comedy skit which includes singing, dancing, and piano playing, with a farcical element, and is called "The Happy Medium."

Marshall Montgomery will prove his claim to be considered the world's best ventriloquist by introducing the most novel and original act of its kind ever witnessed in vaudeville.

La Toy Brothers will present an acrobatic novelty that is something of a sure fire pantomimic comedy. One attends strictly to whirling and tumbling while the other is a clever acrobatic and whirling jag comedian.

Next week will be the last of Billy Gould and Belle Ashlyn, John E. Hazzard, and the American nightingales, Marie and Mary McFarland.

THE MUSIC SEASON.

The Melba-Kubelik Joint Concerts.

That combination of stars, Mme. Melba, the great soprano, and Jan Kubelik, the marvelous violinist, assisted by Edmund Burke, the Irish-Canadian baritone, will give its first concert at Dreamland Rink this Sunday afternoon, December 7, at 2:30. It is safe to predict that a record-breaking audience will be present. The scale of prices is the same as paid for Melba or Kubelik alone, and for as little as one dollar one can hear both of these artists and their assisting performers.

The programme has been slightly changed since first announced. By special request Mme. Melba has consented to sing the "Mad Scene" from "Lucia di Lammermoor," with flute obligato played by M. Moyse of the Paris Grand Opera Orchestra, and the brilliant waltz song, "Se Saren Rose," specially composed for her by Arditi. Mr. Kubelik will play the "Concerto No. 2," by Paganini, in place of the one by Wieniawski. Mr. Burke will sing the "Song of Mephistopheles in Auerbach's Cellar," by the Russian master, Moussourgsky. Mme. Melba's other numbers will be "L'Addio," from "La Bohème," and the "Aria" from Mozart's "Il Re Pastore," with Kubelik playing the obligato.

At the second concert, Sunday afternoon, December 14, Mme. Melba will sing "Lo! Hear the Gentle Lark," with flute obligato, the "Jewel Song" from "Faust," and Gou-

nod's "Ave Maria," with violin obligato. Kubelik's numbers will include the Wieniawski "Concerto" and Bazzini's "Ronde de Lutins."

Tickets for both events are now on sale at both Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's, and mail orders for the second concert should be addressed to Manager Will L. Greenbaum at either office.

Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler Returning.

The last of the world-famous pianists to be heard here this year will be Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, who returns after an absence of ten years. It seems rather peculiar that the world's two greatest women pianists should visit San Francisco within so short a space of time, but the music-lovers will find it most interesting, for Carreno and Zeisler are quite different in their styles.

Mme. Zeisler is one of the artists one never forgets, and there are hundreds who heard her on her previous visits to this city who have been talking about her work ever since. The first concert will be given at Scottish Rite Auditorium next Tuesday night, December 9, and the programme will include Schumann's "Papillons" and "Toccata," Chopin's "Sonata," Op. 35, with its superb Funeral March, a Paganini "Caprice" transcribed by Schumann, Dvorak's "Humoreske," and works by Leschetizky, Schuetz, and Liszt.

The second concert will be given Saturday afternoon, December 13, with works by Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, Moszkowski, Schubert, and Mendelssohn on the list. Complete programmes may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's, where tickets are now on sale.

Joint Whitehill-Hadley Recital.

Clarence Whitehill, the baritone of the Chicago Opera Company, has so rearranged his plans as to permit of his remaining in San Francisco until Wednesday of next week. In order to profitably spend the time a joint recital has been arranged for Mr. Whitehill and Arthur Hadley, solo cellist of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Whitehill and Mr. Hadley, who will have the artistic assistance of Mrs. Robert Moore Hughes, pianist and accompanist, appeared in joint recital in Boston, and so manifest was the pleasure derived by the audience that it was decided to repeat at the Colonial Ballroom, St. Francis Hotel, next Tuesday night, December 9, virtually the same selections as given at the Boston recital.

The complete programme follows:
Sonata for violoncello and piano in F major (1750) Porpora
Mr. Hadley and Mrs. Hughes
Las Procession Casar Franck
Visione Invernale Zandonaci
Lounge a Touraine Massenet
Traum durch die Daemmerung R. Strauss
Dem Tartarus Schubert
Mr. Whitehill
Elégie Fauré
Scherzo Godard
Air Hurler
At the Fountain Davidoff
Mr. Hadley
Stella Amoris Schindler
Looking Glass River Carpenter
Song of Tristram Borowski
Evening Song Henry Hadley
Egyptian War Song Henry Hadley
Mr. Whitehill
Rhapsodie Hongroise David Popper
Mr. Hadley

The affair is given under the direction of Frank W. Healy. Mail orders directed to Frank W. Healy, care Sherman, Clay & Co., will be filled in the order of receipt. Tickets, \$2; boxes seating six, \$18.

Final Symphony Concert for the Year.

The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will give its last symphony concert of the year 1913 at the Cort Theatre next Friday afternoon, December 12, at three o'clock. As a fitting close to the first half of the 1913-1914 season the orchestra will give a programme devoted entirely to the works of Richard Wagner. As this city's tribute to Wagner's memory the orchestra will give the following programme: Overture, "Tannhäuser"; Prelude, "Lohengrin"; Good Friday Spell, "Parsifal"; Forest Murmurs, "Siegfried"; Prelude and Love Death, "Tristan and Isolde."

The following is said to be the salient points of Wagner's own "programme" of the overture to "Tannhäuser":

"At the commencement the orchestra alone presents the Pilgrims' song. Tannhäuser, the bard of love, approaches and sings his love song. Shouts of welcome answer. In all her beauty and entrancing charms Venus appears herself. As if by magic the wonders of the Venus mountain are disclosed to him. With shouts of joy Bacchantes surround him and bear him to their realm. But with the break of day from afar the Pilgrims' song resounds, and as it swells it is the song of the triumph of the saved."

A Postponement.

The Wismer-Wiley-Hughes concert at the Sorosis Club has been postponed from December 16 to December 18. The details of a very attractive programme will be the subject of a forthcoming announcement.

GREENBAUM'S ATTRACTIONS

MELBA-KUBELIK AT DREAMLAND STEINER AND SUTTER

This Sunday aft at 2:30 and Sunday aft. Dec. 14
Reserved seats \$1.50, \$1.00, 50c. Balcony (unreserved) 25c.
Box-offices at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's. Address mail orders to Will L. Greenbaum.
Mason & Hamlin Piano.



PIANIST
SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM
Tuesday eve, Dec. 9, and Saturday mat., 13
Tickets \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c, at above boxes NOW.
Steinway Piano.
Coming—PAVLOWA.

SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA HENRY HADLEY CONDUCTOR

Cort—Friday, Dec. 12
WAGNER PROGRAMME
Prices—\$2, \$1.50, \$1, 75c. Box, loge seats, \$3.
Seats on sale Monday at box-offices Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase, and Cort Theatre.

ORPHEUM O'FARRELL STREET Between Stockton and Powell Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America Week Beginning this Sunday Afternoon Matinee Every Day

A WONDERFUL NEW SHOW
TAYLOR GRANVILLE, LAURA PIERPONT and Company of 15 in "The System," an up-to-the-minute playlet by Taylor Granville in collaboration with Junie McCree; LYONS and YOSCO, "the Harpist and the Singer"; CLAYTON KENNEDY and MATTIE ROONEY, in "The Happy Medium"; MARSHALL MONTGOMERY, the extraordinary Ventriloquist; LA TOY BROTHERS, Pantomimists; BILLY GOULD and BELLE ASHLYN; JOHN E. HAZZARD; WORLD'S NEWS IN EXCLUSIVE MOTION VIEWS; Last Week, Immense Success, MARIE and MARY MCFARLAND, the American Nightingales—New Programme of Songs.
Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats, \$1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone—Douglas 70.

COLUMBIA THEATRE The Leading Playhouse Geary and Mason Sts. Phone Franklin 150

Two Weeks—Beginning Monday, December 8
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
Harrison Grey Fiske presents
MRS. FISKE and the Manhattan Company in
THE HIGH ROAD
By Edward Sheldon
Coming—May Irwin, Otis Skinner, "Adele."

CORT Leading Theatre ELLIS AND MARKET Phone Sutter 2460

Last time Sat. Night—MANTELL in "Louis XI"
Starting Sunday Matinee, December 7
Eight Days Only—Matinee Daily
William Morris presents England's daintiest comedienne
ALICE LLOYD
And a company of 75 in a new form of entertainment, with FRANK FOGARTY, "the Dublin Minstrel," and a kaleidoscopic revue of all nations, "DANCE MAD."
Nights, 25c to \$1.50. Matinees, 25c to \$1.
Next—Monday, December 15, "The Blindness of Virtue."

SAVOY THEATRE McALLISTER ST. Near Market "The Playhouse Beautiful" Phone Market 130

Saturday and Sunday at 2:30 and 8:30—Last Times of "The Undying Story of Captain Scott"—Prices, 25c and 50c.
Commencing Mon., Dec. 8.—Two Weeks Only
A dramatization of Robert W. Chambers's Sensational Novel
THE COMMON LAW
The greatest story of New York studio life ever written.
A Play Every Woman Should See
Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday
Night prices—25c to \$1. Mats., 25c and 50c.

GAIETY O'FARRELL ST. Opposite Orpheum Phone Sutter 4141

Positively Last Week of
THE CANDY SHOP
Monday, Dec. 15
IRENE FRANKLIN
And an all-star company in the new Gaiety Jollification
THE GIRL AT THE GOLDEN GATE
Prices—Nights, Saturday and Sunday matinees, 25c to \$1. Thursday matinee, 25c and 75c.

COLONIAL BALLROOM (Hotel St. Francis)

Tuesday, Dec. 9, at 8:30
JOINT RECITAL
MR. CLARENCE WHITEHILL
The Wagnerian Baritone
MR. ARTHUR HADLEY
The Distinguished Violoncellist
Assisted by MRS. ROBERT MOORE HUGHES at the piano
Direction, FRANK W. HEALY
Steinway Piano Used
Sherman, Clay & Co., Agents
Tickets, \$2; boxes seating six, \$18. On sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Hotel St. Francis news stand.

VANITY FAIR.

Mrs. Pankhurst, it seems, has her lighter moments. There are times when she throws off the cares of dollars and dynamite and indulges in the harmless diversions of the multitude. She would remind us, so to speak, that she is still human.

Of this we had our first example in her resentment at a faulty description of her costume by a New York reporter. It was an innocent mistake. The poor wretch knew no better, since he was only a man with a man's limitations. But Mrs. Pankhurst arched her back and bristled for days afterwards at the thought that her costume had been described as "a sort of dressing-gown." It inflicted a far deeper wound even than the suggestion that women have duties as well as rights.

And then there was that little affair at Chicago when Mrs. Pankhurst was invited to a dance by the Women's Trade Union League. Now we do not usually associate Mrs. Pankhurst with the light fantastic toe. We do not readily picture her as ragging. The Bunny Hug and the Turkey Trot refuse to connect themselves in our minds with Mrs. Pankhurst. We should suppose that if Mrs. Pankhurst felt it incumbent upon her to dance at all she would choose the Carmagnole or something of a similarly revolutionary nature, and that she would bind a red handkerchief round her head and carry a can of paraffin like the petroleuses of the French Commune. But this seems to have been quite a conventional dance. With the exception of a single detail, presently to be noticed, there was nothing distinctive about it. It was merely another of those delightful evidences, all too few, that prove to us that Mrs. Pankhurst is still human, and that, like other members of the criminal classes, she has her off moments of innocent gaiety:

When the enterprising burglar isn't burgling,
And when the villain isn't occupied with crime,
He loves to hear the gentle brook a-gurgling,
And to listen to the merry village chime.

But there was one incident that, in its way, was quite distinctive. The hall was to have been opened with a grand march in which Mrs. Pankhurst and Mr. Samuel Gompers were to lead the dancers around the hall. But at the last moment fate, in the shape of Mrs. Gompers, intervened with an injunction. She said, "If Sam dances with any woman it must be with his wife," and so it was actually Sam and Mrs. Sam who capered gayly around the room while Mrs. Pankhurst looked on grimly from the gallery and wondered at what part of Mrs. Gompers's anatomy she would most like to throw half a brick. Just for a moment there was a wild fear that Mrs. Pankhurst would lapse into militancy.

It was a pity thus to rob the world of a great spectacle. For there is no doubt that Sam would have behaved himself under the circumstances. He would not have exceeded the speed limit, and the pressure of the Gompersian arm on the Pankhurstian waist would have been a decorous one. There might have been a momentary exchange of tender nothings appropriate to the occasion, but the conversation would speedily have drifted in the direction of business. They would have discussed detonators and fuses. They would have compared notes on high explosives and the relative virtues of coal oil and dynamite. It would all have been innocent enough. There would have been absolutely no danger. In fact it would have been an idyllic picture, now lamentably spoiled by feminine dictatorship. Having seen Mrs. Pankhurst's picture in the newspapers, we would venture our last nickel on her harmlessness from the sentimental point of view, while as for Mr. Gompers, it is in no spirit of disparagement of that great and good man that we express our doubts if his proximity could ever cause a fluttering of the feminine heart.

A week or so ago we were moved by a profound sense of public duty to comment on the fact that scientists and clergymen seem

to be impelled toward a certain silliness whenever they address themselves to the great and abiding woman's question. The scientist adopts an attitude of elephantine playfulness, doubtless under the impression that he is descending to the level of his audience. The silliness of the clergyman is rather more objectionable because it is more normal.

Now we have a doctor who prances into the arena to denounce the practice of mixed bathing. Presumably no one has been noticing him for some time and he feels that something must be done about it. He says that mixed bathing is becoming the deathblow to matrimony. Did you ever notice how often we are told that institutions as old as humanity are about to become extinct because some one has offended our pet hobbies. And so matrimony is now doomed merely because young men and young women are bathing simultaneously in the same ocean. It is to be feared that we can not get rid of our foolishness so easily as this.

"I don't believe," says the doctor in question, "that one young man out of fifty wants to marry the girl he has bathed with." Well, perhaps not. We can't marry every one. We don't even want to, although a too strict monogamy may become a little irksome. Personally we have bathed with a good many girls in our earlier and unregenerate days, but we bathed with them because we wanted to bathe with them, and not because we wanted to marry them. If girls could get married merely by bathing they would have developed fins and a propeller long since. We should have to use a seine net to get them ashore.

The doctor continues in the form of an interrogatory: "Do bare necks, bare arms, and bare legs, with ugly skull caps, furnish a bewitching spectacle?" Now personally we think that they do, with the single exception of the skull cap, but then opinions differ. The doctor himself may be a sort of an anchorite. He may prefer black stockings, ging ham umbrellas, and cotton gloves, but fortunately we don't all feel that way. Some of us belong to the back-to-nature movement when it comes to bathing. Personally we have sometimes wandered by the sad sea waves and felt that the tragedies of life were distinctly lessened by the sylphs disporting themselves on the sands with the regulation amount of "bareness" and perhaps a little over for good measure.

Then the doctor propounds his third question. He asks, "What effect has the ungraceful flopping of the female porpoise on the male intellect?" Now there he has us. No female porpoise has ever flopped upon our male intellect. We should resent it. We are not in the habit of indecently exposing our intellect so as to suggest to any female porpoise the idea of flopping on it. If the doctor himself has met with such an experience as this he ought to make it known. But of course he never has. No female porpoise has ever flopped on the doctor's intellect. The floor space would be insufficient.

Peary's decoration with the cross of the Legion of Honor provokes the remark that Frenchmen find it much more difficult to obtain this distinction than do foreigners (says the New York Evening Post). Four thousand aliens are said to possess it. The American who once had to be content with his college or fraternity pin now wears, or at least knows some one who wears, a ribbon of some sort entitling him to special consideration in the Old World. The practical value of a decoration is illustrated by the experience of a Westerner who desired to "do" the electric lighthouse at La Hève, near Havre. The crusty guard declined to honor his permit, explaining that since it had been issued orders had been given to admit no visitors after sundown. As the American was turning away, baffled, the guard suddenly caught sight of a red ribbon in his buttonhole. His manner changed instantly. "Ah, monsieur is chevalier of the Legion of Honor. That makes all the difference!"

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A girl was complaining to her chum just before Christmas of the way her "young man" was treating her. "Speaking of Christmas presents, why don't you give him the mitten?" the friend asked. "It isn't a mitten he needs, it's a pair of socks; he's got cold feet."

After a recent railway collision in the Midlands, a Scotsman was extricated from the wreckage by a companion who had escaped unhurt. "Never mind, Sandy," his rescuer remarked, "it's nothing serious, and you'll get damages for it." "Damages!" roared Sandy. "Have I no had enough of them? It's repairs I'm seeking the noo!"

A well-dressed lady having given the signal that she desired to alight, the trolley car was brought to a stop, but just so the rear step was directly over a small mud puddle. The lady looked an instant, and then asked: "How do you think I can get off here?" and the conductor replied: "I can not tell you, madam, but I do know that we can't wait until that puddle dries up."

A well-known Scotch professor was occasionally called up to Balmoral to attend the late Queen Victoria, and was extremely proud of the honor. One day a notice appeared in the university which stated that Professor ——— could not attend his classes that day as he had been called up to Balmoral to see the queen. A waggish student who saw the notice wrote underneath it: "God save the queen."

During the last general elections in Canada Rev. J. J. McGaskill vigorously upheld the reciprocity pact in the province of New Brunswick. At a meeting in Queen's County he was discussing the effect of the agreement on the price of various commodities. "What about hay?" shouted an opponent. "I'm discussing human food now," retorted the speaker, "but I'll come to your specialty in a moment."

A crowd of small boys was gathered about the entrance of a circus tent in one of the small cities in New Hampshire one day trying to get a glimpse of the interior. A man standing near watched them for a few minutes, then walking up to the ticket-seller, he said: "Let all these boys in and count them as they pass." The man did as requested, and when the last one had gone he turned and said, "Twenty-eight." "Good!" said the man, "I guessed just right," and walked off.

In a Western city are two councilmen, Byght and Barque, who love nothing better than to score each other. One evening Councilman Barque was calling attention to grimy statues "and other unsightly objects in the Central Ward," when his hated rival sprang to his feet. "Well," remarked Byght, "I've lived in the Central Ward all my life, and I know of no unsightly object." "Pardon me," went on Barque, "but I, too, live in the Central Ward——" "Oh!" flashed out Byght, "then I withdraw my statement."

The talk was about a member of Congress who has taken an active part in furthering the proposed currency legislation. "Has he any special knowledge of the currency?" asked the Western man. The Boston man looked at him with the indignation with which perhaps his ancestor of the same name received the information that the British Parliament had passed the Stamp Act. "Has he any special knowledge of it?" he repeated with a rising inflection that made the questioner wish he were back in Kansas City minding his own business. "Why, sir, he is a Harvard man!"

Although only a month married the young man had learned much feminine logic. Tired out with a day in the shops, his wife opened her eyes languidly as he struck a match. "Another?" she said. "Mortimer, I do wish you would not use cigarettes." "Why?" "Because they are bad for you. You don't know what is in them." "Oh, yes, I do. Why, for the trifling sum that cigarette costs you get nicotine, valerian, possibly a little morphine, and any quantity of carbon." She sat up, alert and bright-eyed. "Good gracious!" she said. "All that? Why that is a real bargain, isn't it?"

He was a member of the Peace Society and he came across two youths in the back street fighting. Accordingly he pushed through the crowd and persuaded the combatants to desist. "Let me beg of you, my good fellows, to settle your little dispute by arbitration. Each of you choose half a dozen friends to arbitrate." "Hurrah!" yelled the crowd. "Do as the gentleman says, boys!" Having seen the twelve arbitrators selected to the satisfaction of both sides, the man of peace went on his way, rejoicing in the

thought of having once again prevailed upon brute force to yield to peaceful argument. Half an hour later he returned that way and was horrified to find the whole street fighting, while in the distance police whistles could be heard blowing and police were rushing to the spot from all quarters. "Good gracious! What is the matter now?" asked the peace-maker of an on-looker. "Sure, sor," was the reply, "the arbitrators are at work!"

A young Lancashire millworker had a mental relapse which resulted in his being sent to the county asylum. After he had been there a few weeks he was visited by one of his fellow-workers, who came across him in the grounds. "Halloa, Benny!" said the visitor, "how's the gettin' on?" "Oh, Ah'm going on first-rate, thank ye," answered the afflicted one. "Ah'm very glad to hear it, iad," said the visitor, pleasantly. "I suppose you'll be comin' back to work soon, eh?" "Wot!" exclaimed Ben, while a look of great surprise spread over his countenance. "Leave a big house and a grand garden like this to coom back to work? Mon' dost tha think Ah'm wrong in my head?"

The late King Edward, who so highly appreciated esprit even when, as sometimes happened, the joke went against himself, was once very neatly "scored off" by a lady whom later he deservedly esteemed for her many good works. She had just been presented to him, and was somewhat nervous. To put her at her ease, his majesty said, "Oh, Miss ———, I want to have a long chat with you, but if I should unfortunately bore you pray tell me so." The king, who was an adroit cross-examiner, wished to ascertain the young lady's age, which he had no intention of divulging. "You have already said you were born at ———," said the monarch; "may I ask in what year?" "You bore me, sir!" was the smiling reply, and his majesty took the checkmate in the greatest good humor.

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Hapless Host.
It is not mine to make a joke,
Or drink a toast,
Not mine to contradict when folk
Their prowess boast.
'Tis mine to list to Jones—the bore,
To greet his stories with a roar,
And, greatly daring, ask for more—
I am the host.

'Tis mine to bid the guests sit down
In honeyed tones,
To carve the liver wing for Brown,
The breast for Jones,
To heap the plates with dainties rare;
To give each man the gourmet's share;
And make my dinner from the bare
Residual bones.

I hover round the evening through,
A silent ghost,
Complacently endured by few,
Ignored by most.
But let them flout me as they will,
One privilege is left me still,
That is—to liquidate the bill—
I am the host!
—Claude W. Cundy, in London Opinion.

The Reason Why.

'Twas not for your fairy-like figure,
Nor yet for your angel-like face,
'Twas not for your title of heiress,
Nor yet for your exquisite grace.

'Twas not for those meaningless whispers,
That fell with such musical sound,
Nor because of the envious glances
Of wall-flowers and masiners around.

'Twas not for the "form" of your waltzing,
Nor gleam in your dangerous eye;
Such charms I could quickly relinquish
Without e'er a pang or a sigh.

For none of these things I adored you—
Though all of an unsurpassed type—
But 'twas for the hairpin you gave me
When parting to clean out my pipe!
—C. J. H. Cassels, in Puck.

A By-and-By Betrothal.

"I will bind you to me," he said, "with a ring."
She answered promptly, "Oh, no such thing!"
"Well, let me bind you, sweet, with a vow?"
"But that," she said, "isn't thought of—now!"
"How shall I bind you, then—what way?"
"Why—just—I'll stay—if I care to stay!"
—Madeline Bridges, in Life.

OCULISTS PRESCRIPTION

EYE GLASSES

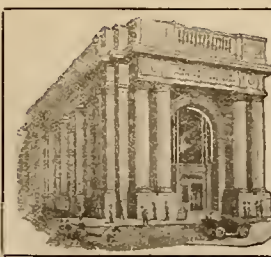
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Reserve and Contingent Funds.. 1,757,148.57
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Vera de Sahla and Mr. Herbert Payne. Miss de Sahla is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sahla of San Mateo and a sister of Mrs. Clement Tobin and Miss Leontine de Sahla. Mr. Payne is the eldest son of Mrs. Theodore Payne of Menlo Park.

From Santa Barbara comes the news of the announcement of the engagement of Miss Caroline Spoor of Chicago and Mr. Thornhill Broome. Mr. Broome is a brother of Miss Amy Broome. The wedding will take place in April at the home in Chicago of Miss Spoor's parents. Mr. Earl Graham will go East to attend Mr. Broome as best man.

The wedding of Miss Avis Sherwood and Mr. George Newton took place Wednesday, December 3, at the home in Oakland of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hamilton Sherwood. Miss Mary Sherwood was her sister's only attendant. Mr. A. B. Weeks was Mr. Newton's best man. The bride is a niece of Mrs. Wilfred B. Chapman and a cousin of Mrs. Benjamin Foss and Mr. Sherwood Chapman.

The christening of the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew McCarthy took place recently at St. Mary's Cathedral. The baby was named Bessie Swan, after her mother, who was formerly Miss Bessie Dargie of Oakland. Mrs. J. O. Reiss and Miss Myra Hall were the godmothers and Mr. Thornwell Mullaly was the godfather.

Miss Helen Wright entertained a number of friends Friday afternoon at a the dansant at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman gave a tea Sunday afternoon at the Burlingame Club. The affair was in honor of Miss Vera de Sahla and Mr. Herbert Payne, whose engagement has recently been announced.

Mrs. Edgar Keithley was hostess at a tea Saturday afternoon at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller has issued invitations to a bridge party Tuesday afternoon, December 9, at the Francisca Club.

Mrs. Egbert Stone entertained a number of friends at luncheon Wednesday at her home on Broadway.

Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden has issued invitations to a luncheon and bridge party Thursday, December 11, at the Francisca Club.

Mrs. Benjamin Brodie was hostess Saturday at a the dansant at her home in Santa Barbara. The affair was in honor of her niece, Miss Barbara Stevens, whose engagement to Mr. Mathew Mann of New York has recently been announced.

Miss Marian Angellotti entertained a number of friends at luncheon Thursday at the Francisca Club.

Miss Pearl Chase was the guest of honor recently at a tea given by Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler at her home on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Weihe entertained a number of friends Saturday evening at a bridge party and dance at their home in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pinckard entertained a number of friends Monday afternoon at a the dansant at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith will give a luncheon Thursday at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Arthur Pennimore has issued invitations to a tea Wednesday, December 10, in honor of Miss Helen Stone, whose engagement to Mr. Grayson Hinkley has recently been announced.

Miss Rebecca Shreve made her formal debut at a the dansant given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Rodman Shreve, at the Century Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bothin entertained a number of friends at dinner Tuesday evening at their home, Pinehurst, at Montecito.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sheils entertained a number of friends at luncheon Sunday at their home in San Rafael in honor of their nephew, Lieutenant Ralph Harrison, U. S. A., and his fiancée, Miss Cal Phillips.

Mrs. Duval Moore was hostess, Friday at a luncheon at her home in Ross.

Miss Marie Louise Black will make her formal debut Thursday, December 18, at a the dansant at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Walter Seymour was hostess Monday at a bridge party and tea at the Town and Country Club.

Mrs. C. O. G. Miller gave a luncheon Tuesday at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Albert Rees entertained a number of friends at luncheon Wednesday at her home at Yerba Buena.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sherwood have issued invitations to a dinner and theatre party Monday evening, December 8, in honor of Miss Rebecca Shreve.

Dr. Harry L. Tevis entertained a number of friends Tuesday evening at a musicale and ball at the Fairmont Hotel. The affair was in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Emilio de Gogorza, who were the complimented guests at many affairs during their visit in this city. They are at present visiting relatives in Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. Henrietta Zeile was hostess at a dinner Tuesday evening preceding Dr. Tevis's musicale at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Elva de Pue entertained a number of young people Thanksgiving evening at a dance at her home on Sacramento Street.

Mrs. W. F. Crary entertained a number of friends Saturday at luncheon and the matinee in honor of Mrs. Henley.

Captain Charles Gove, U. S. A., and Mrs. Gove entertained a number of friends at dinner Thanksgiving evening at their home at Yerba Buena.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Henderson has been brightened by the advent of a new Mrs. Henderson was formerly Miss Louise McCormick, the daughter of Mr. E. O. McCormick of this city.

Passing of a Pioneer Woman.

The death of Susan Helen Colegrove Whiting, a pioneer of San Francisco, occurred in Los Angeles on November 23 at the home of her daughter, Mrs. A. J. Howard. She was the widow of the late Colonel Whiting, who came to California in 1849. The family lived, at different times, in Old Monterey, Sacramento, and San Francisco. Colonel and Mrs. Whiting were close friends of General Fremont and his family, of Senator Broderick, and of many others who figured in the early history of the state.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Leon Lazzar Roos was brightened by the advent of a son November 21.

When the waltz first reached London, from Poland, via Portsmouth, it met with much opposition. It was first danced at Almack's by Lady Jersey and two or three of her friends, and society was riven from top to bottom into the waltzers and anti-waltzers. In spite of Lady Jersey's powerful influence there seemed little chance of the acceptance of the waltz. In 1816 the allied sovereigns came to London and visited Almack's. There they joined in the waltz and removed it from the realms of discussion. The waltz needed but three sovereigns to make it respectable.

Augustus Thomas, the playwright, has been selected by the American Academy of Arts and Letters as the one who has achieved the most in the dramatic field, taking into account the work of a lifetime. He has been presented with a gold medal emblematic of his fitness for the honor.

Drum Power-Plant In Operation.

On November 26 the Pacific Gas and Electric Company set in operation the new Drum powerhouse, associated with the company's Lake Spaulding project, and as the result has added 33,000 horsepower to the sum total placed at the disposal of the company's consumers. By spring the company expects to not only double the capacity of the Drum plant, but to complete additional developments which will bring the aggregate of this great South Yuba-Bear River power project up to 150,000 horsepower. Work was commenced in the summer of 1912. The cost to date is in the neighborhood of \$5,000,000. It will require nearly double that amount to complete the entire string of developments.

The holiday attraction at the Columbia Theatre is to be May Irwin and her entire New York company in the comedy success, "Widow by Proxy." Miss Irwin has not crossed the continent in a number of seasons and is sure of a hearty welcome from her numerous friends and admirers in San Francisco, where she has always been a prime favorite.

"Mutt and Jeff in Panama," one of the snappiest musical comedies of the day, is an early booking at the Savoy Theatre.

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Overland Motor Coupe for lady or gentleman to drive. Splendid for shopping or professional use. Will sell very cheap as painting is necessary. Otherwise car is in good condition. Electric lights. Self starter. Good tires. Apply Argonaut office.

Pears'

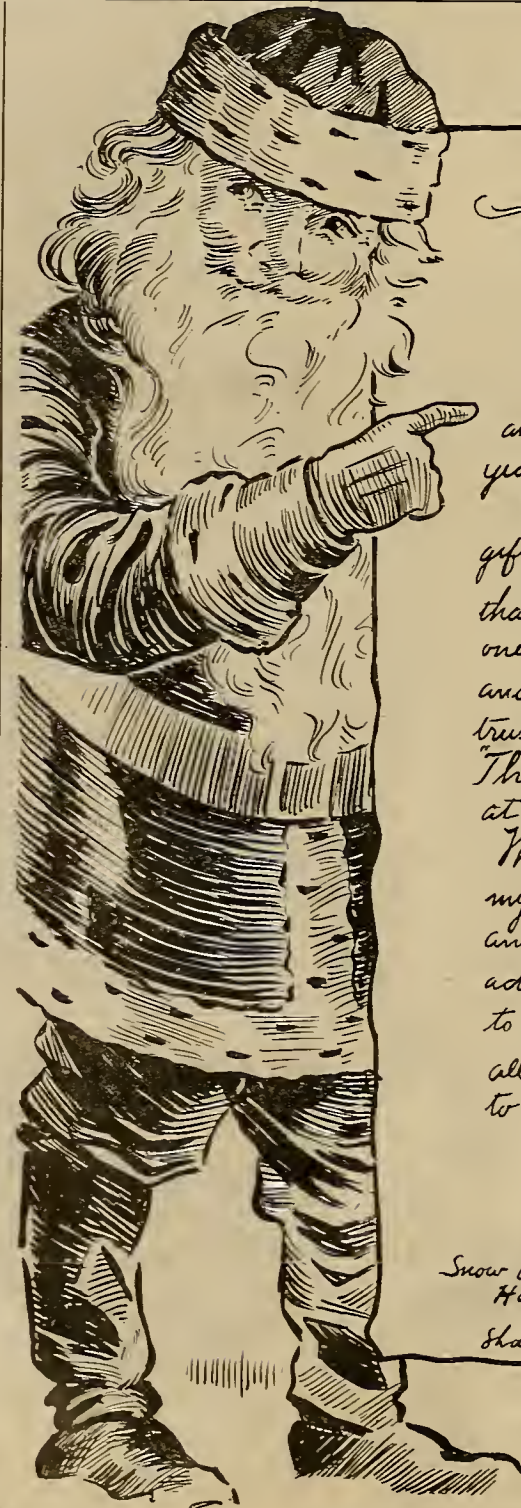
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"Your cheeks are peaches," he cried.

"No, they are Pears'," she replied.

Pears' Soap brings the color of health to the skin.

It is the finest toilet soap in all the world.



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Oyes! Oyes!! Oyes!!!

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Take notice that I bring with me gifts for young and old, rich and poor, that I will make San Francisco one of my chief centres of distribution and that I hereby appoint my right trusty and well beloved **Roos Bros** "The House of Courtesy" at the junction of Stockton and Market Streets San Francisco my agents distributors and headquarters and I hereby further proclaim their advertisements in this newspaper to be my official Gazette for making all important announcements relating to my visit aforesaid

Given under my seal this 5th day of December in the year of our Lord 1913

Signed

Snow Ball,
Happyland

Santa Claus

Should and acquaintance be forgot.

GOOD
CHEER

PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. James Potter Langhorne has returned from Annapolis, where she has been visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Lieutenant James Parker, U. S. N., and Mrs. Parker. Mrs. Parker was formerly Miss Julia Langhorne.

Dr. W. F. McNutt and Mrs. McNutt are established for the winter on Buchanan Street near Washington. They have rented the house of Mr. Gayle Anderton, who is residing at the University Club.

Mr. and Mrs. D. R. C. Brown (formerly Miss Ruth McNutt) have arrived from their home in Aspen, Colorado, and are occupying the Dr. Merritt house on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Miller of Sacramento spent a few days last week at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. John G. Kittle and her sons, the Messrs. Allen and John Kittle, have closed their country home in Ross and are occupying their town house on Scott Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin arrived early this week from their home in Santa Barbara and were guests at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford have returned to their ranch near Pleyto, after having spent Thanksgiving week with Mr. and Mrs. Willard N. Drown at their home on Washington Street.

Encouraging news has been received from Paris in regard to Mr. Harry McAfee, who has recently undergone an operation for appendicitis.

After a visit in Washington, D. C., Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Shepard have gone to New York to remain until the middle of December, when they will return to this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph King moved this week into their new home on Lake Street.

Dr. George Hayes Willcutt writes enthusiastically of his travels in Europe, where he will remain about two years. He is established in Wein, Austria.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis and their sons, the Messrs. Lloyd, William, Jr., Gordon, and Lansing Tevis, spent the past week at Stockdale, their farm near Bakersfield.

Miss Marguerite Doe is planning to go to Europe for an indefinite visit, and will close her home in Montecito during her absence.

Mr. and Mrs. William Denman are expected home early next week from the East, where they have been spending the past two months with relatives.

Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett has recovered from her recent accident, and spent last week in town with Mrs. Russell J. Wilson.

Mrs. Andrew Welch, Jr., has sufficiently recovered from a recent illness to return from the hospital to her apartments at the Hotel Bellevue.

Miss Ruth Winslow has gone to Los Angeles to visit Miss Daphne Drake and Miss Helen Jones, who are two of this season's debutantes of the southern city.

Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell are planning to go East soon to spend the holidays. They will be joined in New York by their son, Mr. Albert Whittell, who is attending Yale.

Mrs. John Harold Philip has returned from Los Gatos, where she has been spending a week with friends.

Miss Ysabel Chase has come from her home in Napa County for a few days' visit.

Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale spent Thanksgiving with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. George Hood, at their home in Philadelphia. Mrs. Lansdale has recently been visiting friends in Washington, D. C.

Miss Barbara McKenzie of Portland has been spending the past week with Miss Beatrice Nickel. She has been in town several weeks as the guest of Miss Harriet Pomeroy.

Mrs. Adam Grant sailed last week for the Orient, hoping the sea voyage may benefit her health.

Mrs. James Otis has been spending the past week in Santa Barbara with her mother, Mrs. Canfield.

Miss Linda Bryan is recovering from a severe attack of appendicitis.

Mrs. McNutt Potter has returned from the East, where she has been spending the past three months. During her absence she has visited friends in New York, Washington, D. C., and Annapolis.

Dr. Edwin Janss, Mrs. Janss, and their little daughter have returned to their home in Los Angeles, after a visit in Menlo Park with Mrs. Janss's mother, Mrs. William Cluff.

Mrs. J. B. Wright has returned from the East, where she has been visiting friends since her arrival a few weeks ago from Europe.

Mr. Walter S. Martin has gone East for a brief visit, having been called by the continued illness of his brother, Mr. Peter Martin.

Mrs. George Barr Baker will arrive tomorrow from New York. Mrs. Baker will spend the holidays with her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Fuller, Jr.

Mrs. Lane-Leonard and her little daughter, Jane, have returned from a visit with Mrs. Hearst in Pleasanton.

Mrs. A. Stewart Baldwin has returned from Portland, Oregon, where she has been spending a month with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. James Lowe Hall.

Miss Henriette Blanding is at present in Paris and is planning to spend the winter in Egypt.

Mrs. Samuel Blair and her daughter, Miss Jennie Blair, will leave soon after Christmas for Egypt.

Miss Helen Elizabeth Cowles has returned from Chicago, where she has been visiting her father. She will spend the winter with her grandmother, Mrs. James Martin Curtis.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Fenwick have returned from a visit in Los Angeles.

Miss Pearl Chase has come from Santa Barbara to visit her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler.

Captain William Brackett, U. S. M. C., and Mrs. Brackett have returned from Guam and are

at Mare Island. Captain Brackett will probably be retired, as his hearing has been affected by the firing of the big guns during target practice. Mrs. Sherman Stowe of Santa Barbara is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Kate Stowe Ealand, at her home on Broadway.

Captain A. P. Niblack, U. S. N., has been ordered to sea as commanding officer of the U. S. S. *Michigan*. Captain Niblack, who was former United States naval attaché at Berlin, has recently been on duty at the Naval War College at Newport. Mrs. Niblack will remain in Washington, D. C., during her husband's absence.

Captain Charles de F. Chandler, U. S. A., has been relieved at his own request from further duty in the aviation squads.

Colonel E. A. Millar, Sixth Field Artillery, U. S. A., and his son, Lieutenant E. A. Millar, Jr., Fifth Cavalry, U. S. A., are stopping at the Hotel Stewart.

Major Robert W. Hase, Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A., has arrived in this city on leave of absence from the Presidio at Monterey.

Captain W. S. Faulkner, Thirteenth Infantry, U. S. A., has arrived in this city and will sail on the next transport for Manila.

Captain Henry Casey, U. S. A., will leave in January for San Diego, where he will be on duty with the Coast Artillery.

Mrs. Arthur Davies is visiting Major Thomas Q. Ashburn, U. S. A., and Mrs. Ashburn at their home at the Presidio. Captain Davies, U. S. A., has recently been retired from the army.

Lieutenant Charles Hamilton, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hamilton are en route from Manila, where Lieutenant Hamilton has been stationed for the past two years.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Lord Charles Headley, an Irish peer having a seat in the House of Lords, whose conversion to Mohammedanism is announced, has been a representative peer for Ireland since 1883. He is sixty-eight years of age and was educated at Harrow. He joined the army in 1871 and served with distinction through the Franco-Prussian War. He is wealthy, owning about 16,100 acres, and has been a great traveler.

Colonel Arthur Yager, who has just been installed as governor of Porto Rico, has declared himself in favor of granting American citizenship to all residents of the island who deserve it. Governor Yager is a native of Kentucky, and was educated at Georgetown College, of which he afterwards became president, a position he has held for the last five years. He is a member of many scientific societies, an author, and founder of the Kentucky College Association.

Lieutenant-Colonel Matsuo Itami of the Japanese army, the newly appointed military attaché of the embassy at Washington in succession to Lieutenant-Colonel Kazutsugu Inouye, is forty-five years of age and has a distinguished military record, having served while a major as aide-de-camp to Marshal Oyama through the Russo-Japanese War. He was educated at the Imperial Military Academy in Tokyo and was later one of the directors and artillery instructors there, besides serving as adjutant of the Japanese army.

Count Sergei Yulievitch Witte, ex-premier of Russia, who recently notified his friends that he contemplated leaving the country to settle in some foreign land, carried Russia through one of its most perilous periods, wielding power not excelled by the Czar. He was born in Tiflis in 1840, his father being of German extraction. He received his education at the New Russian University at Odessa, where he took special courses in physical science and in mathematics. In 1903 he was appointed president of the council of ministers and was made a member of the council of the empire. Seven years ago he retired from political service, and since then little has been heard of him.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Briggs—Did you experience a sense of loss after you had been operated upon? Griggs—I did when I got the bill.—Life.

"Well, Uncle Josh, how do you feel?" "Rotten; that heer don't seem to help none." "How did you take it?" "Tablespoonful afore meals."—Life.

Bix—What did you give the Scrappingtons for their golden wedding? Dix—A hook entitled "Fifty Years of Conflict."—Boston Transcript.

Gabe—I saw the doctor's auto in front of your house today. Anything serious? Steve—Serious? Should say so. He collected his bill.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Spokesmon of Creditors—Vell, Cohen, we've decided to accept five cents on a tollar—cash! Cohen—Cash, you say? Den of course I get der regular cash discount?—Puck.

"Your father is a religious man, isn't he, James?" a small hoy was asked. "Oh, yes," was the naive answer. "He just hates anybody who doesn't go to church."—New York Globe.

"I always said that political rival of mine would stoop to any falsehood. Now I can prove it." "How?" "He sent me a message saying he congratulates me on my election."—Washington Star.

"Last night," said Mr. Henpeck, "I dreamed that I was in heaven." "And was I there with you?" his wife asked. "Didn't I say it was heaven," was his crushing reply.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Mistress (to new maid)—By the way, Mary, I forgot to tell you we generally have breakfast at eight o'clock. The New Maid—All right, mum. If I aint down to it, don't wait.—London Sketch.

"That's what I call a finished sermon," said a lady to her husband as they wended their way home from church. "Yes," was the reply, "but do you know, I thought it never would be."—Yonkers Statesman.

"You tell me," said the judge, "that this is the person who knocked you down with his motor-car. Could you swear to the man?" "I did," returned the complainant eagerly, "but he didn't stop to hear me."—New York Globe.

"I had to let that new maid go. I discovered that she was neglecting the children when I was attending my club meetings." "That so?" "Yes. Positively, she couldn't think less of them if they were her own."—Detroit Free Press.

"With a pocket-knife and a pistol," he said, "I feel sure that I could go into the woods and support myself." "Why don't you try it?" his wife asked. "That would leave me with only the children to provide for."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Mrs. Blewer-Blud—That tailor of yours is getting very familiar. He had the insolence to salute me on the street today. I think such people should be kept at a distance. Mr. Blewer-Blud—Well, my dear, I'm sure I've done all I could! I've stood that man off now for two years.—Puck.

"Ah," sighed the boarder who was given to rhapsodies, as they sat down to the Christmas dinner, "if we could only have one of those turkeys that we used to raise on the farm when I was a boy!" "Oh, well," said the pessimistic hoarder, "perhaps it is one. You never can tell."—Ladies' Home Journal.

"The train struck the man, did it not?" asked the lawyer of the engineer at the trial. "It did, sir," said the engineer. "Was the man on the track, sir?" thundered the lawyer. "On the track?" asked the engineer. "Of course he was. No engineer worthy of his job would run his train into the woods after a man, sir."—Livingston Lance.

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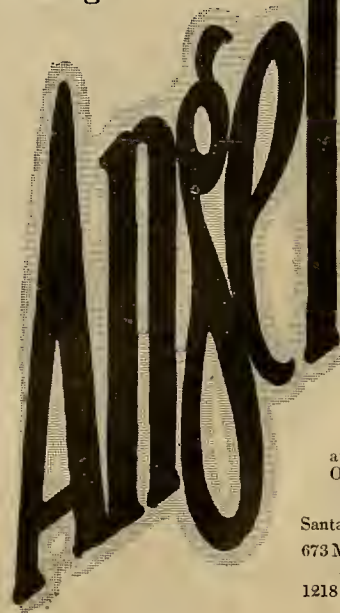
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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Cost of Elections.

An association of citizens under the pleasantly mouth-filling name of the North Panhandle Improvement Club has been looking a bit into the municipal expense account, and with particular attention to the cost of elections. It finds that at the last primary election approximately 66,000 votes were polled (out of a total registration of 143,000), at 673 precincts—an average of 96 at each. In several of the booths the number of votes polled was less than fifty. In some localities there were two election booths in one block and in a few places three booths at one street intersection.

The North Panhandle Improvement Club sees in this order of affairs a grievous extravagance. If the number of precincts, it believes, were reduced from 673 to half that number the saving would be about \$25,000 at each of our many elections.

The North Panhandle Improvement Club might have gone further and done even better. Consolidation of precincts would, indeed, help somewhat, but to cut out three of every four elections would help still more.

It costs approximately \$50,000 to take a vote in San Francisco, and the thing is done so often as to become a nuisance and a bore. The public is weary of the whole business and the taxpayers groan under the increasing and ever-increasing cost.

Reflections Upon the Progressive Party Conference.

Nobody will suspect the *Argonaut* of an undue sympathy with Governor Johnson or his politics when it declares the wish that it might know just what he said at the conference of Progressives in San Francisco on Saturday last. And this is precisely what our inadequate news press has not given us. All the papers pretend to report the proceedings of the conference which were open to reporters, but each does it, not in the spirit of accuracy and honesty, but with reference to its own prejudices or motives. What we have is not what the governor said but various alleged "interpretations," each colored by the love or the hate of its guiding authority—we purposely avoid use of the obsolete word editor. Nowhere can there be found a careful and straightforward report, giving alike to friend and foe the information essential to intelligent judgment, either approving or critical. Yet each of our daily newspapers acclaims itself a marvel of journalistic enterprise and thoroughness.

From the published reports of Saturday's conference we take it that Governor Johnson would have the Progressive party stand fairly upon its own legs in the coming campaign. Yet this is not an assurance, since the governor is nowhere quoted as saying definitely that the Progressives will cut loose from all pretensions in connection with the Republican name and organization. He did, we are led to believe, say something sounding to this effect, but the statement is not clear enough to exorcise all doubts in view of what happened last year and in consideration of the more recent declaration of Mr. Rowell, official mouth-piece of his party, that the Progressives may find it to their interest to "grab" the Republican name and organization. However, giving to the governor and to his pretensions of integrity the benefit of the doubt, we assume that it will be the policy of the Progressive party to stand or fall, not merely upon its chosen issues, but upon its chosen name. This would be honest, while any other course would be essentially dishonest. Of course those guilty of last year's "grab" are quite capable of still another "grab." We can not, indeed, hope that their morals have improved under the exhilarations of success; but we do wish for the sake of fundamental fairness that they might play the political game upon terms which honest men can regard with respect, even though they may not supplement respect by approval.

It would be unfair to criticize Governor Johnson and his associates upon the basis of their reticence at the point of candidacies. They have a right to arrange the terms, conditions, and principles of their campaign in advance of any determination with respect to candidacies. Governor Johnson has a right to hold in abeyance his own determination as to which of several offices he may seek. There is nothing illegitimate in his preferring to be a candidate for the senatorship as against the governorship; and since there is no law against a man cherishing foolish ambitions, he is at perfect liberty to aspire to the presidency. Nevertheless the situation is a bit confusing. Three—or possibly four—men, including the governor, appear to be ambitious in the matter of the senatorship. Obviously the governor, as the leading figure in the situation, has under the rules of politics the right of first choice. The point, no doubt, is conceded both by Mr. Rowell and Mr. Heney. If the governor wishes to be a candidate for the Senate his associates ought to yield the preference to him, and no doubt they will. None the less Mr.

Heney's hot-blooded efforts to stimulate Mr. Johnson's presidential ambitions and Mr. Rowell's more academic diplomacies calculated to shelve Mr. Johnson in a second candidacy for the governorship are truly amusing.

A notable point in the polity of the Progressive party in California is the deference which it seems to yield to Mr. Johnson. It might be supposed that in an organization inspired by the fundamental principle involved in the Rule-of-the-People cry the "People" would be invited or at least given a chance to rule. But it is to be observed that no more in the Progressive party than in any other is there a disposition to refer points of party policy to popular judgment. The plain truth is that Governor Johnson is the boss as completely as any other man ever was boss here or elsewhere. His wishes are obviously matter of first consideration; his word is party law. This is effective politics, but we submit that it is not the kind of politics which Mr. Johnson, under his own pretensions and those of his followers, have assumed to establish in California. There has been a great reform—at least a great change—but under any broad summing up of conditions and comparison of policies, we find that Progressivism has merely substituted one individual mastership for a system which it condemned because, under its own allegations, it was based upon another individual mastership.

Saturday's conference still leaves us in doubt at many essential points. What is to be the policy of the Progressive party? Will it in good faith abandon any pretensions to the Republican name and organization and appeal to the citizenship of the state under its own name alone? Will Governor Johnson, who stands before the public as the responsible author of many constitutional changes, sustain a candidacy for reelection and so put the issue fairly before the people, or will he slide out and leave another to bear a doubtful burden? Will the Progressive party give its endorsement and support to Mr. Heney for the senatorship or will it get behind Mr. Rowell, Mr. Wheeler, or some other? These questions are legitimate, and they ought to be answered in due order and in the spirit of candor and fairness. The first is most important. The public has a right to know, and to know without further delay, whether the Progressives in standing for their own theories and purposes propose to stand fairly and honestly upon their own name, resigning any pretensions they may have to the name and organization of a party which they have betrayed and abandoned. Matters of candidacy are less urgent and a legitimate policy may not improperly postpone determinations at this point to some propitious future date. But there can be no justification in delaying assurances as to the first proposition. Do the Progressives propose to stand on their own legs or do they not?

Organized Labor and Scientific Management.

Scientific management, as the term is applied to industry, means nothing more or less than a careful and discreet arrangement of means to ends—as lathering before shaving. It means, for example, that the bricks to be used in the laying of a wall shall be so placed as to come conveniently to the hand of the mason. Instead of taking an individual brick from a heap, and turning it over a time or two to find and adjust the particular face which must go up or down, he will find his brick near where it is to be placed and right side up for laying in. Work done under the conditions of this so-called scientific management has a much higher efficiency than work done without the aid of preliminary adjustments. Wherever the scheme of scientific management has been put into practice it has prodigiously augmented the economic value of the individual worker; and wherever working conditions are under control of able managers there is more effort to enforce the rule—that is to so arrange

conditions of any given work as to get at the hands of each worker the largest achievement for the least expenditure of effort.

But this movement finds everywhere a furious enemy in organized labor. It might be supposed that the leaders of labor would seek to increase the efficiency of labor. But just the contrary is true. The theory of the labor leader is that by increasing the individual efficiency of the worker, this same worker or some other is "cheated" out of work "belonging" to him; for if a man be enabled by scientific management to do in one day what under ordinary conditions would call for two days, then labor under this interesting theory is out just one day's work. The theory and the spirit are precisely those which from time to time have protested against the introduction of labor-saving machinery. The narrowness and bitterness of organized labor is illustrated in a committee report made to the American Federation of Labor in which "scientific management" is described as "a diabolical scheme for reduction of the human body to a mere machine."

Leaders of unionism have not halted at mere verbal protest. When recently the War Department undertook at the Watertown Arsenal to make a thorough test of an efficiency system the representatives of organized labor instituted a campaign of intimidation among members of Congress. Commenting on the matter, General Crozier, chief of ordnance, in a report to the War Department remarks that "the layman who has had no experience with labor unions can not comprehend the bitter hostility of the leaders of the American Federation of Labor to the introduction into manufacturing plants of any and all efficiency systems. But," General Crozier adds, "when that experience is acquired the discovery will be made that the opposition is solely in the selfish interests of the walking delegates and the higher-up officials. This opposition has proved a continual source of amazement and chagrin to all fair-minded employers of union labor."

Children and Child's-Play.

There is no movement now appealing to public sentiment and judgment more important, or perhaps so important, as that which seeks to augment facilities for out-of-doors recreation on the part of city-bred children. Almost suddenly we have changed from a rural to a city-dwelling people. Today more than half of our ninety-and-more millions live in restricted communities. Even the individual dwelling is giving way to the community dwelling. For example, in the Adams public school of San Francisco, on Eddy Street near Franklin, there are 622 pupils, of whom 345 live in flats and apartments. That is, more than half the children in one of our larger schools have no other playground than the public streets, wherein there is no turf, no facilities for games, and upon which the hazards from rapidly moving traffic are imminent and continuous.

It should surprise nobody under these conditions that deterioration of child health is marked and grievous. Seventy per cent, so we are told, of the children attending our public schools—and we suspect the rate would be even greater in private schools—suffer from one form or another of physical disability. Ninety per cent of those summoned for small delinquencies before the Juvenile Court of San Francisco are physically defective. The narrow chest with its restricted breathing capacity, the distempered throat with its burden of adenoids or catarrhal affections, the strabismic eye with its accompaniments of unnumbered ills and pains—these and a multitude of other disabilities are a direct result of ways of life forced by circumstances upon multitudes of city-bred children.

The public playground is a recently developed device for making up to childhood something of what is lost to it in the scheme of modern life. It is a movement under right inspirations and in the right direction. And it deserves a vastly larger support than it finds. The playgrounds are too few, too indiscriminately given to both sexes, and in many ways ill provided. Where there is now one playground available there ought to be five. And there should be grounds separate and apart for girls, with arrangements of games suited to feminine impulse and capacity. Under the present system girls have only such share in the playgrounds as goes along with permission to get what they can in competition with boys in sports arranged for boys. And in spite of the new "equality of the sexes," it is usually very sparse picking for the girls who—

we dare defy the lightning of suffragette wrath in saying it—have both less mental and physical hardihood than the boys. In connection with or adjacent to every public school there ought to be provision of open playgrounds properly supervised, and at the bay shore, and perhaps elsewhere, there should be provided tanks for swimming and for the playing of water games.

The need is what may be called a crying one and it has led to a suggestion on the part of Dr. Annie Lyle of this city, a devoted volunteer in child welfare work, that certain streets in residential districts be closed to traffic at specific hours and given over as public playgrounds for children. Dr. Lyle makes the further suggestion that at least during the summer months sessions of the public schools should not be held during the warm and calm morning hours, but postponed to later hours in the day when the winds are so high as to interfere with free out-of-doors life. These suggestions are worth consideration. Whether they are practicable or not remains to be determined. But they are inspired by intelligence and sympathy and they aim at ends which merit any and all aids which may legitimately be given them.

Up to this time the children's playground department has been a sort of poor relation to the municipal government. Something has been yielded to it, but rather in the spirit of concession than of cordial co-operation. Out of its great annual budget the municipality of San Francisco devotes only \$70,000 to this work. This amount ought to be many times multiplied, even if the increased apportionment must be taken from other items of municipal expenditure. It would be well indeed if we could cut from certain ornamental and extravagant items of public expense a half-million dollars per year and so apply it as wholesomely to employ the energies and build up the stamina of our children. Great progress indeed has been made since Mr. Pixley's famous campaign in these columns thirty years ago against "Keep Off the Grass" signs in the city parks. It was Mr. Pixley's idea that no use could be made of the grassy slopes and spaces in the public parks comparable to that of opening them to the feet of childhood. And older residents will remember that as a consequence of his efforts every foot of park ground, wherever located, was opened to the free use of the public. This was indeed an important achievement. But there is more to be done in logical continuation of a movement founded upon recognition of the fact that means must be provided for healthful recreation for children if we are to create in oncoming generations sound minds in sound bodies, with the moral propensities and the physical powers essential to normal manhood and womanhood and good citizenship.

The Suffragists and the President

The demand made upon President Wilson by a committee of suffragists on Monday was an act of distinct impertinence. It was designed as a hold-up and it was none the less unworthy because it was urged in person by representatives of the sex to which it is embarrassing to make denial of anything. This of course was calculated. It is a curious fact that however they may demand what they are pleased to call equality, the advocates of suffrage fail not to make the most of whatever advantage tradition and chivalrous habit attaches to femininity.

In his answer to this demand President Wilson was at his best. He received the committee courteously, listened attentively to what they had to say; then in excellent temper and phrase declined to do what they asked of him. And the rebuke was none the less effective because it was adroitly and graciously phrased.

It is notable that when the President practically volunteered to present his private opinion if it should be asked for, the ladies did not press the question. Evidently they knew beforehand what the President's private opinion was; and they did not care to have it put before the country. Manifestly their hope was to compel the President to do something he didn't want to by a kind of pressure which ought to be beneath the calculations and outside the scope of a movement which identifies itself with the sanctions supporting a moral reform.

The next step of the suffrage movement will of course be to apply to the national party conventions for endorsement; and here probably they will be successful. Now that some half-dozen or more states have enfranchised women there are obvious political penalties for opposing suffrage and obvious rewards for favoring it. All the politicians, no matter what their private judg-

ments may be, will be for it, since that is now a way to get votes. It follows that suffrage is bound in the nature of things to become universal in the United States. The fight of the suffragists we regard as practically won.

But this is far from assurance that society in general or women in particular will sustain any advantage through it. Either suffrage will mean nothing at all, practically, in that it will merely duplicate the vote of men, or it will establish women in an attitude of competition with men that will be good neither for men nor for women. At least that is what the *Argonaut* thinks about it, and it is not restrained from speaking its mind because the tide not indeed of opinion so much as of political pressure sets the other way.

Our Fatal Mexican Policy.

It could be wished that the delicate regard which President Wilson exhibits for "organic consideration" of the woman's suffrage issue might be translated to another sphere and made to apply to our dealings with Mexico. It was "organic consideration" on the part of leading countries of Europe which recognized President Huerta as the established and hopeful factor in the Mexican situation. It was President Wilson's individual and quixotic idea to withhold such recognition and so, per consequence, to extend and deepen the uncertainties and cruelties of Mexican life. In dealing with the suffragists President Wilson uses his representative character to save himself from embarrassment in pursuing his personal notion of propriety. In the case of Mexico he uses this same representative character to justify a course dictated by his private opinion and his individual whim. All of which would seem to show that for all his fine declarations to the suffragist committee on Monday the man is not so much sunk in the office as he would have it appear.

There is charity—and God knows there is need of it—in the reflection that Mr. Wilson does not comprehend the extent and the depth of the misery which his fantastic illusions in Mexican affairs are imposing upon a suffering people. While he is waiting in amiable self-assurance for the working out of his amazing policy Mexico is being harried by rival and contending bands of ruffians. There is no sort of cruelty known either to civilized or barbaric warfare which is not practiced every day in Mexico. Assassination, murder, human torture, outrage upon women, wanton destruction of property, paralysis of industry involving multiplied forms of distress—these make the order of the day. Only some strong hand can halt this carnival of abominations; and there is no strong hand because President Wilson is enforcing a condition which nullifies every effort at pacification. By his course against Huerta, supplemented by his intrigues with Carranza, he has made a situation which binds poor Mexico hand and foot and subjects her to the scourges of sword, fire, and outrage, with no immediate prospect of release. Nero, who in a spirit of sardonic malice fiddled while Rome burned, did nothing worse or more cruel than President Wilson is doing in the spirit of a fire-eyed and self-satisfied beneficence. The only practical difference between the two is that between a leer and a smile. The effect is the same.

And supposing President Wilson's policy should succeed—that he should, as he probably will in time, drive Huerta from Mexico—then what is to happen? Carranza is no whit a better man than Huerta and he lacks Huerta's basis of authority. Furthermore he is at the head of forces both savage and rapacious, without really commanding them. The incidents of every day exhibit the fact that he is powerless to restrain his men, even if he were disposed to do so. Villa and Zapata, other factional leaders, are mere bandits, for years active in the leadership of gangs of murderers and robbers. From which of these—assuming that his influence might decide between them—could President Wilson hope to get less cruel, more wise, less selfish, more humane treatment for prostrate Mexico than from Huerta? What assurance has he that with Huerta out of the way there would follow a condition more favorable to humanity and peace?

It is the opinion of those having first-hand knowledge of conditions that the removal of Huerta would mean nothing more nor less than elimination of at once the strongest and most restrained factor in a bad situation. It would leave the country subject to the contentions of rival bandit leaders and bandit armies. It would still further confound a cruel and devastating confusion. The reign of terror maintained

in every district under the armed forces of rebellion would be spread over the whole country. And who will doubt that this would mean such wholesale destruction of property, such a deluge of blood, as recent times in any country have hardly witnessed?

The logic of such a situation, plus urgencies which would certainly come from other countries having interests in Mexico—and who with incredulity and a contempt poorly concealed have waited upon our policy—avoid force intervention upon us. We could not avoid military occupation of Mexico; and military occupation, however justified or justifiable, is war. The very things which Mr. Wilson has pledged the United States not to do would have to be done. Having neutralized or driven forth the one man probably capable of commanding the situation, we should have to step in and make peace. There would be no other way. Europe would demand it under penalty of nullifying our Monroe Doctrine. We would be compelled therefore to take marching orders from Europe.

In the meantime we can but suspect that there is storing up for us a grievous day when we shall be called upon to answer to the owners of destroyed property in Mexico. The United States, by staying the hand of Huerta and intriguing with Carranza, is making itself responsible for the continued chaos in Mexico. It is to be noted that the British government has on several occasions taken note of this fact. Ultimately there will arise a multitude of claimants—English, French, German, Dutch, and whatnot—for property destroyed. Their demands will be made, not without reason, upon the United States for restoration or recompense. The account will be prodigious, and in the end, we suspect, we will have to pay it.

England and the Exposition.

That England will be represented at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, despite the official action of a few months ago, now seems an assurance. It is even probable that the official declination of our invitation will be rescinded and that the government will assume the direct responsibilities of participation. A movement to this end started some few months ago is strongly supported throughout the United Kingdom, especially by men representative of international interests. In a long list of names of men in public and private life who are taking an active part in this movement we note that of Sir Robert Balfour, M. P., formerly local head of the firm of Balfour, Guthrie & Co. in California. The London *Times* is actively enlisted in the movement. In a recent issue the *Times* said editorially:

We are glad to find that an influential British committee has now been formed, as will be seen from the announcement given elsewhere in our columns today, to press upon the government the importance of altering its decision not to take part in the Panama International Exhibition at San Francisco in 1915. On August 8, after Sir Edward Grey's explanation of that decision in the House of Commons, we described it as an "error of judgment," and gave our reasons for hoping that it could yet be rectified; and on August 20, in a further leading article, after our view had been strongly supported in letters to the *Times* by correspondents of great authority, we again urged that representative British merchants and manufacturers should take steps to obtain a reconsideration by the government of a policy which appeared to us thoroughly ill-advised. It would not be the first time for such a course, since in the case of the St. Louis Exhibition of 1904 the British government also began by declining to take an official part, and eventually, having been enlightened as to the desirability, changed its attitude with satisfactory results. In the same way, since ministers were last questioned on the subject in Parliament, public opinion in this country, as well as opinion among people directly interested, has become steadily more convinced in favor of a proper British exhibit at San Francisco, with sufficient backing from the government to make it worthy of the British nation. It will be for the organizing committee which has now been brought together to make it clear to the government that its refusal to take part, however intelligible a few months ago, was based on reasons which were largely misconceptions. Fortunately this is a case in which an initial error is easily retrievable.

The *Times* proceeds to discuss the issue in a more than friendly way. It points out that the membership of the committee organized to support the movement for representation at San Francisco represents a capital of upwards of two billion dollars. It is further shown that the Pacific Coast States annually import by rail and water from the United Kingdom goods to the value of sixty million dollars. The reduction in the American tariff, "with all its possibilities for the extension of British trade in the United States," is urged as "a new fact of sufficient weight to change the momentum of British policy on such a question."

It is evident that in one way or another Britain will

be liberally represented at the exposition. If the government can not be induced to withdraw its declination, then there will certainly be an organization for unofficial representation to which the government will in a quiet way lend support. It is suggested, too, that well in advance of the opening of the exposition the British government will arrange for the presence of a considerable naval force in Pacific waters under instructions to rendezvous in San Francisco Bay during the exposition period.

Too Much Publicity.

The last few weeks have brought two gratifying examples of a revolt against the publicity that the predatory reporter is always ready to affix to the unusual or the eccentric marriage. There is a certain order of mind—let us hope that it is now only a survival—that regards publicity of any and every kind as a decoration and that is always ready to seek the bubble reputation even through discredit. And we may readily believe that the majority of eccentric marriages would lose half their savor if they were deprived of the footlights and the calcium.

But evidently there is a reaction. It was first exemplified by the gentleman selected by the Oregon board of health for the eugenic wedding and who then blushing realized that he stood in a sort of pillory as the sole male candidate amid a swarm of clamorous and competing ladies who showed signs of an incipient militancy. He explained that he was willing to sacrifice himself to the sacred cause of science, even the Oregon variety of science, but that the light hurt his eyes, so to speak, or in other words his modesty. Being a man, he blushed most eloquently and withdrew from the fray. He wished to be married, but not in the presence of ninety million hilarious witnesses. The ladies had no such scruples. One and all they were of the opinion of the young woman from Chicago who wrote ingeniously, "I am willing, even anxious, to enter into any sort of marriage contract, whether eugenic or not."

And now comes the second example of the Baltimore widower and the Philadelphia widow. Thanks to the reporter, we now know all about this tender idyll. These young people whose hearts had been mellowed but not chastened by experience had never seen each other. They had whispered sweet nothings over the telephone, but not until the irrevocable words had been said was the veil to be lifted so that the happy bridegroom might ascertain how happy he had a right to be. It was a desperate gamble, and with the cards distinctly stacked against the man, as they usually are. The lady might retire at the last moment if the visage of her intended should prove to be intolerable, although it is not likely that she would have done so. But the man had nothing but faith, hope, and the chance of divorce to sustain him. He was a hero and a sport, but it is sad to relate that his loquacity has been his undoing. He disclosed the whole affair to the palladium of our liberties, and now it is the lady who shrinks from the publicity and who has canceled the bond. Like the gentleman in Oregon, she objects to be married before the speculative and even prophetic eyes of ninety millions of her fellow-citizens.

The incident, says a local commentator, had "unique features." That, of course, is true, but the really important thing to know was whether the lady also had unique features. And yet marriage between persons who are practically unknown to each other is the rule rather than the exception throughout the human family. Generally speaking, it is only in the Anglo-Saxon race that we are allowed to become fully familiar with the "unique features," physical and mental, of those whom we propose to marry. Elsewhere, and especially among the Latin peoples, matrimony is very much more of a voyage of discovery than it is with us, and therefore with the—to us—unknown delights of the navigator in uncharted seas. Nor can we maintain that our methods of marriage are so overwhelmingly a success as to justify anything like the arrogance of a conscious rectitude. It may be that an excess of pre-nuptial familiarity leads to that ante-nuptial contempt that in turn leads to the divorce court, and so something may perhaps be said in favor of the veiled bride if not of the veiled bridegroom. Certainly it would lend a certain sporting element to occasions that are now becoming humdrum and commonplace.

Degrees conferred by American colleges are recognized in professional life in Germany, but must not be translated.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Mission Play vs. the Truth of History.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 10, 1913.
EDITOR ARGONAUT: Rev. Henry Van Dyke, whom we all know so well and favorably, comments on the McGroarty "Mission Play" in the current *Century* with surprising disregard for certain historical facts that occurred during the period covered by the drama. His concise outline of the conditions which led to establishing the California missions and his enthusiastic and poetical description of the pioneer padre's hardships, surroundings, success, and final failure—even with its melancholy vein—is interesting to all. Indeed such tinkling forms of this romantic story are especially sweet sounds to Californian ears.

The writer of the play cleverly selected only those historical events which produced a dramatic and picturesque effect. In this he succeeded admirably. The drama is very interesting and realistic. But at the same time it represents the padres as exceptionally benign benefactors to the Indians, to whom only kindness was shown, and also that the Mexican government was entirely at fault for destruction of the results of their works.

Several historians—as well as old local residents from hearsay—state unreservedly that while the padres converted and ably trained the Indians, they seldom paid them for their labors, and in cases even enforced service by imprisonment and the lash of the whip, and hence treated them not unlike slaves. Also, to maintain this great unholy wealth thus accruing, that the padres purposely refrained from teaching the Indians suitable self-supporting methods, but kept them in absolute dependency. Moreover, to further fortify this serfdom, the padres vigorously discouraged colonizing from any outside interest.

While such methods have not been unusual with the Spanish Roman Catholic Church, the above three features, naturally, were not wanted in this play, as they would impair the writer's illustration of righteousness in padre and church. It is not difficult to understand how any Roman Catholic author might wish, through faith and pride, to avoid all such damaging facts or even come under the crafty influence of church officials in the attempt to prejudice unthinking people into a more favorable opinion of their religion and methods than history justifies. But it is not so easy to reconcile that the Rev. Van Dyke, through his knowledge from books, general observation of the sect, and actual travel in this very locality, should be, seemingly, so readily deceived by a clever piece of dramatic writing and fall into a trap that lent his good name to the scheme for almost deifying the Romanist padres and to further hiding their real motives, which also appears to be the endeavor of their present-day supporters.

Was it because of his great love for setting forth beautiful thoughts that blinded him from detecting the subtle and objectionable significance of the drama? But is it not best to tell the whole truth? S. M. T.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

President and Direct Primaries—Not at All Clear What Wilson Really Wants to Do.

WASHINGTON, December 5, 1913.

The most interesting point in the President's address to Congress was his recommendation of popular primaries for selecting nominees for the presidency of the United States. He does not make it clear whether he expects Congress to pass a resolution calling for an amendment to the constitution, or whether he expects the various states to pass the necessary legislation which will give the people presidential primaries. He wants to do away with nominating conventions altogether. Thus the people would choose men without knowing what they stand for and thus we would no longer have a government of principles, but of men. We would first select our candidates, and then they would get together in a convention and fix up some sort of platform which might represent their own ideas, but perhaps not the ideas of the people who nominated them. The people of one state might nominate a man because in his campaign speeches he said that he would do certain things. When he went into conference with the other candidates his ideas might be thrown out incontinently. The people who nominated him, however, would have to accept the platform adopted by the various candidates.

It is not at all clear what the President really wants to do. Under our old system we have been electing Presidents who have been satisfactory, but under the system which he suggests it is not quite obvious what we would do.

Progressive party men naturally gave the President's proposal instant approval. They felt that it would mean that Roosevelt would walk away with the contest in 1916. State's rights supporters fear the change will lead to a nation-wide popular election and abolition of the Electoral College, but to bring this about an amendment to the constitution would be necessary. Then the more populous states would exercise more predominant control. In the first two presidential elections the electors exercised their own choice under the constitution. From 1800 to 1824 members of Congress in caucus selected the nominees. The first great national convention was in 1832, and this method has been working successfully ever since. Now, however, we are to have something new, and no one knows exactly what President Wilson wants it to be.

Last April Senator Cummins of Iowa, a progressive, introduced a bill "to establish a primary election for the nomination by political parties of candidates for President and Vice-President," but the committee ignored it. Mr. Cummins has repeatedly asked for consideration of the measure and action upon it, but was given no encouragement. The President's earnest exhortation for prompt action on the subject, however, will stimulate the committee to early consideration of the subject.

In his address the President proposed the abolition of nominating conventions, but suggested that conventions be held for the purpose of accepting the results of the primaries and formulating platforms.

ing the personnel of such conventions, he thought that they should "consist, not of delegates chosen for this single purpose, but of the nominees for Congress, the nominees for vacant seats in the Senate, the senators whose terms have not yet closed, the national committees, and the candidates for the presidency themselves, in order that platforms may be framed by those responsible to the people for carrying them into effect."

While Congress may enact a presidential primary law at this session, in pursuance of the President's recommendation—and this is by no means certain yet—indications are that the plan to make members of the House and Senate the delegates to the platform convention will not be accepted. Objections to this feature of the scheme are raised by Republicans and Democrats. For example, Senator James Hamilton Lewis of Illinois, the Democratic whip of the Senate, demurred to it on the grounds that it would make the President unduly subservient to Congress and diminish, instead of increasing, the responsibility of Congress to the people.

Other objections were raised by other senators and representatives. Senator Kern of Indiana, the Democratic floor leader, who is also chairman of the committee on privileges and elections, expressed the opinion that an officeholders' convention might be construed as a denial of the right of the common people to write their own platforms. "We shall not frame a bill, but shall wait until one is brought to us," he added.

PRENTICE ARMSTRONG.

Government surveyors, who have just been checking up some of the lines reputed to have been run by George Washington in his days of chain and compass work, have found them good. About 1751, according to tradition, George Washington, then nineteen years old, ran out for Lord Thomas Fairfax the line between what was then to be Augusta and Frederick counties, Virginia, this being only a part of a great deal of surveying which he is said to have been engaged upon at that time. These two counties were separated from what was then Orange County, and the grant to Lord Fairfax was supposed to extend westward to the Pacific Ocean. Subsequently these large tracts were further subdivided, so that the "Fairfax line," as it is generally known, runs now between Rockingham and Shenandoah counties, with the original Augusta and Frederick counties to the south and north respectively. In the organic act for the formation of the two counties, or "parishes" as they were then called, it was required that the line should be a straight one from the head spring of Hedgman River, one of the sources of the Rappahannock, to the head spring of the Potomac. Since it was required that the line should be straight it was first necessary to get the approximate course by building large bonfires on the intervening high points. Then starting from the top of the Massanutten Mountains the line was run straight away over intervening mountains and rivers toward the northwest. Washington of course used a simple compass, and his line could not be expected to check absolutely with that obtained by the government surveyors who have retraced his survey, using high-power transits and all the refined and accurate methods which modern instruments allow. Nevertheless the line was run so carefully in the first place that but little variation has been found in it. Even without instruments it is possible to distinguish the course of the line with surprising distinctness. From the top of Middle Mountain in the Massanutten range the Shenandoah-Rockingham or Fairfax line can be readily followed by means of the boundary fences dating from earliest days, and by the blocks of timber, alternately cleared away or left standing, which come up from either county and stop at the line, like squares in a checkerboard. The Washington compass, now to be seen at the United States National Museum in the city named for its owner, is presumed to be the same one used in running this line more than 160 years ago. The reason that this old Washington survey line is being retraced is because the federal government is purchasing lands in this neighborhood in connection with the new Appalachian forests. The government requires a clear title before the land can be paid for. In making sure of the titles it is necessary in many cases to go back to original royal grants or to colonial records and to have recourse to resurveys before the facts of ownership can be indisputably established.

In order to straighten its financial affairs the vestry of the Marien-Kirche, in Halle, has decided to sell its famous library. This library consists of 26,000 volumes and contains also the most complete collection of manuscripts in the handwriting of Martin Luther and his co-reformers. It also possesses the only original death mask of Luther. Most of the books are on theology and a few of them are said to be worth as much as \$25,000. In spite of tempting offers from the outside, it has been decided to offer the entire library at a comparatively low price to the city of Halle in order to keep it, if at all possible, "at home."

A machine has been designed in France to make all the noises required for use in theatres and moving-picture shows. By means of multiple electric combinations it imitates the noise of horses' hoofs, wind storms, thunder, sobbing waves, swaying branches, and passing trains.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

The recent meeting in Peking of various Christian, Buddhist, Taoist, and Moslem organizations is described by the news reports as a striking occasion. Certainly it was. Its object was to strike against Confucianism, which President Yuan Shi Kai proposes to establish as the state religion. The leader of the Confucianist revival, by the way, is Dr. Chan Huan-Chang, who is a doctor of philosophy from Columbia University. Now the president of the Chinese republic may be supposed to know what it is about and to be familiar with the peculiarities of the Christian mind. But why should it be necessary to have a state religion at all? If there is anything notoriously irreligious and anti-religious it is the modern state, which is described by Bernard Shaw somewhere as an organization for the extinction of religion, or words to that effect. The various religionists who participated in the Peking meeting were all actuated by the spirit of true patriotism. They said so themselves. They confessed it. Probably they believed that the best interests of China demanded the establishment of their own particular brands of faith with coincident opportunities to make things rather lively for the others. The bond of union between them was extinction of every one else. The Chinese government would be well advised to keep its hands out of that particular stew.

We are now informed that the Balkan war cost \$745,000,000 and that the net result has been the killing of 228,000 men. The per capita price seems to be a very high one, something over \$3000; but then what can one expect from these primitive peoples unversed in the methods of civilized commerce? Recent police disclosures in New York show that the average price of a murder is about \$25, and probably even this price could be reduced on taking a quantity. Evidently the Balkan peoples have much to learn both in markets and marksmanship.

There are two or three interesting news items in relation to Russian affairs. The first describes a public meeting at Nizhni Novgorod at which Premier Kokovtsoff was one of the speakers. He was asked a question as to the October Manifesto and he made no reply from a fear that the police would close the meeting. Imagine the state of a country where the premier is afraid of the police. Silence is always the safest of cards to play in Russia, and M. Kokovtsoff may have remembered that premiers who offend the police have a way of dying prematurely. Stolypin, for example. Even the uncle of the Czar would he alive today had he been so fortunate as to be friendly with the police.

The other items relate to the Beiliss ritual prosecution. A Russian commission has just visited Paris for the purpose of securing the best French surgical aid for the young Czarevitch, and they found to their consternation that the most eminent Paris surgeons in this particular line were Jews and that they refused to visit Russia or to have any dealings with the Russian court. Thus does Nemesis follow upon the heels of crime, and at a somewhat smarter gait than usual. The remaining incident is the failure of a Russian deputation from Kieff to float an English loan of \$8,000,000 for municipal purposes, and the Beiliss trial is given as the reason. No one wishes to have dealings with those who have been smirched by this particular infamy.

Lord Haldane, whose recent visit to America roused so much sympathetic interest, has been giving some sage advice to the young men of Edinburgh University. He advised them to think widely on the subject of religion and philosophy and to try to understand that the finite and the infinite are actually parts of the same thing. Indifference and cynicism about such matters were the marks of small minds, and not of great ones. "We look nowadays," said Lord Haldane, "to mind for the interpretation of matter, rather than to matter as the source of mind." Nothing is more remarkable than the practical extinction of the materialistic scientific thought that was rampant and almost unchallenged a quarter of a century ago. Today it would be hard to find a scientist of the front rank who would repeat the famous dictum that "the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile." It would be by no means easy to secure a frank confession of materialism from any of the leaders of the world's scientific thought. Among literary leaders the repudiation of materialism is even more marked. Among these leaders is Mr. Francis Grierson, who said recently in effect that the day is not far off when the governments of the world will have to take steps against materialism just as they now take steps against tuberculosis. Materialism is the breeder of anarchy and the father of crime. Materialism and civilization can not exist side by side in the same humanity. They are mutually destructive.

An agreement has just been reached by the eminent jurists appointed by Norway, Sweden, and Denmark to consider the proprieties of a law based upon eugenic theories. It has been decided that any kind of a legal prohibition upon marriages would be an infringement of human rights and would also act as a grave discouragement upon matrimony, which is now in so parlous a state that all discouragements are to be avoided. It is considered sufficient if parties about to contract undesirable marriages are notified of the risks that they run and are then left to their own devices. The references to personal liberty seem to be strangely antiquated at this particular period of human progress, when we seem to have outgrown all sentimental theories of that kind, but apparently some vestiges of the old superstition are still to be found in Scandinavia.

Some statistics just published by Dr. Frederick L. Hoffman in the *Spectator* seem to rob us of the comfortable delusion that the increasing number of murders in the United

States is due to immigration, and especially to the immigration of Italians. In Italy the rate per 100,000 is only 3.9, whereas during the last five years in America the rate has been 5.9. Moreover, murders are more frequent in the Southern States, where there is practically no foreign immigration. In Philadelphia the rate per 100,000 is 1.4, while in Memphis it is 64.3, and the average of all Southern cities is 20.2. Evidently immigration has very little to do with the problem. It might be more reasonable to look to the state of the criminal law for a solution. The difficulties and delays of procedure have now reached such a point that a cynic might be disposed to say that murder is no longer a punishable offense in America, and that the chances of escape are so immeasurably greater than the prospects of punishment that the risk is almost negligible. But then it is so much more comfortable to lay the blame upon the immigrant.

We are inclined to rub our eyes at the announcement that Lord Headley has become a convert to Mohammedanism. The announcement to that effect was made at a recent meeting at Frascati in London by the Rev. Khwaja Kamal-ud-Din, the Imam attached to the mosque at Woking. A letter from Lord Headley himself was read, in which he said: "Those who know me will believe that I am perfectly sincere in my belief." It is now remembered that the late Lord Stanley of Alderley was converted to Mohammedanism, although the fact was concealed until his death, and was only revealed at his funeral, which was conducted according to the rites of his adopted faith. Another British aristocrat to join the ranks of Islam was Lady Hester Stanhope, the niece of William Pitt. A good many Americans have been converted to Buddhism and even to a form of Hinduism, but Mohammedanism seems so far to be unrepresented on this side of the Atlantic. So there is a chance for some one to get himself or herself into the limelight in a rather novel way.

A correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* comments on the publication by that newspaper of a synopsis of legislation passed in those states where woman suffrage has been established. The writer asks: "Will some one undertake to point out in what respect and in what suffrage state better laws have been passed for the protection of child labor, for the protection of women employees, in recognition of the rights of married women, or in general recognition of the demands of social and industrial justice, than in the State of New York?"

Every one remembers the fire at the Triangle waist factory in New York and the consequent death of 140 girls, who were burned to death because they were unable to open the doors that were locked against them in defiance of the law. It seems hardly credible, but it is none the less a fact that Max Blanck, who was responsible for this holocaust, has just been prosecuted because the doors of his new factory were found again to be locked. Now what ought to be done to Max Blanck? Certainly he ought to be spoken to quite severely on this matter. New York is fortunate in the possession of a judge whose draconic virtue will not tolerate this reckless indifference to human life and who is yet inclined to temper justice with mercy. Max Blanck, having promised not to commit a third offense of the same kind, was duly fined \$20, a penalty that will doubtless serve as a stern warning that the willful and agonizing destruction of human lives, even the lives of mere girls, and quite poor girls at that, will no longer be tolerated.

Having recently in his official capacity to unveil a statue. Mr. Augustine Birrell (says the *New York Evening Post*) made the suggestion that the time might come when orators would be employed to go about the streets of great cities and veil statues. It would be the duty of such speakers to show cause why the effigy of this or that public man, too hastily erected, should no longer encumber the view, and lead wondering visitors to ask why it was ever set up at all. If Mr. Birrell were to extend his humorous proposal to the point of abolishing statues on the score of their artistic offense he would find many to second his motion. New York could furnish quite a crop of statues as fit candidates for taking the veil, and Washington many more. Yet when a speaker at a meeting of artists in Washington declared that the capital had more sculptured ugliness than any city in the world, Mr. Bryce protested, affirming that he could not, as a patriotic Englishman, allow that supremacy to be denied to London.

SIDNEY G. P. CORY.

Humble as the cockle is, it gives employment to several hundred men, women, and children on the coast of Lancashire, England, and seems to have bred in them silence and superstition. Several villages depend upon the cockle as an industrial mainstay. The cocklers are humble folk, and among strangers exceedingly shy and taciturn, as well becomes their lonely vocation. They inhabit stone cottages near the rustling marram-grass and bents; they subsist on the coarsest fare, and while at all times their living is precarious, they suffer periodical hardships through destructive high tides, shifting channels, and the break-up or altered position of the skeers. These toilers are often seen in twos and threes far apart, not a word escaping the lips of those who work together. They are superstitious enough to believe that disputes among themselves over the skeers would be overheard and resented by the embedded cockles, in which case those sensitive shellfish would perforce quit by the next tide.

Under forest regulations in Colombia rubber gatherers are required to give the trees a rest period in tapping them for gum. The size, number, and location of the incisions are regulated by law.

THE MASON BLOOD.

The Letter That Altered Life's Young Current.

Gerald Mason was a blacksmith. His shop stood in a country place near an important crossing of highways, west of San Jose and southward from Menlo Park. Its door swung under the shadow of an ancient live-oak that might have sheltered a whole colony of Druids had it grown in another continent and reached maturity in another age. Jack-rabbits sometimes flitted past on hurried journeys from mysterious hilly regions and the lonely yelpings of protesting coyotes was not unknown at night.

Mason had plenty of patronage, but he had mischosen his occupation. People said the labors of it made him old before his time. At fifty his shoulders almost hid the bit of neck that should have been visible between them and the fringe of remaining hair back of his ears. He stood habitually in the braced attitude of readiness to wield a sledge, now too heavy for him to handle easily.

He had been frugal. He had invested his savings with prudence bordering upon meanness.

Knowing these things of their neighbor, the dwellers on adjacent farms were not surprised, though they were greatly inconvenienced, by the closing of Gerald Mason's shop shortly after his fiftieth birthday; but they were surprised, made curious, three years later. The bent back had not straightened; the relaxed arms and distorted legs revealed no fresh sap of reinstated youth in them; yet the shop was reopened.

Had he lost his money?

"Enough for one is only half enough for two," he explained patiently. "I've enough for one; I must work for the other."

"The other? What other?"

He opened the back door of his shop where it joined the side of his dwelling and pointed to an improvised bed in a corner.

There lay a sleeping babe.

"It was brought last night—my own blood—my grandchild. I seldom heard from my boy Pete and his wife Susie after they went to Australia, you know, neighbors. I'll never hear from either of them again. They're gone where there ain't any more letter-writing, and their babe is sent of heaven to comfort me. Susie wrote this: 'I send my little Rollo. Forgive me. I am dying, and who will take him if not you? There is no time to wait for your consent.' There's a sealed letter, too, for the young thing to read when he's seventeen years old. Women like to do such things. I suppose there's something about being a mother that we men can never rightly take hold upon; but being a father is something, too; and being a grandfather—when you haven't set eyes on your own for years—that makes the blood run back into stiff fingers. It makes the arms stronger. It almost straightens the crooked back.

"What made her say 'Forgive me,' I wonder? Where should my son's widow send the child if not to his grandfather? Is he not my blood? I shall hit hard, very hard, on the anvil with the babe running under my eyes and the thought of him singing like a bird in me."

For three years the farmers in that vicinity had been making shift with loose wagon-tires, haltered break-ages, and unshod colts, too hurried or too neglectful to seek the services of other smiths, miles away. The conglomerate accumulation of work poured into Mason's shop. He toiled with a will and sang as he had not sung since the death of his wife. The song helped him to remember and to forget—to remember the blessedness of doing something for Peter's child; to forget pain. It helped him, too, to overcome the dread weakness that at times threatened to strew the earthen floor with hammer and tongs, red-hot irons, and smith, all in one tangled heap.

The babe soon learned to prefer a corner of the shop remote from flying sparks to any other place open to him. Grown older, his playthings were titanic weights which he could touch, but could not lift; edged things; rough things; cold things; hot things which he could only handle vicariously; tantalizing round things inviting one to turn them and cruelly falling upon the member that dared accept the invitation. He loved the roaring of the furnace, the flying of the sparks, the ringing of the sledge upon the anvil, and, best of all, the deep, cheerful bellowing of the blacksmith's one song, repeated daily and hourly to the child's untiring ears. Then there were exciting moments when the child, half in fear and half in ecstasy, felt himself caught against the grandfatherly heart in an embrace almost dangerously fervent, and heard a kind of fierce whispering of such words as these:

"He is my blood, my own. God! My very own!"

From this life, adventurous because his temperament made it so, the boy began at the age of six years to be thrust forth at half-past eight o'clock five mornings in a week to go in search of book-learning, Gerald Mason having found out that there were, indeed, other kinds of learning, but having supremest faith in this particular variety to "set a man where he belongs," determined that Rollo should waste no time among files and rivets and pig-iron.

Six years the boy spent as almost any boy of his age would have spent them: doing the humdrum work assigned him in the district school without overmuch

driving; during the vacations doing what the grandfather asked of him without over-much urging, but seldom doing any useful thing voluntarily.

"It's the way with boys," Gerald Mason often said to himself in apology for Rollo's want of spontaneous helpfulness. "They think of the beauty in a red-hot iron, not whether it's time to strike. And red-hot iron is pretty; but when I say 'strike' he strikes. That would satisfy a master and it ought to satisfy a grandfather, only——" A wistful look would deepen in his eyes, a guilty consciousness would seize him—consciousness that he longed for more than reason or a master should require. He longed for an eye that would spy out work unassisted by suggestion or command; for cheery good-will; even for delight in the work itself.

All this changed suddenly.

On the evening of Rollo's twelfth birthday he laid his hand on the old man's arm and said:

"I am not going to school any more."

"What! Not going to school? But I say you are going to school! I want you educated. I want you to be a teacher. Not going to school! Is this the boy I've toiled for with breaking back and aching bones?"

Red spots burned on the boy's neck and cheeks. Something in his eyes, something made up of struggle and of melancholy, haunted the old man for years.

"That's just it—the way you have to work. I can't stand it. I can't let you do it any more. I'll help, at first. I'll be learning the trade. Then, very soon, I'll do all the work, and make the dinners, too, as you've always done for me, and you shall sit in the big chair and smoke and sing and look out of the window."

Once again the boy felt himself caught close to the warm old heart as he had not been now for two or three years. Once again he heard that swift passionate whisper: "He is my blood, God, my very own." Rollo seemed to shrink and shrivel in that embrace and a sudden great sob shook his whole body.

"Why, my boy! My boy!"

"It's a strange world, I think. I can't understand things."

"What things?"

"In books lords and ladies are proud of their blood, but out of books it's a blacksmith."

"You don't understand, my boy. It's not pride. I've neither shame of my blood nor pride in it. We come of honest, hard-working folks and we'd never want to put a blush on a dead face, so to speak, but we're not glorying in their honesty. It isn't that. It's this: being of one family makes us care more for each other. Yes, that's the idea. It makes us draw closer together against all the world. What, crying again? I can't make out any reason."

"I shall not go to school, anyway. I'm sure of that. I'll do anything else you say, but not that. I've got to earn my living."

"Oh, you've been hearing that talk—that man—about earners and idlers. Nonsense. He meant men, not children."

Rollo cast his eyes down and his cheeks grew even brighter. "I've made up my mind," he said.

In vain Gerald Mason struggled with him, reasoned, persuaded, coaxed, pleaded, undertook to drive. Rollo had his way—inexplicable because he admitted that he liked to go to school and wished to be educated. He worked in the shop. Gradually all the easier and lighter work fell into his hands. Afterward, the harder and heavier.

The boy grew older, but he had no youth. He toiled like a man, and no man in the community took life as seriously as he.

There were no more wild outbursts of passionate love on the part of the old man. Something in the youth's manner seemed to forbid it, yet Rollo was never cold, never unkind. He maintained a gentle aloofness that never changed or broke down for a moment.

* * * * *

Gerald Mason had not been well for some months. Now his life hovered over the edge of the great horizon, ready to sink from sight any day.

On the morning of Rollo's seventeenth birthday the grandfather said:

"Have you remembered that you are to read the letter from your mother at last? Why do you grow pale? Surely you feel no grief for one you've not seen since you were a suckling. I never knew much about the death of my son, your father. Susie may have written something there. You can tell me. I've often thought about that letter. What she said to me was just a little note. No word of Pete, my boy. How I have loved you for his sake!"

"Not at all for my own?"

"The blood brings all with it. You've been good to me. I've been good to you. Having the same family brings us together, like, in our feelings. But no, I doubt if it could have been the same—if I could have felt the same to one not in the family. It ain't nature. But why talk of such a foolish thing? You are of my blood, thank God."

"I wish you could put that thought away and regard me as a person instead of a member of your family."

"Why should I? You are a Mason. I'm glad you are a Mason. It would break my heart if you were not a Mason. Get the letter, my boy, and let's be done with this chatter about nothing. Surely I am to read that letter or hear it read before I die."

Rollo caressed the thin hand that lay near him. "Forgive me," he whispered.

"Forgive what?"

"You can never read that letter. I burned it five years ago."

"What! You burned it—that letter—sacred than the Bible? You, Rollo, you did that?"

"Yes. I read it on my twelfth birthday and burned it."

"And you never told me, you, a Mason!"

"It was my letter."

The old man lay in white and quivering silence a long time. Then he said painfully, as if he feared the answer he was seeking:

"There must have been a reason. I remember—your twelfth birthday. Something in that letter changed you, Rollo. It must have been that. Why didn't I guess? You've been kinder—but not so close, somehow, not so close—to my heart—since."

"But I never cared a bit the less for you—rather more, I think; but I was—I felt like a thief—eating your bread."

The old man started from his pillow. "Why do you say that?" he demanded. "Have we not lived and worked together? Have we not shared the Mason blood?"

"No. Put the thought aside. We are comrades, loyal to the end, willing to do all, give all, for each other. Let that content us. Let us not spoil everything in memory and break our dream on the edge of a sharp reality."

"Rollo, what do you mean? Tell me of Peter Mason's death. What did Susie say?"

"He died two and a half years before I was born, if I must tell you. I am the son of her second marriage. Ah, forgive her! She was widowed again before I was born. What could she do, alone, among strangers, what could she do but what she did do? She thought she must deceive you. She thought she must. Forgive her, do forgive her."

Rollo was interrupted by a sudden movement of the dying man, a gesture of impatience, of dissent. His eyes were closed. Rollo drew nearer. His hot young breath swept the cheek of the unrelenting old man. Soon the weak hands had fallen, relaxed, upon the bedclothes. Thus, perfectly motionless, Gerald Mason lay for a long time; then, with a last revival of strength, his eyes opened and fixed themselves on Rollo's face with scorn.

"I wish I had lied to you," the boy said vehemently. "After all these happy years—to part so! I should have allowed you to pass in peace. I should have said that the letter was accidentally destroyed and I never knew what was in it. Forgive me—forgive me—for speaking the truth."

Gerald Mason answered with difficulty—his last words:

"No Mason ever wished himself a liar—but—you can't—can't help it—you are—it's the blood."

CLARISSA DIXON.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1913.

Canada's Indian population, so long considered a burden on the white population of that country, has now almost reached the point where the red men are supporting themselves, it is claimed. Not ten per cent of the Indians of Canada now remain to be supported by the rest of the population. In Ontario and Quebec the Indians are completely self-supporting, the most of them, like those in Chaugmawaga Reserve, being a very good type of citizen and furnishing many skilled workers. The department of Indian affairs contributes not a cent toward their maintenance except perhaps to help out a few of the old people in the reserves. In 1910 the Blackfoot Reserve Indians sold a part of their reserve and with the money thus obtained went into farming. They have adopted modern methods, using traction engines and plows.

Farming over ice is a feature of ranch life in the Tanana Valley, Alaska. The valley is three hundred miles long and fifty miles wide. It is described as a vast bowl of solid ice thinly sprinkled with dirt. The bowl of ice never thaws save near the surface. But upon a foundation of perpetual ice farmers are raising bumper crops of grain and gardens are producing vegetables declared to be superior in yield and quality to any grown in the United States. The strangest feature of Tanana Valley farming is that it is possible only because the subsoil is eternally frozen. When the spring begins to thaw the surface the plow turns over the surface of the earth above the ice, and as the thaw proceeds moisture is given off from underground, forming a perfect subirrigation system.

The first big sale of Philippine timber, offering opportunities for lumbermen in the United States, has just been announced by the bureau of insular affairs of the War Department. While there are American firms operating in the Philippines, it is pointed out by the officials of the bureau that the Philippine Islands offer to progressive lumbermen chances for profits not excelled by any other field in the world. The forest officers of the Philippines state that the islands contain two hundred billion feet of merchantable timber for which there is a large present demand and that practically all of it is owned by the government and is available under very favorable terms. In almost all cases the forests can be easily logged by the most improved machinery and methods.

ALAS, POOR YORICK!

A Birthday That Was Not Celebrated.

Yesterday, the twenty-fourth of November, was the birthday of Sterne, Laurence Sterne, whose writings used to be published in the eighteenth century as those of "The Rev. Laurence Sterne, A. M." Two hundred years had fled since the wife of an ensign named Roger Sterne gave birth to her second child and first son in the wilds of Tipperary, where her husband was stationed with his regiment, and it might have been thought that the fame of "Tristram Shandy" and "The Sentimental Journey" would have ensured fitting recognition of the bi-centenary of that event. But the occasion has passed unheeded save for a dinner! No Shandean has been mindful to do it adequate justice.

Now that is a singular fact in the history of literary commemorations. It is, indeed, the only example I can recall of such utter indifference to the anniversary of a son of fame. Dickens can count upon an annual celebration, for no return of his death-day passes without producing a pile of wreaths for his grave in Westminster Abbey; Thackeray had a resplendent centennial two years ago; stout old Samuel Johnson was affectionately remembered both at his centenary and bi-centenary; even so remotest a poet as Spenser was duly honored at the four hundredth anniversary of his death some fourteen years since. In fact this is an age of commemorations; its motto might be the ancient exhortation of the Apocrypha, "Let us now praise famous men and the fathers that begat us."

Why, then, this neglect of Sterne? His books are certainly not forgotten or left unread. "Tristram Shandy" is available in eight contemporary reprints, and "The Sentimental Journey" in eleven. No series of British classics is complete without them. If they were not in demand they would be allowed to repose in that oblivion to which so many of the eighteenth-century books have been consigned. Even his sermons have not been neglected—those sermons, by the way, of which poet Gray said that the preacher seemed always on the verge of throwing his periwig in the face of his audience—for complete editions of Sterne's works, sermons and all, are not uncommon, the best and most recent being that edited by an American scholar, Professor Wilbur L. Cross. One of Yorick's most famous contemporary rivals was the preachy-preachy Samuel Richardson, who, in a rash moment, hazarded the prophecy that "Tristram Shandy" would be forgotten ere the century ended. Whereas it is "Clarissa" and not "Tristram Shandy" which has suffered that fate, for not even the all-embracing Everyman Series has attempted to revive the former. The comparison might be illustrated indefinitely; there is no disputing the fact that no writer of his age is so often reprinted today as the creator of Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman.

But why this neglect to commemorate his birthday? Why did none of the authors deny themselves the price of their dinner to lay a last wreath on his lonely grave? Mr. Kipling ought to have set the example out of sheer gratitude, for the phrase "That's another story" is not his but Sterne's. Perhaps the explanation may lie in the fact that there never was a famous writer whose personality has been so sharply differentiated from his literary output. We may love "Tristram Shandy" and "The Sentimental Journey"—but Sterne? That indeed is, to the majority, "another story." Respect, even, is hard to come by. It would have been different if that "Reverend" had not figured on his title-pages. Whatever may be our views about religion, we at least expect that a minister of religion should not outrage his own profession. And that Sterne did that there is no denying. It was not merely, in Gray's phrase, which Edmund Gosse plagiarized at the dinner aforesaid, that even in the pulpit he always seemed on the verge of laughing at his congregation and throwing his wig in their face, but that the "wretched, worn-out old scamp" was always tendering his heart to women not his wife. His writings were of his time; neither higher nor lower in moral tone; but his conduct admits of no excuse. Even in the hired lodging in which he met his solitary death there were, it is said, numerous compromising letters from "ladies of quality." His Eliza is one of the most famous of literary wantons. But not satisfied with her, he had other birds in his lures at the same time. Byron had little right to cast the first stone, but even he could not endure that Sterne should have preferred "whining over a dead ass to relieving a living mother." These defects of character, plus that "Reverend" of the old title-pages, explain why Yorick is more read than beloved.

Yet—*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*—we are surely far enough away from all that to cover it with the mantle of charity. He could not have been a happy man, for all his philandery. Nor does the history of literature contain a more pathetic page than that which records his death. In a mood of high spirits he had boasted that he would prefer to die in an inn, untroubled by the presence and services of his friends; yet when, in his London lodgings, he began to realize that death might be near, he pined for his daughter Lydia to nurse him. Only a hired nurse and footman stood by Sterne's death-bed. The latter had been sent to inquire after the health of the famous author, and, being told by the landlady to go upstairs and see for himself, he reached the death-chamber just as Sterne was passing away. Putting up his hand as though to ward off a blow, he

ejaculated, "Now it is come!" and so died. The story tells, too, that even as he was dying the nurse was busy robbing him of the gold sleeve-links from his wrists.

Nor was that all. Only two mourners followed his corpse to that now deserted graveyard near the Marble Arch. But there were ghouls watching that funeral; for legend avers that two days later the body was taken from the grave and sold to a professor of anatomy for dissection. An accident revealed the identity of the "subject." Happening to have some friends visiting him at the time, the professor invited them to witness a demonstration, and on their following him into his dissecting-room one of them was horrified to recognize in the corpse the features of his friend Laurence Sterne. No one has contradicted the gruesome tale; in fact, its truth is now generally accepted.

May be that accounts for the omission of any pilgrimage to that desolate spot off the Bayswater Road where a plain stone affirms that the remains of Sterne lie "near to this place." The fear that the tomb is empty may have chilled Shandean enthusiasm. Especially at this juncture, when we have just learned that generations of Benjamin Franklin's pilgrims have been paying their devotions at the wrong shrine. For it seems that the house in Craven Street, marked No. 7, and much sought out by pilgrims from the New World, is not that in which Franklin lodged during his many visits to London. On the contrary, the genuine building is further down the street and on the other side! But to return to Sterne. A merry dinner party of his friends was in progress as he died; an equally jovial dinner of his admirers was the sole commemoration of his birthday. Few of those feasters doubtless spared a thought for their hero's lonely grave. Alas, poor Yorick!

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, November 25, 1913.

Preparing caviar for commercial purposes appears to have been a well-established business centuries ago, for in 1697 a writer made this curious announcement: "It is made of roes of two different fishes which are caught in the River Volga, but especially near the city of Astrachan, the sturgeon and the belluga. The sturgeon is well known, but the belluga is a large fish, about twelve or fifteen feet long, without scales, not unlike a sturgeon, but larger and incomparably more luxurious, his belly being as tender as marrow and his flesh whiter than veal, whence he is called the white fish by Europeans. This belluga lies in the bottom of the river at certain seasons and swallows many large pebbles of great weight to ballast himself against the force of the stream of the Volga, augmented by the melting of the snows in the spring. When the waters are assuaged he disgorges himself. Near the Astrachan they catch sometimes such a quantity that they throw away the flesh, though the daintiest of all fish, reserving only the spawn, of which they sometimes take 150 to 200 pounds weight out of one fish. These roes they salt and press and put into cakes if it is to be sent abroad, else they keep it impressed, only a little covered with salt."

Within the last few years, as the work of the United States Geological Survey has given geologists a larger knowledge of the rocks of the United States, a new sort of geography has sprung up—fossil geography. In this new geography the lands and seas of the remote past are mapped in their true form, and by means of these maps one may follow the development of the American continent and trace its many changes of land and water from age to age. It may seem scarcely possible to map these ancient lands and seas by studying handfuls of fossils taken from the rocks on their sites, but this is what is being done. The geologist can trace these geographic changes by noting the extent of successive formations and the changes in the character of the rocks, but the age and the identity of a geological formation must be determined principally by means of the fossils it contains. The more exact determination of the ages of sedimentary formation—the floors of ancient seas—makes possible, among other things, the correlation from place to place of geographic changes and shows the direction of invasion or retreat of oceanic waters.

Rich platinum deposits have been discovered in some mines near Wenden in Westphalia, Germany. It was intended to work these mines only for iron, lead, and copper, but a thorough investigation showed the various layers of rock to contain platinum in an unexpectedly high percentage. So far Russia has possessed practically a monopoly of the platinum output. Almost the entire annual output of approximately six and a half tons comes from the Ural Mountains. The rich mines are gradually being exhausted, and though the demand for this most precious of metals has increased annually the supply has been continuously decreasing, with the result that a kilogram of pure platinum (about two and two-tenths pounds) is worth about \$1375.

China has now twenty-three foreign advisers to the government, of whom Germany claims the largest number, having five representatives. Then come Great Britain with four, and France with three. Japan, Italy, and Denmark have two each, while America, Russia, Holland, Belgium, and Sweden have only one each.

Sawmill waste of Douglas fir, of which an enormous quantity is found in the Western forests, is being used to make paper pulp by a mill at Marshfield, Oregon.

OLD FAVORITES.

A Ballad of the French Fleet.

[OCTOBER 15, 1746.]

MR. THOMAS PRINCE, *loquitur*.

A fleet with flags arrayed
Sailed from the port of Brest,
And the Admiral's ship displayed
The signal: "Steer southwest."
For this Admiral D'Anville
Had sworn by cross and crown
To ravage with fire and steel
Our helpless Boston Town.

There were rumors in the street,
In the houses there was fear
Of the coming of the fleet,
And the danger hovering near.
And while from mouth to mouth
Spread the tidings of dismay,
I stood in the Old South,
Saying humbly: "Let us pray!"

"O Lord! we would not advise;
But if in Thy Providence
A tempest should arise
To drive the French fleet hence,
And scatter it far and wide,
Or sink it in the sea,
We should be satisfied,
And thine the glory be."

This was the prayer I made,
For my soul was all on flame,
And even as I prayed
The answering tempest came;
It came with a mighty power,
Shaking the windows and walls,
And tolling the bell in the tower,
As it tolls at funerals.

The lightning suddenly
Unsheathed its flaming sword,
And I cried: "Stand still, and see
The salvation of the Lord!"
The heavens were black with cloud,
The sea was white with hail,
And ever more fierce and loud
Blew the October gale.

The fleet it overtook,
And the broad sails in the van
Like the tents of Cushan shook.
Or the curtains of Midian.
Down on the reeling decks
Crashed the overwhelming seas:
Ah, never were their wrecks
So pitiful as these:

Like a potter's vessel broke
The great ships of the line;
They were carried away as a smoke,
Or sank like lead in the brine.
O Lord! before thy path
They vanished and ceased to be,
When thou didst walk in wrath
With thine horses through the sea!
—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

A Glee for Winter.

Hence, rude Winter! crabbed old fellow,
Never merry, never mellow!
Well-a-day! in rain and snow
What will keep one's heart aglow?
Groups of kinsmen, old and young,
Oldest they old friends among;
Groups of friends, so old and true
That they seem our kinsmen too;
These all merry all together
Charm away chill Winter weather.

What will kill this dull old fellow?
Ale that's bright, and wine that's mellow!
Dear old songs forever new;
Some true love, and laughter too;
Pleasant wit, and harmless fun,
And a dance when day is done,
Music, friends so true and tried,
Whispered love by warm fireside,
Mirth at all times all together,
Make sweet May of Winter weather.
—Alfred Domett.

The Burial of Sir John Moore After Corunna.

[JANUARY 16, 1809.]

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we hurried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the hillow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly fringing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.
—Charles Wolfe.

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

Sara Norton and M. A. DeWolfe Howe Give Us a Biography Consisting Mainly of Correspondence.

There is much to be said in favor of the biography that consists mainly of letters. That there should be omissions is inevitable, since the preservation of correspondence is always a matter of individual habit or of chance, but it remains true that there can be no better record of the inner and intimate life than that furnished by letters. Sara Norton and M. A. DeWolfe Howe are therefore to be commended for the form in which they present the life of Charles Eliot Norton. They have filled two large volumes with his correspondence, themselves supplying a thread of biographical comment sufficient to supply the elements of continuity and cohesiveness. The letters to Lord Reay—a correspondence covering more than forty years—are not included, nor are the letters to Burne-Jones, Rudyard Kipling, and a few others, but while this is to be deplored, their loss seems in no way to lessen the amplitude of the portrait. The conventional biography would certainly have been far less satisfying.

Charles Eliot Norton was born in 1827, and the correspondence selected for publication began practically in the year 1850. Norton was then in London, extraordinarily fortunate in his opportunities to see the best of English life. His letters were mainly for the interested home circle, but here and there we find a passage of general interest:

A bit of literary comment appears in a letter of June 21 to Mrs. Ticknor: "Tennyson, it is said, is to be poet laureate, simply because there is no great poet in England to take the place. His new volume, 'In Memoriam,' in memory of his friend, Arthur Hallam, excites very different judgments. Everybody here says there is no poet in England to be compared with Mr. Longfellow."

In 1854 we have a series of letters from Newport and Shady Hill, addressed mainly to A. H. Clough and reflecting the intense political uneasiness of the day. On May 30 we find a letter stating that a fugitive slave had been seized in Boston and that "if the commissioner determines that the slave must go back to slavery I do not think that he can be carried back without bloodshed." But a couple of months later we find the following passage in a letter to the same correspondent:

I have not said a word about public affairs, for they are in too disheartening a state to make it pleasant to write of them. I should have to write too much. The slave was carried back from Boston, but only by such military force as made our streets on that day look like those of Naples or St. Petersburg. It was worse than a foreign despotism. How all this slavery is to end I can not see. It is easy to see that it will not end without much trouble.

In 1855 we find a letter to J. R. Lowell, written from Edisto Island, near Charleston. Norton had taken advantage of his Southern visit to talk fully and freely on the slavery question, and he confesses "that the result of these talks has been only to deepen the conviction that one of the worst effects of slavery is to deaden the moral feelings and to obscure the intellects of the masters":

It is a very strange thing to hear men of character and cultivation . . . expressing their belief in open fallacies and monstrous principles, and convincing themselves with utmost honesty of feeling that they really and truly do believe in these things. It seems to me sometimes as if only the women here read the New Testament, and as if the men regarded Christianity rather as a gentlemanly accomplishment than as anything more serious, as if they felt confident that they had secured seats in the coupé of the diligence that runs to the next world, and had their passports properly visé for St. Peter.

The young scholar's visit to Europe in 1857 gives occasion for fresh observations and comments on politics, religion, and society. Nothing escapes his attention and he is interested in all that he sees. Catholicism, he says, is claiming fresh converts in England among those "with spiritual throats with a capacity to swallow anything that is offered them":

Dr. Manning is here, a wily and soft dialectician, an ascetic by nature, to whom morals are subordinate to religion, who will lie for the sake of salvation, and would cheat a soul into Paradise if he could not get it in honesty. He preaches now and then, and in the intervals devotes himself to converting. He is called the Apostle to the Gentiles. The last sermon of his of which I heard was on poverty, that of the world and that of the spirit. "Did I desire," said he, "to bring up instances of true poverty of spirit to your remembrance, I would point you to the lives of the Popes from St. Peter to him who now sits in St. Peter's chair."

The judgment on Manning seems a harsh one and would probably not have been repeated in later years.

One of the great values of the Norton letters is the contemporary light that they throw upon the celebrities of his day. Writing to Lowell from Oxford, he gives us a delightful picture of the beginnings of George Eliot's literary career. He says: "Mr. Lewes came to Oxford to the meeting of the British Medical Association and stayed with Dr. Acland. Breakfast with us":

He gave us an account of his wife's beginnings in novel-writing. Often, he said, she had been asked to write, "and often friends had said to me—your wife ought to write. I always answered, 'there's no question she has more talent than any of us, but whether in that direction, I don't know.'"

"Moreover, we were very poor (living at Wimbledon in one room, where I had my little table with my microscope making my observations, and my wife another, close at hand, where she wrote); we were trying to pay off debts; and were so poor that I remember well as we crossed the Common one morning saying to her: 'You and I ought to live better than we do, we'll begin to have beer for lunch!' A little after this I said to her, 'Suppose you should try and write a story,' and some days later she showed me the first pages of 'Amos Barton.' 'That's very nice as far as it goes, but you've got yet to show what you can do in pathos,' I said to her. But one day when I was going up to London, and just as I was leaving,

my wife said to me, 'I wish you would not come back till night,' and so, of course, I did not go back till night, and that evening she read to me the account of Milly's death. 'That will do,' I said to her, 'there's no doubt any longer as to what you can accomplish.'"

Goldwin Smith and Darwin were among the companions of those days. Of the latter he says, "He is a delightful person from his simplicity, sweetness, and strength." He saw much of Ruskin and Longfellow and stayed with Ruskin for several days in France. Writing to Mrs. C. E. Norton, he says:

Eleven o'clock. Ruskin and I have had dinner and taken a walk, and while we were standing by a bookstall on the Boulevards who should come up but Sam Longfellow. He told me they were all at the Windsor, and I shall see Longfellow tomorrow and ask him to dine with us, for Ruskin would like to see him, having a great admiration of his capacity of saying beautiful things at the level of the broad public.

Fitzjames Stephen, later to become celebrated as a judge, arouses Norton's admiration, "although intellectualized to a degree of hardness common among English, or rather London, men who are much in society." It seems to have been through Stephen that Norton came into contact with Carlyle:

He is a great friend of Carlyle's, and walks with him often on Sunday afternoons. He says Carlyle is habitually in a state of very cheerful despondency, appropriate to the most willfully dyspeptic man in her majesty's dominions. He is growing old, and has to be humored a good deal. He is more extravagant in talk than ever; but one would rather hear him talk for two hours than any other man in London.

Later on we have another glimpse of the Lewes household, a ménage that was somewhat avoided by the society of the day that could not afford to condone so flagrant a breach of the conventions:

Lewes received us at the door with characteristic animation; he looks and moves like an old-fashioned French harpist or dancing-master, very ugly, very vivacious, very entertaining. You expect to see him pick up his fiddle and begin to play. His talk is much more French than English in its liveliness and in the grimace and gesture with which it is accompanied, all the action of his mind is rapid, and it is so full that it seems to be running over. "Oh, if you like to hear stories," he said one day, "I can tell you stories for twelve hours on end."

In 1869 Norton writes to Chauncey Wright describing a visit that he has paid to Mill, with whom he had already been in correspondence:

Mill looks like his photograph, but the portrait does not render the sensitiveness of his expression or the nervous action of his refined face. His look, his dress, his air, all indicate a nature of acute and delicate sensibilities. There is nothing of the repose so marked in such a countenance and bearing as Emerson's, but his restlessness seems to spring much more from a nervous temperament and fine feminine susceptibility than from any want of moral dignity and self-possession. His manner is entirely that of a gentleman and man of the world, with a tender grace and sweetness about it rarely met with. . . . He is entirely simple and modest, and makes no claim to the position of superiority and authority which most men would readily grant to him. His expression and manner reveal a very large and important part of his character which is but indirectly and imperfectly indicated by his writings. They impress one with a sense of his habitual intellectual self-control, and give evidence of the strength of the sensitive and affectionate side of his nature.

Carlyle, not unnaturally, seems to have occupied a good deal of Norton's attention. To a stranger, he says, nothing could be more entertaining than to listen to Carlyle's free talk, but to those who formed part of his society he seemed often to be so regardless of others as to be "positively immoral":

Mr. Twisleton speaks with aversion of Carlyle's ill-manners and wanton neglect of the feeling of other people. Carlyle himself is in this respect so far innocent, I believe, that he often is quite unconscious of the force of his words, and is led away by his habit of humorous exaggeration. Like all great talkers he says much for immediate effect, and forgets it as soon as said. . . . Emerson and Ruskin are the only distinguished living men of whom Carlyle spoke—in all the talk I ever had with him—with entire freedom from sarcasm or depreciation, with something like real tenderness.

Carlyle invited Norton to walk with him and was cordially received. He was in good humor and soon turned on the stream of his talk:

"Did ye ever happen to see," said he, "a warthy old book, called Collins's Peagee? I've been a somewhat diligent student o' that book meself, and ye'd find by looking at it that in arly times there was some meaning and vartue in the English nobility. But things ha' greatly changed, and nowadays they talk about making a peer out of a Jew, with nothing to recommend him except his ill-gotten wealth. It's a sad fall. If things hadn't gone altogether to the bad with us, there'd be some hanging done, and Dizzy be one of the first to suffer the penalty of his misdeeds. But the Jews have it all their own way, and Rothschild gets to be made a peer, when if there were any justice left in this poor distracted London ye'd go to him and say, 'Give up your wealth which you made by grindin' the faces of the poor and by cheatin' transactions in old clothes,' and if he refused, ye'd just say, 'It's a mere matter o' dental precaution, ye can't have your wealth and your teeth too,' and then ye'd draw one o' his grinders, and repeat the process till he let ye have his money-bags."

Carlyle expressed himself warmly in regard to America, and this somewhat surprised Norton, who replied: "I fancied that you thought we were going in my country in such a direction and at such a rate that we should soon have no institutions left":

"Ah," said he, "ye've verra much mistaken me. I think ye're doin' the work for which Providence designed ye, peoplin' a great continent—the finest part may be o' the world—with a better race o' Englishmen, to be forever a mighty nation, tho' ye're far from walkin' in the paths o' perfect wisdom. And, in truth, I don't think ye'll get into relation with the stars till ye erect some kind o' kingship over ye, nor till ye mak the vote o' Jesus Christ o' more weight and value than that o' Judas Iscariot. And furthermore ye'll be obliged to reduce your nagurs back into slavery, or else to kill them off by massacre or starvation, for the lazy bein's won't work without a master, and your people will soon get tired o' supportin' them. But, on the whole, spite o' all your wild freedom, and Fourth o' July effervescences, I don't see but what your chance is as good as that o' any nation goin'. In fact

ye seem to have got a kind o' king over you now. Your new President has learned the vartue o' the silences, which is a great way toward power. For the men who could speak wisely have been rare in all time, and almost the last o' them was Cromwell, and I know not where ye'd find eloquence to compare with his when the full flood is on, and he pours forth exhortation and prophecy as one not doubtful that he is anointed o' the Lord. But we've no right to look for a king in these days. It'll be long yet ere one comes."

A great many of Carlyle's utterances now see the light for the first time, thanks to this correspondence. His summary of Northern and Southern attitudes towards the negro is certainly new:

What Carlyle said about America reminds me of the best saying of his which I have heard. Lord Russell told it to me with a full sense of its humor, for he himself is something of a humorist, and very pleasant in talk. "Why," said Carlyle, "the difference between the North and the South in relation to the nagur is just this—the South says to the nagur, 'God bless you! and be a slave,' and the North says, 'God damn you! and be free.'"

Norton tried hard but ineffectually to interest Carlyle in Omar Khayyám, and it is worth noting that it was Norton who introduced the FitzGerald translation to the American public. Carlyle had not then heard of the poem, but Norton sent him a copy:

Two or three days later, when we were walking together again, he said: "I've read that little book which you sent to me, and I think my old friend FitzGerald might have spent his time to much better purpose than in busying himself with the verses of that old Mohammedan blackguard." I could not prevail on Carlyle even to do credit to the noble English in which FitzGerald had rendered the audacious quatrains of the Persian poet; he held the whole thing as worse than a mere waste of labor.

It was while he was on his way to Carlyle's house that Norton heard of the death of Napoleon III, and he told his host of the event. Carlyle thought it was "a very pitiable and movin' end," and then continued:

I never talked with him but once, at a dinner at the Stanleys', where I sat next him and he tried to convert me to his notions; but such ideas as he possessed had no real fire or capacity for flame in them. His mind was a kind of extinct sulphur pit, and gave out a kind o' smell o' rotten sulphur. He was very fit for his nation, though, to be sure, they say he hadn't one drop o' pure French blood in his veins. A tragi-comedian, or comic-tragedian, and dyin' in this lamentable ignominious sort o' way. He must have wished that a cannon-ball had smashed the brains of him at Saarbrück or Sedan.

Carlyle's friendship with Emerson is a matter of history, but Norton tells us that Carlyle marveled at the optimism of the American philosopher. Writing in 1873, he says:

As we were sitting together just after my coming in this afternoon, Carlyle spoke of Emerson. "There's a great contrast between Emerson and myself. He seems verra content with life, and takes much satisfaction in the world, especially in your country. One would suppose to hear him that ye had no troubles there, and no share in the darkness that hangs over these old lands. It's a verra strikin' and curious spectacle to behold a man so confidently cheerful as Emerson in these days."

"Well, it may be as you say. I'm not such a verra bloody-minded old villain after all," (here a cordial laugh) "not quite so horrid an ogre as some good people imagine. But the world is verra black to me; and I see nothin' to be content with in this brand new, patent society of ours. There's nothing to hope for from it but confusion. I agree with ye in thinkin' that the times that are comin' will be worse than ours, and that by and by men may, through long pain and distress, learn to obey the law eternal of order, without which there can be neither justice nor real happiness in this world or in any other. The last man in England who had real faith in it was Oliver Cromwell."

A final anecdote of Carlyle must suffice for the present occasion, although the reader will find very much more of value in the book itself. Writing in 1873, Norton says:

The other day Froude said to me, "It's a great shame that some one shouldn't keep a record of Carlyle's talk. He never fails to say something memorable or admirably humorous. Why, he called somebody the other day 'an inspired red herring.'" "Pray," said I, "who is it that deserves such a label?" but Froude had forgotten. . . . Some days afterwards I asked Carlyle to whom he had applied the phrase, but he had forgotten, and said he trusted he was not to be made accountable for all the extravagant phrases he had uttered in talk—there would be "verra many to rise in judgment" against him—but he wouldn't disown "the inspired red herring."

I told all this to Foster, abusing Froude at the same time, much to Carlyle's amusement, which was increased when Foster broke out, "By Heavens! my dear Norton, I heard that precious utterance, but I, too, have forgotten to whom it was fitted. Mrs. Forster will remember." But when we went to the drawing-room Mrs. Forster could not remember, and Foster called down wrath on her and himself. The next morning the post brought me a note from him at breakfast time which contained only the name, Henry Thomas Buckle!!

In 1873 Norton tells us of a walk that he had with Froude through Kensington Gardens and the park, when he persuaded the English historian to talk about his American experiences:

We grew amiable as we walked, and he talked much and well of his American experiences. How much he conceals it is hard to say; but he said nothing but pleasant things to me. One of his remarks amused me—"The only manners I met with that reminded me of the elegant old style of the Old World were those of the negro waiters."

He dreads the influence of Catholicism on our institutions; noted the change for the worse in the decline of the rural population of New England; found no hostility to England except among the Irish; fancied we should annex Cuba before long, etc.

To give an adequate idea either of the charm or of the scope of this correspondence it would be necessary to reproduce the whole of it, and so far only the first volume has been examined. It is easy to hold it as the most fascinating collection of letters that has seen the light for many a year.

LETTERS OF CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. With biographical comment by his daughter, Sara Norton, and M. A. DeWolfe Howe. In two volumes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$5 net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Canoe and the Saddle.

Theodore Winthrop's great work is not of the kind that one readily forgets, but it is none the less pleasant to be reminded of its value by so fine an edition as has now been given to us by Mr. John H. Williams. This substantial volume is not only a reprint of the early issue that first saw the light fifty years ago, but the editor has wisely included Winthrop's letters and journals covering his entire stay on the Pacific Coast. The result is an historical document of the highest value and in its most attractive form.

The editor has been particularly fortunate in his annotations and in his illustrations. The former have been well devised for the purpose of making the work intelligible to foreign readers who may know little of Northwestern history, and they are exactly sufficient to that end. The latter are very numerous, and include sixteen color plates and one hundred other views prepared in the main from photographs taken for the purpose. Indeed Mr. Williams tells us that he made a special trip through the Naches Pass with an expert photographer in order to secure the necessary material. The volume as a whole is a full justification of the elaborate care expended in its preparation. Mr. Williams is to be congratulated upon the successful performance of a work valuable alike to the history of the country as a whole and to that section with which it more particularly deals.

THE CANOE AND THE SADDLE. By Theodore Winthrop. Edited with an introduction and notes by John H. Williams. Tacoma: John H. Williams; \$5 net.

The Custom of the Country.

The heroine of Mrs. Wharton's new novel is Undine, and we have grave fears that the author intended Undine to represent the American type. Undine's mother says, "We called her after a hair waver father put on the market the week she was born. It's from undoolay, you know, the French for crimping." When Undine's parents become rich they go to New York and devote their money to the social advantage of their daughter, who is a combination of beauty and the heast.

Not to mince words, it may be said that Undine is a horrid mixture of greed, selfishness, and luxury. The girl has not one redeeming trait. She is so had that a sudden blaze of passion would be counted unto her for righteousness, but Undine never soars into one honest sin. Her guiding stars are money and social position, and we feel that she would hesitate at nothing to attain them. She has already been married to a home product in Apex City and divorced after a few weeks. Suppressing her past, she dazzles a young man of family in New York, marries him, deserts him when she finds that he is poor, and drives him to suicide. Thenceforth her career is one of continuous legal iniquities until even her honest and infatuated old parents are driven to silence when her name is mentioned. If Mrs. Wharton were frankly describing an abnormality we should wonder at her skill and deplore her

taste. But the title of her book shows that she has a more serious purpose than this. We feel that her aim is to describe a type, the "custom of the country," the girl of the newly rich, without heart or conscience or mind, saturated with everything that is infamous and base.

That Mrs. Wharton's style is a pure delight need hardly be said. It always is. And yet we feel that in some way she hates the task that she has set herself and that she wields the flail as a duty that must be done.

THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.35 net.

The Unafraid.

Eleanor M. Ingram has given us a story of a new kind. She tells us of an American girl who has become engaged to a young aristocrat of Montenegro. They are to be married in Paris, but a telegram from Michael Balsic notifies her that he has met with an accident and that the wedding must be postponed. Rather than return to America with her uncle and aunt, who are willing enough to see the postponement of a match of which they disapprove, Delice adopts the desperate course of traveling to Montenegro under the escort of an American automobilist whom she happens to know. Leaving him at her railroad terminal in order to continue her journey inland, Delice is abducted by her lover's brother, Count Stefan Balsic, who explains his determination to prevent the marriage on political grounds and on the plea that Delice's money would be used for traitorous purposes against Montenegro. And in order to protect the reputation of his prisoner Stefan forces her to marry him with the understanding that she can easily get a divorce in America as soon as the political exigencies have passed away. Thenceforth we find ourselves in a mesh of Montenegrin politics and with a clear foresight that Stefan is actually the hero of the piece in spite of his unconventional methods and that his brother is a good deal of a cur.

All such stories as this have a wholesome attractiveness because they deal with primitive passions rather than with the sordid uglinesses of the life that we like to call civilized. But they must, of course, be told well, and while we have no means of judging the accuracy of the author's picture of the feudal life of Montenegro we are at least persuaded in its favor by the clearness of its delineation.

THE UNAFRAID. By Eleanor M. Ingram. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net.

Ring for Nancy.

Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer has an admirable piece of nonsense on the old plot of a hachelor whose anxiety to escape the lures of three women determined to marry him forcibly eventually leads him to fall into the net spread for him by the fourth. In less skillful hands we should be rather wary of such a story, but Mr. Hueffer is a horn humorist and one who knows how to sail very close to the wind without disaster.

RING FOR NANCY. By Ford Madox Hueffer. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Briefer Reviews.

"Harmony Wins," by Millicent Olmsted (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1 net), is a story for girls and with a slight historical association that adds markedly to its interest.

Mary F. Leonard has now written a sequel to "Everyday Susan" under the title of "Christmas Tree House" (Thomas Y. Crowell Company; \$1.50). Those with whom the earlier volume found favor will be glad to welcome its continuation.

"The New Alinement of Life," by Ralph Waldo Trine (Dodge Publishing Company; \$1.25 net), is along the well-known New Thought lines that seem to have a persisting popularity. Mr. Trine writes well and seems often to convey a suggestion that is worth while.

Silver, Burdett & Co. have published Book Three of the Silver-Burdett Arithmetics, by George Morris Phillips, LL. D., and Robert F. Anderson, Sc. D. It is intended for grades seven and eight and for pupils of more advanced grades who wish to review arithmetic.

The American Book Company has published a "New English Literature," by Reuben Post Halleck, A. M., LL. D. It appears to be well adapted to school use, the information being necessarily brief, but well chosen and pertinent, and the illustrations numerous and good. The price is \$1.30.

Mrs. Corra Harris has already written one undeniably good story, and now she gives us another under the title of "In Search of a Hushand" (Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.35 net). Her heroine is vivid and fascinating, but unmoral, her dominating resolution being to marry a rich man, no matter what his other disqualifications may be. But the author is artist enough to bring a change of heart, a feat, fortunately, that is always within reach of the novelist, although not always accomplished. Mrs. Harris has an ex-

ceptionally graceful style and her newest hook should not be overlooked.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Eleanor H. Porter, author of "Pollyanna: The Glad Book," which is published by L. C. Page & Co., has written, among other novels, "Miss Billy," "Miss Billy's Decision," "Cross Currents," and "The Turn of the Tide."

The second volume of "Representative English Comedies," edited by Charles Mills Gayley, professor of the English language and literature in the University of California, has just been published by the Macmillan Company. This has been announced as in preparation for some time; its appearance has been eagerly awaited by all students of literature and the drama. The title of this particular volume is "The Later Contemporaries of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and Others."

The universally sung Christmas carol, "Silent Night, Holy Night," was written for an Austrian Sunday-school in Lanfan in 1818 by Joseph Mohr, who was the assistant clergyman in the Church of Rome there. This is the only hymn written by Mohr that has been translated into English. It is found with eighteen other carefully selected Christmas hymns and carols in "Hymns of Worship and Service for the Sunday-School," published by the Century Company.

Coincident with the announcement of the publication early in January of Inez Haynes Gillmore's first novel for adults, "Angel Island," her publishers, Messrs. Henry Holt & Co., announce that they are sending her earlier success, "Phoebe and Ernest," to press for a sixth time.

Important foreign translations are announced by Doubleday, Page & Co. in regard to two well-known hooks published by them. Booker Washington's "Up from Slavery" has been translated into Hindustani; and Mr. N. Seki, member of the Japanese house of representatives, has asked permission to translate President Woodrow Wilson's "The New Freedom" into Japanese.

Miss Caroline Ticknor, author of "Hawthorne and His Publisher," has recently been elected a member of the Authors' League of America. Miss Ticknor is the granddaughter of William D. Ticknor, founder of the house of Ticknor & Fields. Ticknor was Hawthorne's closest friend, and many of the incidents related in her hook have never before been made public. "Hawthorne and His Publisher" was brought out this fall by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

"Maximilian in Mexico" (Scribner's) is a timely account of the tragic reign of Maximilian and his beautiful wife as emperor and empress of Mexico, by Percy M. Martin, F. R. G. S. The narrative is based on original documents, official and private, English, French, and Spanish.

E. P. Dutton & Co. are listing among their late publications an unusual number of excellent biographies. "The Life and Letters of Jane Austen," by W. and R. A. Austen-Leigh, is probably the final, as it is certainly the most complete, life of the novelist. Arthur Compton-Rickett's "William Morris" is a study in personality; John Drinkwater's "Swinburne" is a study of a poet by a poet; Ernest Newman's "Wagner, as Man and Artist," is a comprehensive, well-proportioned life by a man who has already written ably upon the subject of Wagner's music.

The Houghton Mifflin Company announce second printings of Jessie B. Rittenhouse's interesting collection of recent American poetry, "The Little Book of Modern Verse," and of James Willard Schultz's latest Indian story, "The Quest of the Fish-Dog Skin."

Authors do not always value the letters they receive according to their length or flowery rhetoric. Corra Harris, whose latest

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hook, "In Search of a Hushand," has lately been published by Doubleday, Page & Co., prizes among her most valued criticisms a brief note (less than twoscore words) which was sent her recently from a small town in Georgia: "Mrs. Corra Harris—Fools often tread on holy ground, but I am only a superintendent on heavy construction and only writing to your soul, for it is your soul that talks. Thanks for your work." That brief "Thanks for your work" is worth many longer and less sincere greetings, Mrs. Harris says.

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Those in search of gift books of a high quality would do well to examine the list of the George H. Doran Company. Many of these volumes are of large quarto size, printed in bold type on rich paper, and illustrated in color by the best artists of the day. Among them may be mentioned "In Powder and Crinoline," a collection of fairy tales retold by Sir Arthur Quiller Couch, who can either invent or retell a fairy story as well as any man living. There are two dozen illustrations full plate size and in color by Kay Nielsen. Price, \$5 net.

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Edward Sheldon is one of the youngsters, and his doctrine is that a woman can nobly live down a fault innocently and ignorantly committed in her youth. It doesn't sound so very radical, now that we hear continually of the advance and spread of the new belief that one stumble need not necessarily lame a person for life. Yet, would it not be curious and interesting in real life to see the treatment accorded to a woman of high character and position who, like Mr. Sheldon's heroine, felt herself compelled, after half a lifetime of noble achievement, to avow publicly the existence of that one stain on an otherwise spotless past?

In order to place before an audience the progressive events in the life of his heroine Mr. Sheldon opens his history when she is but seventeen, which necessitates a very delicate and trying test of the art of a mature actress. Mrs. Fiske appears before us as the immature drudge on a farm in New York State. She is clad in blue gingham and a pink sunbonnet, and while she was visible the illusion was difficult. But Mrs. Fiske hasn't that peculiarly combative, individual chin for nothing. She never acknowledges defeat, and before that act was over she forced us to acknowledge her, in the imagination, as a crude, unformed, ignorant, but dreaming girl; a girl whose imagination and sensibilities, starved in the laborious routine exacted by her miserly father, were expanding in the glow of aid and sympathy and comprehension. Mrs. Fiske was aided in this scene by the coming on of twilight and moonlight, but the girl she impersonated talked on and on, pouring out her fancies and dreams, and her voice was the voice of youth, with its buoyant inflections that rose toward hope and a future. The next act—or part, as Mr. Sheldon calls each of the five divisions of his play—shows Mary Page living, three years later, as the mistress of the man who had thoughtlessly and with no evil intentions carried her away from her drudgery. He is a millionaire, a collector, a dilettante in art, and, as she points out later, when he speaks of love adds her to his collection much in the spirit with which he would purchase a beautiful tapestry or a choice piece of carving. But she has gone with him to realize her beautiful dreams. At the end of these three years, which have been spent in travel, they are settled in New York in a beautiful apartment on the Riverside Drive. Later in the play, from a few descriptive sentences uttered by a visitor to Miss Page and her protector in this dwelling, we are made to understand the unrealized ideal that exists in Mr. Sheldon's mind as to this room and its occupants. He sees it as, to quote his own words, "the most beautiful room you were ever in in all your life." There are carvings, paintings by or copies from the old masters, rare furniture, velvet coverings and cushions, silver vases holding lilies—"lilies everywhere"; evidently a symbolic indication from the author as to the real purity of his heroine. In this beautiful room, forming its centre and soul, so to speak, is a beautiful girl of twenty-one, with mysterious sea-green eyes, the friend, companion, and protégée of the owner, a dark-haired young man whose whole conception of life is to surround himself with rare objects and steep his senses in the merely material manifestations of beauty. All these suggestions, however, are not carried out. The room is expensive; money has been spent on it; but a lot of unrelated art objects brought together in one room do not make it beautiful. There has to be a synthesis of details; a blended harmony of colors, designs, objects.

Gordon Craig is an extremist. But his ideas, as to artistic suggestion in stage settings must inevitably prevail in the future. When they do Mr. Sheldon's beautiful room could be suggested by a few details without the mind being distracted from the personages in the scene by crowding and conflicting objects. As to Mary Page, seen in the prosaic light of day, she is a matter-of-fact, compe-

tent little matron. There is no mysterious baffling, elusive personality, but a calm, well-balanced, decided woman who knows what she wants. Mrs. Fiske also struck a dissonant note in the matter of costume, being gowned in a hideously unbecoming street dress consisting of a shapeless white waist and blue skirt. It is surprising that an actress of her experience would not recognize the inartistic incongruity of this costume with the effect aimed at by the author as indicated in the quotation already offered. Perhaps, however, Mrs. Fiske meant by this costume to convey the idea of the call to labor that Mary Page felt in her soul. For this woman is a natural leader, and in her luxurious retreat she hears the battle-call. "This is not living," she tells her companion when he discovers her intention of leaving him, "nor is this all there is of beauty. There is a higher and better kind of beauty, and it is that I seek." Or words to that effect.

Part III shows us this very unusual character after eighteen years of labor and fine achievement. Mary Page has espoused the labor cause of factory girls and become a national figure. A young lawyer who has appeared for a few moments in the first act is now the state governor. The two have worked side by side in the cause of the woman workers of the state and he loves her. When he proposes marriage she tells him of this three-year episode in her past.

It is scenes of this kind that Mrs. Fiske's admirably unartificial methods carry so well. Quietly, crisply, concisely, she says what she has to say, and watches the man to see if he is great-souled enough to rise out of the ruts marked by tradition. He does not disappoint her, and the curtain falls on the lover's embrace.

A third interval of time now passes; two years this time. The pair are happily married, and a campaign is on, for the governor is running for the presidency. In this act we are reminded of "The Woman," for a political enemy of Mary's husband, the man who recalls to her memory that beautiful room of twenty years ago which had luxuriously enshrined her youth, rises up to use her past as a political weapon in the present. This is the big act of the play. The gallant defense of the woman and her erection of a structure of useless inventions recalls the long and trying scene in "Mrs. Dane's Defense." But Mrs. Fiske, individualistic as ever in her acting, still conveys her effects by singularly quiet suggestion, and the audience was held in a state of equally mute and motionless tension. Purely intellectual in her grasp of a character, she always acts by reason instead of mingling it with instinct. And it is with the intellect instead of the emotions that we enjoy the result. It is difficult to decide as to which is the best method, but there is no doubt that much of the refreshment of the drama lies in the pleasure afforded by an emotional immersion.

It is curious that this actress can interest us so keenly, and yet excite us so little. None of the prominent players on our stage have such a positive individuality to submerge in a part as has Mrs. Fiske. Positive not only in character, but in appearance. All of these little nervous tricks are a part of herself and suggest Mrs. Fiske. Thus, when we see her enacting a character, those various positiveness of appearance and manner continually draw us away from the illusion, while the art of the actress continually draws us firmly back again. It is a sort of balanced struggle, in which, while some surrender wholly in the end, many can not.

The closing scene shows the discomfiture of the enemy, not by woman's wiles, but through the courageous resolve of a devoted wife who recognizes the weakness of her antagonist because of the actual unworthiness of his aims and the nobility of her husband's.

We can but acclaim the young author for his marked progression in his chosen art, and for the challenge he makes to those higher standards of right and wrong as distinguished from the lesser transgressions condemned by the Pharisee. Mr. Sheldon's matter is all right, but the manner is yet to be formed. His play is fine and interesting, stimulating to thought and to the finer ideals, and full of the active, striving, exploring spirit of the present. As yet his diction is at fault. He does not make the mistake of being literary, but he does not succeed in falling into a realistically easy, colloquial tone. The worst written act is the third, which shows Governor Barnes in the melting condition of a fine, capable, practical man losing his heart. Mr. Sheldon endeavors to infuse a light comedy tone in the scenes in this act between Mary and her future husband, but the result is not wholly successful, or, indeed, even half successful, and it is a decided satisfaction when Mary ceases to tell the governor that "it is very sweet of him," and comedy makes way for a serious scene of dramatic tension.

Mrs. Fiske's support is good, Eugene Ormonde successfully impersonating the governor, and Arthur Byron, with his polished aggressiveness, being very happily cast in the rôle of the political antagonist. Kenneth Hunter's Englishisms adapt themselves to the rôle of the refined dilettante, and half a dozen young actors are satisfactory.

"THE COMMON LAW."

It is pretty certain that the stream of young pilgrims that habitually wends its way to the Alcazar will be partly diverted this week toward the Savoy Theatre, for "The Common Law," which is being played there by quite an engaging group of young players, will infallibly make an appeal to a very large band of young things who last year read "The Common Law" in serial form.

Mr. Chambers's story bears the same relation to the best class of fiction that anonymous newspaper verse does to poetry proper. It is full of discussion, studio atmosphere, sentimentality, and self-sacrifice. It pleases young things whose age, and old things whose brains, are in their teens. It was beautifully illustrated, it took a long time to unfold itself in its serial form, and during that time kept the 'teeners in a state of sickening suspense as to whether or not Valerie was unnecessarily going to make a first-class idiot of herself by forming an irregular union with an adored lover who wanted to marry her; and it contained enough correspondence numerously dotted with "I," "my," and "me" to fill another volume. And then Mr. Chambers managed to weave a pretty haze of wistfulness and charm about his two heroines.

Studio novels or plays are not very common, so "The Common Law" will have that further element of drawing power to youth, which feels a boundless curiosity about all phases of life other than its own. In its dramatized form "The Common Law" adheres very closely to the novel. That also will please the 'teeners. And then, oh then! Think of a girl coming out from her dressing-room wrapped only in a crimson drapery to mount the studio dais and be sketched by a matter-of-fact young artist who is all business. That is certainly an unusual situation, and greatly taxed the self-control of a youthful audience, which behaved rather childishly, giggling and entirely failing to enter into the sympathetic state of mind tacitly invoked by the author. It struck me, however, that a scene so inevitably suggestive of prurient images to coarse or immature minds is a very mistaken one to introduce in a play. For the girl, who is Valerie West, serving as a model for the first time, is supposed to be overcome with shame and to be obliged to nerve herself up to her task to save herself from want. The artist is kind and business-like, reassures her, and finally, carefully keeping her drapery between herself and the audience, she is supposed to be posing in the nude.

In this play it was, precisely as in "Monna Vanna," impossible for the audience to detach its mind from the suggestion offered. Dramatically, it is an error in taste. In that detail in "Monna Vanna" I am out of sympathy with, and do not recognize the Maeterlinck who wrote those exquisite poetic fantasies in an earlier and more purely poetic epoch. It is, however, rather bringing "The Common Law" into too transcendental company to mention it and Maeterlinck in the same paragraph. "The Common Law" is just a stage ephemera, and probably its dramatizer—the programme reads as if he were Robert Chambers himself—intentionally introduced this sensational incident as a good drawing card.

The players of this little piece seem to

have come entirely unheralded, but they do very well. The interpretation of the play does not demand finish or a high order of talent, but it does require youth and some attractiveness on the part of the players.

Virginia Berry, who plays Valerie West, is very young, with a curvy little figure and a soft voice. You can detect the stage director's accents in her stage utterances, but he trained her, or else she received his training, very intelligently, although she felt it necessary to shout in her chief emotional scene; which I had believed was an exploded stage superstition. Miss Berry, however, did very well in her first scene, which required some delicacy of treatment.

Mr. George Kelly, too, pleased me in this scene by his perfectly matter-of-course tone. Mr. Kelly assumes the rôle of Louis Neville, the talented artist who is Valerie's fate, and in spite of his immaturity has a certain ease and dignity which promises well for his future.

Renée Noel as Rita Tevis is a picturesque brunette, with a slight foreign flavor about her. She also, in spite of a tendency to pull out her emotional stops too palpably, shows some possibilities toward success on the stage.

Querida, the artist with a streak of yellow in him, is a good deal of the old-fashioned stage villain order, and is made to look small-eyed and Mephistophelian by Paul Bell. Other rôles were suitably impersonated by Marie Dantes and Messrs. Wilson, Pierson, and David, the latter, in the rôle of the convivial Sam, to the taste of the house, but I must confess not to mine.

The stage director before mentioned must, by the way, be an industrious and capable individual. In a performance of this kind by unknown players one generally resigns one's self to hear the language of the cashgirl and the janitor's talented daughter bursting out in spite of careful tutoring; but the speech of these young people was quite satisfactory; clear, distinct, and, while not New York or Anglophobia English, on the whole well pronounced and acceptable to the ear.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"The Blindness of Virtue" at the Cort Theatre.
 "The Blindness of Virtue," which will be seen at the Cort Theatre next week, beginning Monday night, has had tremendous success in both England and America. The play is now in its second year in this country under the direction of William Morris. It was first produced at the Little Theatre in London and made a sensation. The present cast includes Frank Elliott, Rutherford Herman, Harley Knowles, Vera Fuller Melish, a daughter of the well-known actor Fuller Melish, Alys Rees, Pollie Emery, and Marjorie Allen.
 The story of the play tells of a rector of a small parish near London and his immediate family. A young man, sent down from both Eaton and Oxford, is regarded with despair by his father, who sends him to study with the vicar as a final resort. The youth and the daughter of the vicar fall in love with each other. The girl, not understanding certain inward impulses, throws herself into a compromising situation with the student. The rector appears and at once falsely accuses the young man, and the daughter innocently demands to know the meaning of the accusation. The father sees what might have been the result through his daughter's ignorance and begins to understand that the blame for the whole affair rests on himself and his wife.
 Cosmo Hamilton has written into the play a number of brilliant comedy scenes as well as startling dramatic situations. Matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday. The Wednesday matinee will be reserved for women and young girls only.

"The Girl at the Gate" at the Gaiety.
 Tomorrow, Sunday, will see the final curtain fall on the remarkable Gaiety success, "The Candy Shop." On Tuesday night the curtain will ring up on the second of these characteristically Gaiety musical shows and all is in readiness to prove to local theatre-goers that the pace set by the new house in the effervescent "Candy Shop" will be maintained, if not surpassed, in "The Girl at the Gate," as the new piece is called.
 With its scenes laid amid circumstances that are bound of themselves to appeal to the present-day fitness of things, and a company of clever people who will assuredly render a good account of themselves, the coming production starts off with all in its favor. From Panama and the junketings incident to the opening of the canal the locale of the play moves in the second act to San Francisco itself, with gorgeous settings representing various phases of the great 1915 fair. Here are unfolded the glories of the electrical gate and the great staircase scene with its wealth of evolutionary movements and eye-engaging spectacle.
 As for the company itself, San Francisco's favorite, Irene Franklin, leads the rest. Those supporting the star include Will Phillips, Reece Gardiner, Irving Newhoff, Doty Phelps, Ida Van Tine, and Cathryn Rowe Palmer—all finished and accomplished entertainers.
 An important feature of "The Girl at the Gate" is the music, and it is said to contain some real song hits. The music is from the pen of Ben M. Jerome, and the score through-

out is of the lip-whistling and toe-tapping order. One number, "The World's All Wrong Again," is announced as unusually melodious. All this in addition to Irene Franklin's own particular numbers.

Columbia Continues "The High Road."
 Mrs. Fiske has once more conquered San Francisco. The mellow richness of her art has seldom been more indubitably displayed than it is in "The High Road," the concluding performances of which will be given during the week of December 15. The production and performance are practically flawless, the stage pictures being unusual examples of beauty and good taste, while Arthur Byron, Eugene Ormonde, and Kenneth Hunter are particularly noteworthy in a cast that is admirable throughout. Matinees are given on Wednesday and Saturday.

The New Bill at the Orpheum.
 The Orpheum bill for next week should cause quite a sensation, for it is composed only of headliners. The most pretentious aquatic spectacle in vaudeville will be presented with John F. Conroy as its principal feature. He is worthy of his title, "The World's Greatest Life-Saver," for he has rescued 137 persons from a watery grave. Mr. Conroy is assisted by two charming girls, both very beautiful, who are said to be the superior of all other feminine swimmers and divers. The opening of the act consists of a series of beautiful poses. An exhibition of wonderful diving follows.
 Ed Gallagher and Bob Carlin, who will present the nautical travesty, "Before the Mast," are credited with having one of the funniest acts in vaudeville.

A performance that is entirely unique and along lines peculiar to itself will be offered by Bert Levy, the "Famous Artist Entertainer." It furnishes to the audience an opportunity to watch the artist at work and to observe every line as it is drawn.
 Nonette, the singing violinist, too popular and well known to require eulogy, will be heard in favorite numbers. Her technic and bowing are exceptionally fine.
 Muriel and Francis, who modestly announce themselves as "Just Two Girls," present a combination always appreciated—youth, good looks, and ability.
 Bollinger and Reynolds will give evidence of their extraordinary ability as wire-walkers. One performs on the tight wire, the other on the slack, and they certainly accomplish many remarkable stunts.
 Next week will be the last of Lyons and Yocco, and Taylor Granville, Laura Pierpont, and their company of fifteen in "The System."

"The Common Law" Continues at the Savoy.
 "The Common Law," the clever dramatization of Robert W. Chambers's greatly discussed novel of the same name, has created the same sensation here as in the other cities where it has been produced, and will enter upon the second and last week of a most successful engagement at the Savoy Theatre on Monday night.
 The play is a faithful presentation of the love which a well-to-do artist of aristocratic lineage and his beautiful model, Valerie West, have for each other, and of her desire to make him happy in her own way. Realizing that his family is of high social position, and fearing that he would be compelled to endure the upbraiding of his parents should he marry her, the girl urges the "common law" marriage in preference to the ordinary union. He refuses this and finally succeeds in showing her that it is impossible to alter universal convention.
 There will be a matinee of "The Common Law" on Sunday, with bargain matinees on Wednesday and Saturday.
 Those two ubiquitous individuals of cartoon fame, "Mutt and Jeff," will drop in at the Savoy Theatre for the holidays, beginning an engagement Monday evening, December 22, in their latest vehicle, entitled "Mutt and Jeff in Panama," said to be extremely funny.

May Irwin Coming to the Columbia.
 May Irwin, whose effervescent personality is always a source of keen delight to theatre-goers here, comes to the Columbia Theatre Sunday night, December 21, with her most recent success, "Widow by Proxy," written by Catherine Chisholm Cushing, who is responsible also for "The Real Thing" and "Miss Ananias." Miss Irwin's latest play is said to be better adapted to her own peculiar and unctuous methods than anything she has heretofore attempted, and the character of the singing teacher, "Gloria Gray," allows for the introduction of several of her latest song hits, including "The Kelleys Are at It Again," "I Never Knew," "Happy Little Country Girl," and "Over the Garden Wall." Miss Irwin's engagement will be limited to two weeks.

Gaby Deslys Coming Christmas Week.
 The Christmas week attraction at the Cort Theatre will be Gaby Deslys and the New York Winter Garden Company in "The Little Parisienne." This is the first visit to the Pa-

cific Coast of the beautiful Gaby. Her associates include such well-known people as Harry Pilcer, Joseph W. Herbert, Forrest Huff, Fritz von Busing, Edgar Achison-Ely, Louise Meyers, Arthur Lipsen, Hattie Kneitel, and Percy Lyndal. Gaby will begin her engagement at the Cort Sunday night, December 21, continuing for eight evenings, and with matinees on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday (Christmas), and Saturday. She brings to San Francisco over 150 complete changes of costumes, all of the latest Parisian design, to say nothing of her famous collection of gems, which are valued at over \$800,000.

THE MUSIC SEASON.

The Farewell Zeisler Concert.
 This Saturday afternoon, December 13, at 2:30, Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler will give her farewell concert at Scottish Rite Auditorium, presenting a most interesting, varied, and beautiful list of works. Beethoven will be represented by the charming Menuett in E flat major and two numbers transcribed from "The Ruin of Athens," Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques," five Chopin gems, two of Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words," and works by Mozowski, Schubert-Liszt, and Schubert-Tausig will complete the exceptional offering. There are few players living who can interest an audience like this gifted artist, and a crowded house will bid her God-speed and a speedy return, for ten years is far too long a time for an artist like Zeisler to stay away. Tickets may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.

The Melba-Kubelik Concert Sunday.
 That glorious queen of song, Mme. Nellie Melba, and the wonderful violinist, Kubelik, will give their second joint concert at Dreamland Rink this Sunday afternoon, December 14, at 2:30, and with the assistance of Edmund Burke, Marcel Moyse, and Gabriel Lapiere present a programme that will again rouse a vast audience to the greatest enthusiasm just as last Sunday's programme did. Mme. Melba's principal numbers will be the "Jewel Scene" from "Faust," Bishop's "Lo! Hear the Gentle Lark," with flute obligato played by Moyse, and Gounod's "Ave Maria," with Kubelik playing the violin obligato. Kubelik's numbers will include the Concerto in D minor by Wieniawski, Dvorak's "Humoresque," and Bazzini's brilliant "Ronde des Lutins." Mr. Burke will sing the aria from Bizet's "Jolie Fille de Perth" and Elgar's "Pipes of Pan." Tickets are on sale at the usual music stores and on Sunday at Dreamland after ten o'clock.

Loring Club Concert.
 On Tuesday evening, December 16, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, the Loring Club will give the second concert of its thirty-seventh season.
 In the present programme Christmas music is represented by some very old Christmas carols, among these being "The Boar's Head Carol" and "What Child Is This?" while Wallace A. Sabin's "Carmen Natale" will be heard. Mendelssohn's "As the Hart Pants," Ludwig Hess's setting of Tennyson's "Spirit of Beauty," and Adolph Adam's "Cantique de Noel," for soprano solo and chorus of men's voices, are also on the programme. The foregoing will have the accompaniment of strings, piano, and organ, while Gustave Ferrari's "Wake to the Hunting" and G. Jerrard Wilkinson's "Choric Song" will be accompanied by strings and piano. The programme will also include some unaccompanied glees and a group of songs by Mrs. Zilpha Ruggles Jenkins. Gino Severi will be the principal violin, Frederick Maurer, piano, J. C. Fyfe, organ, and Wallace A. Sabin will direct the concert.

Chamber Music Concerts.
 Mrs. Robert M. Hughes, Mr. Hother Wismer, and Mr. Herbert Riley announce the second of their three chamber music concerts to be given at Sorosis Club Hall on December 18 at 8:20 o'clock. The following attractive programme has been arranged:
 Trio for piano, violin and cello, Op. 87, in C. J. Brahms
 Allegro—Andante con moto—Scherzo Presto—Finale allegro giocoso. Richard Strauss
 Sonata, Op. 5, for piano and cello. Mrs. Robert Moore Hughes and Herbert Riley
 Songs—
 Caro Mio ben. Giordani
 Sturmischer Morgen. F. Schubert
 Les jeunes Fillettes. Arranged by Wekerlin
 Mr. Redfield
 Trio in D major, Op. 70. Beethoven
 Allegro vivace e con brio—Largo assai ed espressivo—Presto.

Manager Greenbaum announces that Paderewski will play but once in this city and once in Oakland when he comes in January.
 Since she has been one of the foremost women of the English-speaking stage, nine years, Mme. Nazimova has presented ten different plays, ranging from Ibsen to comedy. This is madame's fourth season as a Frohman star. Since her first appearance on the stage in Russia, fourteen years ago, Nazimova has played 318 parts.

Miss Partington Gives Exhibit.
 Miss Gertrude Partington, who made a brilliant debut in the world of landscape painting last year, has now entered into the field of portraiture, and an exhibition of her work is to be seen this week at her studio at 220 Post Street.

Verdi's opera, "Un Ballo in Maschera," was heard recently at the New York Metropolitan Opera House at the first matinee of the season for the first time since February, 1905. To many it came as a new experience; to others as the revival of almost forgotten memories. The opera seems today old-fashioned. It is an opera for singers accomplished in the art of ornamental song, and for their opportunity, chiefly, no doubt, it was revived. The performance was naturally a remarkably fine one, with such singers as Caruso, Hempel, Destinn, Matzenauer, and Amata in the cast.

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 SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM
 This Saturday aft. Dec. 13, at 2:30
 Tickets \$1.50, \$1, 75 cents. Steinway Piano.
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 This Sunday aft. Dec. 14
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 Tickets \$3, \$2, \$1.50. Unreserved seats \$1.
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A BILL OF HEADLINERS
 JOIN F. CONROY, assisted by HIS MODELS AND DIVING GIRLS; ED GALLAGHER and BOB CARLIN, in a Nautical Travesty, "Before the Mast"; BERT LEVY, the Famous Artist Entertainer; NONETTE, the Violinist Who Sings; MURIEL and FRANCIS, "Just Two Girls"; BOLLINGER and REYNOLDS, Fun on the Wire; THE WORLD'S NEWS in Exclusive Motion Pictures; Last Week, Immense Success, LYONS and YOSCO, "The Harpist and the Singer," and TAYLOR GRANVILLE, LAURA PIERPONT and Company of Fifteen in "The System."
 Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats, \$1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone—Douglas 70.

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 Beginning Monday, December 15
 LAST SIX NIGHTS
 Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
 Harrison Grey Fiske presents
MRS. FISKE
 in
THE HIGH ROAD
 By Edward Sheldon
 Sunday Night, Dec. 21—MAY IRWIN, in "Widow by Proxy."

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 ELLIS AND MARKET
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 Last Time Sunday Night—Alice Lloyd
 Beginning MONDAY NIGHT, DEC. 15
 One Week Only—Mats. Wed. and Sat.
 William Morris's English Company in
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THE BLINDNESS OF VIRTUE
 A great play unfolding a great truth, that every father, mother and young girl should see
 Nights, 25c to \$1.50. Wed. and Sat. mat., \$1. Wed. mat. for women and girls only.
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THE COMMON LAW
 A Dramatization of Robert W. Chambers's
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 A Play Every Woman Should See
 Nights and Sunday matinee, 25c to \$1
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IRENE FRANKLIN
 Supported by 60 Comedians, Singers and
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THE GIRL AT THE GATE
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VANITY FAIR.

Our first impulse on receiving a hook on etiquette such as the one just published by Miss Helen M. Roberts of New York is to conceal it so that we may consult it secretly and furtively when preparing ourselves for social ordeals. Like the speculator on the stock exchange we are covetous of exclusive information. We feel that if we are to shine at all it must be by contrast and that we shall best serve that end by hiding the source of that graciousness of demeanor, that tranquillity of hearing that will henceforth mark our social excursions. But better counsels prevail. Who are we that we should dam the river of polite usage at its source or seek to monopolize a benevolence intended for all? Perish the thought.

With some of this precious volume we are not concerned. It tells the reader, for example, how to "lead his bride from the altar." Personally we accomplished this feat some time ago. We did it inconspicuously but effectively, and we remember feeling at the time that we were among the least of God's creatures, a sentiment that has, we may say, persisted ever since, and more particularly after office hours. But let that pass. All men are worms at what is called the marriage altar. Etiquette is all very well, but it is wasted there.

It is at the dinner-table that we actually need all the etiquette that we can beg, borrow, or steal. And so we learn with horror from this priceless volume that our ways hitherto have been those of the transgressor. For example, we read that "meat, bird, and chicken bones may in no circumstances be taken up in the fingers." Now this is a knockdown blow and we shall have to take the count. We were under the impression that we had fulfilled all the law and the prophets so long as we were careful not to growl while picking a bone, and now it seems that we must not even touch it. Perhaps it would be permissible to take the bone outside on to the mat and negotiate it there, but Miss Roberts says nothing about this. Therefore we shall abandon this practice.

But there is worse to come. Indeed the injunctions that follow are so destructive that we are inclined to feel that it would be better henceforth to stay at home and eat in the kitchen, where even a collar is not wholly *de rigueur*. We must not scrape up juice or gravy with a knife blade and pour it over pieces of bread or potato held in situ for that purpose. How, then, in the name of fortune are we to get that gravy. Nor must we dip a sticky or greasy knife blade into the salt-cellar nor wipe the knife on a piece of bread. It is better to lick the knife or else go without salt. In fact whenever you are in any kind of doubt it is always safe to play the card of going without. Miss Roberts does not say all these things in so many words, but we are anxious to be elucidatory and helpful.

Don't pour the contents of your tumbler over your fingers and don't put your fingers into your tumbler. Don't do either of these things. Miss Roberts is quite clear upon these points, and she knows. You may blast your whole social career by the inattention of a moment. The tumbler is meant to drink from, and nothing else. Keep your fingers out of it.

If your hostess presses a particular viand upon you don't say that you are already feeling sick. Don't tell her that the meat is tainted and that it ought to be buried. Don't feel it incumbent upon you to tell the precise truth. Prevaricate. Say something like this: "Your soup was so nice that I have already been tempted almost beyond my capacity." Or, as an alternative: "I am really obliged to practice abstinence in some of the courses if I am to do justice to other temptations to

follow." Never mind about the Recording Angel or what remains of your early piety. There are times when lying becomes a virtue.

Miss Roberts regrets the slipshod habits of greeting and conversation that are now so prevalent. When you are introduced to another man don't merely nod or say "How do you do." The correct form is something like this: "Mr. G., I have long cherished a desire to meet you. This is indeed an honor." If you are congratulated upon your engagement you should say, "I will quite agree that I am blessed beyond my merits." The other fellow will probably stare at you in a rather mystified way, but you will have the proud consciousness that you have said the correct thing.

There is one other point that may be mentioned. When a lady thanks you for giving up to her your seat in a street-car (she won't of course) you should say, "It has been a trifling matter, madam, but I am more than happy at this opportunity to tender you any assistance." As a variation you may use the following formula: "I assure you, madam, I feel it a privilege to have served you. My name is Henry B—." Always give your correct name because she will probably have you arrested on the spot for white slavery and an alias always looks bad.

And here we will leave Miss Roberts. We intend to preserve her hook where it may be consulted at a moment's notice. With its aid there should be no difficulty in corruscating our way along the society path if we can but keep our fingers out of the drinking glasses.

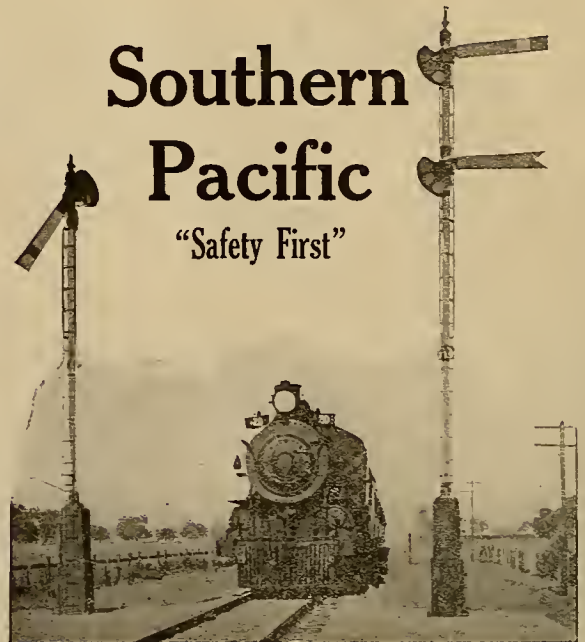
We have sometimes wondered at the pertinacity with which some ladies persist in standing in street-cars while there are several vacant seats in sight. It sometimes happens that a misguided male person calls attention to the empty seats, but without effect. The lady tightens her hold on the strap and looks another way. For a time we puzzled over this phenomenon, but then we relegated it to the things that are not to be comprehended by the male mind.

Now comes a writer in the *Columbus Journal* who asks why the lady refuses to sit down. That, he says, is easily explained: "She had on a new cloak and wanted people to admire it. Was it a beauty? No, it was a mussy, humped, dirty whitish thing, with a hudge in the back. It would have looked positively ugly if the young lady had not been handsome herself. This is not an occasional incident. It often happens."

If employers' liability laws are to become the order of the day it is evident that the employers will have to make certain regulations as to the garb of the young ladies who consent to work for them. And that would be a pity. It will be remembered that when one of the express companies in New York ventured to ask their stenographers to put a little clothing on before coming to work one of the suffragette leaders said that it made her blood boil to think that men should interfere with the costumes of women, although as a matter of fact it was not the costumes that the men interfered with, but the lack of costumes. Now we have a statement by the Pennsylvania Railroad to the effect that accidents caused by high heels and hobble skirts are becoming more numerous in spite of warnings that have been issued from time to time. Between July 14 and August 14 there were forty-four such accidents on that one line. During the following month there were forty-two and in October there were fifty-two. Now hobble skirts and high heels are liable to cause accidents anywhere, not to speak of profanity, and if employers have to pay for these accidents they will be compelled to guard against their causes and so establish some sumptuary laws that will make the suffragette blood boil some more.

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STORYETTES.
Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The tourist was on a hunting trip down in the South. When he alighted from his train at a small country station he inquired of the solitary porter as to a suitable hotel. Getting a satisfactory reply, he said: "And now, will you take charge of my gun and my dog, etcetera?" The gentleman of color assumed a puzzled look, scratched his head, and said: "Beg yo' pahdon, suh, but does dat dawg, Excetry, bite?"

A gang of laborers was employed digging a mysterious ditch across the street. It was a sewer or a place to put a gas pipe or something. One man in particular was working as if he were a chorus man in a play, just going through the motions and pretending to dig a ditch. The foreman came along and spoke to him. "Don't be afraid," he said, with rich sarcasm. "Lean on th' shovel now an' thin. If it breaks I'll pay for it!"

A dapper little drummer was compelled by circumstances to pass the night in a village hotel in that part of Illinois popularly called "Egypt." At breakfast he ordered soft-boiled eggs. The waitress deposited two in the shell before him. Looking up, the drummer said, "Please break the eggs in a glass." With a withering look of scorn the buxom waitress replied: "Well, good gracious! If you can't break two soft boiled eggs in a glass you'd better go to a hospital."

An Irish priest had labored hard with one of his flock to induce him to give up the habit of drinking, but the man was reluctant. "I tell you, Michael," said the priest, "whisky is your worst enemy, and you should keep as far away from it as you can." "My inimy, is it, father?" responded Michael. "And it was your riverner's sif that was tellin' us in the pulpit only last Sunday to love our inimies!" "So I was, Michael," rejoined the priest; "but was I anywhere telling you to swallow 'em?"

A rather unsophisticated woman from one of the back counties took a sea voyage with her niece, and just as the ship glided into harbor one day the good aunt heard a large rattle, a clank, and a splash. "Look here, mister officer," she cried, turning to the steward, "what has happened?" "Nothing at all, madam," replied the steward. "We have just dropped the anchor." "I expected it!" declared aunty, with large emphasis. "It's a wonder that it didn't happen before. The thing has been hanging out there all the morning."

An Englishman had bought through an agent an estate in the Northern Highlands, and when summer came he went to inspect it. One part of his journey was by coach, and he thought to get some information about the place from the driver. So after some preliminaries: "You may know a place called Cloch na Kilty?" "I do that." "You have been there?" "I have been that." "And what do you think of the place?" "I will not be thinking much." "Oh! Tell me what you think." "If ye were to see the de'il tethered there ye'd say, 'Puir brute!'"

Every week they gave a new drama of the Wild and Woolly West. The particular play was a blood-curdler of that character, and the stage was pitch dark and two men were fighting a duel. One could hear the knives clash together and the men stumbling around on the stage; but could only faintly distinguish the forms of the actors. After a while there was a thump on the floor, and the villain hissed, "Ah, ha! Rudolph Tetherington, I have you now, and no one nigh to see me do the deed!" Then the drummer hit the bass drum a blow and the calcium man turned on the light, and away up on a rocky pass the heroine was seen standing. "Coward!" she cried. "Me and God is here!"

Bill Brown, an ardent English trades unionist, was one of the factory hands who felt the effects of the lockout. After the union meeting Bill and some of his bosom friends called at the tavern, and getting into a festive mood, they decided they wouldn't go home till morning. At one a. m. Bill said: "Now, chaps, yer will 'ave to come along 'ome with me, an' explain to the wife, or she'll play Hamlet." Arriving at Bill's residence they found the place all in darkness. "Ring 'er up, Bill," suggested his mates, and Bill timidly obeyed. Then a female head popped out from the window above and a voice said: "Yer can make yerself comfortable where yer are fer tonight, Bill Brown; there's another lockout 'ere."

The mountaineers of Virginia and Tennessee are notoriously chary of praise. Miss Babbitt, the social worker who came down from the north, established a mission among the "covites," and labored with them, found the people hard to get along with and said so. But there was another side to it. A covite

trader came into the little college town near by one day and was questioned by one of the professors. "John," asked the professor, "how long has Miss Babbitt been out in Lost Cove?" "Nigh onto four years," answered John. "The people like her, don't they?" "Some." "But she's a mighty good woman, John," urged the professor. "She's out there working to help you and your children. I've heard a lot about the good she's done." "Wa'all," said John reluctantly, "I will say she aint doin' no harm."

In the early days of Bryan's career, when he was a struggling young lawyer at Lincoln, he was pressed into service to address a political meeting at a village some thirty miles distant. As he had paid his own expenses he thought he might justly get an advertisement for himself out of the business. So he took the chairman aside and carefully rehearsed his introduction until he considered him letter-perfect. It ran: "Ladies and gentlemen, that rising young attorney from Lincoln, Mr. William J. Bryan, will now address the meeting." When his turn came the chairman looked at Mr. Bryan, who nodded assent. Then the chairman arose and began, "Ladies and gentlemen, Mr.——" "That rising young——" whispered Mr. Bryan. "Ladies and gentlemen, that rising young attorney, Mr.——" "From Lincoln, from Lincoln," prompted the other. The chairman turned on him a sidelong, despairing glance and roared, "Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. O'Brien will speak," and sank into his chair.

THE MERRY MUZE.
Rabindranath Tagore.
The hard of Bengal hoary,
Rabindranath Tagore,
By famous song and story
Wins Nobel prize with glory!

Rabindranath Tagore
Has made a splendid score—
Above the loftiest tor
His pegasus will soar.

He's worthy of all fame
So I feel much to blame
In owing to my shame
I can't pronounce his name,
—George B. Morwood, in New York Sun.

From Hate to Love.
"I do so hate to have you go!"
She tearful sped her parting guest;
But as the train moved off, she smiled,
"Lord! how I'll love to get a rest!"
—Frederick Maxon, in Judge.

A Secret Society.
"We're making more headway than ever," she said;
"We girls have a secret society, Ned."
"And what," he inquired, "may its purposes be?"
She replied, "Oh, we meet and tell secrets, you see."
—Lippincott's Magazine.

Reckless.
So reckless are the hunters in the far New England wild,
No shed, no mule, no horse is safe; no cattle and no child.
The very dogs are lying low and stilled is each how-wow;
And gentle Jerseys loudly moo, "Don't shoot me
—I'm a cow!" —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Alphabet of a Bachelor's Christmas Gifts.
Ash trays of metal and lacquer and paste.
Belts that would circle an elephant's waist.
Collar-box, lilac silk, hand-painted one.
Desk clock, that's warranted never to run.
Eyeglass case, heavy and over-ornate.
Fountain pen, one of the earliest date.
Gloves, of unwearable sizes and shades.
Handkerchiefs, dubious patterns and grades.
Inkstand, of hideous, freakish design.
Jack-knife, not meant to be used, I opine.
Knitted ties, setting on edge all your teeth.
Library shears, in a clumsy brass sheath.
Match-safe, for pocket use, made of bright zinc.
Nail-file with celluloid handle, pale pink.
Opera glasses of mother-of-pearl.
Paper-weight, glass-covered picture of girl.
Quilted house jacket of flamboyant hues.
Razor, the sort that nobody could use.
Smoking set, by a crafts maniac built.
Tobacco-bag, made of burnt leather and gilt.
Umbrella, nigh-silk, with handle bedecked.
Vest Buttons, art nouveau, flashy effect.
Watch fob, an antique, as ugly as sin.
Xpensive hoxes to keep rubbish in.
Year Book, and Diary and Calendar Pad.
Zephyr knit muffler, or something as bad!
—Carolyn Wells, in Life.

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Assets.....\$55,644,983.27
Capital actually paid up in Cash.....1,000,000.00
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Atkins announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Edith Atkins, to Mr. Paul T. Carroll.

Mr. and Mrs. Davenport Bromfield announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Grace Bromfield, to Mr. Samuel Caldwell Haver, Jr., of Los Angeles. Miss Bromfield is a sister of the Messrs. Gordon and Jack Bromfield and Mrs. Arthur Ryan of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Belden of Ross announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Margaret Belden, to Mr. Sidney Waterlow Ford. Miss Belden is the sister of Mr. Charles A. Belden, Jr. Mr. Ford is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred B. Ford and a brother of the Messrs. Bernard, Arthur, Jeffrey, and Norman Ford. The wedding will take place in the spring.

The engagement is announced of Miss Marguerite Maundrell and Mr. Brooke Low of Woodland. Miss Maundrell is the daughter of Mrs. Harold H. Maundrell and a sister of Mr. Harold Maundrell. Mr. Low is the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Edmund Low, whose family has resided in Woodland since early days.

The wedding of Lieutenant Hugo U. Oesterhaus, Jr., and Miss Helen Downey took place Thursday, December 4, at St. John's Church, Washington, D. C. The young couple are established at Annapolis, where Lieutenant Oesterhaus will be stationed for the next two years.

From New York comes the announcement of the marriage of Miss Esther Moreland and Mr. Henry E. Oelrichs, which took place at noon, Wednesday, December 3. Mrs. Oelrichs is the daughter of Mr. Andrew Moreland of Pittsburgh and a niece of Mrs. George T. Marrye, Jr. Mr. Oelrichs is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles May Oelrichs and a brother of Mrs. Peter Martin, Mrs. Leonard Thomas, and Mr. Charles de L. Oelrichs. After a wedding trip through Europe the young couple will reside at Tuxedo.

Mrs. Joseph S. Oyster has issued invitations to an informal dance Tuesday evening, December 30, at her home on Scott Street.

The Misses Harriet, Marian, and Helen Stone were hostesses at a dinner Wednesday evening. Accompanied by their guests they later attended the dance given by the Messrs. Daniel Volkmann and Dean Witter.

Mrs. Frank P. Deering entertained a number of friends Wednesday at a luncheon and bridge party.

Mrs. C. O. G. Miller was hostess Tuesday at a luncheon at her home on Pacific Avenue. The affair was in honor of Mrs. George Whittell, who with her husband left Thursday for New York to spend the Christmas holidays with her sons, the Messrs. George Whittell, Jr., and Alfred Whittell. Mrs. Joseph Donahoe gave a luncheon Tuesday at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Ottila Laine has issued invitations to a luncheon Monday, December 22, at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Squire V. Mooney was hostess Tuesday at a luncheon and bridge party in honor of Mrs. Edward Short.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Morgan entertained a number of friends Wednesday evening at a dance at their home on Washington Street.

Mrs. M. P. Jones was the guest of honor Tuesday afternoon at a bridge party given by her daughter, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller.

Colonel Hamilton Stone Wallace, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wallace have issued invitations to a dance Friday evening, December 26, in honor of Miss Marie Louise Winslow.

Miss Marian Lee Mailliard will be the guest of honor Monday evening, December 22, when Mr. and Mrs. John Ward Mailliard will give a dance at the California Club.

Miss Metha McMahon has issued invitations to a dinner Friday evening, December 19, preceding the Bachelors' and Benedicts' Ball at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Samuel Morris entertained a number of friends recently at a bridge party and tea at the General Hospital at the Presidio.

Mrs. Charles Hines was hostess at a luncheon and matinee party in honor of Mrs. Richmond P. Davis and Mrs. John Boes of Salt Lake City.

Mrs. S. R. Merriman gave a bridge party Monday evening at her home at the Presidio.

Miss Edith Rucker was hostess at a dinner last evening. Accompanied by her guests Miss Rucker later attended the dance given by Miss Jennie Stone at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. William Waldron entertained a number of friends Wednesday at a luncheon and bridge party.

The Misses Alice and Henrietta Harrison-Smith gave a tea Sunday afternoon in honor of Miss Rebecca Shreve.

Captain Pierce A. Murphy, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murphy entertained a number of friends at a theatre and supper party Monday evening. The affair was in honor of Miss Sadie Murray and Lieutenant Conger Pratt, whose wedding will take place in January.

Colonel Charles Phillips, U. S. A., and Mrs. Phillips gave a dinner Thursday evening in honor of their daughter, Miss Cali Phillips, and her fiancée, Lieutenant Ralph C. Harrison.

Miss Rebecca Shreve was the guest of honor at a luncheon Friday given by Mrs. William La Boiteaux at the Francisco Club.

Mrs. Atholl McBean entertained a number of friends recently at a luncheon in honor of Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent.

Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith was hostess at a luncheon Thursday at the Francisco Club in honor of her sister, Miss Helen Nicol.

The Minetti Quartet gave their third and last concert Monday morning at the home on Washington Street of Mrs. William G. Irwin.

Dr. Herbert Moffitt was the guest of honor Tuesday evening at a dinner given by Dr. Charles H. Cooper at the Pacific Union Club. Dr. Moffitt recently returned from Germany, where he spent the summer.

The Misses Cora and Fredericka Otis enter-

tained a number of friends at tea Tuesday at their home on Broadway. The affair was in honor of the Misses Meiere of Fort Mason.

The children of the Infant Shelter give a reception this afternoon at their home to show their appreciation of the benefits accrued from the Society Circus and Horse Show held last year at Pavilion Rink.

Miss Gertrude O'Brien has issued invitations to a dance Friday evening, January 2, in honor of Miss Rebecca Shreve.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Findlay Monteagle will entertain a number of young people New Year's Eve at a dance at the Century Club.

The members of the San Mateo Polo Club will give a vaudeville entertainment Saturday evening, December 20. A musical comedy, "At the Outside Inn," will be presented under the management of Messrs. Winfield S. Blake and H. MacDonald Spence.

The members of the San Jose Golf and Country Club entertained a number of guests Saturday evening at a dinner-dance at their new club house in Alum Rock Cañon.

Mr. J. C. Raas is in receipt of news from Paris announcing the engagement of his niece, Miss Camille Raas, to Mr. Edgard Molitor of Brussels. The wedding is to take place in Paris in the early spring.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss K. Kono, who enjoys the distinction of being the first woman ever sent abroad by the Japanese government, is to visit London, Paris, and Berlin to study lace and drawn-thread making. She will make use of the best ideas so obtained with a view to putting them to practical use in Japan.

Miss Margaret E. Knight, whose invention of the square paper bag brought her the decoration of the Royal Legion of Honor from Queen Victoria in 1871, is now working on her eighty-ninth invention at the age of seventy. At twelve she invented a covered shuttle, which is in general use in cotton mills. Miss Knight is a resident of the East.

Professor Charles Riecht, who recently announced that tuberculosis can be cured, except in its advanced stages, by raw meat juice, is a distinguished French scientist to whom was awarded the Nobel prize for medicine this year. He is president of the Paris Faculty of Medicine, a member of the Academy of Medicine, and has made a deep study of tuberculosis. He has written a number of scientific works and has long been a director of the *Scientific Review*.

Lord Peter O'Brien, lord chief justice of Ireland since 1889, who has resigned, owing to ill health, is seventy-one years of age, and has been connected with the judiciary in Ireland for more than thirty years. He graduated from Trinity College in 1867, became a Q. C. soon after, and gradually worked himself up to the high place he has just quitted. He became solicitor-general of Ireland in 1887, attorney-general a year later, and lord chief justice in the year following.

Professor Schweitzer, incumbent of an important theological chair in the University of Strassburg, Germany, and author of a recent famous volume, "The Quest of the Historical Jesus," has resigned from his teaching post and volunteered for mission work in Central Africa. He is a graduate in medicine as well as theology, and among the African savages will work for the healing of bodies as well as souls. No parallel instance of a theological professor going to be a rank-and-file missionary in a barbarian country is recalled to compare with this.

Prince Alexis Karageorgevich, who has taken up his residence in America with his American bride, who was Mrs. Huger Pratt of Cleveland, is a claimant to the throne of Serbia. He fought in the ranks of the Serbian army as an enlisted man in the war with the Turks. The prince is a cousin of King Peter of Serbia, and asserts that he is entitled to the throne. Following the assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga and the accession of King Peter, Prince Alexis was exiled to Paris. He lived there until the Balkan war.

Francis Barton Gummere, who has been enrolled as a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters in the department of literature, is professor of English at Haverford College, Haverford, Pennsylvania. He is the author of text-books on rhetoric and grammar, and is a recognized authority on philology, having studied in the German universities for several years. In 1881 he obtained a Ph. D. from the University of Freiburg. Of his technical works the best known are "The English Metaphor," "The Handbook of Poetics," and "Germanic Origins."

Hsu Sze Kan, the new Chinese consul-general to San Francisco, is one of China's foremost literateurs. He is a native Cantonese, aged forty years, and when a youth cast his fortunes with Kank Wu Wei, the great Chinese reformer and colleague of Leong Chi Chew. As a pupil of the former he made a hasty exit from Peking to save his neck from the wrath of the Empress Dowager because he had helped to put reform ideas into the head of the late Emperor Kwang Hsu. Hsu fled to Japan and came to San Francisco a year later, remaining here for some time as editor of the *Chinese World*. For the past twelve years he has traveled

almost constantly in Europe, America, and the Far East as a lecturer on political reform. After the amnesty to political exiles of the Tsi An régime he returned to China and made a tour of Mexico and British Columbia, investigating the commercial and banking systems of those countries.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. McMullin, who was formerly Miss Molly Thomas, is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas.

In Spain the "hour system" prevails in the theatres. The theatre-goer does not expect to spend an entire evening listening to a play, but usually drops in for an hour, during which time he hears a complete playlet, often of several acts. There are usually four of these "hours" during the evening, the first beginning at a quarter after seven, the second at half-past eight, the third at a quarter to ten, and the fourth and last at eleven. So little do they expect the same audience to stay through the entire programme that not infrequently the same play is repeated during the evening. Seats are seldom reserved, except for grand opera.

Otis Skinner is due at the Columbia Theatre shortly after the first of the year and will head the big organization appearing in the spectacular production of "Kismet."

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WE HAVE a magnificent assortment of beautiful and most useful Christmas presents from 50c up for girls, but we want to draw special attention to those excellent gifts in our leather goods department—gifts that will last a lifetime—"MARK CROSS" work-baskets, exquisitely built and lined, from \$4.50—OXFORD BAGS for traveling, real saddle stitched, SPECIAL, \$5—TRINKET Boxes from \$1—CASED Scissors from \$1.75—HANDKERCHIEF Cases from \$2.50—MANICURE CASES from \$1.50—UMBRELLAS from \$2.50—really worth-while presents for big girls.

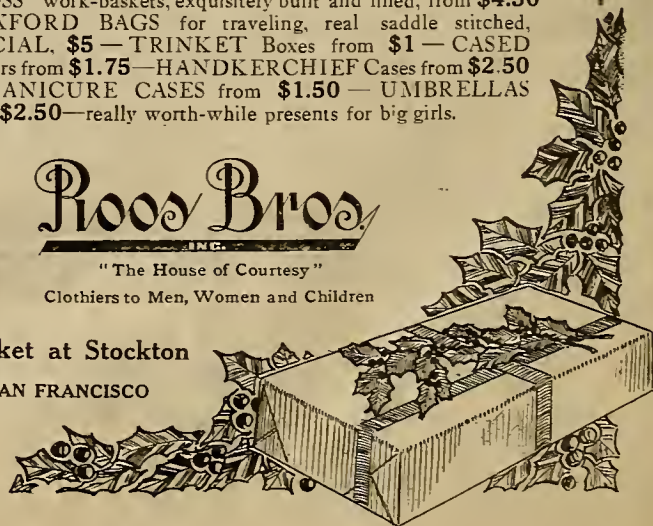
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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent have arrived from their home in Ireland and will remain until after the holidays with Mrs. Vincent's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bourn, at their home on Webster Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Treat and their daughter, Miss Myra Treat, have returned to town after having spent the summer in their country home in Belvedere, and are occupying an apartment on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence W. Harris have gone to Los Angeles for a ten days' visit.

Mrs. Eugene Murphy is expected home Monday from New York, where she has been spending three weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan.

Mrs. H. P. Miller has arrived for a week's visit from her home, Earlton Lodge, Montecito, Santa Barbara. Her son, Mr. Carlton, Earle Miller, who is a junior at Yale College, will arrive on the 19th instant to spend the holidays with his mother.

Mrs. Joseph M. Masten, Miss Eugenia Masten, and Mr. Stuart Masten have gone East to spend Christmas with Mr. Kendall Masten, who is attending the University of Pennsylvania.

Miss Marian Stovel has returned from Grass Valley, where she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George Starr and Miss Dorothy Starr.

Dr. Emil Schmoll has returned from a brief visit in New York.

Miss Virginia Jolliffe, who has been spending a few days with Mrs. Walter S. Martin, has returned to town.

Mrs. Richard P. Hammond has decided to remain in the East during the winter, so will not return with her mother, Mrs. James Potter Langhorne, who is expected home next week.

Mr. Walter S. Martin will arrive Monday from New York, where he went a few weeks ago to see his brother, Mr. Peter Martin, whose continued illness is causing his family great anxiety.

The Misses Morrison have returned to their home in San Jose after a few days' visit in town. Dr. Millicent Cosgrave has returned from a visit in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. George Barr Baker are expected from New York December 20. They will spend a month with Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Fuller, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Roy M. Pike.

Mrs. Harlow P. Bancroft and her daughter, Miss Evelyn Bancroft, write interesting accounts of their travels in Europe. They will spend the holidays in Dresden, whence they will go to the Riviera. Mr. Bancroft will join them later, accompanying them home next summer.

Mrs. Loring B. Doe and her daughter, Miss Dorothy Doe, are en route home from Europe. They sailed on the *Amerika* and will remain in New York until after Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Bromley Jansen, Jr., are established in an apartment on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Pierson Hamilton (formerly Miss Anne Morgan) have been spending the past week in New Orleans en route to their home in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun have been at the Hotel St. Francis since their arrival from Cleveland, Ohio.

Miss Anne Peters is contemplating a visit in Washington, D. C., where she will be the guest of Miss Esther Denny.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott will leave soon after the holidays for a visit in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill, Jr., who went East a few weeks ago, will remain in New York until after the holidays with Mrs. Horace Hill, Sr.

Miss Lillian Hall has returned to her home in Chicago after a visit with friends in this city.

Mrs. Mary Grayson Hinkleley, and the Misses Helen, Marian, and Georgia Hinkleley are established for the winter on Van Ness and Pacific Avenues. They have been joined recently by Mr. Grayson Hinkleley, who will be in town during the next few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Proctor and Mr. and Mrs. Louis McDermott are expected home shortly from a visit in the East.

Miss Maud Younger is home again after many months' absence in Europe. While in Paris she visited her father, Dr. William J. Younger, at his home on the Avenue Marceau.

Mrs. Frank Godfrey and her little daughter, Betty, have come from San Diego to spend Christmas with their relatives.

Miss Ernestine McNear spent the week-end in Burlingame as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Felton Elkins.

Mr. and Mrs. George Volkman, Miss Johanna Volkman, and Miss Edith Treanor returned Wednesday from Europe, where they have been traveling during the past ten months.

Dr. William Boericke and Mrs. Boericke have sold their home in Berkeley and are residing on Jackson Street, near Steiner, having leased the house formerly occupied by Mr. and Mrs. George L. Cadwalader.

Mr. Richard Tobin has returned from Europe, where he spent the summer months, and is again at his home in San Mateo.

Miss Polly Young, an army girl from Vancouver Barracks, is visiting Miss Harriet Pomeroy at her home on Clay Street. Miss Young is the daughter of Colonel George Young, U. S. A., and Mrs. Young.

Mrs. Milo M. Potter has been spending the past week at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. John Polhemus will leave shortly for New York, where she will meet Mr. Polhemus, who is en route home from Guatemala. They will spend several months in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Morgan Grace and their little son left Thursday for New York en route to London, where they will spend the holidays with Mrs. Grace, Sr. They are planning to spend the next six months in Europe, returning home in May.

Judge William P. Lawlor and Mrs. Lawlor have returned from their wedding trip and are at the Fairmont Hotel.

Major Clark Collins, U. S. A., who arrived from Washington, D. C., recently, has been spending

the past few weeks with friends in this city. He was formerly stationed at the Presidio and will leave shortly for his new post at the Presidio, Monterey.

Lieutenant Ralph C. Harrison, U. S. A., has been granted a leave of absence for two months. He will be married January 3 to Miss Cali Phillips and after a brief wedding trip they will reside at Fort Winfield Scott.

Colonel James A. Irons, U. S. A., and Mrs. Irons sailed on the transport *Thomas* for Tokyo, where Colonel Irons has been appointed military attaché.

Captain Louis S. Chapple, U. S. A., after a three months' leave of absence, will assume his duties at Fort Miley, where he has been assigned the command of the Twenty-Fifth Company.

Major L. K. Burgess, U. S. A., has arrived from Fort Morgan, Alabama, and has assumed his duties as material officer for the Pacific Coast Artillery District at Fort Miley.

Major Henry H. Whitney, U. S. A., who until recently has been on duty in Manila, has been assigned as adjutant of the Third Division in this city.

Captain Charles E. Brigham, U. S. A., is relieved from assignment with the One Hundred and Sixty-Sixth Company and is ordered to Fort Monroe, Virginia, as instructor of the Coast Artillery School.

Lieutenant Adna R. Chaffee, Jr., U. S. A., attached to the Seventh Cavalry, sailed on the *Thomas* for the Philippines, where he will join his regiment.

Lieutenant-Commander S. I. M. Major, U. S. N., spent a few days in this city en route from Mexico to Washington, D. C., where he will remain a month before sailing for Europe. Mr. Major has been appointed naval attaché in Paris and will spend the next three years in Paris and St. Petersburg.

Dr. Oliver Dwight Norton, U. S. N., and Mrs. Norton left last week for Washington, D. C. Dr. Norton will retire from the navy owing to continued ill health.

Mrs. U. R. Webb, wife of Dr. Webb, U. S. N., has returned from the Philippines and has taken a house in Vallejo.

Mrs. Albert P. Niblack is established in Washington, D. C., where she will remain during her husband's duty at sea. Captain Niblack was formerly naval attaché in Berlin.

THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Wakefield Baker, president of the Baker & Hamilton Company, and one of the best-known hardware men of the Pacific Coast, fell unconscious on the ferryboat *Encinal* Sunday evening and died in a few minutes. Death was due to heart failure. His wife was with him at the time. The deceased was the son of Livingston L. Baker, one of the California pioneers and founder of the present firm of Baker & Hamilton. He was also president of the Portland Cement Company and of the California Building Materials Company, and a director of the Mercantile National Bank, Savings Union Bank and Trust Company, and other corporations. He was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, forty-seven years ago and upon his father's death in 1892 assumed control of the business. Ten years ago he served as president of the Pacific Union Club. He was also a member of the Pioneer and Bohemian clubs. He is survived by his widow, who was Miss Coralie Thomas of Sausalito, and by three children, Livingston L. Baker, Wakefield Baker, Jr., and Miss Marian Baker. The funeral took place Wednesday from the family home on Pacific Avenue.

Colonel Alexander G. Hawes, an eminent citizen for forty years and one of the earliest members of the Bohemian Club, died last Saturday in Honolulu. Colonel Hawes was born in Vermont eighty-two years ago. At the outbreak of the Civil War he entered active service as a captain in the Ninth Illinois Infantry and quickly earned promotion and a reputation for gallantry. His war record was a splendid one. During most of his life here he was manager of the New York Life Insurance Company. He retired from active business after the fire of 1906.

San Francisco entered into ownership of the Presidio and Ferries street-car line at midnight Wednesday. In the afternoon the board of supervisors met in special session and authorized the payment of \$50,000 to the Presidio and Ferries Company on account of the purchase price of the road.

The committee on maritime affairs and harbors of the Chamber of Commerce and representatives of thirty-five shipping concerns in this city assembled Tuesday afternoon in protest against what the committee terms objectionable features of the seamen's bill now before the House of Representatives. It was decided to call a public meeting on the floor of the Merchants' Exchange Friday afternoon at 2:30 p. m., at which time the committee appointed at Tuesday's meeting by Captain Matson of the Chamber of Commerce presented the form of protest to be hurried to Washington.

A model of the proposed municipal opera house designed for the Civic Centre was shown Wednesday afternoon on the main floor of the Merchants' Exchange. It was unveiled with formal ceremonies. Members of the board of supervisors and representatives of the San Francisco Musical Association and other organizations were in attendance.



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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Waiter—How did you find your steak, sir?
Diner—Oh, quite easily; I lifted up my potatoes.—*Judge*.

Wife—Anyhow, a woman's mind is always cleaner than a man's. *Hubby*—It ought to be. It changes oftener.—*Illinois Siren*.

"What became of that fellow Tweedley?"
"Oh, he opened a shop." "Doing well?"
"No—doing time. He was caught in the act."
—*Punch*.

"Why do you say that Brown is smarter than you are?" "Why, you see, he had a chance once to marry my wife—and didn't."
—*New York World*.

"It is hard to take the measure of great financiers." "Oh, I don't know! With some of them it is done by the Bertillon system."
—*Baltimore American*.

"I suppose your elections are intended to decide who shall hold office?" "Sometimes. But this one is to decide who shall he made to let go."
—*Washington Star*.

"She's as pretty as a picture," said the young man. "Yes," replied the young woman, with a glance at her rival's complexion, "and hand-painted, too."
—*Houston Post*.

"I'm going to sell kisses at the charity bazaar. Do you think \$1 a kiss is too high?" "Oh, no; people expect to be robbed at these charity affairs."
—*New York Globe*.

"I wouldn't marry the handsomest man that ever lived," she said with unnecessary emphasis. "I'm sorry," he replied. "I've always liked you so much."
—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"The time will come," thundered a suffragist orator, "when women will get a man's wages?" "Yes," sadly muttered a man on the rear seat, "next Saturday night!"
—*Stray Stories*.

Briggs—What did your wife say about your staying out so late the other night? *Griggs*—Don't ask me yet. When she gets through with the subject I'll condense it for you.
—*Boston Transcript*.

"Is that a man or deer in that thicket?" "I guess it's safe to call it a deer," opined the guide. "If it had been a man he would have taken a shot at us by this time."
—*Washington Herald*.

The Struggling Lawyer (pompously)—Anything unusual happen while I was out? *Office Boy* (after same thought)—Yes'r. There wasn't any debt collectors called.
—*Yankers Statesman*.

"What on earth is the matter with you, Lizzie? One day you are gay and happy, and the next day you are down in the dumps and looking as if you wanted to die!" "Well, what of it? Can't you see that I'm in half-mourning now?"
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Minister—So you've turned over a new leaf, Sandy. I was indeed glad to see you at our prayer-meeting last night. *Sandy* (village reprobate)—Is that whaur I wis? I didna ken whaur I had been efter I left the pub.
—*London Opinion*.

"Oh, Will," she said, moving a trifle closer to him, "I am so glad you are not rich! They say that some of those millionaires receive threatening letters saying that something dreadful will happen to them if they don't pay the writers sums of money." "Oh, is that all?" replied Will. "Why, I get plenty of such letters."
—*Yankers Statesman*.

"What do you want?" demanded Mr. Newlywed, as he confronted the tramp at the door of his little week-end cottage down in the country. "Breakfast or work?" "Both, sir," the wayfarer timidly ventured in reply. "H'm!" said Mr. Newlywed; and disappeared momentarily into the house. Presently he returned, carrying a large piece of bread. "Then eat that," he exclaimed savagely, "and you'll have both!"
—*Haustan Post*.

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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The President and the Carabao Club.

The Gridiron Club of Washington is an association of non-official and professedly irresponsible funmakers who through long practice and fixed tradition have acquired the privilege of burlesquing whomever or whatever may chance to be at the fore in national life. When the Gridironers gather around their dinner-table all the bars are down—there are no exemptions, no restrictions save those of decency and taste. Distinguished men in and out of public life—even including the President—habitually attend these dinners with the understanding that they take what comes without prejudice and without resentment.

But the Carabao Club of Washington is quite another sort of association. It is composed of officers of the army and navy who served in the Philippine Islands in the four years succeeding the Spanish-American War. Its membership is made up of men who are or have been connected with official life. All of them are subject to the limitations of representative character and of a certain unspoken but none the less obligatory discipline. Furthermore the Carabao Club,

as an institution relatively new and composed of men of presumably serious purpose, has not through practice and tradition acquired license to handle men and things without gloves as in the case of the Gridiron Club.

Now it is quite a serious matter when a group of men representative of the army and navy publicly take issue with the government and carry forward even in burlesque a performance which reflects upon the wisdom, the dignity, and the authority of the agents of government. If not in a positive sense a mark of insubordination it is at least out of propriety, out of taste.

The administration—in other words the government—is enforcing certain policies in the Philippine Islands and elsewhere. Whether these policies be wise or foolish are matters of legitimate private opinion, but hardly matters suitable for public expressions of opinion on the part of officers of the army and navy. "Theirs not to reason why," said Mr. Tennyson; and there was not only poetry but sober truth in the declaration. Therefore when the Carabao Club met at dinner in Washington on Monday night and carried through a programme of open ridicule and some vulgarity, all aimed at the administration, the thing was out of keeping, out of form, beyond the lines of a due respect.

That President Wilson has acted wisely in a marked exhibition of pique we will not say. But he had a right to feel that the doings at the Carabao dinner were an impropriety and in a sense an affront. He was quite right as a mark of his displeasure in resigning from the honorary membership to which the club had elected him. This of itself, supplemented by a quiet word on the part of the Secretaries of the army and navy to the members of the club, should have been sufficient. In going further we think the President has made overmuch of a trivial incident. But broadly speaking the club was wrong and the President right. If officers of the army and navy are to be permitted to sit in judgment upon the course of government and to pass public criticism upon administrative policies, however such criticism may be veiled under the license of burlesque, the practice can but result in a weakening of the force which rests upon unquestioning loyalty and in uncritical discipline.

A Weary and Disgusted Public.

Portland, Oregon, held a special election last week under one or more of the fancy provisions of its self-starting system for the purpose of amending the municipal charter. Fifteen proposals were submitted—some good, some bad, according to the local newspapers. When the votes were counted it was found that the whole fifteen had been defeated by a vote averaging about three to one. The *Oregonian* thus summarizes the "reasons":

- Protest against numerous and unnecessary elections.
 - Protest against the city commission.
 - Protest against high taxes.
 - Protest against bond issues.
 - Protest against needless and radical innovation in charter amendments and in municipal administration.
 - Protest against municipal ownership.
 - Protest against revolution in the water service.
 - Protest against the proposed employment of a costly city engineer.
- The public was in a bad humor and it voiced the general resentment. It failed, or refused, to discriminate between measures of merit and measures of no merit. It will be well enough for the city commissioners to take heed and settle down to the business of giving harmonious, efficient, and economical government and leaving experiments and novelties to another time.

This incident is highly significant in that it exemplifies a state of mind which prevails not merely at Portland but all over the country—a sentiment of disgust and resentment in connection with the tomfooleries of our new-fangled politics. For awhile indeed communities which have been cajoled or driven into adopting elaborate and new-fangled schemes of government may be amused by multiplicity of campaigns and elections.

But there comes a time when they weary and sicken of the whole business. And this development is coincident with the discovery that the elaboration of political machinery multiplies public officials, increases public expenses, adds to the tax bill, and ends in substituting turmoil and anxiety for the simple efficiencies of responsible representative government.

What the sane public wants is not sustained political confusion with constant agitation and augmented expense, but simplicity and efficiency in municipal administration. The so-called popular system does not yield this. Its inevitable accompaniment is a sustained carnival of agitation, plus multiplied mischiefs, annoyances, and embarrassments. What Portland has done now she may be depended upon to do again. And other communities which suffer under the same aggravations will, we suspect, follow her example. The "People" to whom in so many new and annoying ways the details of government have been referred will in time do at San Francisco and elsewhere what they have done at Portland.

Ruction in the Temple of Reform.

Not even the rhetorically brilliant young man who the other day described the Progressive party of California as involved in a "maze of announcements, pretensions, denials, omens, and auguries" has adequately characterized the confusion which prevails at Sacramento, Fresno, Kentfield, a certain room in the Palace Hotel, and elsewhere where Progressives gather themselves together. For there is rapidly evolving a supplementary condition which may be suggested by the words jealousy, hatred, detraction, recrimination, vilification, and terms still more hateful which the *Argonaut* as a refined family journal can not bring itself to repeat.

Through this fog of uncertainty and confusion a few facts are in plain view: One is that the Progressive party, if there really be such a thing, is not the sole, exclusive, and personal possession of a handful of managers who for purely political purposes have come to regard themselves as the People of California. If Governor Johnson, Mr. Rowell, and a few others had been really clever they would have discovered this fact a year ago in the returns of the presidential election in California. But blinded by immediate possession of the substance of power they saw not the writing on the wall. Mr. Johnson and his immediate followers, plus the office-holding element, continued to believe themselves the whole thing, with the right and the authority to do what, how, and when they liked with the Progressive party.

But several things are coming to light. One is that Mr. Heney and Mr. Kent, unquestioned factors in the Progressive game, arrogate to themselves full liberty to make their own programme—this, too, under some assurances of popular support. For there is an element—mostly in the back counties—of fire-eyed enthusiasm which still hearkens to the brayings of the Wild Ass of the Desert. And there are always those who can be marshaled under the Kentfield banner in consideration of the Kent largess.

Then there is the one and only Rudolph. To be sure he does not stand for what he once did. The native force of a naïve character suffers from the simplicity and modesty of disposition and habit. Rudolph is too retiring, too unassuming, too lacking in initiative, too diffidently timid for popular leadership. But back or behind or under this veil of temperamental reserve there is a lion not only awake but eager. True, Mr. Spreckels was, so far as he knew to the contrary, a Republican before he became a Progressive. Likewise he was a Progressive before he turned Wilsonite Democrat. But you can't keep a good man down, and it is an old saw that truth crushed to earth will rise again. So here we have Rudolph once more declaring himself neither a Republican nor a Progressive, but rather a Progressive-Republican bent upon sustain-

forces in our politics calculated to save the state alike from the precipitancies of virtue run mad and from the back swell of reaction. It's a somewhat whimsical, even paradoxical, hardly understandable, and possibly impracticable idea, but it has the merit of individuality—and of humor. Furthermore there may be potentialities in it. For it is of record that when any cause, either good or bad, gets hold of a Spreckels leg it finds there an elasticity combined with tenacity which makes the game worth while.

So there you have it—all the elements of a first-class row in the sacred temple of reform. We see Mr. Johnson in his wish to grab the senatorship putting aside his friend Rowell, who sits dissatisfied but afraid. We see the Johnsonian army of office-holders seeking with a patriotic unselfishness to push Mr. Johnson into a second candidacy for the governorship. We see Mr. Heney chagrined and snarling over a rebuff at Johnson's hands, but fixed in the determination to be a candidate for something. We see Mr. Kent denouncing Johnson as having become a mere politician upon the basis of reactionary methods, himself (Kent) modestly desiring no office but none the less willing to serve in the Senate for the good of the people. We see Rudolph butting in, nobody can yet discern whether head-first or feet-first, but still butting in with a fine determination to land somewhere. And, too, we see multitudes of worthy citizens who thought they were serving a righteous cause turning in disgust from a movement which has lost its head and its virtue and which has become even as all political parties are likely to become under the demoralizations of success, a mere machine worked by the unworthily ambitious, seeking support through sanctimonious pretense, rotten at heart.

Well may Mr. Johnson hesitate and recalculate the chances of ambition and profit before venturing upon a new campaign. Nor without cause does Mr. Rowell sit in silence amid the wreckage of blasted hopes. There is for once an adequate motive for the congenial rage of the hot-blooded Heney. And who is it that shall say that for once Mr. Kent is not seeing straight when he discovers in his erstwhile friend and champion a scheming reactionary politician? And who is there to rebuke Rudolph for playing the only rôle he knows how to play, Jack-in-the-money-box?

The basis of all this confusion lies in the unfailing passion of your professional reformer for publicity. He may have other qualities, including sympathy and worthy intentions, but the basic element in his character is self-consciousness. Deep down in the heart of every creature of them is an itch for individual distinction. It takes many shapes, but the spirit is the same. They all want to get before the public. Each of them sees in himself a potential savior of society and at the same time a possible President or senator or governor—and even, as individual hopes follow the descending scale, a salaried tide-gauger. Cut from them, or from any one of them, the hope of office or the opportunities of publicity and at once you destroy his enthusiasm. Ultimately, under the oppression of continued disappointment, he surely becomes a reactionary.

In the meantime everybody is waiting to know what Johnson will do, what Heney will do, what Kent will do, what Spreckels will do. Some of us think we know what the honest rank and file will do when next election day comes round.

A Premature Announcement.

With all due respect for Mr. Samuel M. Shortridge we can but regard his announced candidacy for the Senate as premature almost to the degree of impertinence. Neither the time nor the conditions justify the intrusion of personal issues, much less of personal claims. There are problems before the Republican party of California which should be solved prior to consideration of candidates. The undivided energies of the party should be given to the business of reorganization, postponing all questions of a personal kind to a later time. The lines of next year's campaign are not yet defined. With Congress still debating important national issues, with the new tariff legislation still in the experimental stage of its operation, with administrative policies only half developed, no man may know what the more vital issues of next year's campaign are to be. Not now is it possible to say what man or what manner of man should be a candidate for any office. When the party has pulled itself together, reestablished its authorities and formulated its policy, there will be time enough to take up the question of candidacies. And if not always true it is nevertheless true that new

conditions call for new agents. We suspect that sound policy may in the coming campaign call alike for candidates representative neither of the new radicalism or of the older standpatism. It may be that no man of either type named should in discretion be put forward. But be this as it may, the time for announcing candidacies is not yet.

War Before Peace in Mexico.

A great French journal, *Le Temps*, hits a nail fairly on its head in the declaration that the "fall of Huerta will not solve the Mexican question," which is only another way of saying that even the success of President Wilson's policy, if it shall succeed, will not imply success as related to Mexico. For the fall of Huerta would only be the signal for another aspect of the national demoralization. The situation in the north, where revolution is going forward successfully, illustrates the case. Prior to Villa's successes of two weeks ago all the northern revolutionary leaders, including Villa himself, acknowledged a certain subordination to Carranza. But with the progress of events Villa, who is nothing more or better than a bandit chief, assumes entire independence. Now, since his prestige has grown, he regards himself as the head and front of the revolution and refers to Carranza with scant respect. Another turn of the wheel and Carranza, whom only the other day he acknowledged as his chief, will stand as his rival. This is the way in all Spanish-American countries. There is no affiliation, no loyalty, no subordination anywhere. It is a situation in which any and every partisan leader may regard himself as good as another, or rather better if he chances to be favored by the fortunes of war.

Huerta today occupying the seat of government and in possession of the machinery of administration, albeit in a somewhat damaged state, is an obvious mark for rebellious movements. But between the several rebellious factions there is no unity of motive, no sympathy, no coordination. With Huerta removed warfare would continue, each partisan leader against the others, until one should prove strong enough to get himself into Huerta's place, there to meet the jealousies, hatreds, intrigues, and open assaults of his late fellow-revolutionists.

It needs again to be said that there is only one way to pacify Mexico, and that is the way of the sword. If Huerta, who might be able to do it if he were permitted, shall be eliminated, then somebody else must undertake the job. And if the United States shall be the active agent in casting out Huerta, its obligation to proceed against all disturbers of the peace would appear to be established. But this is precisely what President Wilson says shall not be done. He will not allow Huerta, whom he denounces as a murderer, to pacify Mexico. And since Carranza, Villa, and all the rest of them are likewise murderers, no one of them presumably will be permitted to rise to general authority if the administration can prevent it. And this would seem to imply that Mexico is to be held indefinitely in her present terrible situation, subject to outrage at many hands but restrained from permitting anybody to acquire the supremacy of power which alone can enforce order and peace.

The logic of President Wilson's course is diametrically opposed to his theories and declarations of purpose. The President is no doubt convinced that his course may result in the pacification of Mexico. It is a fantastic illusion, but no doubt it is sincerely held. But Mr. Wilson will find that conditions, rather than his own utopian imaginings, must ultimately make the policy of the United States. He will not control events—events will control him. In the end he will discover that since we have not permitted Mexico to pacify herself we must either ourselves undertake the job or turn it over to Europe. This means that in the final emergency we must make peace in Mexico or throw over our Monroe Doctrine. Therefore the President's course, sentimentally aiming at peace, practically tends toward war. Mr. Wilson, even while declaring that we shall not have war with Mexico, is steering a course which makes war inevitable.

The Ulster Rebellion.

That the British government has prohibited the importation of arms into Ireland is evidence that the threats of Ulster are not to be attributed wholly to bluff. At the same time, and on the other side, we find something reassuring in the announced fact that there is to be no practical modification of the

Home Rule bill as it now stands and that it will be unflinchingly enforced as soon as the veto of the House of Lords has been allowed automatically to extinguish itself by the lapse of the constitutional time period. It is unthinkable that Ulster should offer a resistance more serious than a large riot, and especially in view of the fact that more than half of the people of Ulster herself are home rulers.

To those unfamiliar with Irish history the rebellion of Ulster must seem always an enigma. The new Irish Parliament will have powers considerably less than those of an American board of supervisors. Every conceivable chance to oppress has been foreseen and guarded against. And yet it is impossible to doubt the reality of the horrified indignation with which a portion of Ulster regards the rearrangement, or the passion with which it is repudiated.

The solution of the problem is, of course, to be found in tradition and in the inherited hates of centuries. The Ulster Protestants are of another race and another blood. The racial consciousness, both North and South, is scorched red with the memory of raids and massacres and the almost inextinguishable hatreds of generations of barbarous persecutions and outrages. Actually it is not the Home Rule bill that arouses the rage of Ulster. It is a sense of defeat at the end of five hundred years of struggle. It is not the Home Rule bill that awakens the triumphs of the South. It is the sense of success after centuries of blood-stained effort. The new bill is hardly more than an emblem or a flag. The men who applaud or denounce it are thinking of the past, not of the future. It is an attitude hard to appreciate in a country where the past is but yesterday and eternally separated from tomorrow by expectations and by hope.

Science and Business.

President Branner of Stanford University gave a San Francisco audience something to think about last Saturday when he declared—not only declared, but made plain—that the catastrophe of 1906 would not have occurred if there had existed a proper working relationship between science and business. The fire which destroyed the city was a direct consequence of the destruction at two or more points of the pipes through which water is brought to the city reservoirs. The fatal points were those at which the pipes crossed the earthquake rift or fault. If at these points there had been a kind of construction capable of adjusting itself unharmed to violent shake-ups—and such construction, though by no means cheap, is comparatively easy—the water supply of San Francisco would not have been interrupted and it would then have been a simple matter to put out the fires. The faults were known to science, but they were either not known or not heeded when pipes were laid connecting the peninsula reservoirs with the city.

Dr. Branner proceeded to exhibit the fact that, similarly, there has been in the construction of the great Los Angeles aqueduct complete disregard of the possibilities of earthquake. At more than one place the pipes leading from Owens River to Los Angeles pass over known and active geological faults. A sharp shock might put the whole system out of commission, with results possibly similar to those suffered here. Either the constructors of the aqueduct have not known of these faults or have unwisely accepted the hazard of disregarding their existence.

In all this there is a suggestion of what is lost to modern life by failure at many points to coordinate the forces of science and the forces of business. The two do cooperate in a multitude of ways. But there remain vast spheres in which science and business alike ignore the relationship of each to the other. The purpose of Dr. Branner's address was to declare to a group of business men the ruinous effect of this practical separation of things which should be closely allied.

And this reminds us of the curious fact that while adjacent to San Francisco there are two great schools, each with its group of professors of established standing in the world of science, San Francisco profits in a direct sense hardly at all through their existence. The college man is so occupied with his observations and studies, and the business man is so busy with his trafficking, that although living in close neighborhood they have almost no knowledge of each other. And, per consequence, they are curiously out of sympathy, not to say distrustful, of each other. By this fact both are losers. San Francisco ought to have in her intellectual, social, and business life that which Berkeley and Stan-

ford might easily give her. Berkeley and Stanford in turn would be vastly the gainers for what association with the practical life of San Francisco would bring to them. We know of no immediate need as related to the larger welfare of California more marked than that of bringing together and establishing in coöperative relations these two potent forces in our intellectual and material life.

Here is an opportunity directly to the hand of social leadership. We do not mean that fat-pursed leadership which affects a brilliant state, sits enthroned at the *Tea Dansant*, gives rich dinners to beaux and débutantes, and generally bids champagne to flow. Rather we mean the serious leadership which comprehends the significance of forces, knows men and things—this with the means and the will to promote social coördination. It does not call for extravagant expenditure—that would, indeed, be fatal to it. It calls rather for high intelligence, a sincere wish to serve the serious interests of society, a tact capable of bridging over and minimizing diversities of habit, purpose, fortune, and prejudice, and a restraint which subordinates self. If there be among us men—or women—possessing these capabilities, or even a tithe of them, the *Argonaut* can point out to them a field of real public service.

The Management of Women.

A casual glance at Mr. Walter Gallichan's new book, "Modern Woman and How to Manage Her," may excite the momentary hope that a new Moses has arisen who will lead his people out of bondage. But a more extended perusal brings disillusion and disappointment. Mr. Gallichan is no more than a theorist and a speculator. Indeed we doubt if he is even married.

Mr. Gallichan says that the management of women ought to be, and now has been, reduced to a science. It is a mere matter of classifying the various kinds of women and their peculiarities and then applying to each the remedy that has been indicated by study and experience. The whole thing is reduced to the simplicity of a ship's medicine chest. All that need be done is to identify the most aggressive symptoms and then to administer a dose of the indicated medicament. It is a sort of card index.

Now we are willing to admit that Mr. Gallichan has studied this matter conscientiously and according to his dim and feeble lights. Our complaint is that he has not submitted his theories to the test of experience. If he had done so, if he had himself surrendered to matrimony, he would have kept silence upon this matter—and indeed upon all others. The very fact of his fluency is a proof of his inexperience. His silence would have been an evidence of a wisdom that his loquacity denies. For the only way in which a woman can be "managed" is by a mute and instant obedience, and this is quite well known to every married man. The case is somewhat analogous to that of the Irish soldier whose "prisoner" refused either to accompany him or to be left behind.

Now as an example we may quote Mr. Gallichan's prescription for the contentious woman. If he were actually able to speak with any kind of authority he would know that all women are contentious, some quietly contentious, some aggressively contentious, some insidiously contentious, but all contentious in some way. He tells us to take her upon one side and "firmly, rationally, and kindly convince her that she is not always in the right." He does not tell us how this miracle is to be done. He placidly tells us to do it. It is true that he hints at some of those formulas that look so well on paper, such as "refusing to be bullied," and that are such ignominious failures in practice. But then he goes on to say that any woman who will not listen to such an appeal "must be endured or dismissed from your life." Precisely so. Endurance is the one feat in which man has acquired competence. Upon this point he needs no advice. It is his long suit.

Then again he tells us, or pretends to tell us, how to avoid dissensions in the house. He might have condensed this advice into the single admonition to get out of the house, and to move rapidly to a sufficient distance. But no. The theorist is always prolix. He always knows a dozen complex ways to do the thing that can be done only in one way or not at all. Encourage your wife, he says, to join a club. Dissuade her from needlework, because needlework conduces to nerves. Set her to work in the garden with a hoe, or, better still, with a lawn-mower, and "insist firmly" that she take a cold or a tepid bath daily. If your wife is of the sulking variety take a woman friend to the theatre, and above all avoid a "supplicating attitude."

Other remedies are prescribed for the nagging wife, for the scolding wife, for the feminine wife, and for the drill-sergeant wife. All that you have to do is to turn up in the index for the particular kind of blessing under which you are writhing and then relentlessly apply the remedy. There is a grand simplicity about it all, an artless assurance, a captivating complacence. But it might be well to consider the next step to be taken in case the lady should decline to take the cold bath, or to hoe the garden, or to push a lawn-mower. Coercion soon reaches its limits when it comes to taking a cold bath, and modesty draws a line that even domestic discipline can not overstep. And as for the hoe, the lady might perhaps use it in a disconcerting way.

Therefore Mr. Gallichan's book, while admirable from the theoretical point of view, leaves much to be desired from the practical. It furnishes capital and stimulating reading during office hours, but perhaps it would be as well not to take it home. There is no need to be unduly provocative nor recklessly to challenge fate.

The New Anarchism.

The new anarchism seems to have been fitly displayed in the proceedings connected with the resignation of Mrs. Ella Flagg Young from the superintendency of the Chicago schools. It seems that certain members of the board of education voted against Mrs. Young's reappointment, as they were fully entitled to do, and indeed as they were bound to do if they believed that reappointment to be undesirable. But Mrs. Young, in conformity with the principles of the new official feminism, resented any sort of opposition. She said that her reappointment must be unanimous or that she would have none of it, and as unanimity seemed to be out of the question she withdrew her name and announced her retirement from the contest. It is fairly certain that a further ballot would have been in her favor. She would certainly have been reelected if the proceedings had been allowed to follow the ordinary and normal course of such matters. But absolutism and autocracy seem to be the keynotes of the new "progress," and its motto *aut Caesar aut nullus*. So Mrs. Young resigned.

Then the new anarchism got to work. The mayor was promptly besieged by the feminine cohorts and as promptly capitulated. He said that he would compel the resignation of every member of the board who had voted against Mrs. Young, and it seems that he is able to do this by means of some curious administrative trick by which every member of the board is required to lodge with the mayor his letter of resignation as soon as he takes office. Presumably this, too, is a part of the reformed democracy. One wonders why there should be any board at all, why there should be any officials at all, except a mayor with a backbone guaranteed as soluble in feminine tears.

But the crowning hysteria of all was naturally furnished by that surprising jackass, Barrett O'Hara, the lieutenant-governor of Illinois. Mr. O'Hara demanded a strike of school children. He said that no child ought to go to school so long as any member of the board remained uncoerced in the matter of his vote. Of course no one took any notice of O'Hara. No one ever does except to marvel at the ways of Providence, but none the less this curious creature seems to fit becomingly into the picture.

In the meantime Mrs. Young remains in a receptive state. She promises to return if the board can be persuaded into unanimity, and it seems that this result can be secured by the simple process of decapitating every one who is not unanimous. It is a case of vote for Mrs. Young or be thrown out of the board. Once more one wonders why there should be any voting at all, why there should be any board at all.

Now it may be that Mrs. Young is a quite competent superintendent of schools, although we have our doubts upon that point. She is reputed to be a warm advocate of the teaching of sex hygiene, and this would explain her enthusiastic support by the women's clubs and it may conceivably explain why some members of the board should disapprove of her. To disapprove of any woman official is of course proof positive either of corruption or of a tendency to white slavery, usually both, but it is worthy of notice that the sex teaching now being imparted to the school children of Chicago is excluded from the United States mails as "obscene." It may also be noted that the governor of Illinois is of opinion that this kind of teaching "will induce rather than suppress immorality and unchastity," while his view is shared by an eminent medical authority, who says that the present situation "will lead to the

worst period of immorality that the country has ever known." There seems to be no method of ascertaining why some members of the Chicago board voted against Mrs. Young, since they are doubtless deprived of publicity as well as of free will, but most decent sober men throughout the country would do precisely as they did and as a protest against educational nastiness and the calculated corruption of young children by pathologically tormented women. But these points are actually of secondary importance. Hysteria never lasts very long, and this particular hysteria will go the way of all others when it has run its course. But what does matter is the sanctification and deification of a crude and gross tyranny, the destruction of wholesome self-government, the terrorism and the coercion that have taken the place of orderly and sanctioned procedure. These are chickens of the kind that always come home to roost. It has been well said that civilization is the renunciation of arbitrary power, and so we ask ourselves what kind of civilization we shall presently have if every lawful opposition to the whim of the moment is to be overborne by fierce appeals to force, by clamorous demands for strikes, by riotous assemblies, and by threats. What kind of civilization shall we have when no official dares to record a vote without a careful foresight of the sobs of the childless, when all authority has been handed over to any and every individual tyranny that happens at the moment to have caught the wind of popular approval?

Editorial Notes.

Mr. Spreckels's literary style is a curiously aberrant quantity. Last year his outgivings were in perfect form. Not even President Wilson could have "done" them in better style. But with practice and under the exhilaration of an augmented self-confidence, Mr. Spreckels has fallen back at the point of literary art. Still it is to be said that in a rough-riderlike way he contrives to make himself understood. "Protested at" may not be polished English, but somehow one gets the meaning of it all right, all right. Still it might be just as well if Mr. Spreckels were to get back his last year's secretary or contrive to expedite the return of Mr. Phelan.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

An Assured Patriot.

WESTGATE, CAL., December 15, 1913.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: You being in doubt about the intentions of the Progressive party, I will inform you that we intend to elect all the state and the most of the county officers in elections in 1914, &c.

Yours truly,
C. R. ARMSTRONG.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

Several Big Nationalization Projects Before the President—Mr. Wilson and the Suffragettes.

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 13, 1913.

Government ownership has reared its head as the biggest administration policy put forth in the last score of years. Representative David J. Lewis of Maryland, one of President Wilson's advisers on the contemplated policy of government ownership of telegraph and telephone lines, has completed a draft of his bill to purchase the long-distance telephone lines of the country as the first step in this direction. This bill has been laid confidentially before several Democratic members of the House Committee on Postoffice and Postroads, and Postmaster-General Burleson has discussed the matter at length with President Wilson. Although the details of the measure are being carefully guarded, it is understood that it follows the lines of the early proposals of Mr. Lewis to President Wilson; namely, that the government go into competition with the Western Union and Postal telegraph systems by buying outright the inter-city telephone lines and utilizing them for the simultaneous transmission of telephone and telegraph messages for the public through the Postoffice Department. There are approximately 3,300,000 miles of these wires, which Representative Lewis thinks should be acquired for \$200,000,000.

The Democratic members of the House and Senate postoffice committees are inclined to favor the idea, but their action will be largely determined by the attitude which the President assumes after all the recommendations have been placed before him, and he has had time to study the question. Thus far the President has indicated to Messrs. Lewis and Burleson that he is interested and willing to be shown.

Although President Wilson told the suffragettes several days ago that he did not believe in making recommendations to Congress unless instructed to do so by the Democratic platform it is understood that he tends toward government ownership. In explaining his policy to the suffragettes, who wanted him to advocate their cause to Congress, the President said:

I set myself this very strict rule when I was governor of New Jersey, and have followed it as President, that I will not urge upon Congress in messages policies

not had the organic consideration of those for whom I am spokesman. In other words, I have not yet presented to any legislature my private views on the subject, and I never shall, because I conceive that to be a part of the whole process of government, that I shall be spokesman for somebody, not myself. I am an individual; when I am spokesman of an organic body I am a representative. For that reason, you see, I am by my own principles shut out, in the language of the street, from "starting anything." I have to confine myself to those things which have been embodied as promises to the people at an election. That is the strict rule I have set for myself.

Under this strict rule, however, the President would not have recommended to Congress free sugar and free wool, neither of which were definitely advocated in the Baltimore platform. In fact, the Baltimore platform endorsed the action of the Democratic Congress, which was then in session and which had voted to place a 15 per cent duty on wool.

With reference to railroad and express companies, telephone and telegraph lines, the Baltimore platform declared in favor of efficient supervision and rate regulation and added:

To this end we recommend valuation of railroads, express companies, telegraph and telephone lines by the Interstate Commerce Commission, such valuation to take into consideration the physical value of the property, the original cost, the cost of reproduction, and any element of value that will render the valuation fair and just. We favor such legislation as will effectually prohibit railroads, express, telegraph, and telephone companies from engaging in business which brings them into competition with the shippers or patrons, also legislation preventing the overissue of stocks and bonds by interstate railroads, express companies, telegraph and telephone lines, and legislation which will assure such reduction in transportation rates as conditions will permit, care being taken to avoid reduction that would compel a reduction of wages, prevent adequate service, or do injustice to legitimate investments.

There is not a single line in the platform relating to government ownership. The influence of Secretary Bryan, while not shown in public statements, is nevertheless permeating the administration. Many of his currency ideas have been written into the banking and currency bill, and while government ownership was too dangerous a subject to include in the Baltimore platform, Mr. Bryan's well-known ideas on this subject are having their effect on the Democratic party.

It is not merely in the proposition to purchase intercity telephone lines that the administration's government ownership policy is becoming apparent. In the annual report of the Secretary of the Navy there is a strong recommendation for the establishment of a government armor-plate plant to be operated in competition with the United States Steel Corporation, the Midvale, Bethlehem, Carnegie, and other companies. It is proposed by Secretary Daniels that the government should go into the business of making armor-plate for the battleships and cruisers.

Again, there is a strong recommendation by Secretary Daniels that the United States government should become a producer and refiner of oil for its own use. On this point Secretary Daniels says:

It is advisable from every point of view that the navy should become a producer and refiner of oil for its own use. By the time the Panama Canal is open and the fleet begins frequenting the Pacific the navy should be producing its own oil from the navy petroleum reserves in the Elk Hills and Buena Vista fields in California and its refinery should be in operation. Prompt steps should also be taken to lease oil lands in the mid-continent fields and to erect a refinery for the supply of oil-burning vessels on the Atlantic coast. This proposed step is no new departure, for the navy now builds some of its own ships, maintains large industrial navy yards, a gun and clothing factory—all of which are indispensable to the supply of separate articles for the navy and for the control of prices from commercial concerns furnishing similar articles.

In the banking and currency bill the government will advance a step further in the control of banks, and there is a tendency among some of the Democrats to advocate government partnership in the development of the water-power resources of the country.

There was a time when the very essence of democracy was expressed in the phrase "the best governed country is the least governed." It was a fundamental Democratic principle that there should be no centralization of powers in the federal government and that the rights of the states to regulate their own affairs should always be recognized. Evidently the times have changed.

IRA E. BENNETT.

Owing to the continuous rise in the price of lavender essence the acreage devoted to the cultivation of lavender flowers in the Marseille consular district has increased considerably. The fact that barren soils, unproductive for other purposes, may be successfully utilized renders this industry particularly attractive to the farmers in this part of France. Thin, rocky soils, well exposed to the sun, situated at an altitude of 1312 to 3937 feet, are best adapted for this purpose. Suitable soils at lower altitudes, unless properly fertilized, seldom give satisfactory results. Experience shows that flowers cultivated at altitudes of 2933 feet produce the best essence. Truffles are often planted between the rows, that every foot of soil may be put to use.

Hampton Court Palace may become the home of Lady Scott, widow of the South Pole explorer, King George, it is said, having decided to make the offer. These apartments are occupied principally by the widows of men who have greatly distinguished themselves in the service of the country in a naval, military, or civil capacity. The only stipulation made by the king when he offers a suite is that the recipient may not sublet the rooms to any one without obtaining permission from court.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

There seems to be nothing on earth that is quite so saturnine or quite so wicked as the game of chess that European statesmen call diplomacy. To describe it as Machiavellian is an insult to Machiavelli, who was by no means a bad fellow, and who was quite incapable of even the commonplaces of the modern sport. At the beginning of the Balkan war we were invited to admire the benevolent consternation of Europe at so flagrant a breach of the peace and her determination to curtail its duration and to mitigate its horrors. Thanks to the *Paris Matin*, we now know just what those protestations were worth. They were worth nothing at all. Serbia and Bulgaria had signed two treaties of aggression against Turkey six months before the war began. Russia, Austria, and Germany were well aware that these treaties had been signed. They knew exactly what the allies intended to do and exactly when they would do it. They made no remonstrances and they did nothing to prevent the explosion, and it is now evident that they anticipated the struggle with gratification. The Balkan states had been growing so strong as to be restive under the leading strings that Europe had thrown around them. A little blood-letting would reduce them to a desirable state of lassitude and compliance. When Europe held up pious hands in horrors at what was described as a bolt from the blue it was perfectly well known that the war was the unfolding of a carefully laid plan, and all the powers with the exception of England and France were aware of that plan and had knitted it into the fabric of their devilish policies. But at least we may admire their foresight. They foresaw a state of general exhaustion which would leave everything practically unchanged so far as territorial expansion was concerned. And that is exactly what has happened.

The plague of legislative eloquence, which is so much more pernicious than tuberculosis or the white slave trade, has at last attracted the attention of the French Chamber. An energetic deputy says that something will have to be done about it. The *cachétes loquendi* is now more than flesh and blood can stand. Whatever is worth saying can be said in twenty minutes, and since the art of debate is now extinct it seems hardly necessary to make any speeches at all. At least let there be a rule that there shall be only a certain number of speeches on any given bill, and that any deputy exceeding the time allowance shall be forthwith suppressed. The methods of suppression might be left to the authority of the Chamber, although another enterprising deputy suggested that every orator should be required to take his place on a trap door that should fly open by a piece of clockwork mechanism at the end of the twenty minutes. But the expedient seems a harsh one and likely to interfere with the calm and measured mental processes that legislators are erroneously supposed to employ. As a precaution against actual physical injury why not put a rope around the neck of the speaker so as to prevent him from falling too far when the trap door opens.

Curiously enough, there are some people who will regret the discovery of the "Mona Lisa," if it should turn out to be actually true that Leonardo da Vinci's masterpiece has been recovered from the enterprising Italian who stole it. There was never yet a picture that aroused so much superstition as this. Even a man of intelligence such as Mr. Kane S. Smith, the art lecturer at the University of London, is not immune from it. Speaking a few days ago on "Beauty and Morality," he described the painting as "one of the most actively evil pictures ever painted, the embodiment of all evil the painter could imagine put into the most attractive form he could devise. It is an exquisite piece of painting," said Mr. Smith, "but if you look at it long enough to get into its atmosphere I think you will be glad to escape from its influence. It has an atmosphere of undefinable evil." When the "Mona Lisa" was hanging in the Louvre gallery it was well known that there were many visitors who would hurry through that particular room with eyes averted lest they should come under the baleful influence of the picture.

It seems that we must go abroad if we would get the most accurate news of our own country. For example, certain Mexican newspapers are now recording American events that our own journals must surely have sinister reasons for concealing. As an instance who knows that there is now a terrible insurrection in America against the Wilson administration and that the situation has been further complicated by a colored war that is raging with fury over more than half the country? Certain Mexican newspapers are fully informed of these events, and yet a conspiracy of silence on the part of our own news agencies has kept us in complete ignorance. But there is a still more startling piece of information hidden from us by the same nefarious methods. Thanks to the Mexican press, we are duly informed that President Wilson is about to abscond to Canada carrying with him the whole of the gold reserve in the treasury.

Some of our newspapers are making much fun over the proceedings in connection with the post mortem examination on the body of Prince Katsura, who desired in this way to continue his benefices to science even after his death. The surgeon who was in charge of the proceedings addressed the spirit of the deceased and reminded the dead man that the examination about to be conducted was in accord with his own expressed wish. After the post mortem was concluded there was another little prayer of thanks for the benefits to medicine that might accrue therefrom, and then the widow of the prince uttered a few words of prayer, taking upon herself the responsibility for what had been done. All this, to some of our scribes, appears to be exceedingly funny, in accordance with the rules governing some alleged minds who never fail to find the ludicrous in the unfamiliar. And yet

there may be some to whom the evidence that some one still believes in something may be not unwelcome. Intelligence is more often shown by our beliefs than by our skepticisms.

Dr. Keister of Philadelphia should have told us his reasons for asserting that "23 per cent of the medical profession are now the victims of the morphine habit." The proportion seems to be a large one, and it will be interesting to study the replies in refutation that will doubtless be forthcoming. Even if the figures should be exaggerated, as of course they are, it would be a serious commentary on the current contention that evil habits are due mainly to ignorance. It is opportunity and not ignorance that leads us all astray. Indeed, it may be that knowledge has a directly suggestive influence, and that it may actually produce the very evils that it is supposed to cure. For example, there is no lack of weighty opinion to the effect that there can be no such stimulus to immorality as the public agitation against immorality.

Those fatuous persons who profess to believe that home rule for Ireland will be followed by some sort of persecution of the Protestant minority would do well to turn to Dr. Johnson, who can usually be relied upon for a vigorous and wholesome opinion even upon the questions of today. He says: "The Irish are in a most unnatural state; for we see there the minority prevailing over the majority. There is no instance, even in the ten persecutions, of such severities as the Protestants have exercised against the Catholics." Perhaps the Ulster Protestants are actually plagued by an uneasy conscience, and by a not unnatural dread lest they may fall into the pit that they themselves have so often dugged for others. They may even be unable to believe that their own narrow and shameful animosities are unrepresentative of the population of Ireland, or that Ireland contains better men than themselves.

Current Opinion is responsible for the following interesting sidelight on the psychology of President Huerta of Mexico. "What kind of a government have you in New York?" Huerta asked an American recently. "I see your governor is impeached for perjury and larceny. They tell me your police officers steal and murder citizens on the streets. What do you come down here for, anyhow, to preach to us about clean government?" Huerta went on to relate how he once rode on railway trains all the way from El Paso to St. Louis without paying his fare simply by keeping the conductors supplied with good cigars. It was an indiscreet confession, seeing that Special Representative Lind may now be instructed from Washington to collect that fare. But then things might be much worse than they are. Huerta's strictures on the government of New York are bad enough in all conscience, but so far he has made no threat of intervention.

Speaking of Mexico, the redoubtable Colonel Watterson thinks that Huerta should have been recognized long ago. How he got himself into the presidency, says the colonel, is no concern of ours. The Portuguese murders were quite as heinous as the Mexican murders, "yet we recognized the new régime at Lisbon without delay." We also recognized the Chinese republic, in spite of the festive eccentricities of its present President, who thinks about as much of torturing a man to death as we do of stepping on a black beetle.

The reference to Portugal reminds us of the campaign now being made against the life of Alfonso Costa, the premier of that distracted country. Certainly no insurance company would issue a policy to Costa. We are told that the female members of his family never allow him out of their sight for a moment, that everything he eats and drinks is first tasted for poison, that his bedroom is nightly searched for bombs, and that even his linen is washed at home for fear that some deadly drug will be spread upon it. Under such circumstances the life of the premier can hardly be a merry one. Costa is described by his enemies as a fiend in human form who has acted with atrocious cruelty to aged nuns and who planned a wholesale massacre in Lisbon. On the other hand his friends say that he is an incarnation of all the virtues, which shows how opinions may differ. He is said to be a scientist of front rank, a eugenicist, a suffragette, and an advocate of disarmament. He seems also to be a humorist. When asked why the royal pretender should risk his life by entering Portugal he replied that it was doubtless to avoid being married, a fate that would certainly have overtaken him had he remained in Spain. So he chose the lesser of two evils.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

The boom which followed the discovery of the extensive deposits of iron ore in the vicinity of Birmingham, Alabama, in 1882, was without precedent in the industrial history of the United States, and the rush to Birmingham was paralleled only by the stampedes which followed such discoveries as the Comstock lode in Nevada and the Alaska gold fields. The iron ores of Alabama, while inferior in quality to those of Lake Superior, have the advantage of being near deposits of good coking coal and of the limestone requisite for fluxing, so that Birmingham, the Pittsburgh of the South, can manufacture pig iron cheaper than any other district of the world.

During alterations to Cromwell House, the site of the birthplace of Oliver Cromwell, at Huntingdon, some interesting remains of an old friary which once existed there have been brought to light. The remains include the base of a wall with parts of two doorways. The foundations of a large chimney stack have been found, and in one hearth ashes still remained. The house is believed to have been founded by the Augustinian Friars shortly before 1285.

A TWO-EDGED SECRET.

Baron and Baronne Silber Listen to a Story.

Breakfast was nearly over, and the Baron and Baronne Silber were chatting as affectionately as lovers. She had just come from her boudoir and he from his racing tables, training-courses, paddocks, etc., at Viroflay. Absorbed all day long in business in Paris, he had fallen into the habit of visiting his stud of evenings, in order to be present at dawn during the speeding of his horses.

Baron Karl Silber, an Austrian banker and financier, was an unknown nobody ten years before. Now you could not open a morning journal of commerce, sport, or anything else without running across some mention of his business, his races and racers, his balls, or his wife's beauty.

Above all, his wife's beauty, for Silber, who denied himself nothing, had indulged himself at forty in the dangerous luxury of marrying charming Marguerite de Francmont, with whom all Paris had danced during four successive seasons, but whose poverty had reserved her for a marriage of this kind.

They lived happily enough, and Silber, recognizing his wife's really uncommon intelligence, did nothing—save in matters of finance—without consulting her with a frank and tender deference.

"Then," said he presently, rolling a last strawberry in sugar, "Guerin did come?"

"Yes, last night, just after you had started for Viroflay. I saw him and explained to him fully how you were the victim of indiscretions that brought suspicion upon you. 'Everything that passes at the stable,' said I, 'is reported straightway to the bookmakers of the Rue Vivienne. They know in advance what horse will run or be withdrawn; what horse carries the stable's money or is meant to win; briefly, daily and regularly, we are betrayed by some one. But by whom? Know this we must, for they are beginning to accuse us of dishonest practices.'"

"And he said?"

"Nothing, but asked if you suspected any one of your men?"

"No one special, by Jove! I simply suspect them all."

"Precisely what I told him. Whereupon he took notes and his departure, assuring me that a special agent would be at once put in charge of so delicate a matter. He will report so soon as he discovers anything."

"Which will be soon, I hope. You have had no other visitor, my dear?"

"Not one; I dined alone and spent the evening with mother. But you, Karl, what did you do at Viroflay?"

"Always the same thing; audited accounts, paid out money, examined the colts, and by three o'clock was out with the trainers speeding the racers. Kronstadt is not doing as well as he should; we shall have a hard pull to keep him in shape for the twenty-fifth. Why, hello! it's ten o'clock; I must go, it's time for business."

"But you seem so fatigued, my poor Karl!"

"Zounds! I ought to be; I was up before the sun."

"But need you go to Viroflay so often, Karl?"

"Every day if I could, my dear; 'the eye of the master,' you know—above all, in the care of race-horses. And I have, praise heaven, an eye that sees clearly."

"Undoubtedly, my dear," Marguerite assented calmly, tracing the tablecloth with the tip of her rosy nail; "but Guerin, I trust, will see clearer still. It is really as amusing as a play to me, dearest, to have anything to do with a detective whom they talk so much of as they talk of this Guerin."

* * * * *

Two hours later Karl Silber, lying back in an easy-chair in his office in the Rue Richelieu, smoked, with half-closed eyes, the purest products of the Havana tobacco fields. Near him, in a chair no less luxurious and with a weed drawn from the same source between his lips, young De Payzac—with a somewhat doubtful past—lollid and talked with wide open eyes, making the most of his position of intimate friend of so rich and renowned a man as the Baron Silber.

"The fact is, baron," said he, continuing the subject upon which he was launched, "you are, or ought to be, the happiest man in Paris today. Just think of it, the pot of money you've made at a single stroke—more than I would need to amuse me a whole long year."

"One would say that fact annoyed you," Silber returned lazily, without stirring himself.

"Annoyed me? Not the least in the world, baron. I'm too much your friend for that. But when I contrast our two destinies! Why, everything in the world succeeds with you. Your business, look at it; it goes like a conflagration. Your racing, too, which heaven knows why you took it into your head to try; whether your own horses win or lose, it matters not; you find a way to win with the horses of others—"

"In a word," Silber interrupted, with some show of temper, "you mean to imply, like the rest, that I purposely allow my own horses to be beaten?"

Payzac continued with an imperturbable calm and a lightly shrugged shoulder.

"But all of which is as nothing," said he, "compared with the fact that not only are you the legitimate possessor of the most beautiful woman in Paris, but you

also know one not less lovely who lives in a more mysterious quarter of the city—"

This time the banker sat erect, as if pulled with a spring, and looked about him uneasily.

"Payzac," said he, "h-s-sh! You risk too much at times. You, and you only, are to know that side of my life, a secret that must not be noised abroad."

"Of course," said Payzac, "I know it, for to whom else than me do you owe the acquaintance of the fair and beautiful Wanda?"

"Also the happiness of being loved for myself alone," assented Silber, gratefully. "That poor foreign girl, with her sensitive soul—positively, Payzac, she loves me like a faithful dog, though I seek always to treat her like a companion and friend. Nothing so binds women to us as letting them believe they fully share in our lives. The baronne, for instance, who thinks I tell her everything because I've the air of deciding nothing without consulting her. The result? An occupied mind for her and an affection for me—calm, possibly, but solid and devoted."

"Who could doubt it?" cried Payzac fervently, diligently blowing smoke-rings above his head. "But then, as I said, baron, everything succeeds with you. Your Viroflay combination is simply a masterpiece; which, by the way, reminds me, Silber, that I've a favor to ask of you." And the needy parasite, judging the ground well prepared, came to the true object of his visit.

* * * * *

A fortnight later the baron and baronne were again finishing breakfast in the little breakfast-room where we met them first, and where, now as then, the baron had just come in from a night at his stables.

"Haven't you lost something, Karl?" demanded the baronne suddenly, at the same time drawing from her pocket a railroad pass.

"*Parbleu!* yes," said the baron, "and a hunt I had for it, too, last night. Where did you find it, love?"

Before the baronne could answer, the door opened and a servant entered, bearing a card on a salver.

"Ah, Guerin!" said Karl. "May he come in here, dearest? A personage so potent should be treated like a family friend."

And madame consenting, the world-famed detective was ushered in. Freshly shaven, sedately dressed, monocle in eye, and portfolio in hand, he looked like the head clerk of a legal firm and beamed upon his employers with the satisfied air of a bearer of good news.

"Well, monsieur," said the baronne, in fine humor herself, "have you discovered anything?"

"Everything, madame," Guerin returned calmly, depositing his portfolio on the table. "A curious story it is, too, and with a woman in it, of course, as I thought from the start."

"Perhaps, then," said the baron, with a meaning look at his wife, "you would desire, monsieur, to be alone with me a while?"

But Guerin, priding himself upon his skill as a raconteur, and preferring two auditors to one, made signs that he could gloss over things when necessary, and plunged into his story.

"The truth is, baron," said he, after a little thought, "we never had a case that gave us so much trouble as this. Usually we have to trail people who, suspecting nothing, take no precautions. Here, on the contrary, all were under cover. It took us nearly a week to learn that Wilhelm, the bookmaker of the Rue Vivienne, had a lady-love, and to find out who she was took us longer still, as Wilhelm visits her very irregularly. She is a foreigner—a Polish girl—who lives a secluded life in a little gem of a house in the vicinity of La Muette—"

"The vicinity of La Muette!" mechanically repeated the baron, going red and white by turns; "La Muette!—the little wretch!"

"Yes," said Guerin, though not comprehending; "but what will interest you most of all is that Wanda—the Polish girl's name, you know—on certain evenings receives another visitor, and that he—this visitor—comes from your Viroflay stables. You see the mouse in the cheese, do you not, baron?" and Guerin smiled significantly.

"The little wretch!" cried Silber again, starting up in his chair.

"Exactly," said Guerin, carelessly; "but you would see more than one of the same kind, baron, were you a week in my place. Well, it is she—this Wanda—who sells to Wilhelm—for a round sum, of course—the secrets of your stable, by which every one profits but you, baron. Nothing remains to be done now but to learn the name of this man who gives this girl the information that she, in turn, imparts to the bookmaker—"

"Ah!" said Silber, with sudden vivacity, "you do not know his name then?"

"And nothing is done after all, then, monsieur," chimed in the baronne, with resentful surprise.

"On the contrary, everything is done, madame," firmly declared Guerin, pouring his *demi-tasse* of brandy into his coffee-cup and draining it at a gulp; "everything, I repeat, because you do not know my agent, Coutourier. This is the way it happened: you see—"

"But we don't—we don't see, Guerin, or want to see, either!" Silber cried, recklessly. "We see too much already—more than is necessary."

"On the contrary, M. Guerin," Marguerite protested sweetly, "your story is most interesting; proceed, if you please."

"Then, as I said," continued Guerin, "it happened in this way. They go to bed very early at Viroflay, and

last night—other nights also—when all were asleep, a man slipped out of there with great precautions, went to the station, took a train for Paris, and reached the La Muette house about eleven p. m. Two hours later he came out again, took a *fiacre*, and was driven back to Viroflay, where his absence had been noticed by no one."

"The name of this man—you do not know it, you say?" demanded the baronne becoming thoughtful.

"Not yet, madame; but—"

"Pooh!" said Silber, "it must have been my trainer, Hawkins; he's a great hand for girls and the only man at Viroflay rich enough to have a nest in the Muette quarter."

"And has Hawkins a railroad pass, do you know, baron—as this man last night had?" Guerin pursued eagerly.

"A pass? You are sure he had a *pass*, monsieur?" cried Marguerite, considering intently the great red face of her husband, suddenly beaded with perspiration.

"Absolutely, for Coutourier shadowed him all the way from Viroflay, trying to see his face, which he kept concealed, and heard him tell the Saint Lazare officials that he had somehow misplaced it. With a detail like that to work on it won't take long to nab the fel—"

"M. Guerin," interrupted the baronne with sparkling eyes, "no—go no further. We know all we need to know; we shall do the rest. Decidedly with your assistance one can learn anything!"

"It is my trade, madame," replied Guerin, modestly; "but if madame likes and has time to spare, there are other details of this business that it would amuse madame greatly to hear."

"Go on; I am not at all hurried. Give us the details, monsieur," and Mme. Silber smiled invitingly, with her eyes fixed always on the baron's face with an indefinable gaze. Proud of his success and warmed by his *demi-tasse* of *eau-de-vie*, Guerin settled back in his chair and crossed his legs comfortably.

"Two words, madame," said he, "and the milk of the cocoanut is yours. That Viroflay personage, first befooled by the bookmaker and the bookmaker's lady-love, is a second time befooled by his—would you guess it?—by his wife, who has a lover."

Guerin paused for a laugh that did not come.

Silber and his wife were evidently indisposed to hilarity. White as the cloth her fingers drummed on, the baronne bit her lips and gazed straight before her, and Karl, with an effort to pull himself together, called tremulously for the brandy.

"Wanda, I must tell you," continued Guerin, "for my agent watched her house, too—Wanda, of course, numbers among her other friends a certain M. René de Payzac—"

The Silbers started, each in a different way.

"De Payzac! He makes three, then!" the baron gasped out, losing all vestige of self-command.

"Oh, no, not at least as you mean, baron. Payzac is merely an old friend of Wanda's, who limits himself now to replenishing his pockets through his one-time idol. Coutourier overheard them one night in the garden, and learned the whole story. He wanted forty louis, and she wouldn't give them to him, and he threatened if she didn't to tell her 'friend' how she sold to the bookmaker the secrets of his stable. 'Tell him if you dare,' says she, 'and I will in turn tell him with whom his wife spends her evenings when they believe him safely engaged with his horses!'"

Guerin broke off to laugh heartily. But still no one imitated him, and vexed at this lack of interest in his amusing "details," he rose, took his hat, and began a cool adieu. He was tired of talking thus to the walls.

"What do we owe you, sir?" said Silber stiffly. "It is useless to trouble you to call here again. We'll drop this business where it stands."

"A thousand francs, baron," replied the chief of the Guerin agency; "but the name of the Viroflay unknown—you still lack that?"

"We do not need it, sir," growled Silber; "and a thousand francs, Guerin! You're wrong; you can't be serious; you'll surely make a reduction?"

Guerin did not at once reply; he was carefully selecting a cigar from the box before him. This done, he raised his eyes, fixed them upon the discomfited couple and read the situation.

"No," said he firmly, "a thousand francs, baron, just as I said. And if you haven't the worth of your money at that, you are indeed hard to please!"

Whereupon Guerin, the bill buttoned safe in his pocket, smilingly bowed himself out, leaving the baron, the baronne, and, unluckily for himself, De Payzac, who chanced in at the moment, to explain things at their ease.—Translated from the French of Léon de Tinsau by E. C. Waggener.

It is unusual for a house, however small, to be erected in France without the service of an architect, who not only draws the plans but actually superintends the work. Usually it is he who orders the building material and assures himself that its quality is up to the specifications and requirements. The contractor and his workmen perform their duties in conformity with the architect's orders, and the latter, who is usually a man with capital, advances the funds required in order that the contractor need not wait for payment until the building is completed. Moreover, the French law imposes on the architect a serious responsibility, since he, as well as the contractor, is responsible for defects of construction during a period of ten

WHEN THE DUTCH "TOOK HOLLAND."

An Independence Day Celebration in London.

That Gallic epicure who charged England with having a hundred religions but only one sauce was no doubt a student of Whitaker's Almanack. His witticism found its target, for the editor of that publication no longer prints his paralyzing list of the innumerable denominations represented in the British capital. Instead he enlightens us as to the religious creed of the occupants of King George's prisons, naively remarking at the end of his table that the religious faith of one convict could not be ascertained because he was "unfortunately suffering from delirium tremens!" But if the editor of Whitaker had been gifted with repartee he might have retorted on the French critic that not all the countless religions represented in London are native to English soil. At a dinner in his honor last week Dr. Georg Brandes flattered his cockney hosts by declaring that the England he loves is the England which is "the refuge of the persecuted." That's it. Not a few of the churches which help to swell London's amazing total of religious denominations were built by the persecuted who had fled thither for refuge. They are the fossils of old-time intolerance. If you are a Danish Lutheran, or a French Protestant, or a German Methodist, or a Russian Greek, or a Norwegian Ebenezer, or an Italian or Swiss this, that, or the other, in some quarter of London you can find a temple of faith in harmony with your creed.

But of all those extraneous shrines there is not one which for historic interest and an unbroken continuity with a far-off century can compare with the Dutch Church of Austin Friars. In the ordinary sequence of weekly events that venerable building makes no figure in the turbulent life of London; save for its solitary service at 11:15 each Sunday morning it is as silent and deserted as most of the city churches; but last Sunday it was the scene of a centenary which attracted a crowded congregation and recalled in a momentary flash the connection of the building with the days of the Reformation. Not that the special service in question was in celebration of any religious movement; on the contrary, it was in honor of a political event; but that it inevitably recalled the more distant days when the building became the refuge of the persecuted.

Not a few of the audience gathered in Austin Friars last Sunday owned allegiance to the Stars and Stripes; the commemoration of a nation's independence had a natural attraction for temporary Fourth-of-July exiles. It mattered little to those sympathetic Americans that they could not interpret the Nassau motto on the front of the organ, or that Mapnix van St. Aldegonde's national hymn sounded worse than Greek to their ears, or that they understood not a word of the predicant's impassioned oration—they were sustained by a comfortable feeling that although debarred by language they were yet taking part in a Dutch Fourth of July. As if that were not reward enough, their eyes were gladdened by seeing the Stars and Stripes in a prominent position among those flags of the nations which formed the sole decoration of the building.

Sunday's unique service in a unique building was to commemorate, a day ahead of time, the centenary of that event which gave rise to the famous saying that "the Dutch have taken Holland." Heartened by Napoleon's disastrous retreat from Moscow and other misfortunes in the career of that scourge of Europe, the Netherlands, towards the close of 1813, resolved to drive the French from their country and become a nation again. And the resolve was no sooner taken than carried into effect. The Prince of Orange returned, as his father had left Holland, in a humble fishing-smack, and on the 1st of December he accepted the offer of a free sovereignty and a free constitution. The rule of Napoleon was at an end; the Dutch had "taken Holland"; and from that day to this the Netherlands has maintained its independent state though so often threatened by greater powers. Hence the triumphant, the martial note of Sunday's celebration within the ancient walls of Austin Friars.

'Twas no easy task for the uninitiated to discover that historic building. Although verging on one of the busiest streets in the heart of the city, along which innumerable thousands hurry morning and night from and to one of the greatest railway depots of London, it is so hidden from view by blocks of office buildings that few save the informed are aware of its existence. In the days of old John Stow it boasted a "most fine spired steeple," the like of which that topographer had never seen, a steeple which "beautified the city"; but that was in the late sixteenth century. Today Austin Friars is one of the steeple-less churches of London, and its entrances have to be sought down inconspicuous alleys.

Yet when the uxorious eighth of the Henries turned out the old Augustine monks and presented their house and grounds to the Marquis of Winchester this was one of the most verdant spots in all London. There were fair gardens here, the memory of which is preserved by the mulberry trees still standing in the adjacent pleasance of the Drapers' company, and a noble monkish domicile, and a stately church. Everything was presented to the marquis save the church, and that he transformed the monks' quarters into his town house. By reserving the church to the crown the lover of Anne Boleyn saved it for a more worthy purpose than he knew.

For in the middle year of the sixteenth century, when there had fled to London many a Dutch refugee from Papist persecution, this already ancient church was granted to the exiles from Holland by Edward VI to be "their preaching place." It was a haven within a haven; a temple for the soul in the city which was the refuge of the body. Those Dutch exiles must have appreciated the irony of the fate which had given them a place of worship that had aforesaid been the possession of the very church which had driven them from their native land. Nor was that to be a mere temporary arrangement; each succeeding monarch of England confirmed the grant of the boy king, just as to this day the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral is still the temple of the descendants of those Walloons and French Huguenots to whom it was apportioned in 1585. But the Dutch colony of London can boast a longer tenancy of their temple; the grant was made in 1550 and has never been disturbed from that date to this.

So it has come to pass, as with most of the churches in the city limit of old London, that the congregation of the dead within Austin Friars is more numerous than the congregation of the living. Many of those who have had sepulture within this building bore distinguished names; Stow gives a prodigious list of knights and ladies, and wealthy merchants and their wives, and famous earls and their countesses, who rest here; but most of the names which have survived the abrading feet of bygone generations are those of the Dutch exiles for whom there was no return to their native land. Once there were rare and costly monuments here, rich in armorial devices and alabaster figures, but the impecuniosity of the marquis aforesaid impelled him to sell the lot for five hundred dollars. Nor was that the last transaction of the Winchester family. A later marquis disposed of his house and grounds to a wealthy merchant of the city, greatly to the grief of Sir Fulke Greville, who could not tolerate the idea of being the tenant of "such a fellow." What horror would have vexed the aristocratic soul of Sir Philip Sidney's friend could he have foreseen the blocks of commercial offices which now compass Austin Friars on every hand.

Stow's father had a house and garden adjacent to the church, the former of which was the subject of a bit of engineering which anticipated transatlantic feats in the removal of buildings bodily. It seems that the property was bought by Thomas Cromwell, who determined to enlarge his grounds at the expense of his neighbors. So rollers were placed under Stow's house ere he knew what was happening, and the building planted some yards further back to make Cromwell more room around his mansion. And in those autocratic days no man "durst so to argue" about such a trifling matter. But it will be many a day before rollers are thrust beneath the Dutch Church of Austin Friars.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, December 2, 1913.

The forthcoming demolition of London's oldest West End synagogue, situated behind His Majesty's Theatre, in St. Alban's Palace, Haymarket, marks an interesting stage in the history of Jewish London. There are today in round figures a quarter of a million Jews in Great Britain, and of these 150,000 are resident in London. The metropolitan synagogues included in the United Synagogue number sixteen, but of these few have a more curious record than that of the Western Synagogue. The synagogue owed its origin to Wolf Liepman of St. Petersburg and Baron de Symons, who lived in Bedford Row, and cooperated about the year 1768 in the establishment of a minyan, which met in the private house of Mr. Liepman for nearly thirty years. In 1798 a regular congregation was established—the first synagogue in the West End of London—and a house was hired for the purpose in Denmark Court. It was known as the Denmark Court, or Westminster Synagogue, and stood on the site of the old Exeter Hall, now covered by the Strand Palace Hotel. The relations between the western congregation and the city synagogue were fixed by treaty in 1808, and according to the terms of the agreement no one was permitted to join the western congregation unless he lived west of Temple Bar or Holborn Bar, and unless he retained a seat in one of the city synagogues he was bound to pay them a tax of half a guinea a year or more, this tax entitling to burial in one of the existing burial grounds in the East End.

China's famous iron mine, the Tayeh, the foremost in the Far East, is especially notable for the ease with which it is worked. It stands peerless in the world in this respect, excavation requiring no machine power. The work is done by hand by the Chinese coolies. The mine is reputed to be inexhaustible in its ore. In the days of the "three kingdoms" the locality formed a theatre of bloody fighting, and the vicinity abounds in relics of that memorable period in Chinese history. It is about 3630 Chinese miles from Peking overland, and about 4980 Chinese miles by water. Tayeh-Hsien is traversed by ranges of hills and mountains, the valleys of which abound in innumerable lakes of all sizes, with water-course facilities. Consequently the locality is rich in scenery of great beauty, and the Chinese poets from olden times have never tired of singing of the "Eight Views" of Tayeh. In the neighborhood of Tayeh iron mine are found the ruins of ancient iron foundries probably 1000 years old. Millions of tons of slag lie in heaps.

OLD FAVORITES.

"Gnd Rest Ynu, Merry Gentlemen"

God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was horn upon this day,
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray,
O tidings of comfort and joy!
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was horn on Christmas Day.

In Bethlehem, in Jewry,
This blessed babe was horn,
And laid within a manger,
Upon this blessed morn;
The which His mother, Mary,
Nothing did take in scorn.

From God our Heavenly Father,
A blessed angel came;
And unto certain shepherds
Brought tidings of the same:
How that in Bethlehem was horn
The Son of God by name.

"Fear not," then said the angel,
"Let nothing you affright,
This day is horn a Saviour
Of virtue, power, and might,
So frequently to vanquish all
The friends of Satan quite."

The shepherds at these tidings
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding
In tempest, storm, and wind,
And went to Bethlehem straightway,
This blessed babe to find.

But when to Bethlehem they came,
Whereat this infant lay,
They found Him in a manger,
Where oxen feed on hay,
His mother Mary kneeling,
Unto the Lord did pray.

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas
All others doth deface.
O tidings of comfort and joy!
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was horn on Christmas Day.—Unknown.

"The Wnnds That Bring the Sunset Near."

The wind from out the west is blowing;
The homeward-wandering cows are lowing;
Dark grow the pine-woods, dark and drear,—
The woods that bring the sunset near.

When o'er wide seas the sun declines,
Far off its fading glory shines,—
Far off, sublime, and full of fear,—
The pine-woods bring the sunset near.

This house that looks to east, to west,
This, dear one, is our home, our rest;
Yonder the stormy sea, and here
The woods that bring the sunset near.
—Richard Watson Gilder.

The Frost Spirit.

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes! You may
trace his footsteps now
On the naked woods and the blasted fields and the brown
hill's withered brow.
He has smitten the leaves of the gray old trees where their
pleasant green came forth,
And the winds, which follow wherever he goes, have shaken
them down to earth.

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes! from the
frozen Labrador,
From the icy bridge of the Northern seas, which the white
bear wanders o'er,
Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice and the luckless
forms below
In the sunless cold of the lingering night into marble statues
grow!

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes! on the
rushing Northern blast,
And the dark Norwegian pines have howed as his fearful
breath went past.
With an unscorched wing he has hurried on, where the fires of
Hecla glow

On the darkly beautiful sky above and the ancient ice below.
He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes! and the quiet
lake shall feel
The torpid touch of his glazing breath, and ring to the
skater's heel;
And the streams which danced on the broken rocks, or sang
to the leaning grass,
Shall how again to their winter chain, and in mournful silence
pass.

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes! Let us meet
him as we may,
And turn with the light of the parlor-fire his evil power
away;
And gather closer the circle round, when that firelight dances
high,
And laugh at the shriek of the huffed Fiend as his sounding
wing goes by!
—John Greenleaf Whittier.

Antiquaries are of the belief that the hull of an old ship uncovered recently near Woolwich, England, is nothing less than the remains of the famous sixteenth-century warship, the *Great Harry*. Seymour Lucas, the historical painter, says that two wheels of a gun carriage of the reign of Henry VIII or early in the reign of Elizabeth, together with stone cannon balls and pieces of Elizabethan pottery, all taken from the hull, prove the accuracy of the statement, and adds that there was a dock built in 1512 at Woolwich, where the *Great Harry* was probably lying when destroyed.

Oil is now made from tomato seeds in Italy, and is used in the manufacture of soap.

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

A Second Volume of Correspondence Completes the Biography of a Scholar and a Thinker.

The second volume of the letters of Charles Eliot Norton begins with Norton's return from England in 1873. He was then forty-six years old, and the work with which his name is most closely associated—the work of a teacher—lay all before him. His preparation for it, say his editors, was obviously richer than it could have been had he pursued the usual academic course and begun the routine of instruction in early life; he came to his work, not as a pedagogue, but as a man of letters and of the world. His first commission took the form of a lectureship on the history of art. In the academic year of 1874 Norton announced and delivered a course on the history of the fine arts and their relations to literature. In 1875 he was appointed professor of the history of art in Harvard University, and for twenty-three years performed the full duties of that office. In 1898 he became professor emeritus, and for the ten remaining years of his life held a place of recognized leadership in the intellectual, artistic, and social interests of his community.

Norton's interest in the great men of his day remained as vivid as ever. To a certain extent he was severed from the galaxy of European stars, but with the great men of his own country he was in constant contact. He maintained his correspondence with Carlyle, and in 1880 we find a letter in which he makes regretful allusions to Emerson:

I have not seen Emerson since the winter, but I have heard lately that he was physically well. His memory is quite shattered, and at times his mind moves as in dreams. I was told of his speaking the other day of the pleasure he had once had in a visit from you at Concord. The spiritual impression was too strong to be mastered by the feeble memory of fact. He has his good days, however, and I see it announced that he is to read a lecture this month at a "Summer School of Philosophy" at Concord, which your old acquaintance, the potato-and-apple evangelist, Alcott, is the high priest. The teaching is marvelous; and the intuitionists have it all their own way, and the contradictoriness of the intuitions of the different sages is the supreme test and evidence of their truth. Is not truth polygonal? Are not the ego and the non-ego resolvable in the last analysis into a single affirmation? You know the kind from of old. All the doctors of this faculty are not to be found in the New World. The only novel development is that we have female sages; modern Pythias, or at least pytholepts of an Hegelian Apollo, and reported by the daily press. Whereat we profane, standing far off, marvel.

Norton had the grief of seeing his old-time friends disappear one by one. In 1882 he writes to Lowell commiserating with him on the death of Longfellow. He tells Lowell that he has a book in which Longfellow wrote his name forty-one years before, and "in all this time I have not a single recollection of him that is not sweet, pleasant, and dear":

Last Sunday week, the 19th, was a beautiful day, soft with the early breath of spring. I went to see him in the afternoon and heard, to my regret, that he was in bed with a cold taken the day before, but that he was not seriously ill. An hour later I met Mrs. Ernest Longfellow, who told me that there was nothing alarming in his attack. I had felt anxious, for of late he has seemed to lack vigor, and he has suffered from inability to do any mental work and from shifting neuralgic pains. One of the last times I saw him I said as I entered his study, "I hope this is a good day for you." "Ah, Charles," he answered, with a not uncheerful smile, "there are no good days now."

It was Emerson's wish that Norton should become the custodian of the letters exchanged between him and Carlyle, and in 1873 we find a letter from Emerson to Norton saying that there are nearly a hundred of these letters and "that you may hereafter make what disposition or destruction of them you shall find fit." Carlyle himself was willing that Norton should undertake this duty, and he writes him the following characteristic letter:

Understand then at once that I entirely agree with Emerson in his disposal of these letters, and have or can have no feeling on the subject, but that if he was going to do anything at all with the stuff he could not in the world have found anybody better to take charge of it than yourself. Accept it therefore, I pray you; lock it by in some drawer till I have vanished; and then do with it what to your own just mind shall seem best. If my brother, Dr. Carlyle in Dumbfries, or Froude, who are appointed executors, should ever want it, they will know that it is in your keeping, and will get a just response upon it on application. And that is all I have to say on this small matter, which I confess grows smaller and smaller to me every day, and every year, for the last forty; the wish rising stronger and stronger in me, were it possible, not to have any biography at all in a kind of world like this, but rather to lie purely silent in the Land of Silence; intimating to all kinds of "able editors," blithering stump orators, penny-a-liners, or guinea-a-worders, Sweet friends, for Jesus' sake forbear To dig the dust inclosed here.

This is all of essential I had to say. Needs only that I charge you with my friendliest, fraternal salutations, and thanks to Emerson, and hopeful congratulations on all your report upon him.

Norton's interest in American politics is constantly reflected in his correspondence of this epoch. He writes to Lowell in 1884 expressing doubts if Cleveland would continue him as American ambassador to Great Britain. He says that though Blaine is defeated "the narrow margin of victory is disappointing, even discouraging. It displays the low average moral sense of the people":

I could wish that in your admirable discourse on Democracy—which is as wise as it is brilliant—you had dealt with this danger of the lowering of the moral standard in a democracy like ours to the level of those whose moral sense is in their trousers and not their breast pocket. You give me pause when you say the people are "learning more and more how to be worthy" of their power. Perhaps so; but this is more questionable than it seemed ten or twenty years ago. It is not because I am ten or twenty years older that I

say so, but because unfavorable influences, only nascent then, have in recent years been working with full force to affect the character and aims of the great body of the people. I have as strong a conviction as you that "democracy" will work; but it may work ignominiously, brutally; here, at least, it does not look as if the better element of social life, of human nature, were growing and flourishing in proportion to the baser. You will find the quality of the democratic climate changed not for the better during your absence.

Froude's "History of Carlyle's Life in London" aroused Norton's intense resentment. It was published in 1884, and on November 29 of that year we find a letter addressed to Leslie Stephen and full of invective against the biographer:

As for Froude, the spirit of truth is not in him. These last volumes are not so openly malignant as the first, but covertly they seem to me quite as much so. Froude's praise generally rings false. I know nothing else so had against the Sage of Chelsea as that this man should be his chief disciple and representative. Carlyle is expatiating his sins. He, the lover and heliver in truth, has "a continental liar" (one of the phrases of our late political campaign) to report him to the world—this is the penalty of extravagance of speech; and he, the steadfast and courageous man, has a hesitator—"just hint a fault," etc.—and a coward to praise him for not having sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. Ah! dear old Thomas, why did not you know that your exaggerations and outcries were the windy food of humbugs and falsifiers? Well, the poor old Thomas is having a pretty hard Purgatorial experience, and it isn't clear that he will ever get quite into Paradise. I hope so.

The outbreak of the Spanish war found Norton energetically with the minority. The war, say his editors, appeared to him the expression of the very tendencies in American life which, as a lover of his country, he most distrusted, and to which, in his capacity as a private citizen, he was opposed. What his exact position was at this time his own words—in an address on "True Patriotism"—will best prove, and from this address a couple of selections may be made:

No thoughtful American can have watched the course of affairs among us during the last thirty years without grave anxiety from the apparent decline in power to control the direction of public and private conduct, of the principles upon regard for which the permanent and progressive welfare of America depends; and especially the course of events during the last few months and the actual condition of the country today should bring home to every man the question whether or not the nation is true to one of the chief of the ideals to which it has professed allegiance. A generation has grown up that has known nothing of war. The blessings of peace have been poured out upon us. We have congratulated ourselves that we were free from the misery and the burdens that war and standing armies have brought upon the nations of the Old World. "Their fires"—I cite a fine phrase of Sir Philip Sidney in a letter to Queen Elizabeth—"their fires have given us light to see our own quietness." And now of a sudden, without cool deliberation, without prudent preparation, the nation is hurried into war, and America, she who more than any other land was pledged to peace and goodwill on earth, unsheathes her sword, compels a weak and unwilling nation to fight, rejecting without due consideration her earnest and repeated offers to meet every legitimate demand of the United States. It is a bitter disappointment to the lover of his country; it is a turning-back from the path of civilization to that of barbarism.

The speaker went on to declare that Cuba must either be given over to anarchy or governed by the United States, and that "either alternative might well give us pause":

But the war is declared; and on all hands we hear the cry that he is no patriot who fails to shout for it, and to urge the youth of the country to enlist, and to rejoice that they are called to the service of their native land. The sober counsels that were appropriate before the war was entered upon must give way to blind enthusiasm, and the voice of condemnation must be silenced by the thunders of the guns and the hurrahs of the crowd. Stop! A declaration of war does not change the moral law. "The Ten Commandments will not hudge" at a joint resolve of Congress. Was James Russell Lowell ought out a good patriot when during the Mexican war he sent the stinging shafts of his matchless satire at the heart of the monstrous iniquity, or when, years afterward, he declared that he thought at the time and that he still thought the Mexican War was a national crime? Did John Bright ever render greater service to his country than when, during the Crimean War, he denounced the administration which had plunged England into it, and employed his magnificent power of earnest and incisive speech in the endeavor to repress the evil spirit which it evoked in the heart of the nation? No! the voice of protest, of warning, of appeal, is never more needed than when the clamor of life and drum, echoed by the press and too often by the pulpit, is bidding all men fall in and keep step and obey in silence the tyrannous word of command. Then, more than ever, it is the duty of the good citizen not to be silent, and spite of obloquy, misrepresentation, and abuse, to insist on being heard and with sober counsel to maintain the everlasting validity of the principles of the moral law.

It is easy to detect a certain note of querulousness in Norton's correspondence at this period. He believed that the nation had violated the high ideals of its history and that he could discern a certain descent in the moral tone of the people. Then, too, he was overwhelmed with abuse for his outspoken utterances and so found himself in opposition to a popular flood of sentiment that threatened to carry him away. On June 24, 1898, he writes to Leslie Stephen and complains that his speech, unintended for publication and addressed only to his class had made him the subject of newspaper obloquy. But he holds firmly to his attitude of disapproval of the war:

I have been silent too long—partly because this iniquitous and perilous war has made me averse to letter-writing. The days are grave and disheartening, and the prospect is dark. We have been living in a Fool's Paradise, hoping that in the long run the better elements in our national life would get the upper hand, and that we should stumble along, with many a slip indeed, but on the whole in the right direction. But the war has suddenly roused us from this dream. America has rejected her old ideals, turned her back on her past, and chosen the path of barbarism. All the evil spirits of the Old World which we trusted were exorcised in the New have taken possession of her, and under their influence she has gone mad.

Two days later we find him adopting the same tone in a letter to Edward Lee-Child. He says that owing

to the position that he has taken in this "wretched, needless, and consequently iniquitous war" he has been burdened with letters, more of them denouncing his course than expressing sympathy with it:

The old America, the America of our hopes and our dreams, has come to an end, and a new America is entering on the false course which has been tried so often and which has often led to calamity. This war will in the long run result in far more evil to the United States than to Spain. We shall nominally win, but at the cost of what infinite loss!

The world is uglier physically, and in part morally, than when we were born, but I believe that in the portion of it which we call civilized there is less misery. At any rate, I comfort myself with what may, after all, be a delusion. . . .

Norton now finds constant cause for regret, not only in the general lowering of moral ideals, but also in the loss of intellectual standards. Writing to E. L. Godkin, he says that not even in Cambridge can he get together half a dozen men or women who have a large common background for their thoughts, their wit, their humor. Literature in the best sense used to supply a good deal of it, but does so no longer. "My fair neighbor asks, 'What are Pericles?'"

The actual condition of our affairs is as bad as can be, but the signs of discontent and reaction increase, and I am not wholly without hope that we shall stop fighting the poor Filipinos. But we are such a new thing in history that prediction is more difficult than ever. Just now we are getting hysterical, and mock-hysterical, over Dewey. And who is Dewey, and what has he done for a nation to go wild about him?

Even the material prosperity of the country arouses forebodings, since it makes for materialism, and there is no longer any valid religious force that can oppose it. Catholicism, he says, might do this if it "were but a trifle more enlightened":

Certainly the religious, the political, the financial conditions of our country are extraordinary, and I am at a loss as to the proportion of the good and evil auguries to be drawn from them. Such widespread and immense material prosperity is a novelty in the world's history.

There is no force to counteract its influence; for Protestantism as a religion has completely failed. It is not the mere breaking down of its dogma, but the fact of its having become, with the progress of science, vacant of spiritual significance, and a church of essentially insincere profession, that is the ruin of Protestantism. It has no spiritual influence with which to oppose the spirit of materialism.

Orientalism, consequent upon the rise of Japan, naturally attracts the attention of a man who allowed nothing of import to escape him. Writing to Nariaki Kozaki, he expresses sympathy with Japan in the war with Russia, but fears that a Japanese victory might be fraught with serious consequences for the victor:

I have no such liking for our Occidental civilization as to desire to see it extended over the East. We have as much to learn from the East as you of the East have to learn from the West, and I am not sure but that the lesson the East has to teach is the more important. In a letter which came to me from an American friend, the editor of a local newspaper in one of the smaller New England cities, on the same day on which your letter reached me, are the following words: "I do not feel certain that our civilization (that is, the civilization of Western Europe and America) is the right civilization. Contemplation, which is associated with the East, looks to me as worthy an occupation as 'hustle'; and is it not conceivable that some race in Asia is developing a form of civilization that by and by would prove as precious as that which Greece left us, if the Persians of Modern Europe could be kept from crushing it back into conformity?" Japan has already taught much to the Western world, and the lessons she has to teach are by no means yet completely learned.

The correspondence contains a few, and only a few, references to the question of religion. From the point of orthodoxy Norton was a skeptic, but in writing to Goldwin Smith he says that "Here we are, old men, near the end of life, and awaiting the end without anxiety or a shadow of fear; perplexed indeed by the mighty mystery of existence and of the universe, and happy in the conviction that the chief lesson of life is that of love":

I have less fear than you of the result on conduct of the weakening of belief in the divine origin and authority of Christianity. The motives for good conduct and for refraining from ill presented by Christianity seem to me of an essentially selfish order, and although their appeal to selfishness has been urged by priests and ecclesiastics generally, it does not appear to have been of much avail except with the ignorant masses of men. With them it is not likely, whatever changes take place in the creed of the comparatively small number of enlightened men, to lose its force. I believe that the motives which impel an intelligent man (who leaves God and immortality out of his reckoning because inconceivable) to virtuous conduct, are the strongest which can be addressed to a human being, because they appeal directly to the highest qualities of his nature.

A letter written to Eliot Norton in 1907 gives us a fleeting glimpse of Howells and records a flash of wit that it is well to preserve:

Mr. Howells was with us on Sunday, and seemed better than I had expected, considering how poorly he was during the greater part of the winter and spring. Pleasant as he always is, he never was pleasanter, and we had four or five hours of animated talk by which a vast deal of ground was covered. His humor was delightful as of old. One quick bit of wit was worth preserving. I was speaking to him of Dr. James's new book, and said that it was brilliant but not clear. "Like his father," said Mr. Howells, "who wrote the Secret of Swedenborg and kept it."

Norton died on October 21, 1908, after a few hours of unconsciousness and with all his children near him. His last letter, written a few days before to H. H. Furness, showed all the usual force and brilliance, but he was too weak to sign it himself, and this was done for him by his daughter.

LETTERS OF CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. With biographical comment by his daughter, Sara Norton, and M. A. DeWolfe Howe. In two volumes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$5 net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Greek Art.

It might be rash to say that this is the best book on Greek art that has ever been published, since there is no definite standard of values in such matters. But there need be no reluctance to describe it as the most vital and the most readable from the point of view of the student and as being singularly free from those precisions and technicalities that have caused the domain of art to be *terra incognita* to many of those who by temperament and inclination ought to be familiar with its chief features.

The author explains that his object is not so much to ascertain what Greece has to tell us about art as what art has to tell us about Greece. His work is therefore to a large extent both sociological and historical, and here we may admire the just enthusiasm that he is at no pains to hide. The Greek civilization, he tells us, is the most remarkable that the world has ever known. In essential matters the Greek supremacy was absolute. Greek character was better rounded than our own. The Greek development had a juster balance of faculties than ours, while "nothing is more amazing than the vigor of its ethical assertion." Perhaps the comparison is not wholly a just one, since only a comparatively small number of the Greek people were historically articulate, but it can hardly be denied that "no modern divine or prophet of other mold has uttered words which will draw tears of homage after two thousand years as do the words of Socrates in his prison."

Dr. Powers properly devotes his first chapter to the Kingdom of Minos, that misty dawn of legible Greek history that has so lately emerged from the domain of fable. And here he tells us that the art of Minos, immeasurably ancient as it is, must not be considered as "young art, but old, not crude art, but conventionalized." But if Greek art was already old at Cnossus, where then was it born? That, of course, is a question for the archaeologist, but it is evident that we must revise a current conception of evolution that pictures humanity as ascending steadily from barbarism to its present dizzy altitudes. The glories of Crete must have been long dead before Europe began to wake from savagery.

It would be impossible to follow the author through his many and fascinating pages. He shows us how the thought and the art of Greece marched side by side and how both alike were reflected in the Greek system. He shows how art was gradually corrupted by science, and how the sculptor began to give ear to the matter-of-fact and prosaic temperament that hates vagueness and suggestion. And so we have a fling at the art schools of the present time. He tells us that the "terrible ordeal of the art school and the studio with their necessary hostility to the sporadic, the wanton, and the careless, sternly mows down with these weeds the flowers of fancy which can alone bear the fruit of art. For every one whose imagination survives the repressive discipline of the studio, there are a hundred who learn to disparage and distrust the creative fancy if they ever knew it and who emerge skilled craftsmen devoted to the mimicry of the commonplace."

It is to be hoped that this fine work will be read as widely as it deserves. There are others that are based on a knowledge as accurate and as wide, but very few so saturated with the spirit of art itself or with a tinge of its perception, imagination, or originality.

THE MESSAGE OF GREEK ART. By H. H. Powers. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.

The Thousandth Woman.

This story turns on the question of whether Cazalet, on his way home from Australia to England, could have killed Henry Craven, who was murdered while Cazalet's ship was still many days from port. It seems that Cazalet left the ship at Naples and rejoined her at Genoa, and the calculation of possibilities therefore turns on the transeuropean railroad timetable. But having satisfied ourselves that the journey could have been made, and in fact was made, we have still to ascertain whether it was Cazalet's hand that struck the fatal blow. Since the evidence against him is almost overwhelming we may safely assume his innocence according to the time-honored rules of the detective story. But the yarn is quite well told.

THE THOUSANDTH WOMAN. By E. W. Hornung. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1 net.

A Mesalliance.

The mesalliance is not perhaps quite so well understood in America as it is in England, where the "pale spectre of the salt" is somewhat more of a reality. That a village girl married to an aristocrat should turn out to be a woman of exceptional strength and worth is still an idea strong enough to arrest the attention of the Old World, and Katharine Tynan handles it so well as to make it acceptable to the new. When Ralph Bretherton hears that his cousin is dead and receives from the widow a note of invitation to the funeral he is filled with the resentment that the marriage had inspired, overlooks the slightly crude wording of the note, and goes down into Worsbire. To do him justice, he was less moved by the loss of his inheritance than

by the mesalliance that had brought it about. That his cousin should marry a girl whose spelling and grammar were a little dubious and whose relatives were not wholly unsuspected of poaching proclivities was a social wound that rankled more than the loss of money. Ralph Bretherton's slow awakening to the sterling values and to the beauty of his cousin's widow may be said to form the motif of the story, the process being slightly accelerated by the discovery that he has, after all, inherited the bulk of the estate, thanks to the influence of the widow herself. Ralph is a little slow in coming to his senses and a little bewildered by the charms of a young ward, but he comes to his senses in time, and possibly even learns something of the deceptive nature of caste.

A MESALLIANCE. By Katharine Tynan. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.25 net.

The Dark Flower.

It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Galsworthy's latest novel is not a mere record of galloping events, but a careful dissection of phases of human character that belong to normal rather than abnormal humanity. He gives us three episodes in the life of a man who is an artist by occupation and an emotionalist by temperament. In his youth he falls in love with a married woman whose passion for him rouses a response that never comes to fruition. The second episode is perhaps the strongest of the three, inasmuch as it gives the author an opportunity for that peculiar kind of artistry that is so distinctively his own. The heroine in the summer of Mark Lennan's life is a replica of the woman in "The Man of Property," full of sweetness and of a softened sensuous charm, the type that draws all men irresistibly to her, but who loves only one. This part of the story with its tragic ending is finely written, in every way an irreproachable piece of work with its poetic suggestion of impending fate.

The third episode is the least agreeable and the most realistic, but perhaps as true as any. It chronicles that mysterious restlessness which sometimes seizes a man in the autumn of his days and makes him long for a new love that shall resurrect his youth for him or even persuade him that his youth is still with him. It is man's "dangerous age," but in this case the delicacy and fastidiousness of Lennan's nature and his affection for his wife prove his salvation. The first motive recalls the conquest of his temptation made by the middle-aged protagonist of Galsworthy's "Fraternity."

THE DARK FLOWER. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.35 net.

Mothering on Perilous.

It seems that there is a certain amount of settlement work among the Kentucky mountaineers, and the author gives us a record of a year's experience. She had about a dozen boys to look after and to humanize, and we are a little in doubt as to how far their vagaries were due to the Kentucky mountains and how far to the natural cussedness of the boy. Fighting was the breath of their lives, and so the author tries to divert their pugnacious instincts into a more wholesome enthusiasm for the Trojan war and the great heroes whose halos have been brightened by time. To tell such a story as this and to make it interesting needs some special and unusual gifts, and the author possesses them to the full. She was genuinely in love with her work, and she brings alike to its performance and to its record a genuine enthusiasm, a keen sense of humor, and an appreciative sympathy for human nature. She shows also a genuine power to depict a state of mind, and there is no rarer gift than this. She has added a valuable chapter to our knowledge of the life of the Kentucky mountaineers.

MOTHERING ON PERILOUS. By Lucy Furman. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

Mascarose.

We have always had our suspicions that the days of chivalry were not quite so attractive as the novelist would have us believe and that perhaps even the troubadours were no better than they should be. But it is our illusions that make life tolerable, and so there should be a welcome for the dainty idyll given to us under the name of "Mascarose," by Gordon Arthur Smith. There is the lovely lady of high degree who is not quite so cold as she seems, and the other lovely lady of low degree whom we so much prefer, and there are knights and tournaments and a troubadour who has an astonishing gift of improvisation that seems now to be lost. Mr. Smith transports us into a sort of fairy world of love and bard blows, where bonest open force takes the place of the sinister and sordid diplomacies with which we are now so much familiar.

MASCAROSE. By Gordon Arthur Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1 net.

A Book for Boys.

When such men as Harold Avery, J. Saxon Mills, D. H. Parry, and Claude Grahame White combine in the production of a book for boys it is reasonable to expect something quite out of the common. Certainly we have

it here in the shape of a large and splendidly illustrated volume devoted to adventure, invention, travel, battle, bloodshed, and all the other delightful things dear to the heart of the boy. Of its kind it may be said safely that there is nothing else quite so good as this.

THIS YEAR'S BOOK FOR BOYS. By various authors. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.50 net.

Swiss Family Robinson.

This fine old classic should receive a fresh lease of life from the fine form in which it has now been reissued. Stout paper and hold type make it a pleasure to read, while the colored illustrations by T. H. Robinson are a successful example of the art of the illustrator. "The Swiss Family Robinson" and "Robinson Crusoe" are likely to maintain their position as prime favorites and as belonging to a class of literature that proves its value by a uniform appeal to all ages and to both sexes.

THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON. By Johann David Wyss. Illustrated by T. H. Robinson. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2 net.

Baby Peta.

This volume is intended for children, being one of three by the same author and uniform in appearance. But the children who read it must have hands that have first been washed and sandpapered. It is of large quarto size, printed upon paper that is almost cardboard, and containing nineteen chapters devoted to various animals that are child favorites. But its chief charm is to be found in the dainty colored illustrations by E. J. Detmold.

THE BOOK OF BABY PETS. Descriptions by Florence E. Dugdale. Illustrations by E. J. Detmold. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.50 net.

Travels Without Baedeker.

The author easily persuades us that it is only the poor traveler who sees the world. The doors of a real experience open only to a scarcity of coin, and not to its abundance, a truism that, it is to be feared, will meet with scant respect. Mr. Beaman traveled through Egypt, Palestine, Turkey, and Greece, and while he has nothing new to say he says it with considerable humor and interest. A capital book for an idle evening.

TRAVELS WITHOUT BAEDERER. By Ardern Beaman. New York: John Lane Company; \$2 net.

Leaves of Grass.

Conspicuous among the seasonal gift books is this fine edition of Walt Whitman. Of full quarto size, the volume is printed upon thick paper, with wide margins and in a comfortable type. Moreover, there are twenty-four fine colored illustrations by Margaret C. Cook. The general workmanship is of the finest kind, and yet not of that excessive delicacy that seems always to warn us not to touch.

LEAVES OF GRASS. By Walt Whitman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$6 net.

The Lost Road.

The volume takes its name from the first of seven short stories, although perhaps the seventh is the best of them all. The author wanders over a wide area in his search for incident, but he always finds something tense and virile, with a careful evasion of the sickly or the merely sordid.

THE LOST ROAD. By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25 net.

Briefier Reviews.

The American Book Company has published "Die Sieben Reisen Sindbad des Seemanns," by Grimm, with notes, exercises, and vocabulary by K. C. H. Drechsel, A. M. Price, 40 cents.

Children with a love for wild life will be pleased with "Really Truly Nature Stories," by Helen S. Woodruff (George H. Doran Company; \$1 net). It contains all sorts of information about the familiar life of the fields and it is conveyed in the form of pleasantly written dialogue.

"The Work of the Rural School," by J. D. Eggleston and Robert W. Bruere (Harper & Brothers; \$1) is an elaborate examination of the rural school system, not only as it is, but as it might be. The authors deal with all essential subjects, such as buildings, grounds, sanitation, centralization, transportation, in-

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struction, agriculture, amusements, etc., with the result that we have an alluring picture of possibilities that it is within the power of the rural school to attain. An excessive emphasis is laid upon germs, while the authors' advocacy of sex hygiene is an impugment of the value of their judgment in other respects.

"Colette in France," by Etta Blaisdell McDonald, has been added to the Little People Everywhere Series, now in course of issue by Little, Brown & Co. The object of the series is to make American children acquainted with the child life of other countries, an object estimable in itself and well sustained by good writing and acceptable illustrations.

Those in search of Christmas cards of an unusual kind would do well to inspect the selections submitted by Paul Elder & Co., whose exquisite typographical workmanship is so well known as to need no indication. These cards are offered in great variety and at various prices, but a low price is never allowed to interfere with excellence of finish or tasteful composition.

"The Mouse-Colored Road," by Vance Thompson (D. Appleton & Co.; \$1 net), may be described as a metaphysical story for children. The old professor explains that everything is made up of atoms, and that if we could but succeed in slipping between the atoms we should find ourselves in quite a different sort of world and amid other forms of life which are thereupon described. Whether time can be described as atomic is perhaps a little open to doubt, but the story is ingenious and suggestive and therefore to be recommended. The illustrations are by Oliver Herford.

Classics for Children.

This handsome series of volumes may be hopefully taken to indicate a demand for something better than the rather nauseating nonsense that is so often offered as pabulum for the mind of the child. There are now ten volumes in this shelf of Tales for Children from Many Lands (E. P. Dutton & Co.) under the editorship of F. C. Tinney. All are good, some of them very good, including as they do "The Story of Bayard," "Robin Hood," "Andersen's Fairy Tales," and "King Arthur and His Round Table." Each book contains eight colored illustrations, as well as others in the text, drawn by artists of note. Those who wish to give their children something of permanent value and belonging to the character-building category would do well to become acquainted with this admirable series.

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The Creeping Tides.

Kate Jordan tells a story of considerable force, laying most of her scenes in Greenwich Village, New York, and choosing as her characters a young widow and an ex-officer of the British army who has distinguished himself in the Philippines as an American volunteer and who is now slowly recovering from a severe wound. It is evident that some sort of a cloud hangs over both these people, thus brought into relationship through mutual sympathy and the proximities of a rooming-house. The nature of this cloud is slowly unfolded in the course of the narrative. It seems that John Cross has been cashiered from the British army under a charge of cowardice in face of the enemy, while the fate of Mrs. Barrett has been still more tragic. Married to a handsome scoundrel, she has become innocently entangled in his scheme of counterfeiting, and while in a sort of dazed condition and incapable of self-defense she has been sentenced to a term of imprisonment. Through the aid of friends she has escaped and is now hiding herself from the police with the aid of a wealthy married sister who sends her remittances. Naturally John Cross and Mrs. Barrett fall in love with each other, and we wait with some anxiety to see the mutual effect of the revelations that are certain to ensue.

The story is well told and its improbabilities are no greater than those often presented by the facts of life.

THE CREEPING TIDES. By Kate Jordan. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.30.

Books for Children.

The Houghton Mifflin Company is to be congratulated on some exceptional books for children. Particularly worthy of mention is a series of five reprints comprising "The Three Golden Apples" and "The Paradise of Children," by Nathaniel Hawthorne, and "Captain Boldheart," "The Story of Richard Doubledick," and "William Tinkling," by Charles Dickens. They are well-decorated volumes and with illustrations in line and color that are equally attractive to childish and to artistic eyes. The price is 50 cents each. Another pretty little volume for small children is "Little Girl Blue Plays 'I Spy,'" by Josephine Scribner Gates, with illustrations in line and color.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Paul Elder & Co. announce the speedy publication of "Some World-Circuit Saunterings," by William Ford Nichols, Bishop of California. The journey included Algiers, Naples, Pompeii, Rome, Athens, Constantinople, Egypt, Russia, thence over the Transiberian railway to Dalney, and through the Orient back to San Francisco. The illustrations are said to be of an unusual kind. The price will be \$2 net.

No author ever was awarded more heart-warming praise than this, which was said of Hulbert Footner's "Jack Chanty," now published by Doubleday, Page & Co., while it was appearing serially in the *Cavalier*: "If I was the owner of the magazine I would pension Hulbert Footner for life!"

Professor Frederic A. Ogg, whose "Life of Daniel Webster" is promised for publication early in January by George W. Jacobs & Co., has recently been appointed in charge of a course of lectures on "Contemporary Government and Politics" offered in the city of Boston under the auspices of the Intercollegiate Commission on Extension Courses. Dr. Ogg is also professor of history in Simmons College, Boston, and has quite a reputation as a writer on historical subjects.

"Othello" has been Japanese and is a great success, according to A. H. Exner in his recent book, "Japan as I Saw It." The scene of the play is moved from Venice to Formosa to gain local color. The Moor is governor of Fai-Wan on Formosa, by name Muro; the Duke is prime minister of Japan, by name Marquis Uyemishi; Desdemona is called Fomone; Iago, Lieutenant Sya Goyo; Cassio, Major Katsu Toshio; Brabantio, Count Fura; and Bianca, the Geisha Biaki.

Probably the most famous professor of English literature in England is Professor A. C. Benson of Cambridge, whose writings are even more widely known than his scholarly talents. Professor Benson recently told an American visitor that he is using in his classes Owen Johnson's "Stover at Yale" as an excellent example of contemporary American fiction and one likely to interest his pupils.

Mme. de la Barca, author of "Life in Mexico," is Scotch by birth, but went to Boston with her mother, who opened a girls' school there. She married Don Angel Calderon de la Barca in 1838, the year he was appointed minister to Mexico. She had an equipment which few writers on Mexico approach: knowledge of the language and an official position which opened all the best sources of information.

Ernest Peixotto, who wrote and illustrated "Romantic California" and "Through the French Provinces," has written and illustrated

"Pacific Shores from Panama," published by the Scribner's. Mr. Peixotto has sailed down the coast of South America, stopping here and there at noted and picturesque old cities and making frequent excursions inland. All the time he was sketching with pencil or brush, and his account of the journey is accompanied by a series of pictures of the sea, the cities, and the country.

Thomas Hardy, who has published after many years a new volume of fiction, "A Changed Man," recently witnessed in London the cinematograph version of his "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." Mr. Hardy, now in his seventy-fourth year, sat in the last row of the theatre and followed the film with great interest.

Alvin McCaslin, author of the "Watch Your Step" nuggets of philosophy which have been appearing in a syndicate of newspapers, has gathered the best of them between the covers of a book, which is published by B. W. Huebsch.

Dr. Isador H. Coriat, the author of "Abnormal Psychology," has been engaged upon a complete revision and enlargement of that work, which has now become the standard authority on that subject. This book was the first ever published in the English language on the subject of the abnormal phases of hypnotism, hysteria, etc.

Tryphosa Bates Batcheller, whose "Italian Castles and Country Seats" was one of the most talked about gift books of the 1911 holiday season, has returned from Europe in time to see her new book, "Royal Spain of Today," launched with considerable éclat. It is published by Longmans, Green & Co.

Sir Edward Cook has written the "Life of Florence Nightingale," which is being published by the Macmillan Company.

Harper & Brothers have put to press for reprints three of their new books: "The Way Home," by the author of "The Inner Shrine"; "The House of Happiness," by Kate Langley Boshier, and "Peanut," by Albert Bigelow Paine. They are reprinting also "English Synonyms," by George Crabb; "Prince Lazybones," by Mrs. W. J. Hays; "Captain Polly," by Sophie Swett.

Brentano's announce that they will publish early next spring a new volume of plays by Bernard Shaw. The plays to be included in this volume are "Fanny's First Play," "Misalliance," and "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets." The same firm also announces that they will issue a second series of plays by Eugene Brieux, author of "Damaged Goods," with the title "Three More Plays by Brieux." This volume will contain the dramatist's famous play, "La Robe Rouge," which was "crowned" by the French Academy.

"How are your stories constructed?" Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim has been asked by an English friend. "They are not constructed," he answered; "they grow. Two or three people in a crowded restaurant may arouse my interest, and the atmosphere is compelling. I start weaving a story around them, and the circumstances and the characters gradually develop as I dictate. First of all, however, I must have a congenial atmosphere; after that the rest is easy."

A rather unusual bit of book news is the publication of eighty-seven volumes simultaneously. The Harpers have just done this in launching the new World Library of Famous Books. This series is offered to meet the demand for good books which will take up little room, but which are well printed, well bound, and sold at a moderate price. Some of the best-known books in English literature are included: fiction, essays, poems, history, travel, and children's classics. Even the longest novels are complete in one volume.

Liebler & Co. have secured the dramatic rights of Ralph Stock's "Marama," published by Little, Brown & Co. "Marama" is a novel of the South Sea Islands, and should furnish a play of beautiful and unusual setting. Its heroine is a half-caste who has been educated in London and who is quite ignorant of her parentage until she returns home.

New Books Received.

ORIENTAL RUGS, ANTIQUE AND MODERN. By Walter A. Hawley. New York: John Lane Company; \$7.50 net.

With eleven full-page plates in color, eighty half-tone engravings and four maps.

THE JOURNALS OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON. Edited by Edward W. Emerson and Waldo Emerson Forbes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.75 net.

The two final volumes of Emerson's Journal, covering the years 1856 to 1872.

CHARLES CONDER, HIS LIFE AND WORK. By Frank Gibson. New York: John Lane Company. With a catalogue of the lithographs and etchings by Campbell Dodgson, M. A., and one hundred and twenty-one illustrations.

THE CURIOUS LORE OF PRECIOUS STONES. By George Frederick Kunz, A. M., Ph. D., D. Sc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Being a description of their sentiments and folklore, superstitions, symbolism, mysticism, use in medicine, protection, prevention, religion and divination, crystal gazing, birthstones, lucky

stones and talismans, astral, zodiacal and planetary.

OPERA SINGERS. By Gustave Kobbe. Boston: Oliver Ditson Company; \$2.50.

A pictorial souvenir, with biographies of some of the most famous singers of the day.

THE BEAUTIFUL LADY CRAVEN. By A. M. Broadley and Lewis Melville. In two volumes. New York: John Lane Company; \$7.50.

The original memoirs of Elizabeth Baroness Craven, afterwards Margravine of Anspach and Bayreuth and Princess Berkeley of the Holy Roman Empire (1750-1828). Edited with notes and a biographical and historical introduction containing much unpublished matter.

A LITERARY AND HISTORICAL ATLAS OF AFRICA AND AUSTRALASIA. By J. G. Bartholomew, LL. D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Issued in Everyman's Library, edited by Ernest Rhys.

AN INLAND VOYAGE AND TRAVELS WITH A DONKEY. By Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Issued in Everyman's Library, edited by Ernest Rhys.

A CENTURY OF ESSAYS. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

An anthology ranging from Caxton to R. L. Stevenson and the writers of our own time. Issued in Everyman's Library.

GOLDONI. By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$4 net.

A companion volume of the same author's "Molière." A criticism and a biography.

CHILDHOOD. By Alice Meynell. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 37 cents net.

Issued in the Fellowship Books, a new series.

ROMANCE. By Ernest Rhys. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 37 cents net.

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A SPARK DIVINE. By R. C. Lehmann. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 37 cents net.

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SOLITUDE. By Norman Gaie. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 37 cents net.

Issued in the Fellowship Books, a new series.

FREEDOM. By A. Martin Freeman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 37 cents net.

Issued in the Fellowship Books, a new series.

THROUGH THE SOUTH SEAS WITH JACK LONDON. By Martin Johnson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$2 net.

The story of a voyage.

THE VATICAN. By Rt. Rev. Edmond Canon Hugues de Ragnau. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$4 net.

An account of the centre of government of the Catholic world.

YOYO'S ANIMAL FRIENDS. By Rowland Strong and Pierre Jan. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A book for children, with half-tone and colored illustrations.

THE BOY WITH THE U. S. INDIANS. By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.50.

All about the Indian as he really was and is.

FAIRY STORIES FROM SPAIN, ENGLISH FAIRY TALES, GULLIVER'S TRAVELS, ROBIN HOOD, ÆSOP'S FABLES. Edited by F. C. Tilney. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 50 cents net each.

Issued in Tales for Children from Many Lands. With colored illustrations.

THE LIFE OF EDWARD BULWER, FIRST LORD LYTON. By the Earl of Lytton. In two volumes. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$7.50 net.

A biography.

THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE HANDBOOK OF SAN FRANCISCO. Published by the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce; 50 cents.

A guide for visitors.

THE ANTI-ALCOHOL MOVEMENT IN EUROPE. By Ernest Gordon. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company; \$1.50 net.

A general survey of the European "battle against drink."

THE SOUL OF PARIS AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Verner Z. Reed. New York: John Lane Company; \$2.50 net.

A volume of essays illustrated by Ernest C. Peixotto.

THE INTIMATE LETTERS OF HESTER PIOZZI AND PENELOPE PENNINGTON, 1788-1821. Edited by Oswald G. Knapp. New York: John Lane Company; \$4.50 net.

"This work is a most important find and one

that should arouse immense interest among the large number of persons whom the Johnson cult attracts to anything concerning Mrs. Piozzi."

MURAL PAINTING IN AMERICA. By Edwin H. Blashfield. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2 net.

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"THE GIRL AT THE GATE."

Dozens, scores, hundreds of men in rows and rows and rows were seen at the Gaity on Tuesday night waiting in elated expectancy for the rise of the curtain. There were wives and sweethearts, too, but the audience largely gave a conglomerate effect of black coats and white collars.

There was no sense of disappointment at the rise of the curtain, for a sapient management knows the value, to the conglomerate masculine eye, of a multitudinous girl setting. So tiers upon tiers of girls, each tier in a different set of costumes, deployed before the audience and went through all the fascinating evolutions characteristic of the genus chorus girl. The same correct sense of color that was noticeable in the costumes and decorations of "The Candy Shop" is again exercised in "The Girl at the Gate." Some of the color effects, noticeably those in the red and green chorus of the first act, were unusually beautiful; and again, when a row of satin-clad girls, their costumes ranging through all the delicate pastel shades known to an exacting taste, caracolled across the stage the audience felt comfortably assured that things were being measured up to the same standard as in "The Candy Shop." As the programme unfolded, however, it was apparent that it was not going with the same snap as the first one. That, however, will be remedied itself, in some degree at least, during this first week. The precision of training evidenced in the evolutions of the chorus girls shows excellent stage directorship, and the lesser people who have not made good will probably be suppressed or tuned up to concert pitch.

Irene Franklin, their great card, having already made her hit at the Orpheum, merely repeated it. Miss Franklin is the regular vaudeville type of singer. She has plenty of voice, but she carefully nasalizes it. It seems to go better thus with her class of songs. She has a habit of interpolating spoken comments which tickle the audience, and she never misses a point, spoken or sung. The gorgeousness of her Paul Poiret wardrobe is accentuated by the fact that she is up to the minute in the matter of modes. Miss Franklin promises, on request, to repeat any of her favorite songs, which have the best of piano support, with the nimble fingers of Burton Green drawing from the pianist keys a variety of instrumental comment. There are rippling runs and clownish antics all mixed up in admired disorder, and the pair easily make themselves the centre of interest. There is only one actor really able to compete with them for the favor of the Gaity audience. This is Walter Catlett, who, as low comedian, exhibited an inexhaustible lightness and nimbleness in eccentric and grotesque dances, an unfailing fountain of good spirits, and an ability to give lightning repartee with a distinctness not possessed by his partner, who I suppose is Will Phillips. But I would swear to no identity in "The Girl at the Gate." Everything rushes by like the wind. Apparently the audience likes it that way. I haven't the remotest idea, for instance, who the girl at the gate is.

The action takes place in Panama, and a Japanese steals something concerning military fortifications from the pocket of some important official at Panama. Nothing further transpired concerning this theft, and the audience peacefully forgot all about it. There are not so many bright people in "The Girl at the Gate" as in "The Candy Shop," and the numerous clever specialties are missed. Catherine Rowe Palmer dances very well, but needs to draw in a little in her burlesque bits. Will Phillips (I suppose it is he) needs to stop speeding up that wonderful talking machine he carries in his mouth. Ida Van Tine is a very graceful dancer (her costumes are dreams) and Helen Goff is saucy and smart as a coquettish widow.

The chorus girls, collectively regarded, cut out everybody except Irene Franklin and Walter Catlett. Or perhaps it is Charles Mast, the stage director. At any rate in the grand closing scene, which represents a monster staircase the full width of the stage, the girls came out remarkably strong in a series of showy marches and manoeuvres, and not one of them made a misstep. Here again the man behind the colors showed his skillful touch. The staircase was a light gray stone-colored, the marching girls all costumed in black and white. The effect was very striking, and no doubt compensated the audience for the long interval preceding this scene, which was

filled by some very negative vocalized love-making.

"THE BLINDNESS OF VIRTUE."

There is going to be a run on the Cort next week to see Gaby Deslys. Gaby is a fascinating notoriety, and we who live so far away from the seething heart of things never turn down any one whose name and fame are known to the wide world.

In the meantime we are kind of sort of doing penitence in advance for our week's frivolity with "The Little Parisienne" by listening to the homilies of the good vicar in "The Blindness of Virtue."

They say that the English drama is in a parlous state nowadays, and if it is true that "The Blindness of Virtue" had a lengthy run in London it is easy to believe. However excellent are the intentions of Cosmo Hamilton, the author of the play, and no matter how truly stated is his contention that innocence is dangerous ignorance, his play is not real drama. It reads like a tract, and it plays like—well, like a semi-juvenile piece, one for three-fourths' grown children; or one might imagine it making a Roman holiday on commencement day at a theological seminary. There is a certain naïveté about the piece, and it is all but impossible to imagine really fine players wasting their time on it. For drama means conflict, the struggle of wills, the clash of character, and everybody is so almighty amiable in "The Blindness of Virtue" that we know not the meaning of sickening suspense. Of course we are supposed to when Effie innocently goes to Archie's room in a pale-blue negligée because she doesn't know any better. But Effie is so serenely unaware that her action is apt to be misconstrued that a similar serenity falls on the auditor. In fact the whole atmosphere of the play is serenity. The author began his play with a sketch of a tranquil English vicarage; a very pretty sketch, indeed. There is the walled garden, enclosing innocence, flowerbeds, a pergola, a crusty gardener who thinks he owns the vicar's flowery domain, and irreverent "cookie," who is equally convinced that flowers are grown to gather. There are the vicar and his wife, gentle, unworldly, and refined, and then comes the centre of it all—sweet seventeen in the person of the daughter Effie. It was really possible to have some hopes up to this point.

Vera Fuller Mellich is a very pretty girl, of a distinctively English type, although America has left its trace on her accent. She is natural, simple, and genuine in her manner with a sort of *gauche* unconsciousness that is really fascinating in its way. She has delicate aquiline features, telling eyes, and blonde-brown hair framing a young face that looks an entirely credible seventeen-years-of-age. In Mr. Hamilton's curiously hohhlehohoy play, with its awkwardly gamboled comedy, this young creature fits with peculiar congruity. She gives us a pretty picture of English girlhood, and when the author indicates the beginnings of sex consciousness in her awakening soul we look forward to something mildly dramatic, to say the least. But the supposedly big scene passed off like harmless summer lightning, the mother took her daughter aside and instructed her in those matters the discussion of which mothers have dodged from time immemorial, and there is a peaceful suggestion of happy wedding-hells in the distance as the curtain goes down.

All very true, very commendable, but it is not drama. The Cort management has very sensibly lowered prices this week; always a sensible procedure for first-class theatres when they have second-class players.

Miss Fuller Mellich is all right. She is going to be an ornament to the stage. Frank Elliott, who was here as the younger lover in the Blanche Bates "Witness for the Defense" company, is the essence of refinement in appearance, but a rigid, negative, inexpressive actor.

Alys Rees; it seems to me that this actress, whose manner is the super-essence of respectability, played the rôle of a titled but wicked dame in "A Butterfly on the Wheel," that other second-class English company that tempted Providence by coming away out here and disappointing us. In "The Blindness of Virtue" this actress is certainly more suitably cast, but it is curious that players of such negative qualifications should be transported to such an expensive distance.

Pollie Emery's "Cookie" was provocative of a few faded smiles; give Pollie Emery a chance and I really think she could do something.

The dialogue of the piece sounds as if the Rev. Harry Pemberton himself might have written it; it has such a correct, clerical, deeply decorous tone. On the whole, while respecting Mr. Hamilton's intentions and entirely acknowledging the truth of his contention, we can but deplore his limitations as a playwright; and humbly suggest to—who is it?—William Morris's producer, that if he will only lay out his good money on a first-class English company giving us one of the later plays of Sir Arthur Pinero, first dramatist of England, we'll flock to see it and quarrel not with the merits of either play or players.

LOCAL PLAYERS AT PANTAGES.

There have been rumors going the rounds that half a dozen of our local semi-professionals in the music and dancing line were being rehearsed in a one-act scenic piece which was billed to appear in a vaudeville circuit. The Pantages Theatre has brought out the piece this week, and as it is quite an ambitious affair and very pretty to look at and listen to, the audiences have set upon it the seal of their approval. The piece, playlet, or what you will, is a musico-spectacular affair, originated and developed by Miss Lolita Perine, with the assistance of professional producers. The dialogue makes no pretensions to being other than a slender thread upon which to hang dancing, song, and spectacle. There is handsome scenery, a god, a vestal priestess who dares to ask for love, and an electric thunderbolt from the majestically incensed god. Priestesses dance and sing, there is a great display of shapely limbs whirling and waving in colored lights, and several living pictures revealing to the hungry-hearted priestess fugitive glimpses of famous lovers. Although the Hindoo atmosphere does not pretend to be authentic, it serves, and the pictorial effect is aesthetically very pleasing. Of the young participants in the piece Miss Ione Glennon, the beauty par excellence of the affair, Miss Agnes von Bracht, and Miss Raye Snell are billed under their real names, but the friends of the others will have to search for their identities under the gorgeous filets, gauzes, and silken scarves of the vestals at the temple of Kama.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Vaudeville, the most popular American amusement, has barely celebrated its thirtieth year, and credit for the foundation of such an institution is given to B. F. Keith. New York is the home of this form of entertainment, and the great clearing-house for vaudeville is found on Broadway, where every first-class act on the native and European stage is represented and traded in as an amusement staple. To the men and women of variety this clearing-house for entertainers of all kinds is known as the United Booking Offices and it controls a weekly salary list of well over a half-million dollars. The halls and elevators of the building are crowded all day long with vaudeville performers seeking audience with the hooking powers, who determine the weekly programmes in Portland, Maine, and Portland, Oregon, and every city and major town between. Shortly the United will remove to the marble B. F. Keith Palace Theatre Building, where a dozen floors have been arranged for the special needs of vaudeville. No United act is paid less than \$150 per week and Sarah Bernhardt was paid \$7000 per week net. Ethel Barrymore is paid \$3000 for each week she plays. Scores of acts are paid \$1000 or better and hundreds run from \$500 to \$1000. There are more than 2000 acts recognized as first-class or "standard."

Oliver Morosco announces a play contest. He will give \$1000 and royalties to the author of the drama. The interesting feature of the contest is the wholesome view taken by Morosco, for sex and vice themes are harred.

Hobbies of Forbes-Robertson.

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, who is now making his farewell tour of the United States and Canada, has as his hobbies painting, reading, and golf. As a painter Forbes-Robertson excels, and his work has more than once been hung in the Academy. He is proud of the fact that his first bank balance was realized from his painting of the church scene in "Much Ado About Nothing," which was hung in the London Royal Academy and now rests in the Players' Club in New York, since the sale of the Irving relics. For it was commissioned by Henry Irving, who proposed that Claudio should paint the scene in which he appeared for \$750. Forbes-Robertson at once agreed, but Irving was so delighted with the result that he insisted on doubling the amount, and sent him a check for \$1500. Forbes-Robertson returned it twice, but in vain; Irving was adamant in his generosity, and had his way.

Pears'

"A shining countenance" is produced by ordinary soaps.

The use of Pears' reflects beauty and refinement. Pears' leaves the skin soft, white and natural.

Matchless for the complexion.

POINSETTIAS

12 beautiful Poinsettia Heads sent prepaid to any express office in California for \$3. Send your card and date of shipment with the amount.

T. B. SHEPHERD COMPANY, Ventura, Cal.

The Woodland Hackney Stud

Property of Edgar J. DePue

We offer of our own breeding thoroughly mannered

Saddle Horses Combination Horses Matched Teams

Sales Stable:

PARK RIDING ACADEMY - 2934 Fulton St.

Consumers of Electricity—Take Notice

The Pacific Gas and Electric Company's Lake Spaulding-Drum development in the Sierra Nevada is now an accomplished fact and in regular operation.

From the big 225 foot dam at Lake Spaulding the water is now rushing through tunnel and ditch to turn the wheels of the new Drum power-plant on the Bear River.

This new development, the machinery of which was set going on Thanksgiving eve, has already added 33,000 horsepower to the sum total of electric energy which "PACIFIC SERVICE" places at the disposal of its consumers, night and day.

It is so much additional aid to the development of the natural resources of our wondrous state of California.

"PACIFIC SERVICE" is "PERFECT SERVICE"

THE PACIFIC GAS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY

445 Sutter Street, San Francisco

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

May Irwin in "Widow by Proxy" at Columbia.

Jolly May Irwin in the rollicking farce, "Widow by Proxy," will appear at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks commencing Sunday night, December 21, and during which engagement matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday.

"Widow by Proxy" is the bright and breezy effort of Catherine Chisholm Cushing, who has written several other successful plays. In it Miss Irwin is seen as Gloria Grey, a singing teacher, whose income, at the opening of the play, has dwindled to almost nothing. She has a bosom friend recently widowed, or at least supposed to be. The alleged departed was a scion of a *Mayflower* family. He married an actress, and the family had refused to see her. After his supposed death in Alaska a rich uncle dies, leaving a legacy to his niece by marriage. To get it she must visit the family. She refuses, but as the money is needed Gloria impersonates the widow and takes her place at the family homestead. A cousin of the reputed dead husband falls in love with her. She agrees to marry him and then—the dead husband comes back to life. However, all ends happily and the deceit, owing to its motive, does not block the course of true love.

It is safe to say that Miss Irwin has never been any funnier than she is in this very amusing comedy, with its three acts of almost unrelieved laughter. And, of course, Miss Irwin sings several delightful and catchy songs in her own inimitable way. In the cast are Clara Blandick, Marie Burke, Helen Orr Dale, Helen Weathersby, Orlando Daly, Joseph R. Garry, Joseph Woodburn, and Arthur Bowyer.

Matinees will also be given on Christmas Day (Thursday, December 25) and New Year's Day.

Orpheum Road Show Opens Tomorrow

The Orpheum Road Show, under the direction of Martin Beck, which opens tomorrow, Sunday, with a matinee, should make an exceptionally strong appeal to the amusement public, for it includes a number of the most brilliant stars in vaudeville.

Billy B. Van, whose lifetime has been spent in making people laugh and whose reputation is international, will in conjunction with those shining vaudeville lights, Rose and Nelle Beaumont, and an excellent supporting company, appear in the one-act comedy, "Props." In the rôle of Steve Gall, the property man, commonly known as "Props," Mr. Van presents a ubiquitous rôle, and the most finished character delineation he has ever attempted.

Cecil Lean, who will be recalled as the featured comedian of "Bright Eyes" and other successful musical comedies, will with the assistance of Cleo Mayfield, a handsome and gifted young comedienne, indulge in a number of songs and travesties which are thoroughly up to date.

Miss Sophie Barnard, known as "The Girl with the Thrilling Voice," because of her beautiful mezzo-soprano, was one of the favorite pupils of the celebrated Jean de Reszke. After leaving the concert stage she scored a great hit as Natalie in "The Merry Widow" in New York.

Lou Anger, whose impersonation of the German soldier has made him a world-wide reputation, will deliver his amusing monologue concerning the trials and tribulations of the soldiers who go to war.

Ed Corelli and Charles Gillette, "the Odd Pair," show as much brains in their comedy work as they do control of muscle in their acrobatic evolutions.

The Six Samarins, Russian Whirlwind Dancers, will give a fine exemplification of their acrobatic national dances, with fast steps and lightning whirls that keep the act moving with speed and with plenty of sensation.

A special feature will be Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Crane, who reign supreme in the realm of ballroom dancing. They will introduce their versions of the tango, the one-step, the hesitation waltz, and other terpsichorean modish fads.

The remaining acts will be Nonette, the singing violinist, John F. Conroy and his models and diving girls.

Gaby Deslys at the Cort Theatre.

Gaby Deslys, the most talked of all foreign stars who have ever visited America, and the big Winter Garden company with a chorus and orchestra of thirty musicians, will be the Christmas week attraction at the Cort Theatre, beginning Sunday evening, December 21, with matinees on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday (Christmas), and Saturday. This is Gaby's first appearance on the Coast. It is also her first tour, as she has hitherto been seen only at the Winter Garden, New York, and in sending her to San Francisco her managers are presenting her in a modern three-act musical comedy entitled, "The Little Parisienne," with book by Joseph W. Herbert and Harold Atteridge and score by Felix Albin. The piece has been adapted from a French source, and the Parisian flavor is well suited to Gaby. However, in playing the leading rôle in "The Little Parisienne" Gaby

sings and speaks entirely in English, which tongue she has mastered in the last three years.

"The Little Parisienne" is not to be confused with a vaudeville entertainment, as the characters in the play are regularly laid out and run throughout the three acts. Gaby's supporting company will include Mr. Harry Pileer, who has danced with her in the Winter Garden and in Europe for the past two years, Joseph W. Herbert, Forrest Huff, Fritz von Busing, Edgar Atchison-Ely, Louise Meyers, Arthur Lipson, Hattie Kneitel, and Percy Lyndal.

"Mutt and Jeff" at the Savoy.

"Mutt and Jeff in Panama" will put in an appearance at the Savoy Theatre on Monday night, continuing their career of mirth and excitement for two weeks. "Mutt and Jeff" come this time in a new production and one calculated to make their previous appearances in this city look very small. This time they will hold high carnival in the midst of entirely new scenes and surroundings. They are scheduled to foil the villain and arch villainess and indulge in marvelous escapades and miraculous escapes, flitting here and there and being as ubiquitous as their individual natures demand. All of their trials and tribulations, however, are invariably attended with happy results, if not to themselves, at least to the audience. This time Manager Gus Hill secured the services of Owen Davis to write the book and the jingles, while the songs and incidental music are by those well-known composers, Will H. Cobb and Leo Edwards. There are no dull moments and no chance for any lulls, there being action and plenty of it from start to finish, the entertainment being the kind that appeals to all classes. The dozen principals of the company have been carefully selected from the musical-comedy world, and the chorus is large, comely, and capable, the company numbering over fifty people, while the scenery, costumes, electrical effects, and production generally are of a high standard. There will be matinees on Christmas and Sunday, with bargain matinees on Wednesday and Saturday.

"The Common Law," the clever dramatization of Robert W. Chambers's greatly discussed novel, will be given at the Savoy Theatre for the last times Sunday afternoon and evening.

"The Girl at the Gate" a Success.

Once more the Gaiety has scored a big hit. Irene Franklin and "The Girl at the Gate" have, in street parlance, got San Francisco "going"—going, in this case, to the Gaiety, and the endless procession to the box-office that distinguished the career of "The Candy Shop" is like to be repeated in the case of the new offering.

Ordinarily one would say Irene Franklin in "The Girl at the Gate," but the proposition must give way to the conjunction in this case, for the Gaiety is practically giving two shows on this occasion, being apparently determined to give a holiday present to local theatre-goers that will hear the closest scrutiny as regards both its quality and its cost.

Nobody who has seen her need to be told that Miss Franklin is a host in herself. She is lavish in her favors, too, being a stranger to the meaning of niggardiness when it comes to revealing the extent of her wonderful repertory of good things.

Then there is "The Girl at the Gate," two acts of good fun and pretty pictures with plenty of tuneful music and captivating dancing. The final scene, in which the entire stage is built up with a magnificent stairway on which comely girls perform graceful and effective evolutions, is a triumph of stagecraft and nightly brings the house down.

"Little Women" Coming Soon.

"Little Women" will be presented at the Cort Theatre on Monday night, December 29. "Little Women" is a full-grown play in four acts, full of vigorous action, bright dialogue, and strong human appeal. The dramatizer of Louisa M. Alcott's immortal story, Marian de Forest, has not "spoiled" the book—that is to say, she has not distorted its episodes and characters, nor changed its atmosphere and tone. Those that have been admirers of the book need have no fear that their illusions will be shattered by the play.

Sir Herbert Tree, who is famous for his gorgeous productions of Shakespeare at His Majesty's Theatre, London, denies that he has lost large sums on Shakespeare. On the contrary, he declared recently that he had been saved from financial ruin on one or two occasions by putting on a play of Shakespeare's. Sir Herbert has no sympathy with that class which wants Shakespeare played without scenery, or with a minimum of scenery.

The great Melba-Kubelik combination will give a concert in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Wednesday afternoon, December 31, at 2:30. A special programme is being prepared for this event.

Dr. H. J. Stewart's opera, "King Hal," was recently given for six nights at Her Majesty's Theatre, Dundee, Scotland.

THE MUSIC SEASON.

Melba-Kubelik to Give Farewell Concert Here.

So many hundreds were unable to gain admission to the last concert of that wonderful combination of stars, Melba and Kubelik, that Manager Greenbaum has arranged to bring the artists back for a big farewell event at Dreamland next Saturday night, December 27, at 8:15. Many who find it inconvenient to attend the Sunday concerts will welcome this announcement.

Mme. Melba promises to sing the "Chanson Triste" by Duparc, the "Ave Maria" from Verdi's "Otello," and either the "Jewel Scene" from "Faust" or the "Mad Scene" from "Lucia," having received many requests for both of these numbers.

Kubelik promises the first movement of the Tchaikowsky "Concerto," the "Zigeunerweisen" by Sarasate, and a "Tango" by the famous Spanish composer, Ferdinand Arbos.

Mr. Edmund Burke, the Irish baritone, whose singing has been no small feature on the Melba-Kubelik programmes, will sing a number of splendid works.

The sale of seats will open next Tuesday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's, where mail orders may now be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum.

The Bachaus Piano Recitals.

The foremost of the younger generation of piano virtuosi is unquestionably Wilhelm Bachaus, who promises to become as popular as even the great Paderewski, for he possesses the power of interesting both the musician and the layman. Wherever Bachaus has appeared once he is engaged for return concerts, and in London and Berlin he is one of the very few pianists who can crowd the largest halls at every appearance. The first Bachaus concert will be given Sunday afternoon, January 4, the second on Thursday night, January 8, and the farewell concert will be given Saturday afternoon, January 10, on which occasion by special request Bachaus will play the great "Wanderer" Fantasia by Schubert-Liszt, a masterpiece rarely heard on concert programmes. Mail orders of the Bachaus events may now be sent to Manager Will Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Miss Parlow to Play with Orchestra.

A programme of uniform excellence, enlisting the services of Kathleen Parlow, violinist, as soloist, will be the offering of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra at the sixth symphony concert, Friday afternoon, January 9, 1914. Kathleen Parlow is a San Francisco discovery. In 1905 she went to London and in November of that year played with the London Symphony Orchestra. Since then Miss Parlow has appeared with all the great orchestras of the world. The programme follows:

Symphony, D minor.....Franck
Concerto in B minor for Violin and Orchestra,
No. 3, Op. 61.....Saint-Saëns
.....Miss Parlow
Rhapsody, "The Culprit Fay".....Hadley
Serenade, "Melancholique".....Tchaikowsky
.....Miss Parlow
Carneval, "Russe".....Wienawski
.....Miss Parlow

Fritz Kriesler, probably the greatest living violinist, will appear here in three concerts in February. He will be under the local management of Frank W. Healy, who has given music-lovers many rare treats.

A "color organ" has been invented by Professor A. W. Rimington of King's College, England, on which he performs symphonies and sonatas in colored lights. When the musician begins his performance the room is darkened and in response to his touch on the keys some beautiful color is thrown on the screen. Gradually this fades and is replaced by another color, or by harmonious blendings of different colors; and so on with almost as much variety as is possible in sounds and combinations of sounds. Different individuals find different degrees of pleasure and interest to be derived from such compositions. The inventor tells of a London doctor who, after seeing a recital of color music, said that he was "absolutely unappreciative of any form of sound music"—that it was really a pain to him, and that he had always disliked it. After he had seen this display of mobile color he began to realize what he had missed through his inability to appreciate music. It opened up a new world of sensations to him and gave him a mental pleasure greater than any he had ever before experienced.

Much is expected of Rosa Raisa, the young Russian, who made her American debut recently, singing in grand opera for the first time in America. She is by no means a beauty, but she has a good, wholesome, womanly face that more than makes up for any lack of prettiness. As a girl she had a beautiful voice, and as she was singing one day she was heard by Mme. Marchesio, one of the great teachers of singing in Italy, who took her up and taught her. She made excellent progress and was heard in concerts in Naples, where she won a scholarship in the conservatory. Campanini believes she will become one of the greatest dramatic sopranos on the stage.

Sisters Who Have Been Successful.

The success of the sisters Mabel and Edith Taliaferro in their new comedy by Rachel Crothers, "Young Wisdom," has made the old-timers go over their programmes and recall other sisters who have jointly starred on the legitimate stage in America. The last sisters to star were the Batemans in the early 'seventies. The Weston sisters before that made a fortune in "East Lynne," which they purchased for \$100. Helen and Lucille Weston were co-stars some forty years ago. During the Civil War Ada and Minnie Monk were famous dramatic stars. They were preceded by a few years by the Worrell sisters, Jennie, Irene, and Sophie, who played memorable runs in "The Field of the Cloth of Gold" at the Globe Theatre in New York and later at McVicker's Theatre in Chicago.

AMUSEMENTS

MELBA-KUBELIK
AT
DREAMLAND
STEINER AND SUTTER

FAREWELL CONCERT

Saturday night, Dec. 27, at 8:15

Tickets \$3, \$2, \$1.50, \$1, ready next Tuesday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's. Mail orders to Will L. Greenbaum.

IN OAKLAND

YE LIBERTY PLAYHOUSE

Wednesday aft. Dec. 31, at 2:30

Tickets ready Friday, Dec. 26

Mason & Hamlin Piano.

Coming—BACHAUS, Pianist.

ORPHEUM O'FARRELL STREET
Between Stockton and Powell

Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America

Week Beginning this Sunday Afternoon

Matinee Every Day

ORPHEUM ROAD SHOW

Direction Martin Beck

BILLY B. VAN, THE BEAUMONT SISTERS and Company, in the musical comedy, "Props"; CECIL LEAN and CLEO MAYFIELD, in "Songs and Travesties"; SOPHIE BARNARD, "The Girl with the Thrilling Voice"; LOU ANGER, "The German Soldier"; CORELLI and GILLETTE, "The Odd Pair"; SIX SAMARINS, Russian Whirlwind Dancers; NONETTE, the Singing Violinist; JOHN F. CONROY and HIS MODELS and DIVING GIRLS; Special Feature, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Crane in Ballroom Dancing.

Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats, \$1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone—Douglas 70.

COLUMBIA THEATRE The Leading Playhouse

Geary and Mason Sts. Phone Franklin 150

Two Weeks—Beg. Sunday Night, Dec. 21
Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays; also
Christmas and New Year's Day

MAY IRWIN

In her latest comedy success, with songs

A WIDOW BY PROXY

A Rollicking Farce by C. C. Cushing

Hear Miss Irwin sing her latest songs: "Happy Little Country Girl," "The Kelly's Are at It Again," "I Never Knew," and "Chattanooga."

CORT Leading Theatre
ELLIS AND MARKET
Phone Sutter 2460

Last Time Saturday Night
"THE BLINDNESS OF VIRTUE"

Eight Days—Beg. Sunday Night, Dec. 21
The Winter Garden Company presents the
most famous of all stars

GABY DESLYS

Singing and speaking entirely in English the
leading rôle in the modern three-act
musical comedy

THE LITTLE PARISIENNE

With Harry Pileer and the Winter Garden Co.
Nights and Sat. mat., 50c to \$2.50; Tues.,
Wed., Thurs. (Xmas) and Sun. mat., Dec. 28,
50c to \$2.

Next—Mon., Dec. 29, "LITTLE WOMEN."

SAVOY THEATRE McALLISTER ST.
Near Market

"The Playhouse Beautiful" Phone Market 130

Mats. Today and Tomorrow, 25c and 50c
Last 2 Nights of "THE COMMON LAW"

Two Weeks—Commencing Monday, Dec. 29
Bud Fisher's Cartoon Comedy Success

Mutt and Jeff at Panama

With Everything New This Year
50 Clever People, Catchy Songs, Fetching
Dances, Beautiful Scenery.

Nights and Christmas and Sunday mats, 25c
to \$1. Bargain mats. Wed. & Sat., 25c and 50c.

GAIETY O'FARRELL ST.
Opposite Orpheum
Phone Sutter 4141

America's Most Popular Comedienne
IRENE FRANKLIN

Supported by 60 Comedians, Singers and
Dancers in the Musical Merriment

THE GIRL AT THE GATE

Another \$2 Worth for \$1
Prices—Nights, Saturday and Sunday matinees,
25c to \$1. Thursday matinee, 25c, 50c
and 75c.

VANITY FAIR.

There is a lady in the East who has a consuming desire to help young women. She says so herself. She has even gone so far as to write a letter to the newspapers, although, through some unaccountable oversight, the letter was published without her portrait, which is nearly enough to make one give up the benevolent business altogether. Now this letter happened to catch our eye because we ourselves are interested in young women and anxious to uplift them at every opportunity. And we believe we could do it with a little encouragement.

How sad it is, says this admirable lady, that our young women refuse to enter domestic service. She knows so many of them who can barely pay their room rent, who are actually on the brink of starvation, and yet when she suggests housework to them they turn up their little noses and invite her to guess again, or words to that effect. She says they don't want to get up early in the morning, and they do want to have their evenings free, and so rather than give up these priceless liberties they go away and starve in the most impudent way imaginable. Really one hardly knows what the world is coming to. In some mysterious way the letter conveyed the distinct idea of a snort.

Come to think of it there was another lady who wrote to one of the San Francisco newspapers to the same effect. It was a letter of protest. The Y. W. C. A. had issued a warning to the young women of the East advising them not to come to San Francisco in the hope of obtaining work at the present time, and this caused the aforesaid lady to rise in her wrath. She said there was plenty of work—housework—in San Francisco, and that the young women would be welcomed in large numbers. Let them all come. And you will notice our carefully discriminatory phraseology in regard to the "ladies" and the "young women." That is because we are trying to write in a ladylike way.

Now we should like to say a word of unvarnished truth about this matter. We hate to see the ladies deceive themselves to the extent that they are doing. With the help of heaven we propose to remove an illusion. It is not because the young women dislike housework that they refuse to enter domestic service, although it is hard to see anything particularly "beautiful and honorable"—to quote from one of these precious letters—in sorting over another person's soiled linen or cleaning another person's bedroom. Personally we should much prefer to starve. It is the employer, not the employment, that these young women object to. It is not the task, but the taskmistress, that makes them feel so sick. If the houses were run by men, rough men, brutal men, even had men, there would be no disinclination to enter their service, and for this reason is very obvious. The man who purchases labor does so in exactly the same spirit in which he purchases anything else. He expects that the goods will be delivered in the precise quantities stipulated and that he will pay the precise price agreed. And he has absolutely no further interest in the vendor. The man who buys a cigar, or the labor of a stenographer, or a shirt, intends to get these commodities and to pay for them, and having got them and paid for them the transaction is wholly closed. He does not go into the cigar store feeling that he has a "moral responsibility" for the man behind the counter. He has absolutely no consciousness that he is his "social superior." He does not ask that the youth who sells him a shirt shall wear a particular kind of headress in order to display the fact that he is a seller of shirts. He does not assume one tone of voice in addressing a business associate and quite another tone when talking to the cigar man. Still less does he think it necessary to in-

quire into the cigar man's associates after business hours or whether he says his prayers. He does not feel it his duty to "look after his welfare."

Now a woman commits all these offenses towards her domestic help, and it must be said frankly that it is the good woman who is the worst offender. It is the good woman who is most saturated with the idea of her "moral responsibility" toward her help, and if there is any one toward whom we feel a justifiable hatred it is those who feel themselves to be morally responsible for us. The cook feels no moral responsibility for the mistress. It would be too large a contract.

But of course these good women know very well that it is they themselves, and not the housework, that the young women avoid and shun. It is an unpalatable truth, but it is none the less a truth, that the vast majority of women wage-earners will gladly work for men, but that they would rather starve than work for women under any circumstances whatsoever, and this at a time when men are being gibbeted all over the world as the oppressors of women.

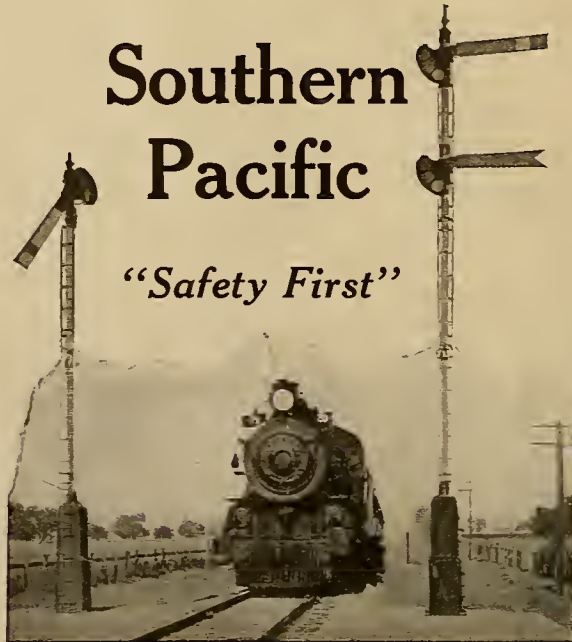
Therefore and for the aforesaid reasons we propose to work henceforth for the emancipation of women and to organize such leagues, societies, organizations, and combinations as may be necessary for that purpose. We may even become militant. We shall walk in processions, march in our serried ranks upon Washington, and if we can only find any one who will oblige us to that extent we shall insist upon being forcibly fed three times a day. The avowed object of the aforesaid societies, organizations, leagues, and combinations will be the liberation of women from the nauseating and humiliating status imposed upon them by other women. We shall demand equal treatment for mistresses and for maids. We shall demand that the taint of social inferiority be removed from the kitchen. And it shall be made a penal offense for any lady to manifest the slightest interest in the "moral welfare" of any young woman. Subscriptions should be sent early and often.

What funny things come up for discussion in the English newspapers, things with a curious Old World flavor about them that make us rub our eyes and ask to be reminded of the date. Just imagine a number of clergymen gravely discussing whether a woman is bound to tell her husband all the secrets of her life before she met him. Obviously she ought to do nothing of the kind if she has any wish to preserve the purity of his mind. It is all very well to observe a sort of liberality in talking with men. We are no advocates of the straitlaced, but then there are limits, and it is a pity to put ideas into men's minds that were never there before. We all know that marriage and contact with the world will teach them a great deal, but a disclosure of this kind would be more likely to corrupt their innocence than anything else. The proper person to tell a man all that he ought to know is the man's father, and it is a thing that a good father will always do. A sudden revelation of everything that a woman has ever done would embarrass him most painfully. In fact the average well brought up man would probably not know what she was talking about. Such excessive frankness would be almost sure to have disastrous results. But why clergymen should trouble themselves to discuss what women ought or ought not to do is one of those curious problems soluble only by a study of the clerical psychology. And life is much too short for that.

Miss Samantha, the presiding genius of the kitchen was relating her experience with an icy pavement. "Ah had an awful fall las' week," she told her friend. "Comin' from church Ah fell on de consecrated sidewalk, an' Ah wuz two hours unconscious afteh dey tuk me home."

Southern Pacific

"Safety First"



THE Southern Pacific, in competition with all steam railroads in the United States, has been awarded the Harriman Memorial Safety Medal by the American Museum of Safety, for the best record in accident prevention during the year 1913.

Within a period of five years the record is absolutely clear—not one passenger's life being lost through a collision or derailment of trains on its lines, covering nearly 7000 miles.

Among the more important factors contributing to this remarkable degree of safety may be mentioned the expenditure in automatic electric block signals of a sum exceeding \$4,000,000 and the systematic and thorough drilling of employees in the idea of "Safety First."

Through frequent meetings of committees and the distribution of reports and bulletins all employees are taught that

"Eternal Vigilance is the Price of Safety"

WE can put you "shoulder to shoulder" with the most exclusive creations that were ever originated in Evening Clothes.

Priced \$40 to \$60

The Hub

Chas. Keilus & Co. (Inc.)

726 - MARKET STREET



STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Ella, the faithful maid, was arranging her mistress's hair one afternoon when she mentioned that she had heard Miss Allen sing in the parlor the evening before. "How did you like her singing, Ella?" asked the mistress. "Oh, mum!" sighed the maid, "it was grand! She sung just as if she was gargling!"

A local band was one day playing at Dumferline, when an old weaver came up and asked the bandmaster what that was they were playing. "That is the 'Death of Nelson,'" solemnly replied the bandmaster. "Ay, man," remarked the weaver, "ye ha'e given him an awfu' death."

One of the fair passengers of a yachting party observed that the captain wore an anxious look after some mishap to the machinery of the craft. "What's the matter, captain?" she inquired, solicitously. "The fact is," responded the captain in a low voice, "our rudder's broken." "Ob, my, don't fret about that," replied the young woman, consolingly. "As it's under the water nearly all the time, no one will notice that."

A painter of the "impressionist" school is now confined in a lunatic asylum. To all persons who visit his studio he says, "Look here, this is the latest masterpiece of my composition." They look, and see nothing but an expanse of bare canvas. They ask, "What does that represent?" "That? Why, that represents the passage of the Jews through the Red Sea." "Beg pardon, but where is the sea?" "It has been driven back." "And where are the Jews?" "They have crossed over." "And the Egyptians?" "Will be here directly. That's the sort of painting I like—simple, suggestive, and unpretentious."

One of the fusion orators in the recent campaign remarked that the statistical honesty of Tammany was about like that of the maid who received a weekly allowance of \$1 in order that a favorite cat might have a pound of chopped meat each day. Pussy kept getting thinner and thinner; and finally the master of the house openly accused the maid of defrauding the cat of its meat in order to pocket the money. To determine the matter pussy was put on the scales. They indicated one pound exactly. "You see," said the maid. "The cat had her pound of meat this morning, and there it is." "There's the pound of meat, all right," said the master, "but where's the cat?"

A woman who traveled a great deal in the West was known as the most inveterate "kicker" a certain hotel had ever known. One evening after she had been served with dessert this lady, who was always complaining, asked the waiter why the dish served her was called "ice-cream pudding." "If you don't like it, ma'am, I'll bring you something else," suggested the polite negro. "Oh, it's very nice," responded the lady. "What I object to is that it should be called ice-cream pudding. It's wrongly named. There should be ice-cream served with it." "Yes, ma'am," replied the waiter, "but that's just our name for it. Lots of o' dishes is named that way. Dey don't bring you a cottage with cottage pudding, you know."

Ah! The audience held their breath and simply thr-rilled as Bravado Jack, the hero, killed the last of the Indians. He staggered about, he almost fainted with the loss of blood. Then he gazed about him, and suddenly his voice rang out with hope. "See!" he cried. "The dawn breaks bright upon yon topmost heights!" The stage remained in almost total darkness. "See!" he yelled again. "The dawn breaks bright upon yon topmost heights!" Still darkness reigned. "The dawn! The dawn!" he screamed, raging about the stage. "It breaks! The dawn!" A head popped over the mountain top. "'Old 'ard, guv'nor!" said the head. "Don't be in such a desp'rate 'urry! Some one's bin an' switched the 'lectricity orf!"

An American traveler found himself the sole occupant of a compartment in a British train, until a woman with a lorgnette entered. She gazed sternly upon the man opposite. Before seating herself she opened the carriage window and sent it down with a bang. At the next station another woman entered. As she sat down, she gave a look at the open window and shivered pathetically. Then she shot an appealing glance in the direction of the male person. "I shall be frozen to death!" she cried. "If that window is closed I shall suffocate!" retorted the woman with the lorgnette. Just then the porter came around. At the request of the second woman he began to raise the window. Then, at a furious glance from the lorgnette, he desisted. Clearly he was in a predicament. "What, sir," asked he of the man, "what would you say as 'ow I should do, sir?" "It's quite simple," said the man, as he

rose to leave the train. "Leave the window as it is until one lady is frozen to death; then close it and suffocate the other. I am getting off here."

A trade association some years ago was in session in New York, and part of its members were dining in a café not far from the table at which sat Paderewski, and at the close of the feast one of the guests made his way to the cloak-room, where he encountered the famous pianist. The newcomer stared for a long time at the fair-haired Pole, and at last said: "You are very much like Paderewski. Do you know him?" "I am Paderewski," rejoined the other, modestly. "What!" shouted the stranger, and, dashing at him, he shook both his hands. Before Paderewski sufficiently recovered from his surprise the man stepped to the door and, calling the others of his party, yelled: "I say, Brown, Wheeler, Carey, all of you come here! I want to introduce you to my friend Paderewski."

Soon after Oliver P. Newman was appointed by the President last summer as one of the commissioners of the District of Columbia he and his fellow-commissioner, Mr. Siddons, went to the Gettysburg reunion. As the two men came into sight of the soldiers cannon began to go off. The noise was ear-splitting. Every time a gun popped Newman jumped. He was gun-shy. Finally the fuss was too much for him. He glared at the artillery, frowned at the officers, and scowled at the privates. Then he turned to Siddons and asked angrily: "What in thunder is all that dad-blamed noise about?" Later somebody explained to him that, as a commissioner of the District of Columbia held the rank of a governor of a state, he was being given the governor's salute of seventeen guns. "Then," he said, with evident relief, "I was being honored instead of annoyed."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Appropriate Gift.

My wife gave me a parlor rug
Last Christmas; best of wives.
The year before
I got a score
Of silver-plated knives.

I think that I'll return this year
The favor, as it were.
It will be fun;
I have a gun
Picked out this time for her.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Sweet Monotony.

"Pray, what is there about the kiss
You so enjoy?" I asked a miss.
She smiled, then softly said to me:
"I like the sweet monotony." —Life.

Morning Musing.

Scrape! Scrape! Scrape!
Each morning I have to shave,
And then with a tonic to coax the hair
The top of my head I lave.
And this is the song I spin
While giving the blade a shove:
"Why can't I be bald upon my chin
And have whiskers that grow above?"
—Boston Globe.

Last Stand of a Husband.

I have eaten your concrete biscuits,
Your porce of soup I have drunk,
Of the things you have fried
Almost have I died,
E'en to knitted neckties have I sunk.

I have gone to the show with your mother,
My razors I've loaned to your pa,
I furnished the hail
For your brother in jail,
And got him released from the law.

I have listened to Friend Blanche's letters
(They gave me a three-cornered pain),
I have smiled all along
Through that fat tenor's song,
And asked him to sing it again.

I've taken my pipe and tobacco
And down in the cellar I've sat,
Lest the fumes of the pipe
(Which is somewhat o'erripe)
Should on card party night scent the flat.

But that, my heart's own, is the limit;
Pause now on our first quarrel's brink,
Though the kindest of men,
I will not have a "den,"
Nor a wadded silk jacket of pink.
—New York Globe.

"The English Sabbath."

Smith in the week was dull enough, God knows,
But doubly dull upon the Sabbath grows.
An iron gong invites that soul of tin,
A soul too gray for splendor of a sin.
Sure of a heaven, he hears the tinkling bell,
But has not yet ascended to a hell.
What weight is this that heavier makes the air?
Hush! 'Tis the load of Smith's ascended prayer
Recoiling back on him from Sabbath cloud,
Returning on him, though his knee be bowed.
Each week-day Smith respectfully can thief.
But on the Sabbath would his God deceive.
He kneels to pray, but ere his prayer has ceased,
Rises in fear his breeches may he creased;
Later his wife, from mundane matters free,
Purring her Sabbath scandal, pours the tea.
Oh, for some winnowing blast to swirl away
The moldering mummery of our Sabbath day!
—Stephen Phillips, in "Lyrics and Dramas."



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June 30th, 1913:
Assets.....\$55,644,983.27
Capital actually paid up in Cash..... 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 1,757,148.57
Employees' Pension Fund..... 158,261.32
Number of Depositors.....62,134

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mrs. Joseph Norris announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Eliza McMullin, to Mr. John Gallois. Miss Eliza is the sister of Mr. John McMullin and a niece of Mrs. Charles Welles. Mrs. John Hayes, and Mrs. E. B. Perrin. Mr. Gallois is the son of Mrs. Eugene Gallois and a brother of Mrs. Horace Hill, Jr. The wedding will take place Wednesday, January 7, at Miss McMullin's home in Oakland, and will be a quiet affair, as she is in mourning for her grandmother, Mrs. Susan Hayes. After a wedding trip through Europe the young couple will return to this city, where they will reside.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Elizabeth Wheeler, to Mr. Cotesworth Broadway Head, son of Mrs. C. P. Head of Berkeley. Miss Wheeler is a sister of the Misses Lilia, Olive, and Jean Wheeler, and Mr. Charles S. Wheeler, Jr.

Mrs. Anne Tormey announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Mary Tormey, to Ensign Daniel Judson Callaghan, U. S. N. Ensign Callaghan is the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Callaghan of this city.

The engagement is announced of Miss Dorothy Rees and Lieutenant Raymond V. Cramer, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A. Miss Rees is the daughter of Colonel Thomas Rees, U. S. A., and Mrs. Rees. Lieutenant Cramer is from Middletown, Connecticut.

From Washington, D. C., comes the announcement of the engagement of Miss Katherine Jennings and Mr. Chauncey Hackett. Miss Jennings is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hennen Jennings and a granddaughter of Mr. John C. Coleman of this city. Mr. Hackett is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Hackett of Washington, D. C.

Colonel Charles Leonard Phillips, U. S. A., and Mrs. Phillips have issued invitations to the marriage of their daughter, Miss Cali Phillips, and Lieutenant Ralph C. Harrison, U. S. A., Saturday evening, January 3, at 8:30, at St. Bridget's Church.

The wedding of Miss Marie Russell and Mr. Paul J. Fagan took place Friday evening, December 12, at the home on Pacific Avenue of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lent. Only relatives and a few intimate friends were present at the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. J. J. Cantwell. Miss Ruth Welch was the bride's only attendant. Mr. A. J. Welch was Mr. Fagan's best man. The young couple will reside with Mr. and Mrs. Lent upon the return from their wedding trip.

Miss Evelyn Van Winkle makes her debut this afternoon at a reception given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Livingstone Van Winkle, at their home on Lake Street.

The members of the Army Relief Society will give a thé d'ansant Friday afternoon, January 16, at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. William Bowers Bourn was hostess Wednesday at a luncheon at her home on Webster Street complimentary to her daughter, Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent, who is visiting her from Ireland.

The members of the Alumni Association of the University of California gave a reception Thursday evening at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fennimore entertained a number of friends at dinner and an informal dance Wednesday evening at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Elizabeth Oyster was the complimented guest Wednesday at a luncheon given by Mrs. George A. Pope at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Rebecca Shreve will be the guest of honor at a theatre party today, December 20, given by Miss Myra Treat.

Mrs. Frank B. Anderson was hostess at a luncheon and bridge party Friday at the Francisca Club.

Miss Elizabeth Wheeler entertained a number of friends at luncheon Thursday at her home on Washington Street. The affair was in honor of Miss Mary Helen Finnell of Chico.

Miss Helen Jones was hostess at a dinner Wednesday evening at her home on Buchanan Street preceding the Gaiety Ball.

The members of the Olympic Club have issued invitations to a ball on New Year's Eve, which will be held in the gymnasium of the club house on Post Street.

Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker was hostess at an informal luncheon Monday at the Hotel St. Francis. With her guests she later attended the thé d'ansant.

Mrs. Henry E. Bothin entertained a number of friends Wednesday at luncheon at her home in Montecito in honor of her house guest, Miss Louise Boyd.

Mrs. Charles M. Dougherty was hostess Monday at a luncheon at the Francisca Club, where she entertained sixteen guests.

Mrs. Arthur Fennimore entertained a number of friends at a bridge party and tea on Wednesday afternoon at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Maye Colburn gave a luncheon Wednesday at the Francisca Club, when she entertained a score of congenial friends.

Mrs. Washington Dodge entertained a number of young people Monday afternoon at the thé d'ansant at the Hotel St. Francis.

Miss Helen Garritt entertained a coterie of congenial friends over the week-end at her home in San Mateo.

The first dance of the Gaiety Club took place Wednesday evening at the Century Club.

Mrs. W. H. Mills and her daughter, Mrs. George Crothers, gave an informal tea Sunday at their home.

Mrs. Harry Marvin was hostess at a tea Friday afternoon at her home on Taylor Street in honor of her daughter, Mrs. Otis Johnson, who is visiting her from Fort Bragg.

Mrs. Dora Winn was the guest of honor at a luncheon on Friday given by Miss Ethel McAllister at her home on Jackson Street.

Mrs. William G. Irwin was hostess at a luncheon Friday at her home on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wilson entertained a number of friends at dinner Wednesday evening at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. George A. Pope gave a luncheon Wednesday at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Miss Elizabeth Oyster.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew L. Stone entertained a number of young people at dinner Saturday evening preceding the dance at the San Mateo Polo Club.

Miss Isabel McLaughlin was the guest of honor Friday at a luncheon given by the Misses Cora and Fredericka Otis at their home on Broadway. The Misses Emily and Hannah Du Bois were hostesses Wednesday evening at an informal bridge party and dance at the Hotel Monroe.

Miss Helen Wright was hostess at a dinner and theatre party Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker entertained a number of friends at dinner Thursday evening at their home in Burlingame. The affair was in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Vanderlip of New York.

Mrs. Goodrich was the guest of honor at a tea Tuesday afternoon, when Mrs. Sidney Van Wyck, Jr., entertained.

Captain E. B. Bingham, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bingham entertained a number of friends at dinner Wednesday evening at their home at Fort Winfield Scott. The affair was in honor of Colonel Richmond P. Davis, U. S. A., and Mrs. Davis.

Captain William H. Tobin, U. S. A., and Mrs. Tobin gave a progressive dinner Friday evening at their home at Fort Scott, where they entertained a number of congenial friends.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Wilson are established at the Dupont in Washington, D. C., after a wedding tour of Canada. Mrs. Wilson was formerly Miss Amalita Talbot of this city.

Miss Margaret Nichols is at present visiting the Misses Sara and Elizabeth Cunningham at their home in New York. Miss Nichols will return to this city the latter part of January.

Miss Martha Foster and Mr. Leonard Abbott have recently been the guests of Miss Isabel Chase at her home in Napa County.

Miss Katherine Curtis Magee, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee, has come from Miss Ransom's school in Piedmont to spend her vacation with her grandmother, Mrs. James Marvin Curtis.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule are expected to return from New York within the next few days. They will be accompanied on their homeward trip by Mrs. Sproul's daughter, Miss Marie Louise Baldwin, who has been attending Miss Spence's school.

Bishop William Ford Nichols and Mrs. Niebels are established in an apartment on California and Jones Streets. They have rented their residence on Webster Street to Mr. and Mrs. Selah Chamberlin, who will return to their country home in Woodside for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Symmes are occupying apartments at the Hotel Cecil, where they will remain during the winter. They have been joined by Mrs. Symmes's mother, Mrs. A. M. Whittle, who has closed her home in Mill Valley for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Baldwin have returned to their home in Colorado Springs after an extended visit in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Foster have given up the idea of residing in Solano County, and will make their permanent home in San Rafael, where they are at present visiting Mr. Foster's parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Leavitt Baker have arrived from their ranch in Shasta County and are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Baker. They have decided to reside permanently in this city and will soon be established in an apartment on California Street.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Fuller are anticipating their return from Philadelphia early in January. They have been East during the past year and are now contemplating going to Los Angeles to reside.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. McWilliams and their children are established in a flat next door to their former residence, which they have leased for two years.

Mrs. John Bascom Wright returned last week from Europe, having been called by the illness of her father, the late Mr. Crawford W. Clarke, who died a few days after Mrs. Wright's arrival.

Miss Gertrude Hopkins returned Wednesday from Santa Barbara, where she has been attending school, and will spend the holiday vacation with her mother, Mrs. George Ebbright.

Colonel and Mrs. Charles Mifflin Hammond of Upper Lake have been spending the past week at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali are moving into their new home on Russian Hill, and expect to be settled in time for Christmas.

Mrs. James A. Murray has returned to her home in Monterey after a few days' visit in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Pierce, who have come from Suisun to spend a few months in town, are residing on Jackson Street near Laurel.

Mr. and Mrs. Graeme Macdonald have gone to Louisville, Kentucky, to spend the holidays with their relatives.

Miss Rebecca Shreve spent a few days recently with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gay Hooker, at their home in San Mateo.

Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Dwight Chipman have closed their home in Ross for the season, and are occupying an apartment on California and Gough Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Bogue arrived last week from the East and have since been guests at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Clarence Grange will sail from New York on the White Star Line steamship *Celtic*, January 24, on an extended trip to the Mediterranean and Egypt.

Mirza Ali Kuli Khan, Persian minister at Washington, D. C., has been the guest during the past week of Mr. J. D. Spreckels at his home in Coronado.

Miss Mary Gayley has gone to Detroit, Michigan, to spend several months with relatives.

Countess de la Lande is visiting her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe, at their residence on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Jack Hayes of Visalia is visiting her mother, Mrs. John McMullin, at the Hotel St. Francis.

Miss Gladys Sullivan is en route to Europe, where she will join her brother, Mr. Noel Sullivan, who is pursuing his musical studies in Paris.

Mr. Edgar J. De Pue and his daughter, Miss Cornelia De Pue, have returned from a month's visit in New York.

Mrs. M. M. Tompkins and Miss Ethel Tompkins of San Anselmo are settled for the winter at the Hotel Majestic.

Major Philip Wales, Mrs. Wales, and the latter's daughter, Miss Geraldine Forbes, have returned from Europe, where they have been spending the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph King and their two children have arrived from their home in Calaveras County to spend the Christmas holidays with Mr. King's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Libbey King.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Burr have leased the home on Pacific Avenue of Lieutenant-Commander David F. Sellers, U. S. N., and Mrs. Sellers, who will reside at the Hotel Granada until their departure in March for the East.

Miss Genevieve King has been spending the past week at her bungalow near Los Gatos.

Mr. Roy Somers has returned from a month's visit in New York.

Mrs. J. D. Spreckels and Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels have returned from Europe and are again in Coronado.

Dr. and Mrs. A. C. McKenney and son Carol, of Belvedere, are spending the winter in San Francisco at the Hotel Cecil.

Mrs. Arthur Murray has returned from Washington, D. C., where she has been spending the past three months with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Ord Preston.

Captain Arthur Poillon, U. S. A., left last week for his new post at the Presidio, Monterey.

Lieutenant Conger Pratt, U. S. A., is with the First Cavalry at the Presidio, Monterey. He will take a two months' leave of absence next month, when he will be married at Fort Mason to Miss Sadie Murray.

Lieutenant Charles Conway Hartigan, U. S. N., who is on duty at Norfolk, Virginia, has been joined recently by Mrs. Hartigan and their son and infant daughter. Mrs. Hartigan is rapidly recovering from her recent severe illness.

Colonel William H. C. Bowen, U. S. A., Mrs. Bowen, and Miss Gladys Bowen are established in the house formerly occupied by Colonel Walter Finley, U. S. A., who has recently been ordered to the Presidio, Monterey.

Major Alfred Morton, U. S. A. (retired), arrived from Santa Barbara last week and has been visiting friends in this city.

Brigadier-General Eli D. Hoyt, U. S. A., has been assigned the command of the district of Luzon in the Philippines.

Major Henry H. Whitney, U. S. A., adjutant-general, has been appointed adjutant of the Third Division in this city.

Captain Louis S. Chappalear, U. S. A., has been assigned to duty with the Twenty-Fifth Company, Coast Artillery, at Fort Miley. For several years Captain Chappalear has been adjutant of the Coast defenses at the Presidio.

Captain T. J. Powers, U. S. A., and Captain C. S. Cockburn, U. S. A., arrived Saturday from Manila.

Colonel Hamilton Stone Wallace, U. S. A., depot quartermaster in this city, has been relieved from that position and assigned to duty as quartermaster of the Third Division, Western Department.

Brigadier-General Charles J. Bailey, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence, at the expiration of which time General Bailey will probably be assigned duty on the Atlantic coast.

Captain A. T. Smith, U. S. A., and Mrs. Smith are the guests of General Potts, U. S. A., and Mrs. Potts at their home in the Presidio.

Rear-Admiral Thomas Benton Howard, U. S. N., president of the naval examining and retiring board, has been assigned the command of the Asiatic fleet, succeeding Rear-Admiral Reginald F. Nicholson, U. S. N., who will arrive in Washington, D. C., February 15, for duty with the naval general board, preparatory to retirement next December.

Rear-Admiral F. E. Beatty, U. S. N., has been assigned the command of the first division of the Atlantic fleet.

Lieutenant-Commander J. J. Raby, U. S. N., has been assigned temporary duty at Mare Island.

Lieutenant W. J. Moses, U. S. N., who has been on duty with the Pacific reserve fleet has been ordered to the U. S. S. *Raleigh*.

The home in Sacramento of Mr. and Mrs. John T. Piggott has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Piggott, who was formerly Miss Bessie Ashton, is the daughter of Mrs. George Ashton of this city.

Very early examples of Chinese art were recently on exhibition at the Montross Gallery in New York. It is observed that there were specimens dating so far back to make the early European masters seem almost modern, work rendered with a fidelity, with knowledge, with artistic feeling, and altogether with so modern a spirit as to startle one. For instance, there was a black stone head, of date A. D. 220, that might have been included in the last international exhibition and been signed Brancusi. And away back in the Sung dynasty of A. D. 960 a fine old painter made a portrait of a philosopher in a red gown, his remarkable face being lined with the distinction of Holbein. Then there were two portraits of a nobleman and his wife, of later date, still old enough to possess a certain antiquity, since they go back to the thirteenth century, which proved delightful studies of character and looked very Dutch.

A Benefit The Dansant.

On Monday, the 22d instant, the blue and gold room of the Hotel St. Francis, as well as the ballroom, will be open for the thé d'ansant, which will have a special interest on that day because the proceeds of the dance are to be given to the San Francisco Association for the Blind. Admission will be \$1 and a charge of 50 cents will be made for tea. Tickets are on sale at the news stands.

Auguste Rodin, the famous sculptor, is preparing for publication his notes on art, which should make a notable book. For years past Rodin has been amassing notes in muck the same way as Leonardo Da Vinci, hastily consigning them to the first scrap of paper that falls to his hand while yet hot from his mind. Those few privileged friends admitted to look at these notes declare that nothing like them has been written since the day of Leonardo Da Vinci.

"So Miss Biffer is married at last?" "Yes." "And who is the bappy man?" "Her dear old dad."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.



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THE BLOUSE depicted above is one of our "Evangeline" models, a dainty piece of work for a dainty maid—the price start at.....\$5.50

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ONE of those crushed Morocco Vanity Bags we've just imported from Paris would be a sweet present to a sweet lassie. They are priced at.....\$12.50

A FRENCH Shopping Bag at our \$5 value for.....\$3.35

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PHOTO Case (leather) with your photo in—the cases are priced from.....\$1.50

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INDIVIDUALITIES.

Lord Alverstone, late lord chief justice of England, has been granted an annuity of \$20,000 for life. It is payable quarterly.

Dr. Alexander Graham Bell has been awarded the Hughes medal by the Royal Society for his investigation into technical electricity.

Senator Henri La Fontaine of Brussels, Belgium, on whom the Nobel peace prize for 1913 has just been conferred, was formerly president of the permanent international peace bureau of Berne, Switzerland.

Professor Abel Lefranc, who has been appointed by the French government as exchange professor to the University of Chicago, is a noted instructor in the Collège de France and director in the practical school of higher studies.

Rabbi Meir Simcha of Dvinsk, who was recently elected chief rabbi of Kovno, Russia, one of the cities where Jews are most numerous, is one of the leading rabbis of Russia and is recognized as one of the greatest authorities on orthodox Judaism in the world.

George Westinghouse, inventor of the air brake, has been awarded the Grashof medal by the Verein Deutscher Ingenieure of Leipsic, one of the highest honors within the reach of the engineering profession. He was too ill to attend the meeting at which the award was made.

Rear-Admiral William B. Caperton, the new commander of the Atlantic reserve fleet, entered the navy forty-two years ago, and his flagship was the frigate *Constellation*. He is a native of Tennessee, one of the oldest officers in the navy, and has been commandant of the Newport naval station.

Professor Carl Lorentzen, whom New York University sent to Iceland to found a university on American principles, has returned to this country as the educational adviser of the University of Iceland, and will map out a constructive scheme for the upbuilding of higher education and the public school system in the country which has honored him.

Miss Annie J. Cannon, who has well under way the task of cataloguing star plates at the Harvard Astronomical Observatory, has come to be known as the most distinguished woman astronomical worker in the world. Miss Cannon's work, now being awaited with interest by all the great astronomers, will, when finished, tell what the stars are made of, as well as locate and tabulate their motions in the heavens. She is a native of Delaware, and in the course of her work has discovered 150 variable stars.

Peter A. Gross, dean of the American old school artist colony of Paris, has returned to this country after an absence of thirty-seven years, bringing with him an art collection valued at \$800,000. He is delegated by Johannes Grimelund, the great Norwegian painter, to offer the latter's "Villa Ville" to the Academy of Fine Arts at Philadelphia. This painting won a gold medal at the academy in 1876. Mr. Gross had his first canvas hung in Paris in 1883 and has since missed only one year, when he was in Nice.

The Rev. Dr. Isaac Headland, president of the Peking University, who is doing a great deal to interest Mongolian young women in modern education, is an American who went to China as a missionary in 1890. He is a native of Pennsylvania, and was ordained a Methodist minister the same year in which he left for the Orient. At once he was appointed professor of science of the Peking University, a position which he still retains. He is a member of the Peking Asiatic Society and of the British Royal Asiatic Society. Dr. Headland is also well known as an author and lecturer, being a recognized authority on Chinese art, literature, and history.

After thirty-eight years of service Major-General William P. Biddle, commandant of the Marine Corps, has applied for voluntary retirement under the thirty years' service law. Major-General Biddle has been commandant of the corps since February 3, 1911. General Biddle was born in Philadelphia in 1853, and was educated in private schools, finishing with a course in the University of Pennsylvania, and was commissioned a first lieutenant of the United States Marine Corps in 1875. He served in the Peking relief expedition and in the Philippine war. In 1903 he was appointed president of the marine examination board. General Biddle would not have been retired for age until December 17, 1917.

General McAdaras, of either Scotch or Irish birth, who raised a battalion of Irish volunteers at the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War, took his men to France and led them against the Germans, has for many years lived quietly in a villa at Cannes. He was given the rank of general on the battlefield. Some twenty years ago he was elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies, and when the moment came for him to be confirmed in his seat he was unable to prove with papers in his hand that he was born in France or was a naturalized citizen. The

Chamber, however, in consideration of his record during the war waived the matter and confirmed him in his seat.

Dr. Morris Jastrow, Jr., whose statement that the story of the creation as set forth in the Book of Genesis must be regarded as a religious poem, and not a scientific record, has caused considerable discussion of late, is professor of Semitic languages at the University of Pennsylvania and one of the most distinguished of living Orientals. He was born in Europe in 1861, and was educated in this country and abroad. As an authoritative writer he has contributed to the Jewish Encyclopedia, American Encyclopedia, Encyclopedia Britannica, Hastings's Dictionary of Religions, and other important publications.

THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Colonel Abraham Andrews, prominent in business circles since the pioneer days, died shortly before noon Sunday at the home of his son, Alfred F. Andrews, 1130 Pine Street. Colonel Andrews was hale and hearty up to the last. He was seized with a fainting spell Sunday morning, and death followed. Colonel Andrews was eighty-nine years and eight months old. He was born in London, and moved to this country when a boy. He fought in the Mexican War, enlisting as a lieutenant. He became captain of Company A, Second Ohio Volunteers, under General Scott. He moved to California in the early 'fifties. The funeral was held on Wednesday under the auspices of Doric Lodge, Free and Accepted Masons.

The Bank of Daniel Meyer, founded by the late pioneer citizen of that name more than sixty years ago, will be but a memory after January 1. Announcement of the withdrawal of the institution is made by Henry Meyer, a nephew of the founder. When Daniel Meyer died some months ago the nephew was appointed executor and has called in all loans. The bank has been treasurer for the San Francisco Bond and Stock Exchange since its organization.

The board of public works has ordered application made to the supervisors for setting aside \$10,645 to cover the cost of 220 additional tons of structural steel needed for the new City Hall because of late changes in the plans. For the continuance of specification work for municipal railway extensions \$10,000 was asked.

William Corbin, secretary of the Continental Building and Loan Association, was on Wednesday acquitted by a jury in Judge Lawlor's court. Corbin was charged with falsifying a report made to Building and Loan Commissioner George Walker by failing to mention an item of \$11,000 of liabilities and by overstating the assets of the company by \$51,000.

A Japanese artist, Wakana Utagawa, has illustrated in colors a story, "Mr. Bamboo and the Honorable Little God," by Francis Little, author of "The Lady of the Decoration," in the December *Century*. His work is said to be unusual in this line, and in this instance he has excelled himself.

United Railroads Insuring Its Employees.

The new administration of the United Railroads has thus far occupied itself chiefly with two considerations: the improvement of its service and the welfare of its employees. Notwithstanding the very severe conditions existing in the money markets of the world, it has thus far been able to comply with all the requests of the city and state officials and with many of the requests of the improvement clubs of the city. It has investigated every complaint and endeavored in each instance to remove the causes for criticism.

It has appreciated that, with the present high cost of living, it must go to the limit of its resources in improving the condition of its employees, and to this end it proposes to inaugurate the three following plans:

1. The families of all employees of the company who may die while in the employ of the company will, without any expense for premiums or otherwise, receive two hundred and fifty dollars after three years' service, five hundred dollars after four years' service, and one thousand dollars after five years' service. Even at the present time this benefit would accrue to the families of about sixteen hundred employees.

2. Beginning with January 1, 1914, the wages of platform men who have served six months will be increased one cent per hour; the wages of those having served one year or more will be increased two cents per hour.

3. In view of the fact that the paramount duty of the company is to avoid the killing and maiming of people and that to accomplish this we must have the loyal and skilled cooperation of our platform men, it is proposed to offer a special reward for such cooperation. The basis for the proposed plan will be the money paid during the year 1913 for damage claims, and, to the extent that in succeeding years the amount of such claims may be diminished, we shall distribute among the platform men the entire amount so saved in proportion to their actual hours of employment during the year in which the saving was effected.

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7:30 p.m.	Oakland, San Leandro, Hayward, Niles, Idylwood, Pleasanton, Livermore, Altemont, Carbona, Lathrop and Stockton.....	6:30 p.m.																		
4:10 p.m.	Electric Lighted Pullman Observation Sleeper on Train Leaving San Francisco 9:10 a.m. Through Standard and Tourist Sleeping Cars to above destinations in connection with:	10:20 a.m.																		
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Visitor—How does the land lie out this way? Native—It aint the land—it's the land agents.—*Philadelphia Record*.

First Grod—My wife's gone to the West Indies. Secand Grod—Jamaica? First Grod—No. She wanted to go.—*Orange Peel*.

"These collapsible opera hats are a great convenience." "So?" "Yes; you have no idea how much room they save in a flat."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Son." "Well, dad?" "Did you pick out that suit of clothes of your own accord, or is it a part of the hazing you have to go through?"—*Courier-Journal*.

Postmon—Bad luck, Mr. Doolan! Here's a black-edged letter for you. Mr. Doolan—It's me poor brother Pat dead. O'd know his handwritin' anywhere!—*Liverpool Mercury*.

"This is what I call adding insult to injury." "What's the trouble?" "An editor not only returns my manuscript, but he wants me to subscribe for his paper."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Callow Sportsmon—You remember when you guided me five years ago, Jake? What calibre rifle was I using that year? Guide—I don't know, sir; the doctor aint never dug out the bullet.—*Puck*.

"Do you permit old ladies to kiss your baby?" asked the one who was still trying to appear girlish. "Oh, yes," replied the proud young mother. "Go ahead and give the little dear a smack."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"Dearest," he said, "can't I get you a nice diamond ring for Christmas?" "No, darling," whispered the far-seeing young thing, "I will take the ring now. Let Christmas bring its happy surprises, just as usual."—*Livingston Lance*.

Mrs. Johnson—Jes' hide youah money in a Bible, Mis' Jackson. Nobody evah looks in a Bible, you know. Mrs. Jackson (with a gasp) Oh, Lawd! I'd lose it suah! Mah ole man's vey religious an' reads de Bible twice a day.—*Puck*.

Mrs. Ryan—They do he afther sayin' that old man Kelly has got locomothor ataxy. Mrs. Murphy—Well, he's got the money to run wan av thim if he wants ter, but I'd rayther have a good horse anny day.—*Mogazine of Fun*.

"I gave Walter a heautiful necktie of my own make for a Christmas present," said Mahel. "Was be pleased?" "Oh, yes; he said its heauty shall be for no other eyes than his own. Wasn't that lovely of bim?"—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

"Why do you insist so strenuously on my placing my order right now?" "I have taken a course in a school of scientific salesmanship and, according to all rules and theories, this is the psychological moment for closing this sale."—*Washington Herald*.

"I am inclined to think," said a man, "that our friend, Mr. Grafton Grabh, was created on the Sabbath." "For what reason?" "We are told that an honest man is the noblest work of the Creator, and also that on the seventh day the Creator rested."—*Tit-Bits*.

Crusty Customer—Gimme a pound o' sulphur. How much is it? Druggist—Fifteen cents a pound. Crusty Customer—What! Hang it, man, I can get it across the street for ten cents. Druggist (in disgust)—Yes, and there's a place where you can get it for nothing.—*Konsos City Stor.*

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THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Rake's Progress.

It is just as well to register the successive chapters in the new gospel of political anarchy now being written in connection with the school superintendency of Chicago. It will be remembered that Mrs. Ella Flagg Young withdrew her candidacy in a fit of pique upon her discovery that some members of the board were not in favor of her reelection. There being no other candidate, Mr. John D. Shoop was therefore duly chosen for the position, and this at once unlocked the floodgates of hysteria and caused the mayor to swing his autocratic bludgeon and to compel the resignation of all the members of the board who had voted according to their opinions and their oaths of office and without the requisite obeisances to the women's clubs. The mayor has now taken a further step in the rake's progress to political chaos. He has declined to receive a petition bearing 50,000 names, most of them prominent in the commercial life of the city, asking that the due forms of procedure be observed and that Mr. Shoop be confirmed in the position to which he was legally elected. In refusing to accept the petition the mayor

announced that he would "go to any length" to compel the restoration of Mrs. Young to her former position.

There need be no doubt that the mayor will do precisely what he says. It is "the easiest way." He knows well that he has broken the spirit if not the letter of law, and in the most outrageous and hectoring manner. If he has the capacity to think at all—which of course he has not—he must be aware that the general adoption of such methods as his would bring the whole fabric of government to the ground. His pitiable attitude is evidently due to the conviction that the part of political prudence is to accede instantly to any and every demand that is made by the women's organizations of the city. If the law conflicts with that demand—then so much the worse for the law.

Probably there is no immediate remedy for such a situation as this, but the remedy should not be farther away than the next mayoralty election. That occasion, whenever it may come, should result in the permanent extinction of Mayor Harrison. His proper sphere in life is that of a ladies' tailor.

National Republican Reorganization.

The meeting of the Republican National Committee held at Washington last week did an eminently wise thing in declining to call a general party convention to rewrite the rules and define afresh the party policies. At the same time it was demonstrated by the proceedings that the party is quite ready for readjustments that will eliminate causes of dissatisfaction on the part of those in whom the spirit of progressivism is not so advanced as to prefer a democratic to the representative system. The whole tone and temper of the conference at Washington made plain the fact that the Republican party will accept many of the devices calculated to popularize the representative system, but that it will not go so far as to throw over that system altogether. Those who wish to substitute democratic for representative standards will hardly find congenial company in reorganized Republicanism; but others who have hitherto affiliated with the Republican party should have no difficulty in making themselves comfortable in the old association.

Senator Borah of Idaho was the dominant figure in the conference in the sense that he practically voiced the spirit of the meeting. Mr. Borah spoke with his usual straightforwardness. First of all he opposed a national party convention early in the coming year as unnecessary and untimely. It would, he said in effect, be an affair of windy discussion and of platitudinous results. It could do nothing in the matter of rewriting party rules which might not be accomplished in another way, and it might do harm by committing the party to courses which may be neither wise nor opportune under the development of events. At the same time Mr. Borah was frank in his insistence that the party, if it is to win back the allegiance of its progressive element, must adapt itself to new conditions. It must change its system in many vital ways, notably in connection with Southern representation, and it must accept at least the principle of the direct primary with other projects calculated to secure a closer connection between the individual citizen and the operations of party and governmental affairs.

Acceptance by the committee of these suggestions has put party affairs in fairly satisfactory shape. There is going to be no grand-stand play in the shape of a national convention. It is determined in so far as the national committee may do it that Southern representation in national conventions is to be reduced. There is an inferential if not a definite assurance that the party will accept the more essential theories of its moderate progressive element. In other words, it has been made plain by this conference that Republicanism is hereafter neither to be standpatism nor reactionaryism. It is to be a progressive party as hitherto, less under the guidance of hard-and-fast tradition than of what we may

term the fluid influence of current events and necessities. It is to be a party of positive and advancing ideas, not a party of negation and protest.

Very properly nothing was done at the meeting with respect to committee reorganization—that is, change of officers. Yet it is definitely in every mind that this is one of the things which ultimately must be done. Mr. Hillis came into the chairmanship under conditions and for special purposes which no longer exist. He is an amiable and no doubt in a way an able man, but he lacks political background and stands in a certain sense discredited by failure, even though all men know that the fault was not with him. A new chairman must be found for the national committee—one who will personify the traditional aims and the readjusted purposes of party organization. There is as yet no suggestion as to who the man shall be.

At the point of available men the Republican party is now notably weak. The failure of 1911 had something to do with it, but to an even greater extent it is due to the change in the general political status. What is needed in the chairmanship of the national committee is a man identified with the newer and more liberal politics, and at the same time supported by the prestige of experience and success. This is rather a large order in view of the fact that the new politics is so new as not yet to have given to anybody the double mark of experience and success. It is going to be no easy matter to find precisely the right man.

Party Readjustment in New York.

Even more significant as pointing to the future of the Republican party than the meeting of the national committee at Washington last week is a quiet movement now in progress to lick the New York state organization into shape. The situation is one of some practical difficulty. William Barnes, grandson of Thurlow Weed and a man of great native and acquired sagacity, is the head of the state organization. Barnes is a strong man, and by the common standards of respect among men he is a good man. But it happens that Mr. Barnes has been a leader under the old scheme of things, and therefore that his name to the view of the progressive faction is like a red rag waved before a bull. True, Mr. Barnes was associated with Roosevelt in the matter of participation in New York politics—true that he bore Roosevelt's official commission. But he lacks Mr. Roosevelt's genius for dodging and denying issues. He is too much of a man to be a shifty figure in politics. The fact therefore remains that to the public view Mr. Barnes stands representative of times and things obsolete and discarded; likewise that he is a man of so much individual character and force as not to be able to play the part of weathercock to the wind.

Another element in the situation is made up of those who followed Roosevelt last year without really separating themselves from the Republican party. A still more important factor is an element of so-called young Republicans, very much imbued with progressive ideas but by no means willing to cast in their lot with the Progressive party. This element has found a champion in the *Tribune*, and is in the way of making itself felt as a factor, if not indeed as the dominating factor, in Republican councils of the immediate future.

Time for action has not yet come. None the less there is everywhere an obvious tendency to meet the new condition with a pretty radical adjustment of party ideas and plans. Mr. Barnes will undoubtedly have to go. He can not be made to fit into the new order of things—at least not prior to a period of retirement—and go he must. His elimination will not be easy. But no doubt Mr. Barnes himself will see that it is necessary and will yield with philosophic grace. The result will be a reorganized Republican party in New York accepting pretty much all of the progressive programme possible to be brought within limits.

the representative as compared with the democratic principle in government. Senator Root, who by instinct and temperament stands opposed to innovation, has so far readjusted himself to the inevitable as to come out for direct primaries. Probably the whole progressive scheme as it was developed in the last New York campaign will be taken over bodily, minus only the judicial recall. Upon this basis the Republican party of New York will probably enter the coming campaign with ranks practically undisturbed by the defection of last year.

The so-called young Republican element to which we have referred is the surprising factor in the new situation. It has been presumed, and indeed pretty generally conceded, that the coming-on young voters under the influences of youthful sympathy would be drawn into the Roosevelt movement. But it seems that a generation has arisen to whom Roosevelt is neither a novelty nor a youth. To the young Republicans he is a more or less battered old stager, minus glamour which has proven so attractive in its illustration of youthful enthusiasm. The young men, especially the young men from the colleges, tend in their allegiance towards a democratic idealism. But they are not, it seems, drawn to Roosevelt, but are rather repelled by his noise, aggressiveness, and disposition to dominance. It is an interesting and a not unwholesome sign of the times.

The Currency Bill.

The arguments which have proved effective in the matter of the currency bill have related less to economics than to politics. And perhaps it should be added that they have related less to politics in the ordinary sense than to a species of politico-moral suasion. Few if any in Congress really understood the bill. Having been drawn by a group of congressional politicians in response to a party pledge, it was opposed by the banking interests of the country. Many members of Congress, Democrats as well as Republicans, were disposed to hearken to the voice of presumed expert knowledge and—it is just as well that the truth be said—of interest.

At this point President Wilson took an active hand. When he found a Democratic senator or representative who was weak on the currency bill he invited him to a heart-to-heart conference and addressed him somewhat thus: It comes to me, Mr. Blank, that you are disposed to regard lightly what seems to me a very definite obligation to support party policy as related to this measure. Now you must know that we are pledged by the platform adopted at Baltimore to provide a currency system. There has been an effort to do this and the pending bill is the outcome of that effort. Yet I find that some members of the party, you among them, are disposed to regard the counsels of friends and associates in the banking business as of greater weight than the party promise. Now, Mr. Blank, we come to a phase of action wherein our party has been traditionally weak—a phase in my judgment illustrating why it has so long held a negative, secondary, and generally irresponsible place in the affairs of the government. Our political opponents have mostly stood together; if they have differed on public questions they have somehow contrived to compromise their differences. They have come to the business of legislation with a solid front. We on the other hand have been independent, discordant, contentious. Even now, when we have just come into the possession of the government and when we stand under multiplied motives of party fealty and loyalty, we are following the old bad fashion of contending among ourselves. If we are to make this period of political power successful and notable, if the party is to sustain itself, its policies must have the loyal support of every Democrat in congressional life. Therefore, Mr. Blank, I call upon you as a Democrat to put aside whatever private feeling or private interest you have in this matter. I call upon you as a Democrat to give your voice and your vote for this measure to which your party stands pledged, which represents the judgment and policy of its officially constituted representatives and which therefore should command the support of every Democrat.

We do not present this statement as the President's precise words, but rather as reflecting the spirit and the manner of his appeal. How effective they have been the result shows. Not really understanding the bill, only half approving it, the Democrats practically to a man have stood behind it at every stage of its progress both in the Senate and in the House. Thus a measure conceived in politics, brought forth in poli-

tics, nourished and sustained by politics, becomes the law of the land as related to our financial system. There was indeed need of some system of national regulation. Probably, under our scheme of politics, there was no way to get such a system by other than political methods. The system may prove in practice better than the prophecies which have declared in respect of it. For it is to be borne in mind that the prophets—especially the louder-voiced ones—have all been representative of the financial world, perhaps not uninfluenced by financial practice and interest. Be this as it may, we have now a currency law in definite form providing a system radically different from the previous practice of the country. It stands to be approved or condemned by time and experience. Since doctors disagree, there are no other tests. The matter had to be worked out experimentally some time, and perhaps now is as good a time as any.

The *Argonaut* has not gone largely into the discussion of this measure because it has not felt itself qualified to deal with a subject so complicated and technical. But highly respecting the judgment of certain critics of the bill both in the financial and legal spheres, we have been disposed to caution. We have observed, too, that in certain aspects the scheme provided in the bill tends to disregard of principles which we believe fundamental in the constitution of our general system. So regarding the matter, we have read with infinite appreciation the speech made by Mr. Root in the Senate on the 11th instant. We pass over Mr. Root's illuminating discussion of the bill itself to the closing pages, in which Mr. Root refers to certain general tendencies connected with this measure:

This bill in the features I have just discussed illustrates one evil tendency of our times. It is the tendency, sir, to substitute the support of a paternal government for that individual self-dependence which settled, which built, which developed, which made our country. It was not in reliance upon any government that our fathers braved the dangers of the American forest. It was not in reliance upon any government that the stream of immigrants passed over the Alleghenies and along the southern borders of the Lakes and peopled the Central West and along across the plains and mountains to the Pacific.

We have a mighty commerce, indicated by stupendous figures, amazing material possessions, with the still more admirable and spiritual attainment of a hundred million people; foremost through the world in works of charity, of beneficence, of humanity; foremost in the world in its insistence upon opportunity for education to every child of every citizen, however humble; foremost in the world in its insistence upon the rights of individual liberty and the independence of individual manhood. This people has done these things—not by law, not by wrought-out systems of policy, but the workings of each man's individual conduct of life has presented to the world the opportunity for better conditions. This people has never done its work in reliance upon the protecting and aiding hand of government. This greatest work ever achieved in the history of civilization has been done by men of individual independence of character, by men who relied upon themselves and who built up a government the central thought of which was the thought of your patron saint, my friends on the Democratic side, the fundamental principle of Thomas Jefferson, that that government governs best which governs least.

We are turning our faces away from the fundamental principle upon which we have come to our high estate. We are turning them weakly toward practices which history shows have invariably led to decadence, to degradation and the downfall of nations. We are setting our steps now in the pathway which through the protection of a paternal government drew the mighty power of Rome to its fall.

These passages, so temperately restrained, so profoundly true, so wisely and painfully prophetic, recall the best traditions alike of American statesmanship and of American eloquence. But the voice of Senator Root is merely a voice crying in the wilderness. There has come a condition in our legislative affairs in which argument is of no avail. Executive authority has become the effective agent in legislation. There is an elaborate procedure in the Capitol, with floods of talk, but the real power to make laws is at the White House; and the considerations which control this personal law-making force are not affected, at least not decisively or profoundly, by arguments drawn from the lessons of history or the teachings of philosophy.

Our Mexican Policy Discredited.

The administration can hardly have failed to note that in its Mexican policy it stands approved in no quarter having any authority in the sphere of world diplomacy. The foreign secretaries of England, Germany, and France, while consenting to wait upon developments subject to American plans, have frankly declared themselves out of sympathy with the Washington government. It is an open secret at Washington that the permanent officials of the State Department—

the men who really do the bulk of the work—regard the administration's attitude towards Huerta and Carranza—and all the rest of it—as foolish and whimsical, leading nowhere and tending rather to new embarrassments than to relief from old troubles. Senator Root, who as an ex-Secretary of State and a one-time special envoy to all the Spanish-American countries knows the situation better than any other man in public life, frankly believes that the administration has got into a false position from which there is no creditable means of escape.

In the meantime the cruelties of semi-savage warfare go on in Mexico. There is no form of outrage upon persons or property that is not of hourly occurrence. Huerta has not even a chance to stop it because his hands are tied by the attitude of the Washington government. Thus far strong enough to protect the capital against the insurgent armies, he lacks strength to subdue rebellion and establish peace. And the situation is what it is because President Wilson will not permit Mexican affairs to take a natural course.

By this time Mr. Wilson ought to see that he has made a grievous mistake—a mistake whose effects are falling heavily upon the people of Mexico. No man in pride or bigotry has a right to stand stubbornly insistent upon policies disproved by the judgment of the world and discredited by events, especially when the penalty falls upon a helpless and suffering people.

The Morals of St. Louis.

The present plight of the godly city of St. Louis is not one to be overlooked at a time when the fluctuations of the moral thermometer are so much a matter of public interest. Frankly we confess to a certain disappointment at the reports that have reached us. It has been often a relief to raise our eyes from the sin-stained community in which our own particular lot has been cast and to observe what we have believed to be the triumph of the good, the beautiful, and the true as exemplified by St. Louis. Here at least was a city that had not bowed the knee to Baal, or at least a city that was determined to do so no more. Here was one modern community that had put on the robes of righteousness, that looked not upon the wine when it was red, and where the seductive sound of the dice had been banished from the land. And now it seems that St. Louis is, after all, no better than she should be. Human nature there is still upon deck in spite of the best intentioned efforts to destroy it. It is all very disappointing.

These unwonted expressions of a profound melancholy are due to the St. Louis police returns that have just been published. It seems that during last year no less than 37,318 persons were arrested, that is to say one in twenty of the entire population. We do not know what these people were arrested for. Possibly some of them had been thinking impure thoughts, and if this is so we are glad to know that they have been laid by the heels. But there is worse to come. During the same year there were ninety-eight murders and two hundred and sixty-seven suicides.

Therefore there is some justification for pessimism. If San Francisco were to make such a showing as this the Pecksniffs of the entire country would shrug pious shoulders and remind themselves that the way of transgressors is hard. But St. Louis! The city where all morals have been disinfected, chemically purified, deodorized, and pronounced clean! It seems almost incredible. If St. Louis were about to hold an exhibition it would be our painful duty to warn our young men and maidens to be on their guard against her influences. Under the spell of St. Louis they might commit suicide.

The efforts that St. Louis has made toward sanctification are known to all the world. St. Louis herself has taken good care of that. Like the Pharisee of old she has made broad her phylacteries and she has stood at the street corners and thanked God that she is not as others. She has penalized every variety of gambling, she has prohibited music and free lunches in saloons, she has suppressed the slot machine, and she has remembered the Sabbath Day to keep it a nuisance. She has established a vast detective machine wholly devoted to the enforcement of the moral law and empowered to supervise the most private lives of the most private citizens. And the result of it all is that an average of 102 persons are arrested every day, that some one commits a murder every four days, and that every week five people kill themselves. Perhaps death itself seems a lesser evil than residence in St. Louis.

But there is one satisfactory feature in the gloomy

picture. St. Louis herself is undiscouraged. She feels that the resources of holiness are not yet exhausted. She will persevere in the good work, and in spite of apparent failure she will seek new roads to righteousness while carefully maintaining the old ones. The Rev. Dr. Woodrow has been summoned all the way from Washington, D. C., to diagnose the disease of St. Louis and to indicate the remedies. And Dr. Woodrow has been equal to the occasion. He finds that St. Louis needs "evangelism." St. Louis, he says, ought to pray more than she does. And if the people of St. Louis should show a disinclination to pray it may be necessary to invoke the club of the policeman as a persuasive measure to piety.

We shall watch with some interest the results of the new "evangelization." And it will be the police returns that we shall watch, and not the moral bulletins that have been so sedulously circulated. Evidently the bulletins are unreliable as a moral barometer. The police returns are more dependable, with their statistics of arrests, murders, and suicides.

Marriage and Taxation.

The new legislation that is now before the French parliament is a gratifying reminder that the day of a misguided leniency toward the bachelor is about to become a thing of the past and that a stern coercion is to take the place of tolerance and admonition. For the bachelor has no one but himself to thank for the pains and penalties that are about to fall upon his head. He has earned them all. The means of grace have been urged upon him in season and out of season. He has been persuasively reminded of his duty to his country, to posterity, and to a yearning femininity, popularly, but erroneously, supposed to be deprived of initiative in matrimonial matters. He has been implored to consider the tragedy of a waning birth rate and, in such simple and inconspicuous ways as may be appropriate to him, to coöperate in its removal. But he has turned an obdurate mind to blandishments and to entreaties. He has persisted in his evil courses in spite of warnings and as though there were no such thing as Nemesis. No more than coöperation was asked of him. He was not urged to assume the full responsibility for a remedy. No one wanted him to bear the whole burden. He was implored to do what he could in the matter and no more, and then, with a consciousness of duty done, to leave the issue, so to speak, in other hands. But patience and persuasion have alike been wasted upon him. All attempts to goad him into effective but unobtrusive action have failed, and now the scourge is about to descend upon his back. There will be no sympathy for him.

The terms of the new law are simple but drastic. All bachelors henceforth will pay additional taxes to the tune of twenty per cent. The man who unnaturally persists in his refusal to spend his money on a wife will not be allowed to remain in possession of his ill-gotten hoard. The government will see to that. It will take it from him. It will be used to support a republic that is gloriously one and indivisible but that now happens to be threatened by inanition through lack of babies.

But this is not the whole of the new law. The French authorities do not propose to allow any loopholes for evasion in this matter. They propose to see to it that the goods are actually delivered—or words to that effect—or value reimbursed. Experience has made them wise, and it must be admitted that they are now displaying a sagacity derived from some source into which it might be indiscreet to inquire. They clearly foresee the wiles of the bachelor exultant in the evil realization that matrimony and babies, as institutions, are by no means so indivisible as the great French republic itself. It is evident that the French understand such matters. They have studied them with an attention to detail and to practice that is beyond all praise. It is babies that they want, and that they intend to have, and they know that matrimony may be a means but that it is not an end in itself. And so the obligations of the bachelor are not fulfilled by the mere taking of a wife. The horse is not only to be led to the water, but he will also be urged to drink. The responsibilities of the bachelor begin at the altar—if there are still any altars in France—but they do not end there. He must not weary in well-doing nor faint by the way. France, like Nelson, expects that every man this day will do his duty—and go on doing it. And so we find a further legal proviso to the effect that all men, whether bachelors or not, who are unable to prove that they have children will pay a yearly sum of \$18 in addition to all other taxes. The man who has one

child will pay \$12. The patriot who has two children will pay \$6. The hero and the martyr who has three children will pay nothing. After that he will be left to his own resources. Doubtless the government hopes that by that time he will have acquired the habit.

It is a great and glorious law. It is a splendid proof that feminism, to be triumphant, need not depend upon votes. French women have no votes, but, votes or not, they intend to have babies, or at least a legitimate excuse for them. The law may cause some salutary reflections among the virgin sisterhood of English and American suffragettes who thus behold the establishment of compulsory matrimony without the concomitants either of violence or oratory.

The more we inspect this law the more we admire it. Ostensibly intended to produce babies, it can not fail of salutary results even in the absence of babies. It is notoriously true that we appreciate our privileges, not according to their true values, but in proportion to the price that we have paid for them. Even the great boon of liberty is apt to be classed among the things that are taken for granted, among the commonplaces of life, by those who are never called upon to make sacrifices for its maintenance. Henceforth the French bachelor may cherish a new and holy devotion to the great principles of human freedom that have made his country what it is. He will display his receipts for the twenty per cent impost and for the \$18 baby capitation tax with the same glow of proud satisfaction with which the veteran displays his wounds for the Fatherland. He, too, will have paid the price of a glorious liberty, he will feel the sacred fire of freedom coursing through his veins, he will exult in the sacrifices he has made for the eternal and imperishable principles of the republic. He will prove his independence because he has paid for it. He can show the receipt. At the same time it is with a certain note of regret that we observe the published forecast of the French authorities as to the results of the new law. This forecast says nothing about the birth rate, but it does tell us that the tax on the non-existent babies is expected to produce an enormous revenue, while the bachelor impost is likely to be a veritable gold mine.

Cardinal Rampolla.

The death of Cardinal Rampolla is a reminder that policies and diplomacies may be just as potent in blighting the career of the churchman as of the statesman. Ten years ago it seemed probable, indeed almost certain, that Cardinal Rampolla would be the successor to Leo XIII. But Austria intervened at the critical moment. The cardinal was known to be in sympathy with the European powers that were then, and are now, in opposition to the Triple Alliance, and Austria was apprehensive of the results to herself and to her allies if that sympathy should be invested with the enormous powers of the papacy. Rampolla at that time was papal secretary, but it was obviously impossible for him to remain in that position after such a rebuff to his policies, and so he resigned and retired to private life. Unquestionably he was the most able churchman of his day, and evil results followed quickly upon his relinquishment of office. Under the far weaker management of Cardinal Merry del Val the quarrel between church and state in France became dangerously acute with disastrous consequences to religion. The reverses experienced by the church in Spain and Portugal may have been inevitable, but they were generally credited to the change in the secretaryship, which in its turn must be laid at the door of Austria. Probably Austria was merely the spokesman for the Triple Alliance, but we seem to have here one more illustration of the malign fate that has made of Austria the radiating point for most of the sinister forces in European politics.

Editorial Notes.

One curious effect of the workmen's compensation law in the State of Washington is its tendency to eliminate married men from hazardous occupations. Since the law puts upon employers a quite serious responsibility for the families of injured men, employers quite naturally prefer the services of men who have no families.

Hon. David J. Lewis of Maryland, co-author of the parcels post law, has issued a statement which curiously reveals an extraordinary state of mind. By way of exhibiting his service to the public through his relationship to the parcels post legislation he points out with manifest satisfaction that "the profits of the five leading

express companies, which control eighty-seven per cent of the express business, has fallen steadily since 1911." Again: "Last June, when the parcels post system had entered fully into competition, extra profits were wiped out and in one month a loss of \$420,000 was sustained by the five corporations in conducting their transportation business." It would seem that a better way for Mr. Lewis to demonstrate the benefits of his work in Congress would have been to exhibit the good which his efforts had done to something or somebody. But this is not the spirit of the time and not in accord with Mr. Lewis's mood. Not the good that he has done to somebody, but the damage he has wrought to somebody, is to Mr. Lewis the measure of the worth of his work as a statesman. Need there be any wonder that confidence declines and prosperity vanishes when a member of Congress may command approval and favor by reciting the damage he has wrought to great and established interests?

The declaration of Mayor-elect Mitchel of New York that he will not use the influences nor the patronage of his office to promote any political interest is suggestive of something almost too good to be true. Something like this has been said by other mayors, but it has never been known to work out in practice. However, Mr. Mitchel talks like a man who means what he says, therefore there is ground for hope. If indeed New York City might be administered upon strictly business standards it would be an inspiring example for the whole country.

WILSON AND BRYAN.

Some Insignificant Side-Lights on Their Relationships and Ambitions.

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 20, 1913.

As to the Carabao dinner, nearly everybody in the country knows that the army is not in sympathy with the policy of the present administration to set the Filipinos free before they have been completely tamed and educated. There are few persons, as a matter of fact, who really sympathize with the policy of throwing the half-savage Filipinos back into the state from which they were rescued. Having undertaken the job of civilizing the Filipinos, we should complete it. And William Howard Taft, who spent several years in the Philippines and knows the people as well as any man in public life, says that our work is by no means finished.

Army men realize this fact better than any other class. They feel that the policy of the administration is utopian, but it must be stated on their behalf that not a single guest at the Carabao dinner went away with any thought that insult or ridicule was aimed at President Wilson or Secretary Bryan. Papier-maché models of the battleships *Friendship*, *Fellowship*, and *Piffl* were exhibited and the satirical songs, including "Damn, Damn, Damn the Insurrectos," were sung, but everybody accepted the fun in the spirit in which it was intended.

It is believed here that President Wilson's purpose is to convey to the public the impression that the jests about grape juice and battleships of love are not making a hit with the administration. In other words, Wilson wants to show that he is ready to protect Bryan from the cartoons and shafts of ridicule that come hurtling from every direction.

When Wilson picked Bryan for Secretary of State many politicians predicted that he made a serious mistake, because the Commoner would overshadow him and dominate the administration. As matters have turned out, however, the President must smile as he recalls the dire prediction. He has Bryan "eating out of his hand," and the Secretary of State is so busy listening to the appeals of his thousands of friends in all parts of the country, all of whom want positions, that he has little time to set himself up as a rival to Mr. Wilson.

One of the most humorous side-lights on the ingenuity displayed by the Secretary of State in his effort to cancel his political obligations is described by some of his Nebraska associates. There is one position in the Department of State that is very hard to fill. The salary is not large and the work requires thorough application and a complete mastery of statistics. The position is not the kind that usually appeals to a politician. Bryan has reserved this position exclusively for the political boll weevil of Nebraska. When one of his Nebraska supporters becomes particularly annoying in demanding a position, Bryan appoints him to this statistical job. The Nebraskan usually sets to work with great zeal. He finds the work piling up, but he feels sure that he will soon be able to get it out of the way and have the usual leisurely time which the average politician expects when he takes a government position. As the days go on, however, he finds that he has not made even the slightest impression on the pile of work that remains to be done; that he must labor at a desk from early in the morning until late in the evening; and that he is no farther ahead at the end of the day than he was at the beginning. After two or three

becomes disgusted, throws up the job, and goes back to Nebraska. It is stated that not less than four Nebraskans have had this job since Bryan came into office. Bryan never cracks a smile as he offers it to a new man, but it is probable that he realizes fully the humor of the situation and feels that the position is one of the best that ever came under the jurisdiction of a Secretary of State. It can be worked indefinitely to cancel obligations, with the realization that no man will keep it very long and that all will be thoroughly disgusted with government work.

If there is any doubt as to Woodrow Wilson's intentions in 1916 the speculation has been ended by his advocacy of direct primary nominations for candidates for the presidency. While President Wilson's references to this matter in his annual message were held as something new, the Democratic platform declared very definitely in favor of presidential primaries, the following language being used:

The movement toward more popular government should be promoted through legislation in each state which will permit the expression of the preference of the electors for national candidates at presidential primaries.

We direct that the national committee incorporate in the call for the next nominating convention a requirement that all expressions of preference for presidential candidates shall be given and the selection of delegates and alternates made through a primary election conducted by the party organization in each state where such expression and election are not provided for by state law. Committeemen who are hereafter to constitute the membership of the Democratic National Committee, and whose election is not provided for by law, shall be chosen in each state at such primary elections, and the service and authority of committeemen, however chosen, shall begin immediately upon the receipt of their credentials respectively.

Mr. Wilson in his message went a little further than the Democratic platform. He advocated direct nomination of presidential candidates, presumably suggesting either an immediate law by Congress or an amendment to the constitution to change the whole system of presidential primaries and elections. If the President read over the party platform to see how it stood on the question of presidential primaries, he must have noted one paragraph bearing full reference to the term of the President:

We favor a single presidential term, and to that end urge the adoption of an amendment to the constitution making the President of the United States ineligible for reelection, and we pledge the candidates of this convention to this principle.

But not a word did the President say on that subject. If there is to be a constitutional amendment during the term of President Wilson the matter would have to be submitted to the states immediately, as the process of getting the consent of the various state legislatures takes considerable time. There is reason to believe, however, that President Wilson will not refer to this subject during his present term.

Towards the end of the administration of President Taft, when the Democrats were already in control of Congress, a resolution was introduced in the House and Senate providing for single presidential term of six years. This resolution was perfected in the Senate and passed. It was reported to have clear sledding in the House of Representatives. All the leaders were in favor of it. The newspapers stated upon the authority of the various leaders that the measure would go through without a hitch. Then something happened. Nobody knew exactly what it was. It is now definitely known, however, that the reason the resolution did not go through the House was because President Wilson wrote a letter to A. Mitchell Palmer protesting against the single-term resolution as framed at that time, and it is believed that Palmer used his influence with the other leaders to pigeonhole the single-term proposition.

It has also become known that William Jennings Bryan wrote a letter to Chairman Clayton of the judiciary Committee strongly approving the single-term proposition. The two letters are known to be in existence—the one to Clayton from Bryan favoring the single-term proposition and the one from President Wilson to Palmer opposing the proposition.

Neither Palmer nor Clayton have ever discussed the letters they received, but in order to carry out the wishes of Bryan and Wilson each had to disclose the receipt of the letters to other members of Congress who were not so secretive.

Bryan thought he was doing a very shrewd thing when he wrote the single-term plank in the Baltimore convention. He likewise thought that when he became Secretary of State he would overshadow the President. He was so magnanimous at that time that he suggested remaining away from the inauguration ceremonies at the Capitol in order that there might be no demonstration for him which might embarrass President Wilson. It was decided, however, that if Bryan remained away it might look as though there had been a split of some kind between himself and the President and that it would be better for him to run the risk of receiving greater applause than the President. As a matter of fact he did receive more applause than Wilson when he appeared on the platform where the President was to take the oath of office.

Slowly but surely, however, Wilson tightened his power over the Secretary of State until now Bryan is exactly what Wilson tells him to do, and nothing more. The important announcements of diplomatic policy are formulated by President Wilson himself. He gets the offices, but Wilson runs the government. PRENTICE ARMSTRONG.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Dayton, Ohio, seems to have misunderstood the secret of Colonel Goethals's success when it invited that very eminent man to undertake the reconstruction of the city. Colonel Goethals succeeded at Panama not only because he had extraordinary capacities and abilities, but because he was given absolute power to exercise them. There might have been no canal, certainly there would have been no ideal Zone government, if Colonel Goethals had been strangled with a legislature and elections and all the bag of tricks that go to make up the machinery of modern government. We do not gather that Dayton was prepared to accept a dictator and to put him beyond all reach of interference. But it was dictatorship, and nothing short of dictatorship, that enabled the colonel to apply his capacities so effectively at Panama. He might be almost helpless when confronted with the elaborate mechanism of latter-day democracy, a mechanism that seems to be designed for the purpose of suppressing good men and driving them forth into contemptuous impotence.

Mrs. Alice Thacher Post, who is the wife of the Assistant Secretary of Labor, is of opinion that children ought to have votes, and she is therefore about to start an organization for that purpose. More power to her. Of course children ought to have votes. Also dogs. Mrs. Post, addressing an organization of women in Washington, said that all restrictions either on account of age or sex were absurd. It is souls that count, said Mrs. Post amid murmurs of respectful sympathy from the souls in front of her. Now children have souls, and therefore children ought to vote. The registration officials ought to ask for no other qualification than the possession of a soul, even if a lost one. The welfare of the child is now the burning question of the day, and yet the children who are the most interested in the matter are allowed no official representation. Whether the new organization for the enfranchisement of children was formed on the spot we are not informed. Perhaps a little preliminary work will be necessary. It may even be necessary to call upon the children for some militancy.

Two important parts of the British Empire find themselves seriously at loggerheads, and their respective official heads are saying unkind things about each other. The bone of contention is the treatment accorded to Hindus in South Africa. Lord Hardinge, the Viceroy of India, says that these people have been treated abominably and that "they have the deep and burning sympathy of India, and also of those who, like myself, without being Indians, sympathize with the people of the country." General Botha, on behalf of the government of South Africa, says that the charges of ill-treatment are unfounded, and he challenges Lord Hardinge to prove them. It would seem that the principle of *civis Romanus sum* no longer holds good in the outlying possessions of Great Britain. Theoretically the Hindu has precisely the same rights as the white man under the British flag. Actually he is liable to find that he has no rights at all, and that the color of his skin is far more important than his citizenship. The Hindus are not popular in Canada, and Australia will have none of them, while their compatriots at home are eager enough to find new grievances to add to an already long list.

No doubt Lord Hardinge has a difficult rôle to play in the pacification of Indian sentiment. The Mohammedans, we are told, are becoming always increasingly fretful and are apparently on the watch for a chance to complain. There was deep resentment because a bioscope company was allowed to make a display near one of the Mohammedan prayer places close to Calcutta, and a prompt demand for redress. A few years ago such a thing would have been unnoticed. A meeting in Calcutta called for the purpose of considering some matters of Mohammedan interest passed a vote of thanks to Lord Hardinge for his sympathy, but it added a rider in terms of unusual energy demanding that increased reverence be paid to the mosque sites throughout the country. The whole of Oriental sentiment seems to pivot upon religion, a fact hard to understand in Christian countries, where religion is so largely a matter of Sunday morning convention. And no other sentiment known to humanity is quite so explosive as this.

The administrators of the Nobel peace prizes are in danger of becoming conventional and therefore absurd. It is evident that these worthy persons have no power of imagination nor any test of fitness except statecraft or authorship. The moment some large public character says something commonplace about the beauties of peace he is at once marked down for a peace prize, while the real and less spectacular services that are rendered by obscure persons are allowed to go unnoticed. Now with all due respect to Mr. Root, he ought not to have been singled out for this particular distinction, nor ought the professor of international law who wrote a book, admirable enough in its way, but that very few people will ever read. The New York Evening Post is right when it says that the services of these two men were vastly outweighed by those of Dr. Leibknecht, for example, who showed the relations existing between gun manufacturers and government officials, and also by those of the reporter who discovered the existence of the treaties showing the guilty knowledge of the Balkan war that was possessed by the great European powers. These men did more to move a sluggish public opinion than any statesman or any author of the day. That they were overlooked by the Nobel administrators is evidence that the peace prize is becoming a mere conventional formality, like the honorary degrees of a third-class university.

The new magazine announced by Henry Holt & Co. should find a place for itself in spite of its name, which is to be the *Unpopular Review*. The editor states that the time has ar-

rived for the dissemination of some disagreeable truths, and he then continues: "Most of the fallacies now popular depend upon vague notions that the republic can prosper with one law for the rich and another for the poor; that something can be had for nothing; that it is unnecessary to better the man in order permanently to better his estate; that the march of progress should be tuned to the pace of the slowest; that policies can rise higher than their source, and that wisdom can be attained by the counting of noses." These truths are certainly unpopular. They run counter to all our most cherished convictions. They constitute the whole shop window of the reformer. They are the complete stock in trade of the agitator.

Mr. Bernard Shaw says that all incomes ought to be approximately equal, a contention with which we are all likely to agree so long as the process of equalization has the effect of imparting an upward and not a downward movement to our own personal emoluments. But if labor of all kinds is to be paid for at the same rate why should not the same process be applied to all other commodities, seeing that labor is as much a commodity as butter. Why should we pay one price for chalk and another for cheese? The man who can supply a rare kind of labor naturally demands a rare price for it, simply because its purchasers must come to him for it or go without. Is Mr. Shaw willing to sell his plays for the price of penny novelettes?

The prize-winner in the scientific baby show just held in Jersey City is a waif that was deserted by its mother and brought up in a charity institution. It was adjudged to be 100 per cent perfect, and it carried away the award over the heads of numerous babies who had been guaranteed to be germ-proof, prophylactic, and pasteurized from their birth. Really the eugenists ought to prohibit these shows.

Last year there were twenty-three murders committed in the city of London, a supply, says the *Springfield Republican*, that would hardly last the city of New York for two weeks. Of these twenty-three murderers, nine committed suicide. Of the remaining fourteen, ten were put on trial, convicted, executed, and otherwise disposed of within six weeks. This leaves four unaccounted for, and the report says that "there was no case of the murder of a person above one year old in which the perpetrator was not discovered."

A correspondent of the New York Sun says that he once traveled in a train with the Mexican rebel leader, Pancho Villa, and he adds: "I have never seen a more disgusting beast in human form." That seems a little harsh, and perhaps unreasonably so, since the worst that is said of him is that he had "a bullet head, black, shifty, and beady eyes, and a burly person which was clad in filthy gaucho costume." The rebel leader was evidently able to control his men, since we are told that he took from them their bottles of aguardiente and threw them from the window, and the ruffians acquiesced without protest. Villa had his young wife with him on that occasion, a peasant woman with her hair hanging down her back, but we are told that he treated her with affectionate respect. Possibly Villa was not quite such a "beast in human form" as the Sun correspondent seems to suppose. We may forgive him his costume since that may have been merely the fortune of war, and we are rather in need of a new suit ourselves, and even his bullet head and black and beady eyes may have been due to circumstances over which he had no control.

A correspondent of the London Daily Express tells us that when King Alfonso of Spain was a child it was once found necessary to lock him in his bedroom for some boyish misdemeanor. Finding that his demands for release were unavailing, he went to the window facing the street and shouted at the top of his voice for the benefit of the populace "Viva la Republica." The measure was instantly effective. Three shouts resulted in liberation, but perhaps the king sometimes wonders if that shout may not be heard again some day, and in the same sacred palatial precincts.

Mr. De Wolf Hopper, who may be supposed to know something of matters theatrical, says that the present rage for the vice play is keeping people away from the theatre. The ordinary citizen, although perhaps not the wife and daughters of the ordinary citizen, are sick to death of the whole cargo of nonsense and wickedness. Searching for entertainment he finds nothing but a dreary list of dreary plays fashioned on the principle of vice for vice's sake and crime for crime's sake. There is no touch of imagination nor of art. The whole business is a disguised beatification of the crook. One and all of these plays are written by panders, and for the purrifier.

The New York custom-house appears to be a veritable paddock for asses. It seems now that some sub-human official has exacted \$70 duty on a lock of hair that once grew on the head of Dickens. The owner claimed that it was an article of antiquity over one hundred years old and was therefore entitled to free admission. The official maintained that hair was hair, and to be assessed *ad valorem* as hair, and the assessment of \$70 duty was therefore enforced. It is a pity that atrocities of this kind are received with no more than a laugh of contempt. The official who supplied this piece of news for the hilarity of the civilized world ought to be removed from his office. His gifts are too various.

SINNEY G. P. CORYN.

In the course of improvements in Limoges, including the widening of many streets, a serious blow to local history will be delivered, for many houses from 200 to 500 years old which have always been an attraction to the visiting public will disappear.

A CHRISTMAS GUSHER.

Senator Benedict Unloads a "Wildcat" on His Relative.

A chill valley fog brooded over the Arroyo San Amadeo, intensifying the darkness before the dawn of December 24th. This vaporous pall shrouded the entire interior valley system of California in general, and this remote ravine in particular. Beneath this saturated blanket huddled the lonely habitat of Robert Reid, a prospector for oil, who dwelt with his fated family in a rough-boarded shack amid this mist-encompassed scene of isolation. On the flank of a folded foothill above their bleak abode towered the skeleton frame of a drilling derrick.

Two hours before this sombre crepuscle began to brighten the cabin windows suddenly gleamed like luminous, yellow eyes. Rays of cheer made sorties to struggle with the investing vapor particles. Through the blurring mist a lantern flickered fitfully, as its carrier, a boy of seventeen, groped his way to the stable, whence came a querulous whinny, seemingly asking the why and wherefore of this early rousing. Then rang out the voices of two unusually wide-awake children, chorusing:

"Mama, we'll wash the dishes while you get ready."

But the deeper tones of their elder brother came objecting: "Never mind the dishes, you kids. I'll do 'em myself pronto, as soon as you vamos. Better bundle up warm and get a wiggle on."

From within resounded the rattle of dishes as the helpful big brother carried out his good intentions.

Meanwhile the father reached to a rafter and drew down a hoarded coin. Handing it to his wife, as he helped her into the wagon, he whispered with tense feeling: "It's our last five dollars. Make it last as long as you can."

"Trust me for that, Rob," she replied. "Our little dears will be just as happy with presents that will cost but a dollar all told as they ever were on happier, more prosperous Christmas days back home. Besides I shall spend what's left on a sack of flour, a sack of cornmeal, and a sack of potatoes—enough solid, substantial food to last us well into the New Year. Who says we're poor? We're rich."

Trembling with emotion, Reid embraced his wife. And when, like a robin singing in the rain, she chirped: "Cheer up, Rob, something good's going to happen to-day," he turned his face from the tell-tale lantern light. In a moment the drab murk swallowed his wife and wee ones from view.

Bitter disappointments had been his portion during the past year; yet, until this moment, he had never yielded to any symptom or suggestion of despair. Thirty years of toil had taught him that the best palliative for sorrow is work. So, resolutely, he rushed up the hill to start his engine.

Reid fought off the chill that struck within by bustling energetically about his work. Yet back through his mind came trooping the train of misfortunes which had befallen him in this year of ill-starred ventures. He recalled how genuine and generous was the welcome he had given to his wife's cousin, the Honorable Fulton Benedict, who spent the Christmas previous at Reid's old home in Pennsylvania. An itinerant clergyman, he had come twenty years before to a sleepy little San Joaquin Valley town. A few years later wonderful discoveries of petroleum were made in the neighboring foothills. Forsaking the spiritual vineyards of his parish, he blossomed forth as a promoter of sundry oil companies. Many a glittering prospectus was markedly enhanced in value by the name of the Rev. Fulton Benedict among its directorate. Whatever may have been Benedict's intentions, some of the properties in which he was interested became profitable producers of the famous liquid fuel. The prestige which he gained through the promotion of several legitimate enterprises covered a multitude of sins, for initial successes enabled Benedict to manipulate many shady transactions in "wildcat" stocks. In later years political ambitions caused him to become more cautious in his local dealings. In a few years his ill-gotten gains became all but forgotten, save by the victims. A further remission of his sins was brought about by his liberal contributions to the cause of "Reform." A pleasing public speaker, who had a rich repertory of biblical texts, together with ample campaign funds, he finally worked or wormed his way into the state senate. His opponents cited facts and figures which proved that his election expenses had exceeded the fifty thousand mark. Yet, within a year, he had more than recouped the cost of his dearly bought honors.

In the course of his peregrinations he spent the Christmas holidays of the previous year in a little town among the Alleghenies as the guest of his cousin, Mrs. Reid. Her husband had worked for thirty years in various branches of the oil industry among the Appalachian petroleum districts. His practical experience had fully qualified him to discuss understandingly the problems of prospecting for oil in the deep strata of the Californian formations. The senator at first pretended to discourage his cousins when they began to evince an inclination to come West and try their luck in exploiting these oil-bearing sands and shales. Gradually he fired their imaginations by picturing the successes of the more fortunate operators. At the close of one of Benedict's roseate perorations Reid, catching the infection, exclaimed: "Senator, you've made your pile and you know what's what. Myra and I have saved up

about seventy-eight hundred dollars. In a pinch we could mortgage the home for enough to bring our grand total up to nine thousand. Now we're willing to pull up stakes and stake all we've got on your judgment. Do you know of any new district where oil is likely to be struck?"

Senator Benedict hesitated until in his mind a predatory instinct had throttled a nobler impulse to be straightforward. Then, with apparent reluctance, he replied: "Yes, I do. But I had no intention of broaching the subject to you. In southern Kern County there is a desert watercourse we call the Arroyo San Amadeo. I expect great things from this new oil district. In fact I am on my way to Pittsburgh to place 28,000 shares of the San Amadeo Oil Company with a client whom I have already helped to become wealthy. He has an option upon this block of stock for 25 cents a share. Now my client, Mr. Snell, has his money invested in many enterprises, and it may be possible for me to induce him to surrender his option for a small cash bonus. We capitalized the San Amadeo on the basis of 100,000 shares of just one dollar par. I have such faith in the surrounding country that I have put all my available cash into options upon adjoining land. So it became necessary for me to raise ready cash for the immediate development of one of these properties. I started East with 25,000 additional shares for sale, held by an associate who happens to possess a wonderful faculty for appraising oil properties at their true valuation. Imagine my surprise when, only yesterday, I received this dispatch."

Unfolding a crumpled yellow dispatch, addressed to himself, Senator Benedict read:

Return to me by registered mail my 25,000 shares San Amadeo at once. Will not sell at any price.

GABRIEL COHEN.

Reid passed the message to his wife, exclaiming: "Myra, that means there's something doing right now in San Amadeo stock, when this fellow Cohen wires East not to sell his shares." Then, turning to Benedict, he gripped his hand and declared with a burst of confidence: "Senator, we know your record as a real reformer. We've got great faith in your, sir. Make us a proposition."

The outcome of the proposition was that for a consideration of \$350 the senator's "client," in reality a go-between dummy, delivered the 28,000 shares to Reid, while the latter turned over the tidy sum of \$7000 in cash to his distinguished guest. Reid put many shrewd questions to the promoter, who, however, skillfully parried them all. Inasmuch as the senator had hitherto failed to dispose of this stock on any terms, he left Reid's door with a more self-satisfied feeling than when he had entered.

Much to Benedict's chagrin, Reid and his family suddenly appeared in Bakersfield before a month had elapsed. Reid's first impressions were favorable, as he viewed the substantial building blocks which gave to the Oil City the air of assured present and future opulence. But, when he made inquiries regarding the San Amadeo district, "wildcat" and "not in the oil belt" were the disheartening replies he received. Only one man of local prominence did he find who had any faith in the locality, and he was Gabriel Cohen, proprietor of a leading department store. Cohen, it must be admitted, had at first been induced to purchase, for a cent a share, 25,000 shares of the San Amadeo stock by Benedict for the benevolent purpose of "unloading" it on unwary ones far from the scene of the senator's political triumphs. Later a repentant conscience caused him to repent of his dabbling in dubious stock. A highly profitable Christmas trade at his "Emporium" had warmed the cockles of his heart to such an extent that he suddenly decided to terminate his silent partnership in the "wildcat" business. And so, "just 'fore Christmas," he had wired for the return of the stock he had entrusted to his selling agent.

When the Reid family came to the oil fields, practically stranded, Cohen was their sole comforter. He declared that way down in his heart he had a deep, abiding faith that a fathomless subterranean lake of petroleum lay hidden deep below the wrinkles of the San Amadeo hills. On the Sunday after the Reids' arrival Cohen took Reid in his motor out to see the property. Reid's keen eye detected a faint film of iridescence upon the surface of a pool in the bed of the arroyo.

"Brea," Cohen snorted when he saw it. "It's a sign of oil. Maybe ve sinks a vell here, perhaps."

From this point a foothill rose in a graceful anticlinal fold. Here and there outcropping shales showed blotches of black which the erosion of ages had not quite blotted out. Cohen and his fellow-stockholder studied the formation of the foothill as well as they could from the surface indications. On their homeward way Cohen announced his intention to risk five hundred dollars in prospecting the property if Reid would do the work of drilling. The next day the two new friends called upon Senator Benedict, with the result that after a stormy discussion the promoter compromised the case by offering Reid the remaining 37,000 shares of stock as a sop.

"That's all you'll get out of me," he shouted. "Take 'em or leave 'em."

Quietly Reid replied: "I'll take them."

When his irate visitors left Senator Benedict breathed a sigh of relief. He had feared that an exposure of his rascality would have barred his way to higher political honors. But Reid was not actuated by a spirit of revenge. Work was his ruling passion.

And the quality of faith that will move a mountain was still in his heart. In the rainbow ring which floated on the surface of the hidden spring he beheld visions of promise. He agreed to stake a year of his life and every dollar he could raise towards the work of thoroughly prospecting his property. In Cohen he saw a rough diamond that brought five hundred dollars into the depleted treasury of this close corporation. The reorganized San Amadeo Company began business in February with \$2750. Reid had mortgaged his home in Pennsylvania for all it would bring, and these assessments lumped together made it possible for the prospector to secure sufficient supplies and equipment to continue drilling operations until the end of the year.

Once more Cohen proved himself the "good angel" of the Reid family. To the eldest daughter, Elsie, a charming and capable girl of nineteen, he gave steady employment in his store. And when her fiancé, Jack Shain, followed the family to Bakersfield, Cohen secured a good job for the young journeyman at the machine shops of the Southern Pacific. Later, when Reid's funds ran low, these young people materially aided the father to keep up his good fight.

All through December deeper into the earth an eleven-inch bit bored its way. Down through alluvium soft as butter, then through alternate beds of sediments it sank. One week it battered its way through barriers of barren sandstone, like the rind of cheese, to plunge more rapidly through a less resistant core. At intervals slightly oleaginous beds of porous strata aroused their hopes, which only were to be dashed down again as they had been in each of the several wells Reid and his son had sunk in vain. On Christmas Day Reid resolved to run the drill till dark as usual.

As the Reids romped into Cohen's "Emporium" a voice, mellow with good cheer, greeted the mother, exclaiming: "Goot-morning, Mrs. R-reid. I do vith all my heart vish you a Mer-ry Chr-istmas. My, but you look coldt. Come by der r-radiator und get varm."

Despite the mother's protestations, he filled the children's arms with presents. Tired, but happy, they returned home at dusk.

Early Christmas morning the snapping bark of a motorcycle echoed up the arroyo. Jack and Elsie had ridden out on their swift steed of steel, on which they planned to return early the next morning in an hour's burst of bouncing speed. But the day augured ill. Both the father and the helpful brother, Herbert, they found in bed with violent colds. Silent stood the drilling rig.

"Daddy," Elsie exclaimed, "Jack and I are going to play that we're good fairies that have come to do your work while you are sick. We're going to celebrate Christmas by running the drill ourselves."

Elsie donned a grotesque costume composed of her brother's overalls and her mother's apron, while Jack started the drill pounding away six hundred feet below in the sediments of ages past. All day the busy pair played about the derrick. Elsie, wrench in hand, and with begreased apron, seemed the picture of a goddess of the oil industry. When the sunset glow fell aslant the tawny timbers of the derrick the mother called: "Elsie, Jack, get ready for dinner."

"We can't come now," Elsie replied. "Something's wrong. There's an awful racket going on down in the well. Jack says the drill's stuck."

Reid was now on his feet, refreshed by his much-needed rest.

Suddenly, to their horror, the Reids saw their daughter swallowed up in a cloud of black spray. Two hundred feet and more giant jets of petroleum spouted in the air. A deafening rumbling far below rose to the surface to mingle with the ominous crashing of timbers.

"They've tapped the jugular!" shouted Reid. Then his note of exultation turned to a groan of anguish: "Elsie, my Elsie, where are you?"

Blindly he rushed staggeringly towards this deluge of sudden wealth and destruction. With the frenzy of a tigress his helpmeet held him back. "No—not you. You'll never live to reach them." But her strength failed, as, fainting, she fell to the ground. A little wave of oil rippling down the hill slope lapped unctuously around her. Reid turned to her, shouting words that she heard not. But ere consciousness momentarily left her she thought she saw a solitary figure in ebony bending beneath the gusher's tumbling torrents. Nor did her eyes deceive her, for truly it was Jack Shain bearing in his arms his half-dazed bride-to-be. But the moment that Jack had washed the oil out of her eyes, she was helping to revive her mother. As soon as the men had recovered from the shock of the bursting forth of the gusher they realized that this flood of oil must be impounded. Late that night they succeeded in diverting the deluge into a swale which served as a temporary reservoir. How the Reids ate their Christmas dinner on the installment plan while they worked like berserker beavers is a tale that increases in interest every time they tell of their Christmas "blow-out."

The annals of the great oil industry of California have fully recorded how Reid and Cohen quietly secured options on the adjoining properties, and how, under their control, the San Amadeo district rapidly developed as the banner oil field of the Golden State. And the political history of California has a very entertaining chapter devoted to the elimination of Senator Benedict from public life when the story of his "wildcat" operations leaked out.

HAROLD B. COHEN.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1913.

A MERE PIN PRICK.

The Police Are Confronted with a New Departure in the Eternal Sex Problem.

What may be described as the poisoned needle sensation has had its little day among the women of New York and then ceased to be. Like a rocket it soared into the high airs of publicity, corruscated for a few brief days, and then descended like the stick. But it was great fun while it lasted.

The trouble began when Mrs. Graff complained of having been stabbed with a needle while sitting in a box of a Newark theatre. Since the true detective instinct demands the presentation and consideration of all facts relevant or irrelevant—especially irrelevant—it may be said that the lady had been married a few days before and that her husband had been suddenly called back to business, leaving his young bride wholly at the mercy of any miscreant who could beg, borrow, or steal a needle. Evidently there ought to be a law against the indiscriminate sale of needles, but no doubt that matter will be taken up by our reformers in due course and therefore it need not be dwelt upon here.

Mrs. Graff told her story in court. The reports say that she was "dressed with great care," perhaps with a shrewd recognition that such opportunities do not often occur. She said that the prisoner, a man named Megaro, was sitting in the box near her when she suddenly felt a sharp sting, and almost immediately a sort of numbness came over her. She staggered into the reception room, and there she believes that she fainted, but fortunately she recovered her self-possession in time to tell the horrid story to the detectives, who promptly hurried away and arrested Megaro. There could be no better evidence of the ruffian's criminality than the fact that he was still sitting just where Mrs. Graff had left him and that he had the effrontery to protest against the charge brought against him. Such callous audacity seems almost incredible.

It is a surprising testimony to the restraint that governs our legal procedure that Megaro was not instantly executed. There could be no question that Mrs. Graff had felt something prick her. She said so herself. There was no room to doubt that a barefaced attempt at white slavery had been only narrowly frustrated, and thanks to the modern drama there are now no secrets of this hideous trade that are unknown even to the youngest schoolgirl among us. But the law must move with a measured circumspection. It must be above the reach of passion or revenge. In spite of Mrs. Graff's positive statement that she had felt something prick her it was decided that Megaro should be allowed to live until the usual formalities had been complied with. He was even admitted to bail at \$20,000, but as the wretch did not have \$20,000 in his pocket at the moment—an additional evidence of guilt when you come to think of it—he was removed to the cells, the judge remarking feelingly that it was a terrible situation when women could not appear in public without feeling something prick them.

Then the real fun began. Encouraged by the self-sacrifice of Mrs. Graff, who had appeared in open court "dressed with great care" in order to testify that she had felt something prick her an astonishing number of other women came surging to the front avowing that they also had felt something prick them. One of them had been pricked in the leg and another in a department store. All of them had felt faint or drowsy as a result, while there was one young woman who scorned the commonplace and gave a touch of originality to the proceedings by describing how a strange man had, apparently accidentally, claimed a cup of chocolate that was intended for her in a restaurant, and that after drinking it she, too, felt drowsy. Stories of prickings became so numerous that the press could only give one or two lines to each, and was quite unable to print the photographs of all the victims, which just show how the press itself is dominated by the wretches that make a trade of feminine virtue.

In the meantime Megaro remained in durance vile and continued in the most brazen manner to assert his innocence. And it is regrettable to note that this well-intentioned delay had the effect of bringing all the forces of the white slave trade to his rescue. It is quite well known that the white slave traders control the press, the police, and all the learned professions. A vast network of nefarious influence has been thrown over the life of the community and there is practically no one except a few feminist leaders who are wholly above suspicion. The result might have been foreseen. When the proceedings were resumed there was medical evidence to the effect that no mark whatever was to be found on the body of the victim, that there were no symptoms compatible with poisoning of any sort, and moreover that there was no drug known to science that could conceivably produce the results that had been described. It is true that some one had found an ordinary needle in the box in which Megaro was sitting, but there was no poison on the needle, nor any poison of such extraordinary potency that could be put upon a needle. Therefore Megaro was discharged, still protesting his innocence.

Of course the excitement dies away at once. The host of young women who had distinctly felt something prick them relapsed into the obscurity from which they had never to have emerged. The feminist ranks were urged to leave for a time, but they, too, began to get better of it as soon as the public showed a disposition to laugh. The poisoned needle craze joined

all those other crazes that have their little day and cease to be.

But there is rather an alarming aspect to the whole business. Hysterical females have always been recognized as a public danger, but never before has feminine hysteria been so fostered and encouraged as at the present time. Apparently no story is now too monstrous, too incredible, too impossible, to obtain an instant deference at the hands of police and judges. The fate that befell Megaro might well befall any man who happened to find himself in the proximity of some sex-crazed woman whose mental hallucinations take the form of objective realities. And these hallucinations are being created wholesale by the sex novel, the sex drama, and the sex pulpit. Sex is becoming the exclusive diet of the reformer, who observes neither time nor place in the filthy elaborations of his filthy specialty. Megaro, being a poor man, has no remedy against an injury that must have inflicted intolerable anguish upon him and that must remain as an anguished memory so long as he lives. And Megaro's fate may easily be the fate of any one of us so unfortunate as to be brought into the proximity of some delirious woman who distinctly feels a prick which her tortured imagination translates into an attack upon her virtue.

FLAINEUR.

NEW YORK, December 17, 1913.

A curious feature of the apparel trade in Afghanistan is the extensive use made of imported second-hand or cast-off uniforms from other countries, chiefly coats. These uniforms, which can be seen on Afghans even in towns on the Indian border, have been at one time worn by soldiers, policemen, postmen, railway men, and others in England and other countries. In Angus Hamilton's "Afghanistan" is mentioned in this connection the following interesting episode: The staff of the frontier regiment on guard along the Afghan side of the border had accepted an invitation to the mess at the Russian post. They arrived in due course, appearing in all the full-dress grandeur of second-hand railway uniforms. The officer commanding the detachment exhibited on the collar of his tunic the mystic words "Ticket Collector"; his subordinate, a subaltern, was content with the less exalted label of "Guard." Out of courtesy to their guests the Russians suppressed their merriment, receiving nevertheless the impression that a portion of the subsidy granted by the government of India to the Amir of Afghanistan was taken out in the cast-off uniforms of British public companies. The facts were that the Amir, through his agent in India, had acquired a large parcel of discarded clothing at one of the annual sales of condemned stores in northern India.

Although the State of Hyderabad is within the British Empire of India it has entire control over its own internal affairs. It even has a customs system of its own of levying duties on goods imported or exported, its own postoffice system for transmission of mails within the state, for which Hyderabad stamps may be used, and its own mint for coinage of money used within the state. The present ruler, or Nizam, of Hyderabad, is not only the wealthiest and most powerful native sovereign in India, but the most progressive, and his palaces are said to be fully the equal of the royal palaces of the leading countries of Europe in magnificence. The expenditure on improvements every year is very large. This year, in connection with the renovation of one palace near Hyderabad to be used especially for residence of distinguished guests, a noiseless rubber flooring has been laid down at a cost of about \$25,000. All sorts of expensive art works, cut glass and porcelain, electric lamps and clocks, and other novelties are much in evidence about his palaces. Some paintings and works of sculpture of great European masters are to be found there, and the banquet hall of the main palace at Hyderabad has a dinner service of solid gold.

The lord wardenship of the Cinque ports, to which Earl Beauchamp has just been appointed, goes back to the Saxon period, when the five ports, Sandwich, Dover, Hythe, Romney, and Hastings, constituted an essential part of the defense against France. The warden was a highly important personage, who exercised civil, military, and naval jurisdiction—being at once sheriff, custos rotulorum, lord lieutenant, and admiral. Winchester and Rye in later days were added to the five towns, but the name remained Cinque Ports as of old. In the days of the first Edward these ports were bound to furnish fifty-seven ships, fully equipped and manned, at their own cost, for fifteen days, in consideration for which service they were freed from certain taxes and granted special privileges.

Many members of the Geological Survey leave government service at the time when they have become most valuable as public servants, salary being the incentive to change. Of forty-one who left in the last few years all are known to have received salaries outside of the public service amounting to practically two and one-half times the salaries paid them by the Geological Survey.

Florida buttonwood, a tree confined largely to the keys along the south coast, is very highly prized for use in cooking on ship's galleys. It burns slowly with an even heat and makes but little smoke or ash.

OLD FAVORITES.

A Christmas Hymn.

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in the dark streets shineth
The everlasting light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth;
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel. —Phillips Brooks

A Song of Desire.

Thou dreamer with the million moods,
Of restless heart like me,
Lay thy white hands against my breast
And cool its pain, O Sea!

O wanderer of the unseen paths,
Restless of heart as I,
Blow hither, from thy caves of blue,
Wind of the healing sky!

O treader of the fiery way,
With passionate heart like mine,
Hold to my lips thy healthful cup
Brimmed with its blood-red wine!

O countless watchers of the night,
Of sleepless heart like me,
Pour your white beauty in my soul,
Till I grow calm as ye!

O sea, O sun, O wind and stars,
(O hungry heart that longs!)
Feed my starved lips with life, with love,
And touch my tongue with songs!
—Frederic Lawrence Knowles.

The Sea.

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence whereso'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, O, how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, hursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backwards flew to her hallow breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest:
And a mother she was, and is to me;
For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins hared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean-child!

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers, a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and a power to range,
But never have sought nor sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea!
—Bryan Waller Procter.

The famous Guelph treasures, the foundation of which was laid in 1173 by Duke Henry the Lion, who carried the chief ornament of the collection, an exquisite specimen of Byzantine art, from Constantinople to Germany, may be sent shortly to Brunswick. It has been preserved for decades in the Duke of Cumberland's castle at Gmuden, and if the removal transpires the collection will be placed in the keeping of the duke's son, the newly installed Duke of Brunswick. The Guelph collection comprises relics and ecclesiastical vestments of inestimable value, among many other family and dynastic treasures. The collection numbers altogether eighty-four objects, among them being crosses, movable altars, monstrances, and chalices, with superb specimens of the mediaeval goldsmiths' art. During the French war in 1803 these treasures were taken to England for safety.

It is predicted that Western yellow pine will furnish an excellent source of turpentine as the Southern pine becomes exhausted.

DOWN AMONG MEN.

Will Levington Comfort Writes a Novel of the Russian-Japanese War and of a Man.

It would perhaps be a mistake to describe Mr. Comfort's new novel as an appeal for international peace. It is an appeal for international peace, but it is also something very much more. Mr. Comfort always gives the impression, and he does so here, that he has some large philosophy of life upon which he builds his fiction, and that he is tremendously in earnest about it. There is a very manifest purpose in what he writes, a purpose so strong as to amount almost to a passion, and so vivid as to give to his words a sort of rhythm that proceeds from feeling as much as from art. If he describes a wrong we feel that he is hotly indignant about it, deeply compassionate for human suffering, and widely tolerant of human sins and follies. There are few writers of today who seem to show us as much of themselves as does Mr. Comfort, and it may be said that there are few that convey so strong an impression of sincerity.

Only about a third of "Down Among Men" is devoted to the story of the Russo-Japanese struggle. We are introduced to John Morning at the Imperial Hotel, Tokyo, and Morning may be described as a sort of unconventional war correspondent who because of his lack of credentials and for other reasons is receiving the cold shoulder from the well equipped young newspaper men who are preparing to go to the front. Indeed Morning might have been left behind altogether but for the championship of Duke Fallows of San Francisco, who invites the young man to go with him to the Russian headquarters at New Chwang, where his old friend, General Lowenkampf, is in command. And here we get a glimpse of some of the men who made up the fighting front of the Russian army:

Mergenthaler now came in. There was something icy and hateful about this Roman-faced giant. His countenance was like a bronze shield—so small the black eyes, and so wide and high the cheek-bones. For months his Cossacks had done sensational work—small fighting, far scouting, desperate service. He despised Lowenkampf; believed he had earned the right to be the hammer today; and, in truth, he had, but Lowenkampf, who ranked him, had been chosen. Bleak and repulsive with rage, the Cossack chief made no effort to repress himself. Lowenkampf was reminded that he had been policing the streets of Liaoyang for weeks, that his outfit was "fat-heeled and duck-livered." . . . More was said before Mergenthaler stamped out, his jaw set like a stone balcony. It seemed as if he tore from the heart of Lowenkampf the remnant of its stamina. . . . For a moment the three were alone in the headquarters. Fallows caught the general by the shoulders and looked down in his face:

"Little Father—you're the finest and most courageous of them all. . . . It will be known and proven—what I say, old friend—when we get to be men."

Mr. Comfort succeeds in showing us the realities of war without the use of any of the materials usually considered essential for that purpose. His description of the battle of Liaoyang contains no carnival of bloodshed, or horrors in wholesale measurement. We see the slow spreading panic among the Russian troops due to the lack of comradeship between officers and men, and then comes the single incident that may be described as the text of the whole story so far as its narrative is concerned. A Russian conscript comes leisurely from the field. "The man's broad shoulders were thrust back; his face clean of cowardice, clean as the grain and as open to the sky. His head was erect and bare; he carried no gun, scorned the pretense of looking for wounded. Had he carried a dinner-pail, the picture would have been as complete—a good man going home from a full-testing day":

Luhan, just insulted by the other infantryman, now faced the big, blithe presence, emerging unhurried from the grain. Luhan raised his voice:

"And what are you sneaking back for?"
"I am not sneaking."
"Rotten soldier stuff—you should be shot down."
"I am not a soldier—I am a ploughman."
"You are here to fight—"
"They forced me to come—"
"Forced you to fight for your Fatherland?"
"This is not my Fatherland, but a strange country—"
"You are here for the Fatherland—"
"I have six children in Russia. The Fatherland is not feeding them. My field is not ploughed."

The talk had crackled; it had required but a few seconds; Luhan had done it all for Fallows to see and hear—but Fallows was very far from observing the pose of that weakling. The Ploughman held him heart and soul—as did the inflexible and instantly unerring truth of his words. The world's poor, the world's degraded, had found its voice.

The man was white with truth, like a priest of Melchizedek. Luhan must have broken altogether. Fallows, listening, watching the Ploughman with his soul, did not turn. . . . Now the man's face changed. The lips parted strangely, the eyelids lifting. Whiteness wavered between the eyes of the Ploughman and the eyes of Duke Fallows. Luhan's pistol crashed and the man fell with a sob.

Fallows was kneeling among the soaked roots of the millet, holding the soldier in his arms:

"Living God, to die for you—you, who are so straight and so young. . . . Hear me—don't go yet—I must have your name, brother. . . . Luhan did not know you—he is just a little sick man—he didn't know you or he wouldn't have done this. . . . Tell me your name. . . . and the place of your babes, and their mother. . . . Oh, he sure they shall be fed—glad and proud am I to do that easy thing! . . . You have shown me the Nearer God. . . . They shall be fed, and they shall hear! The world, cities and nations, all who suffer, shall hear what the Ploughman said—the soul of the Ploughman, who is the hope of the world. . . . You have spoken for Russia. . . . And now rest—rest, Big Brother—you have done your work." The soldier looked up to him. There had been pain and wrenching, the vision of a desolated house. Now, his eyes rested upon the American. The shadow of death lifted. He saw his brother in the eyes that held him—his brother, and it seemed the Son of Man smiled there behind the tears. . . . He smiled back like a weary child. Peace came to

him, lustrous from the shadow, for lo! his field was ploughed and children sang in his house.

When Morning laughingly calls Fallows an anarchist he replies: "That's it, John. Anarchy. In the name of Fatherland, Russia murders a hundred thousand workmen out here in Asia. In answer a few men and women gather together in a Petersburg cellar, saying, 'We are fools, not heroes. When we fight again it will be for our country'":

"We are alive, John. Lowenkampf is alive. But he who spoke to me this day, who came forth so blithely to die in my arms (his woman sleeps ill tonight in the midst of her babes), and he is lying out in the rain, his face turned up to the rain. God damn the fat reptile that calls itself Fatherland! . . . But, I say to you, that we're come nearly to the end of the prince and pauper business on this planet. The soul of the Ploughman was heard today—as long ago they heard the Soul of the Carpenter. . . . He is lying out there in the millet—his face turned up to the rain. Yet I say to you, John, there's more life in him this hour than in his Tsar and all the princes of the blood."

Morning writes his great story of the battle and sets off alone on his desperate journey to America in the hope of reaching home before the mails shall carry the details of the great event. He fights single-handed with Chinese brigands and rides his wounded horse to death. At Tongu he finds that there is a steamer for Japan, but that only coolies are allowed to take passage on her. He appeals to the agent to smuggle him on board:

"I left Liaoyang the night of the third. I rode a good horse to death—along the Taitse, over the Hun and the Liao. I rode through the Hun huses twice. I was all cut up and beaten—the horse went over backward in the Hun, and in the gut on the bank of the Liao. . . . I was in Liaoyang for the battle. I was there four months waiting for the battle. They took my story—hundred thousand words—the Hun huses did, in the fight on the Liao bank. The horse killed himself running with me. . . . but I've got it all in my head—the story. I'll get to the States with it before any mail—before any other man. It's all in my head—the whole Russian end. I can write it again on the ship to the States in three weeks. . . . I've got to get off tonight. You're the one to help me. . . . See these—"

Morning opened his shirt and then started to undo his legging.

"For God's sake don't. . . . But you'll die on the deck—"

"No, the only way to kill me would be to wall me up—so I couldn't keep moving."

"I'll go down to the river with you in a few minutes."

And then he had John Morning sobbing on his shoulders.

On Morning's arrival at San Francisco we are introduced to the woman of the story. He has placed his narrative of the battle and half delirious from wounds and exhaustion he is resting in his room when the door opens a little and a voice says, "Is there a sick American soldier in here?" It is Betty Berry, who explains presently that women know what the men need, the men who have "come home so numbed with loneliness that they have forgotten what they need":

"Was it hard for you to knock and speak—that first moment?"

"Yes."

"Do—do, any of the soldiers ever misunderstand?"

"No—"

"That's fine of them," he granted.

"They couldn't when one has no thought, only to be kind to them—"

"You think they see that at once?"

"They must."

"A man doesn't know all about soldiers simply because he 'soldiers' with them," Morning said.

"And then—"

"Yes—"

"They look at me and it's very plain that I come just to be good to them. . . . They think of me in the same way as a Salvation Army lassie or a missionary—"

"Now, that's queer," said he. "It didn't occur to me at all. It would never come to me to ask you to leave a tract."

"And I didn't feel like a missionary, either. . . . Now it's all cleared again. I must go."

When Morning goes to New York he finds Fallows, who gives an account of his mission to Russia in fulfillment of the promise that he had given the Russian soldier. He had found the wife and the mother and had supplied their needs as a messenger from the husband and the son who would never come home any more:

"I had been a sick man, mentally and morally, too, sick with ego and intellect—a nasty sickness. But one could not look, feeling the joy in which I lived, upon the snows of the foothills, nor afar through the yellow winter noons to the gilded summits of the Bosks; one could not look into the eyes of the children, the last vestige of hunger pallor gone from them; one could not talk of tobacco-and-sausage with the old man by his fireside; nor watch the mysterious great givings of the two mothers—their whole lives giving—pure instruments of giving—passionate givers, they were; givers of life and preservers of life—I say, men, one could not live in this purity and not put away such evil and cruel things. . . . As the sickness of the blood went from me—so that sickness of mind. . . . And, I tell you, we were ready as a house could be, when the news came officially that our Ploughman was among the missing from the battle of Liaoyang."

"It was sharper than any winter night. We stood in the cabin and wept together. Then in the hush—the real thought of it all came to one—to whom, do you think? . . . She was on her knees—the old mother—praying for the other peasant cabins in Russia—the thousands of others from which a son and husband was gone—cabins to which the good God has not sent such a friend." I tell you, men, all the evil of past days seemed washed from me in that hour. . . . And that is my home. (The old horse and I opened the fields again in the springtime.)"

The influence exercised by Fallows over John Morning is one about which there will necessarily be a difference of opinion. It gives the author an opportunity for the expression of the mysticism that is always to be found in his stories and that may be said to constitute one of their greatest charms. Morning has now become engaged to Betty Berry, and Fallows sets himself to work to break the betrothal. To attempt a synopsis of the Fallows philosophy would be unfair to the author, but a single extract will suffice to show its

nature. Morning explains that when Betty first came to his room in San Francisco "it was as if she brought with her the better part of myself":

It was the peace and mystery a woman always brings to a sick man. . . . Your woman is your genius, John. Any rival will stifle and defame it. It's the woman in a man that makes him a prophet or a great artist. Your ego is masculine; your soul is feminine. When you learn to keep the ego out of the brain, and use the soul, you will become an instrument, more or less perfect, for eternal utterances. When you achieve the union of the man and woman in you—that will be your illumination. You will have emerged into the larger consciousness. You are not so far as you think from that high noon-light. If you should take a woman in the human way, you will not achieve in this life the higher marriage, of which the union of two is but a symbol. That would be turning back, with the spiritual glory in your eyes—back to the shadow of flesh.

Later on we find Fallows explaining to Betty Berry herself that if John Morning is to give his life to humanity his love for humanity must be undivided. If he loves a woman "he can not receive that greater love which he must give men":

I can make my story very short for you, Miss Berry. Your listening makes it clearer than ever to me. I see what men mean when they say they can write to women. Yes, I see it. . . . John Morning has made ready his cup. It will be filled with the water of life—to be carried to men. But John Morning must feel first the torture of the thirst of men.

Every misery he has known has brought him nearer to this realization; days here among the dregs of the city; days of hideous light and shadow; days on the China Sea, sitting with coolies crowded so they could not move; days afield, and the perils; days alone in his little cabin on the hill; sickness, failures, hatreds from men, the answering hatred of his fleshly heart—all these have knit him with men and brought him understanding.

He has been down among men. Suffering has graven his mind with the mysteries of the fallen. You must have understanding to have compassion. In John Morning the love of God will pass through human depths to men. Deep calls to deep. He will meet the lowest face to face. He will bring to the deepest down man the only authority such a man can recognize—that of having been there in the body. And the thrill of rising will be told. Those who listen and read will know that he has been there, and see that he is risen. He will tell how the water of life came to him—and flooded over him, and healed his miseries and pains. The splendid shining authority of it will rise from his face and from his book.

And men won't be the same after reading and listening; (nor women who receive more quickly and passionately)—women won't be the same. Women will see that those who suffer most are the real elect of this world. It's wonderful to make women listen, Miss Berry, for their children bring back the story.

It isn't that John Morning must turn to love God. I don't mean that. He must receive the love of God and give it to men. To be able to listen and to receive with a trained instrument of expression, and then to turn the message to the service of men—that's a World-Man's work. John Morning will do it—if he loves humanity enough. He's the only living man I know who has a chance. He will achieve almost perfect instrumentation. He will express what men need most to know in terms of art and action. The love of God must have man to manifest it, and that's John Morning's work—if he loves humanity enough to make her his bride.

The average reader, perhaps all readers, will think that such a philosophy as this is a mistake. It would seem that the breaking of a pledge is but a poor beginning to that service of humanity to which John Morning aspires and that a fulfillment of all obligations must be the necessary preliminary to the larger work. But the defect is a small one in a novel of such extraordinary power, a novel that for earnestness, intensity, and originality deserves a place in the front rank of modern fiction. It is as good as "Routledge Rides Alone." It could hardly be better.

DOWN AMONG MEN. By Will Levington Comfort. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net.

Although a railway now connects Damascus with Beirut, it has introduced no great change in the customs of the natives and their mode of living. The streets in the newer quarters are fairly broad and clean, but the older streets, while broad enough, are dirty and the houses dilapidated. The city, with an estimated population of 300,000, lies in a fertile plain 2300 feet above sea level. Gardens, orchards, and groves surround it and give to the city a very beautiful appearance when viewed from a distance.

During the past few years the pineapple industry of the Hawaiian Islands has experienced considerable development, causing it to rank second to that of sugar. At present there are about 7000 acres on the islands planted to pineapples. And although they are grown on nearly all of the islands of the group, by far the larger part of the acreage is on the island of Oahu. The fresh or raw fruit, proportionately small in quantity, is distributed only to points in the United States.

Afghans have a penchant for musical instruments, and the wealthier classes import some costly makes, though occasionally their manner of using them is somewhat startling to more civilized eyes. It is of record that an Afghan nobleman sent out to Europe for a grand piano, and on its arrival had all the lower part of it cut off, as he found it most convenient to play it while squatting on the floor.

The township of Brookhaven, Long Island, claims to be the richest in the world. In its three banks farmers have \$16,000,000 on deposit. The per capita worth of the residents, counting, man, woman, and child, is \$1500.

The gathering and selling of acorns is a new industry in Arkansas to supply Eastern nursery firms with material for forest planting.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Passionate Friends.

Mr. H. G. Wells chooses a somewhat novel way to set forth a philosophy that is not novel. He puts his story into the mouth of Stephen Stratton, who tells it half as warning and half as confession for the benefit of his son, then a child.

Mr. Wells intends of course to paint a picture of a social evil and then to ask us inferentially what we propose to do about it. Frankly we don't know what we can do about it unless and until it shall be possible to persuade young people to keep the moral law and to resist the persuasion that they have a right to do whatever they happen to want to do. Stephen, when little more than a boy, falls in love with Lady Mary, and as she also falls in love with him he naturally supposes that they will be married. But Lady Mary is distinctly modern, which means all sorts of unpleasant things. She says: "I don't want to become some one's certain possession, to be just usual and familiar to any one." Moreover she points out to Stephen that his material prospects are somewhat slim and that she needs all kind of things that only a considerable income can buy. So Stephen goes off to the South African war and Lady Mary marries a man whom she does not love but who is rich enough to give her all that she wants. And it may be said that Lady Mary's wants fill a large part of her horizon.

We know exactly what will happen. It always does happen. Mary does not love her husband and she does love Stephen, and she corresponds with him regularly and upon her own initiative. When he comes back from the war they meet secretly, and eventually there is a liaison, which is described in the most delicate manner and as though it were almost some kind of a religious rite but that is simply a passionate intrigue. And to make matters worse Stephen himself has now married a woman who is a great deal too good for him and to whom he is heartlessly unfaithful. Thenceforward the story becomes a glorified divorce case. There is not actually a divorce, for Lady Mary's husband discovers what is going on and as the readiest way out of the whole sorry mess Lady Mary commits suicide. Then we have a sort of concluding scene when the husband meets the lover. "Stratton," he says, "we two—we killed her. We tore her to pieces between us."

Now it is hard to see wherein lies the problem except the eternal problem of human vice. In fact there is no problem except on the theory that the gratification of passion is a sacred duty and that human organizations must be so modified as to facilitate the process. If Lady Mary happened to live in the slums we should say that she was a sort of harlot, but as she is educated, and wealthy, and therefore somewhat beyond the reach of speech in the vernacular, we say that she is one of those beings with "a sense of fine things entangled and stifled and unable to free themselves from the ancient limiting jealousies which law and custom embody." It is surprising how the Ten Commandments, and especially the Seventh, become modified by caste. And we are still inclined to believe that the Ten Commandments are the best of all remedies for such problems as these.

THE PASSIONATE FRIENDS. By H. G. Wells. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.35 net.

Colonial Architecture.

This fine work, avowedly written for "those about to build," may be confidently recommended as a corrective of some of the confused architecture now so much in vogue, and especially so in the West. The authors describe their work as containing the "best examples, domestic, municipal, and institutional, in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware, with observations upon the local building art of the eighteenth century." The reader is warned, moreover, that the purpose of the book is strictly architectural, and neither social, historical, nor patriotic. The buildings themselves are considered without reference to the people who lived in them or the great events of which they may have been the witness. It is well that such a work as this should be done now before the destructive work of "improvement" has effaced the buildings of the past. The real estate man is in the field with his transformations which result in "ugliness abject," and as a consequence the old colonial architecture is being swept away, and with no more than an "impotent sentiment" to voice its protest. It must suffice to say that the book is all that it professes to be, and more, and that its two hundred and seven illustrations are triumphs of the art of the photographer.

COLONIAL ARCHITECTURE FOR THOSE ABOUT TO BUILD. By Herbert C. Wise and H. Ferdinand Beidleman. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

After All.

Miss Cholmondeley is too good a writer to descend to the utterly commonplace, and in this story will hold the attention of a confirmed novel reader, whose demands are necessarily not exacting. "After All" turns the fate of a girl who has been broken by the treachery and evil intention of the man whom she had believed would

marry her and who, in a sort of rehousing, consents to go off with another man, an eccentric young wastrel who owns race-horses and obeys his impulses. The old style of romantic ethics would have demanded the destruction of the girl, but the modern novelist intercedes with Providence and is more merciful. In this case the girl is saved through the mental breakdown of her companion, and she lives to love again and to experience many things which are duly set forth.

AFTER ALL. By Mary Cholmondeley. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

Oriental Rugs.

The information on the subject of Oriental rugs given to us by Mr. Walter A. Hawley is abundant justification for so fine and elaborate a work as the one that has just come from his pen. He tells us that five hundred dollars per square foot is a fair price for some antique woolen rugs and that a thousand dollars a square foot is a fair price for some antique silk rugs, and that these values consist not so much in the antiquity of the rugs or in their rarity, but in their artistic beauty. They are works of art woven in the days when Michelangelo, Titian, Rubens, and Rembrandt were busy in their studios; they are as rare as the paintings by those masters, and they are comparable with them in beauty and artistic conception.

Certainly Mr. Hawley leaves nothing unsaid in his substantial volume. It must prove alike a treasure to the collector and to the student. In the course of his sixteen chapters he tells us of the lands from which these rugs come, the materials used in their manufacture, their dyes, designs, and symbols. The aim of the Oriental rug, he says, is to express the inner spirit which underlies nature. It is actually a form of mysticism and to be understood in its fullness only by the mystic. Other departments of his book are devoted to Persian rugs, Asia Minor rugs, Central Asiatic rugs, Indian rugs, and Chinese rugs. From the practical point of view of the collector perhaps his most important chapters are devoted to the distinguishing and the purchase of rugs, chapters based on so much intimate knowledge and so clearly expressed as to be invaluable. Nor must we forget the eleven sumptuous full-page plates in color and the eighty half-tone engravings and four maps which add so much to the attractiveness of the volume.

ORIENTAL RUGS, ANTIQUE AND MODERN. By Walter A. Hawley. New York: John Lane Company; \$7.50 net.

Mother's Son.

Beulah Marie Dix has not yet done a better novel than "The Fighting Blade," but "Mother's Son" is nearly as good. She tells the story of a young German officer who has got himself into disgrace in his own country and who comes to New York. Von Mehring has not only committed the unpardonable offense of affronting a superior officer, but he has also the reputation in his own country of being something of a "sissy," or in other words a "mother's son." In America his social descent is a rapid one and includes dishwashing and various forms of menial employment until at last he finds refuge with a number of Germans of established position who shelter him and find him work. In the Leissner's house he meets Betty, who has already figured in other stories by the same author, and we are allowed to guess that Betty will eventually fall in love with Mehring and that the youth himself is destined to prove that he is a good deal more of a man than may be assumed from first impressions.

The plot itself is not a very robust one, nor perhaps intended to be. The author shows her capacity in character delineation, a branch of the novel-writing art that is usually neglected in favor of the easier methods that consist of incident and nothing else. As in the case of "The Fighting Blade," she has constructed a character that is so well defined and so fascinating as to live in the memory long after the book has been read. It is in every way an admirable piece of work.

MOTHER'S SON. By Beulah Marie Dix. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.35 net.

The Gospel Story in Art.

Mr. John La Farge was well qualified—no man more so—to write of art. Whether he was so well qualified to write on religion is quite another matter, and we may even regret that he has not more clearly defined and limited his mission. Thus we are told that the New Testament writer in Greek was obliged to use Pagan words for his Jewish and Christian ideas, and that when he began to make pictures he was compelled to use Pagan symbols, and for the same reason, that he had no choice. We have even a suggestion that the human face itself has changed as a result of feeling that "had not until then permeated humanity." What feelings are these? At least they do not seem in any way to have permeated human action, if we may judge from crime, insanity, and armaments. A still more surprising statement is to the effect that the spiritual teachings of the ancient world did not include love as among the necessities of the soul.

But so far as Mr. La Farge's work con-

cerns itself with art it is of course facile princeps. He shows us the whole extent to which the Christian creeds have been pictured by the artist, how their conceptions have varied from age to age, and the wealth and variety of the inspiration that they have summoned to their aid. The extraordinary analytic instinct that we have associated with Mr. La Farge's name is shown here to the best advantage. He tells us not only what pictures are admirable, but why they are admirable. He regrets that out of thousands of religious pictures he must take only a handful, but the handful is certainly well selected and excellently dealt with. Eight full-page plates add largely to the beauty and the value of the book.

THE GOSPEL STORY IN ART. By John La Farge. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$5 net.

The Island of Stairs

Cyrus Townsend Brady has given us a good story of adventure, but one that is evidently based on "Treasure Island." But whereas Stevenson found that he could dispense with a heroine—and it is only a master of fiction that can dispense with a heroine—Mr. Brady supplies us with a young English lady of perhaps a century ago who finds that she is left penniless by the death of her father and who determines to go in quest of a treasure of which the whereabouts are indicated in an old chart that has been in the family for years. She is accompanied by a sort of family retainer who knows something of seamanship and who surreptitiously adds his own savings to the insignificant amount of money possessed by the lady herself. Of course there is a mutiny among the crew when they find that treasure is the goal, and then we have a succession of the usual adventures associated with the South Seas and the quest for hidden gold. It is a capitally told story of its kind, and with enough hairbreadth escapes to satisfy the most fastidious.

THE ISLAND OF THE STAIRS. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.35 net.

Briefer Reviews.

George W. Jacobs & Co. have published an attractive book for boys under the title of "Brave Deeds of Revolutionary Soldiers," by Robert B. Duncan. The stories are of historical characters and they are told with accuracy and energy. Price, \$1.50 net.

Edith Ogden Harrison, already well known as a writer of fine stories, is to be congratulated on "The Enchanted House," a collection of admirable fairy tales with colored illustrations by Frederick Richardson. It is published by A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.25 net.

"Joe, the Book Farmer," by Garrard Harris (Harper & Brothers; \$1 net), is the story of a boy who decides to make a success of corn raising and who does it with the aid of intelligence and energy. The story is brightly told and with a moral that is all the better for being inconspicuous.

"The Townsend Twins, Camp Directors," by Warren L. Eldred (Century Company; \$1.25 net), is a story of a summer spent in the Adirondacks and of all the delights of the camping party. The merit of all such stories is less in the story itself than in the manner of the telling, and in this respect the author is to the manner born.

Among the best type of boys' books is "Flamehair the Skald," by H. Bedford Jones (A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.20 net). The author has drawn on the material of the old Norse sagas and of that part of them that relates to the days of Harald Hardrede. He has told a thoroughly good story and as historically accurate as such a story can be.

"Jesus Said," selected and arranged by Frances E. Lord, is otherwise described as "Questions of life answered by the One who

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alone speaks with authority." It consists of extracts from the sayings of Jesus, but it is hard to see why this should be read by any one unwilling to read the New Testament itself. It is published by Sherman, French & Co. Price, 75 cents net.

John Kendrick Bangs is always welcome and there should therefore be no doubts of an audience for "A Line o' Cheer for Each Day o' the Year," just published by Little, Brown & Co. (\$1.25 net). Mr. Bangs has written a verse for each day of the year—humorous, gay, grave, and philosophical, and it may be said that none of his verses fall below his well-known standard.

The Yukon before the coming of the white man is the setting of "The Chief of the Ranges," by H. A. Cody (George H. Doran Company; \$1.25 net). The characters are Indians and traders and the heroine is the daughter of the chief. It is a well-told story of strong deeds, long trails, sudden revenges, and rescues equally as sudden. In every way a good hook for a boy and also for the boy's father.

Byron E. Veatch has written an attractive little love story under the title of "Next Christmas" (Browne & Howell Company; 50 cents net). He tells us of a middle-aged man who becomes cold and hard, but who eventually returns to spend Christmas in his New Hampshire home and finds his boyhood sweetheart still waiting for him. Stories of the softening of a human heart can hardly fail to be artistic, and this one is unusually so.

The Burlington Library, now in course of issue by Little, Brown & Co., has been enriched by the addition of "The Poems of John Keats," with twenty-four illustrations in color by Averil Burleigh. The Burlington Library is well worthy the attention of book-lovers, not only for the literary value of its reprints, which is in every case very high, but also for the delicacy of its mechanical workmanship and its exceptionally good illustrations. The price is \$1.25 net.

The Fairy Book Series, edited by Andrew Lang, now numbers some twenty-five volumes, the latest addition being "The Strange Story Book," by Mrs. Lang, with a portrait of Andrew Lang, twelve colored plates, and eighteen other illustrations. The name either of Andrew Lang or of Mrs. Lang on the title-page of a book is satisfactory evidence that it is as good as skill and competence can make it, and there can be no doubt that this particular volume is as good as any. The series is published by the Macmillan Company and the usual price is \$1.60, although some of the volumes are valued at a higher figure.

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When Mr. Kunz wrote his great book on the pearl he probably established himself as the chief authority on precious stones. Now comes another remarkable volume that places him easily beyond the reach of challenge, although in this case he has devoted his researches rather to the "curious lore" associated with the stones than to the stones themselves. He says that his book is "a description of their sentiments and folklore, superstitions, symbolism, mysticism, use in medicine, protection, prevention, religion and divination, crystal-gazing, birth stones, lucky stones and talismans, astral, zodiacal, and planetary." It is a formidable inquiry and its results are presented with a display of knowledge that is at least a proof of industry and enthusiasm.

May it be suggested that Mr. Kunz himself believes in a good many of these superstitions in spite of his efforts to preserve the "correct" attitude toward such matters? His whole book is pervaded by a certain suggestion that, after all, there may be "something in it." For example, he credits Mme. Catulle Mendes with a "super-subtle sense" because she believes that her jewels have a disposition to change color when she neglects to wear them, and he shows always a kindly disposition to find excuses and reasons even for the cruder forms of belief. After all, there are many forms of superstition that are no more than an unreasoned recognition of the existence of the finer forces of nature that have not yet been brought within the field of science. Telepathy, for example, was a superstition twenty years ago, but it is only ignorance that calls it a superstition today. And certainly the discovery of radium and of radio-active substances may justify us in a theory that there are mineral emanations still more subtle.

But however that may be, Mr. Kunz has written a delightful book, and one that seems to include the whole stock of available material. And it is safe to say that it will be read not only as a contribution to the study of superstition, but by a considerable number of persons whose beliefs are considerably more extensive than they may think it wise to avow.

THE CURIOUS LORE OF PRECIOUS STONES. By George Frederick Kunz, A. M., Ph. D., D. Sc. With 86 illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres.

We can hardly be sufficiently grateful to the American Institute of Architects for their gallant rescue of Mr. Henry Adams's work on Mont-Saint-Michel. Mr. Henry Cram in his introduction says that he was "profoundly convinced that this privately printed, jealously guarded volume should be withdrawn from its hiding-place among the bibliographical treasures of collectors and amateurs and given that wide publicity demanded alike by its intrinsic nature and the cause it could so admirably serve." It is certain that those who now see the book for the first time will be surprised that such a value should have been so close to oblivion, however much they may admire the modesty that printed it for private circulation only and that protested against its re-issue as "unnecessary and uncalled for."

Mr. Adams's book is very much more than the history of a church. It is also the history of an epoch, and it is history displayed in the form of a moving picture. The author has an enviable power to blend his consciousness with that of the age of which he writes and to carry his reader with him into the charmed circle. For example, in speaking of the building of the Abbey, he says:

For the moment, we are helping to quarry granite for the Abbey Church, and to haul it to the Mount, or load it on our boat. We never fail to make our annual pilgrimage to the Mount on the Arcangel's Day, October 16. We expect to be called out for new campaign which Duke William threatens against Brittany, and we hear stories that Harold the Saxon, the powerful Earl of Essex in England, is a guest, or, as some say, a prisoner or a hostage, at the Duke's Court, and will go with us on the campaign. The year is 1058.

Never did historian cover a wider range than Mr. Adams or deal more competently with every aspect of his task. Statecraft, architecture, religion, mysticism, all appear on his pages, and he writes as an expert upon each and all of them and with a literary touch so dainty and delicate as to charm and fascinate. Probably there would be no one to challenge the statement that no better book of its kind has ever been written.

MONT-SAINT-MICHEL AND CHARTRES. By Henry Adams. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Molly Beamish.

Those who have read "The Blue Lagoon" will be inclined to regret the author's disposition to indulge in the light and fanciful sketch that holds the attention for half an hour and is then forgotten forever. Molly Beamish is an Irish girl who speaks the stage variety of the language and who meets her fate by giving sanctuary to a young blood who has played the highwayman for fun and who finds that the results are by no means fun.

Molly is in a very impoverished state and she will lose her social position forever unless she can go to the party at Lady Dexter's and so meet the Marchioness of Blagdon. Of course she gets her way, and by means of an expedient devised by the amateur highwayman, and everything turns out joyously and unexpectedly.

MOLLY BEAMISH. By H. De Vere Stacpoole. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

The Century Company reports new printings of Harry A. Franck's "A Vagabond Journey Around the World" and "Zone Policeman 88."

Miss Eleanor Hallowell Abbott, in private life Mrs. Fordyce Coburn, the wife of a Lowell, Massachusetts, physician, author of "The White Linen Nurse," "Molly Make-Believe," and many popular magazine stories, turns for recreation almost entirely to outdoor life. She is specially fond of hunting, fishing, tennis, and horseback riding.

Unlike many modern writers, Rupert S. Holland, author of "Historic Adventures," prefers the pen to the typewriter. He has tried both, but finds that a writer is more apt to consider his words carefully and revise more faithfully as he goes along if he has pen in hand than if his sentences are typed as rapidly as he frames them.

Henry Holt & Co. have contracted to follow early in January Mr. Clayton Hamilton's "Theory of the Theatre," already in its fourth edition, with his "Studies in Stagecraft." The first article in the book bears the quaint title of "The New Art of Making Plays," which is a quotation from Calderon which shows that even in his time the art was looked upon as new.

Two of the season's biographies now in their third printing are "The Memoirs of Li Hung Chang" and "Letters and Recollections of Alexander Agassiz," both published by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

Henry Holt & Co. announce that they are about to publish the January number of a new quarterly, *The Unpopular Review*. They have been led to it because there are afloat such an unprecedented number of agreeable fallacies that there is great need for the dissemination of some disagreeable truths, and they expect to do enough of that to make their *Review* unpopular among that large majority of the public which is fond of the agreeable fallacies.

"Studies in Milton and an Essay on Poetry" will soon be published by Moffat, Yard & Co. The author is Alden Sampson, M. A. (Harvard College and Harvard University). The first of the three essays which compose this volume deals with the middle period of Milton's poetical life, and is a study of his evolution as a poet and of the various circumstances which shaped and brought to its final effectiveness his life-long purpose to write a great epic poem "such as the world would not willingly let it die."

The immediate publication is announced of "The New Dawn," a novel by Agnes C. Laut. This new story is the author's first novel since 1910. The story is intensely modern in its theme, and the characters represent a strong man who lets nothing stand in the way of his success.

President William de Witt Hyde's "Quest of the Best" and Mrs. Harriet T. Comstock's "Camp Brave Pine," both of which books were published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company in September, have gone into second editions. The Crowells also announce new printings of President Wilson's "The Free Life," Dr. C. E. Jefferson's "Things Fundamental," Charles Brodie Patterson's "A New Heaven and a New Earth," and Orison Swett Marden's "Training for Efficiency." A new edition has just been issued for England of Dr. Marden's "Every Man a King."

Clarence Budington Kelland, who has to his credit two of this season's hooks, "Thirty Pieces of Silver" and "Mark Tidd," has been lawyer, reporter, Sunday editor, and magazine staff writer. He graduated from the Detroit College of Law in 1902.

A London paper, commenting upon the standing of Thomas Hardy with his townspeople, says: "In point of fact the presence of Thomas Hardy—a legend to the great world—means practically nothing to the life of Dorchester. Its farmers, factors, shopkeepers, keen, plump, rosy, practical men, who are hard as nails at a bargain and 'do themselves well,' look upon Thomas Hardy as the son of his father and the brother of his brother. They know dimly that he has 'made a good thing out of book-writing.' They respect him. They are proud to know that the world rings with his fame. But they wonder why."

Sir William Crookes, author of the book "Diamonds," as well as a famous scientist, has recently been chosen as the new president of the Royal Society. The London *Graphic* of November 15 has a cartoon of him with the facetious caption: "The post he will no doubt fill with his accustomed

"Radiant Energy." In his work on "Diamonds" the great chemist has given the subject closest attention both in the laboratory and on the South African fields.

In the heart of Virginia, some fifteen miles southwest of Charlottesville, lie the Ragged Mountains, once celebrated by Edgar Allan Poe in "A Tale of the Ragged Mountains." Now, after many years, this strange tract of country has reappeared in literature, in Harriet T. Comstock's "A Son of the Hills," just published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Mr. Francis Grierson, musical genius and author of "The Valley of Shadows," recently arrived in New York for his first visit in twenty-three years. In spite of his long residence in France, Russia, and England he retains his American citizenship and his American accent. He spent his boyhood on the Mississippi Valley prairie, was an aide to General Fremont, and when twenty toured the capitals of Europe, playing for royalty and being entertained by Bismarck of Germany and Alexander II in Russia.

Frederick Townsend Martin's book of society recollections, "Things I Remember," has met with such success in London that a second edition has just been printed to meet the urgent demand.

In the list of "The Hundred Best Books of the Year," selected by a committee of the department of English, Columbia University, for the New York Times, the John Lane Company was represented by four titles: "The Life and Letters of William Corbett in England and America," by Lewis Melville; "Anthony Trollope," by T. H. S. Escott; "Stella Maris," by William J. Locke, and "Vital Lies," by Vernon Lee.

New Books Received.

THE BEST STORIES IN THE WORLD. Compiled and edited by Thomas L. Masson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1 net.

A substantial reservoir of jokes.

THE SUNSET ROAD. By Jane G. A. Carter. New York: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net.

A volume of verse.

PROGRESSIVE PRINCIPLES. By Theodore Roosevelt. New York: Progressive National Service; \$1 net.

Selections from addresses made during the presidential campaign of 1912.

POPULAR GOVERNMENT. By William Howard Taft. New Haven: Yale University Press; \$1.15 net.

A series of essays and addresses on some of the problems of the day.

QUESTIONS OF PUBLIC POLICY. New Haven: Yale University Press; \$1.25 net.

Page lectures delivered at Sheffield Scientific School, Yale University.

THE POWER OF IDEALS IN AMERICAN HISTORY. By Ephraim D. Adams. New Haven: Yale University Press; \$1.15 net.

An historical speculation.

CHRONICLES OF OLO RIVERBY. By Jane Felton Sampson. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Some local sketches.

EARTH HUNGER AND OTHER ESSAYS. By the late William Graham Sumner, LL. D. Edited by Albert Galloway Keller, Ph. D. New Haven: Yale University Press; \$2.25 net.

Lectures and writings, many of which are now published for the first time.

OLD WORLD LOVE STORIES. Translated from the old French by Eugene Mason. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3 net.

From the lays of Marie de France and other medieval romances and legends. With illustrations and decorations by Reginald L. Knowles.

ALPS AND SANCTUARIES. By Samuel Butler. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2 net.

Piedmont and the Canton Ticino. New and enlarged edition, with author's revision and index.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. By Gladys E. Locke, M. A.

Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.50.

Various scenes and events in the life of her majesty.

ABOVE THE SHAME OF CIRCUMSTANCE. By Gertrude Capen Whitney. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.50 net.

A novel.

MAGIC. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1 net.

A play.

THE ENCHANTED HOUSE. By Edith Ogden Harrison. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.25 net.

A collection of fairy stories with illustrations by Frederick Richardson.

THE GIFT. By Margaret Douglas Rogers. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company.

A play.

SHORT PLAYS. By Mary Macmillan. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company.

Ten short dramas.

CHRISTINA OF DENMARK, DUCHESS OF MILAN AND LORRAINE. By Julia Cartwright. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$6 net.

Historical biography.

AMERICA'S CONQUEST OF EUROPE. By David Starr Jordan. Boston: American Unitarian Association; 75 cents net.

"The conquest of the world by the ideals of internationalism and democracy marks the coming of universal peace."

SOCIAL IDEALS OF A FREE CHURCH. Edited by Elmer Severance Forbes. Boston: American Unitarian Association; \$1 net.

Sketches by various authors of what the churches might do.

FREEDOM AND THE CHURCHES. Edited by Charles W. Wendte, D. D. Boston: American Unitarian Association; \$1 net.

The contributions of American churches to religious and civil liberty.

JOHN MILLINGTON SYNGE AND THE IRISH THEATRE. By Maurice Bourgeois. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50 net.

A systematic study of his life and writings in their relation to the Irish theatre at large.

THE STORY OF HELGA. By Rudolph Herzog. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.35 net.

A novel. Authorized English version by Adele Lewisohn.

THE WOLF OF GUBBIO. By Josephine Preston Peabody. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.10 net.

A play in three acts.

THE FACTS ABOUT SHAKESPEARE. By W. A. Neilson, Ph. D., and A. H. Thorndike, Ph. D., L. H. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; 35 cents net.

Issued in the Tudor Shakespeare.

THE SUBURBAN GARDEN GUIDE. By Parker Thayer Barnes. New York: The Macmillan Company; 50 cents net.

Issued in the Countryside Manuals.

A LITTLE DREAMING. By Fenton Johnson. Chicago: The Peterson Linotyping Company.

A volume of verse by a colored poet.

STUDIES IN MILTON AND AN ESSAY ON POETRY. By Alden Sampson, A. M. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; \$2 net.

Dealing with the middle period of Milton's career, and with the various circumstances which shaped and brought to its final effectiveness his lifelong purpose to write a great epic poem.

A FOREST IDYL. By Temple Oliver. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.20 net.

A novel.

THE MOON-MAIDEN. By Frances Reed Gibson. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; 80 cents net.

A volume of verse.

THE TOILING OF FELIX. By Henry Van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net.

A volume of verse.

THE ETHICAL ASPECTS OF EVOLUTION. By John C. Kimball. Boston: American Unitarian Association; \$1.25 net.

A volume of lectures.

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"THE LITTLE PARISIENNE."

The male theatre-goer, in spite of being a citizen in this land of democracy, is much more keenly interested in the appraisal of Gaby Deslys's physical attractions because a king was charmed by them. Or perhaps it was by her mental attractions. But has Gaby any mental attractions? Whenever I try to outline in my mind the sort of individuality she conveys in her stage work I am brought to pause. Except, perhaps, in one respect. Gaby wishes to surprise, to startle, to shock. There isn't one atom of suggestion in her make-up. That subtle *gaminerie* of Yvette Guilbert's, for instance, that has charmed wise men, is not one of the qualities that has brought her to notice.

She is, after all, nothing but a vulgar little caharet entertainer, and, except in the matter of dancing and clothes, doesn't hold out for a complete evening's entertainment. In fact part of the time Gaby was obliged to sit still, exhibiting her expensive self, her sky-cleaving head-dresses, and her priceless costumes, while lesser, and not particularly interesting people went through their specialties. But she can dance, and dance she does with a sort of steely energy and ardor, with a frenzy of leaps and whirls, and with a completeness of erotic abandon that has a rather exciting effect on her audience.

Perhaps we can deduce a character-trait from that. She is, perhaps, an extremist by temperament, and if it is true that she loves money, it may be because she does not love anything—that is any strictly material thing, for she is preëminently a luxurious little materialist—in moderation. She is not stingy, however, in the matter of sharing applause with her fellow-dancer, Harry Pilcer, who, being a mere male, is featured in smaller print, but who is nevertheless, as Gaby tacitly pointed out to the audience frantically applauding their first whirlwind dance, much the superior of the two; indeed an unusual, even marvelous dancer. Mr. Pilcer favored the audience with a specimen of his abilities early in the programme, dancing with terrific abandon, almost as if intoxicated with the ecstasy of motion, and actually indescribable in the eccentricity and unconventionality of his method. He is very spasmodic and unexpected, making wild leaps, frantic rushes, with sudden abrupt arrestings of his mad motion in a manner that showed wonderful control. For in all this exhibition of apparently wild, unbridled motion the man is as certain and accurate in the aim of his frantic leaps, circlings, and plunges as the movements of well-oiled machinery. The first applause of the audience didn't half do him justice. They were then given over to the pleasures of anticipation, as Gaby—it is almost impossible to tack on the surname to this frivolous little hit of Parisianism—hadn't yet come on the scene.

Everybody drew a hreath of appeased curiosity when Gaby finally made her appearance, clad in a rainbow costume composed of embroidered lavender net, an Indian scarf edged with ermine, a cherry-colored mantle of silk brocade trimmed with rich fur, and a spreading head-dress shaped like an Indian's war crest. A huge diamond huckle in the centre of this dynamic head-gear clasped a cluster of cherry-colored plumes which towered aloft, adding about one-quarter to the stature of the little Parisian.

Gaby has learned to speak English, and does so with markedly Continental inflections. Still she does not slight her lines, as she is naturally energetic, and one gets what she says. Her singing is rather colorless, she is not personally alluring, and in the dialogue she failed to scintillate or charm. In the matter of looks I should say that in her softer years, before her delicate features had hardened and become slightly haggard either through ill-health or burning the candle at both ends, she must have been radiantly pretty. She is a very artificial looking blonde. Since her hair stays on her head in her frenzied dance, presumably it grows there. Her strong points (in looks) are her profile and her figure, of which latter she makes most generous revelations. She is delicately contoured; probably once upon a time she had the charm of a fragile girlish beauty which bewitched men by its provocative contrast to her mode of life and thought. But she has aged. She reminded me of Beauty in "very woman," fading away in the mephitic atmosphere of revelry that had killed or given away Modesty. For it is manifestly

impossible to imagine a caharet performer retaining the delicate charm of her girlish beauty.

Gaby has now become a kind of human curio, to us in America, at least. Probably in Europe they take her very calmly or don't take her at all. She is not a work of art, and I must admit that I got tired of her before the evening was over. So did some of the men. But so did not others.

But the piece was too long. "The Little Parisienne" has no great comedy element. A long, presumably funny scene is filled out by some clowning between two dairy maids. The girls who did it no doubt deserve credit for rising to the occasion. But they are mere beginners in this sort of thing, and the interlude was not particularly entertaining. However, people as expensive as Gaby Deslys and Harry Pilcer must be sufficient in themselves, and we can scarcely expect that they need be surrounded by a complete company of first-class people. But musical comedy without a really funny comedian can be duller than a sermon, and Gaby's twelve costume changes were needed to brighten the flat places in the piece. They were certainly gay and startling enough to succeed. An actress with less instinct for clothes might easily be submerged under such a tide of millinery, but Gaby has an additional great asset to join to those already mentioned. She is an eye-riveter when she is on the stage.

In reviewing one's impression of Gaby one finds it impossible to image her without the accompaniment of her eccentric skirts, which in the beginning were slit skirts gone mad, and as the play progressed gradually dwindled in area until they became merely a few vague but gorgeous tatters hanging around her exceedingly shapely calves. Women who love beautiful or priceless or sensational clothes will probably derive intense pleasure from the varied display of Gaby's wardrobe. Paquin made them, Etienne Drian designed them, and women of fashion will worship them. Let us hope, however, that they will not emulate Gaby in the matter of her attenuated skirts, nor in the height of that three-storied crimson hat, with its four-story crest of plumes; but the leopard-skin coat, with its carefully careless arrangement of terminal tails or strips dangling over her attenuated draperies, is a dream.

The music of "The Little Parisienne," which is by a European composer, Felix Alhini by name, is pretty, sprightly, and full of expressive adaptations to the dialogue. But the made-over and no doubt carefully modified and expurgated hook is neither bright nor entertaining.

The chorus girls are very handsomely clad and good dancers. They probably emulate Gaby in their make-up, which seems rather over-emphasized, and gives them a more pronounced appearance than usual. The company is entirely tame and unremarkable, with the exception of Harry Pilcer.

Perhaps I ought to mention that Gaby changed her clothes so many times that I lost count. She would drift off the stage attired in a bright-hued costume, set off with a huge hat whose brim was composed of stiff black feathers radiating like the spokes of a wheel, and reënter covered in a sheath-like mantle of black and blue, and a close-fitting black velvet toque, with a feather like a liberty-pole. She would casually shed some princely outer garment that made her look like the heroine of a mephitic French romance, and stand revealed in a delicate costume suitable to a blue-and-white ingénue.

In fact as a fashion show the shrewd Gaby is going to give her feminine patrons every cent of their money's worth.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Cyril Maude began his career on a Canadian farm. As he worked he dreamed of fame—he wanted to become an actor. The call at last grew so insistent that he left Ontario and followed his star. His early dramatic experiences in America did not lack variety or excitement. Leaving Ontario, he came to this country and obtained an engagement with the late Daniel Bandmann's traveling company. He first appeared as a servant in "East Lynne" at Denver. During the next few months he played many parts in many cities right to the Pacific Coast. Finally he found himself one of a disbanded company in San Francisco. He made his way back to New York on an immigrant train, the trip taking nine not very merry days. From New York he returned to London.

Bernard Shaw has not had such good luck in Berlin with "Androcles and the Lion" as he recently had with "Pygmalion." In the press notices of the piece the expression of "pot-house tomfoolery" is the one which recurs most frequently. One critic declares that, though "Androcles" is one of Mr. Shaw's shortest comedies, it is too long by half. Another accuses him of introducing "crass banalities" into his dialogue, and wounding with his "trivial views" all those "who possess the smallest trace of ethical tact." A third says that "this time the ridiculous figure is Shaw himself, who, with all his feuilleton wit, stands before the problem of this supernatural idea like Dandy in dress clothes in front of Mont Blanc."

CURRENT VERSE.

Beatrice Cenci.

Who stealth down the turret-stair
In raiment white and floating hair?
The moon is hid, the stars are pale,
The night-wind hath forgot to wail.
Like to a priestess seemeth she
Addressed to some dread ministry.
What solemn sacrifice or rite
Comes she to celebrate this night?
A deed of Hell, and yet of Heaven,
Into these slender hands is given.
Blood must she spill, but evil blood
As evil as hath ever flowed.
Now entereth she the moonlit room,
A bed in brightness 'mid the gloom;
Whereon an old man slumbers deep
Ah, God, how well the wicked sleep!
But a faint breathing all she hears,
As silently the couch she nears.
Now the bright dagger at her breast
She plucks from out her maiden vest.
Why hesitates she? and a space
Uncertain stands above that face?
Is it some memory of youth,
That brings upon her heart this ruth?
Some far-off picture that she sees,
When she was dandled on his knees?
Is it the hair, so utter white,
Hair that should seem a holy sight?
Then the red shame leaps to her heart,
And furious thoughts again upstart.
O'er him she leans; no eyelid he
Stirs as tho' warned of destiny.

What cry was that? A single cry,
That pierced the palace to the sky?
And then came down a silence deep,
Yet had each sleeper leapt from sleep.
And wandering lights and hurrying feet
Hither and thither shadows fleet
But she in silence pure and clean
Passed to her chamber all unseen.

—From "Lyrics and Dramas," by Stephen Phillips.

Dance of the Sunbeams.

When morning is high o'er the hilltops,
On river and stream and lake,
Wherever a young breeze whispers,
The sun-clad dancers wake.

One after one upspringing,
They flash from their dim retreat,
Merry as running laughter
Is the news of their twinkling feet.

Over the floors of azure
Wherever the wind flaws run,
Sparkling, leaping, and racing,
Their antics scatter the sun.

As long as the water ripples
And weather is clear and glad,
Day after day they are dancing,
Never a moment sad.

But when through the field of heaven
The wings of the storm take flight,
At a touch of the flying shadows
They falter and slip from sight.

Until, at the gray day's ending,
As the squadrons of cloud retire,
They pass in a triumph of sunset
With banners of crimson fire.
—Bliss Carman, in Smart Set.

A Christmas Idyl.

Out in the woodways I went in December,
Out in the woodways I went with a lass:
Haws burned as red as the glow of an ember
Over the white of the rime on the grass.

Sudden I saw what I took as a token—
Took as a presage of joy, I avow:
Out from the cleft of a bole that was broken
I beheld hanging a mistletoe bough.

Bees in the Summer have honey for plunder;
Boldly they seize it and bear it away;
What are their thefts to the sweets captured
Under the sway of the mistletoe spray!

—Clinton Scollard, in Town Topics.

The Packman.

Where the moor-trees stripped themselves to make ready
For the fight 'gainst winter's cold,
And the burn crooned, foaming, in its peat-lined channel,

Sat a packman bent and old,
Wrapped in a cloak as brown as the heather
Or the bracken's darkened gold.
And he cried: "Come, come noo, ma lassie,
Buy a bit ribbon the day;
Here's a haw'r kerchief, lassie,
Come, help an auld man on his way."

Then he showed me gems like the sparkling spray-drops
That sun-flecked waters fling,
And silk as soft as the South-wind's wafting

O'er the wakening moor in Spring,
And I laughed for joy of the rare, rich treasure
My scanty pence could bring.
Then he cried: "It's haw'r ye'll be, lassie,
For yer wee bit o' siller the day:
Noo, tak' yer fairings, ma lassie,
For the auld man gang on his way."

But I bore to my home soft moss and bracken,
Red berries all aglow,
And the spell that was cast on them has fallen

On me, nor will it go,
And ever an old bent form is waiting,
A voice is calling low:
"Come awa' to the mairland, lassie,
Where the wimplin' burnie plays,
Where the clean wind blows 'mang the heather
And saft-winged Silence stays."
—Westminster Gazette.

The Stratford-on-Avon players will be seen in San Francisco in the near future. They will present a great Shakespearian repertory.

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Up On "The Hill"

Up on "The Hill" the winter snows are flying, ice is glazing the water's surface, and the air is hiting and exhilarating. Outdoor work has been suspended until the arrival of spring, but the hardest part of the job has been accomplished. Now the Pacific Gas and Electric Company can draw its breath and smile, for the great Lake Spaulding dam stands towering high in the cañon, immovable as the rock-ripped mountains themselves, the waters which hitherto largely ran to waste have been harnessed, and the Drum power-house is busy adding to the company's great electric power output.

"The Hill" is the term applied by the company and its men to the Lake Spaulding undertaking in general, and intimately associated with it is the appellation CHARACTER. To all who watched the "Big Joh" grow, step by step, in the face of difficulties that if presented to weak and irresolute minds might have appeared insurmountable, and would have entailed injurious delay, there was suggested another contributor to the successful result—the greatest of all—Character.

Since the first spadeful of earth was turned on the "Big Joh" idealism appears to stand out in glorious relief. And in the practice of that idealism, Character stands out as the strongest factor.

In May last, when things were going their merriest, an accidental overcharge of powder sent tons of rock tumbling into the gap and the waters again flowed over the dam site. Momentary consternation gave way to determination. Back on the job, ere the smoke had cleared, engineer and laborer worked side by side. Dericks went up as if by magic, and what looked to be a catastrophe was turned to good account. The huge houlders that lay piled up in the river-bed were hauled out and made to take the place of just so much concrete in the dam. The "Big Joh" went on as before.

What but Character stimulated the men in that hour up on "The Hill"? What but Character the dominant factor in the achievement of success? Who shall doubt the value of character in such an organization? It takes in every one, from the lowest to the highest, working together in a bond of common interest for the common weal. The general manager picks the men who are to carry the "Big Joh" through, and is with them day and night, in spirit if not in person; the chief engineer is an elder brother to his superintendents, and they, in turn, stand in the same relation to their foremen. Perhaps in the foreman most of all is this sense of Character necessary. He must know every man under him, know every man's strength and weakness, and be able to command so well that his men will follow him cheerfully to any length.

So there has been something more than the employment of brains, skill, and human force in the "Big Joh" on "The Hill." And that something—Character—makes the difference between greatness and mediocrity, between complete success and the partial success which is part failure. All this would have counted for little without Character at every point, from the day it manifested itself in the idea of a great dam at Lake Spaulding to the present success.

Character made it possible for the company to obtain the millions required for the enterprise, and it is Character which will back the expenditure of probably ten millions more before the "Big Joh" has been completed in every detail and "Pacific Service" extends its ramifications into every nook and cranny of its territory. Already it supplies two-thirds of the population of California, and its success is due to one word—Character.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"Widow by Proxy" Continues at Columbia.

"Widow by Proxy" at the Columbia Theatre gives an ideal setting to May Irwin's breezy, mirthful personality, and San Francisco audiences are giving this charming comedienne ample evidence that her too long absence from the scene of many of her former triumphs has not lessened the regard in which she is held. Perhaps more than any other comedienne of the time she gives the impression that she has, all her days, looked on the sunny side of life; and those who enjoy her acquaintance agree that she is the Princess Charming of her profession.

It is refreshing to enjoy an evening of clean, wholesome mirth presented in a comedy that is well written, that has a coherent plot and purpose, and that is acted in excellent manner. All this is provided in May Irwin's performance of "Widow by Proxy." In manner of production and presentation there is nothing lacking. The company is of exceptional excellence for a play of this type, and Clara Blandick, Orlando Daly, Marie Burke, and Joseph Woodburn, to omit other names in a wholly excellent cast, give admirable aid to the star.

Miss Irwin will continue in "Widow by Proxy" at the Columbia Theatre during New Year's week. There will be matinees on Wednesday, Saturday, and New Year's Day.

"Little Women" at the Cort Theatre.

"Little Women" will be presented at the Cort Theatre on Monday next. Unusual interest attaches to the event for various reasons, principal among which is the fact that the novel from which the play is made has been more widely read than any other example of American fiction. The late Louisa May Alcott wrote "Little Women" a round half-century ago, and the vitality of the story is shown by the fact that it still maintains an annual sale considerably in excess of many new novels regarded as highly successful.

The first scene is in the living-room of the old homestead where the four March girls were reared. For the stage representation a number of ornaments and little articles of dress which were in actual use by the little women in life have been lent by the survivors of the Alcott family.

It is claimed that William A. Brady has never sent a better cast to the Coast than the one he offers in "Little Women." In the company are Marta Oatman, Jane Marbury, Jean Brae, Ida St. Leon, Lillian Dixon, Henrietta McDannel, Helen Beaumont, Robert Fischer, Frank McEntee, Donald Gallaher, Marshall Birmingham, and Selmar Romaine.

In addition to the usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees there will be a New Year's holiday matinee on Thursday and an extra performance on Friday.

Holidays Crowd the Gaiety.

Never was business so brisk as it has been this past week at the Gaiety. Christmas merely seemed to stimulate the desire on the part of local playgoers to see a real holiday show, for such the present Gaiety offering unquestionably is. There is a lightness, a frolicsome spirit, a festive feast of effervescent foolery about the whole entertainment that is just in tune with the times and everybody is correspondingly happy in consequence.

But even if this were not so, there is the sunshine of Irene Franklin's presence in "The Girl at the Gate." Miss Franklin, as everybody knew she would, is repeating her former San Francisco triumph.

When you wind a Victrola and place the needle on the disc, the performance resulting is perfect and uninterrupted—mechanical precision combined with ear-delighting melody

and song. That best describes the gait of "The Girl at the Gate," only there are eye-engaging pictures in addition. The costumes and scenery of this snip-snap show are especially inviting; tawdriness is taboo at the Gaiety. A matinee of Irene Franklin and "The Girl at the Gate" will be given New Year's Day.

Second Edition Orpheum Road Show.

The second edition of the Orpheum Road Show, which will be presented next Sunday afternoon, includes seven new acts. Cathrine Countiss, an emotional star of beauty and magnetic charm, will appear in the immensely successful tahlloid playlet, "The Birthday Present." It tells a vivid little story of everyday life, involving a beautiful woman who has made the supreme sacrifice for a rich and fascinating man of the world—a typical New Yorker.

Frequenters of musical comedy concede Lillian Herlein to be one of the most beautiful and capable of prima donnas, and the audiences of the vaudeville theatres throughout the East have unanimously confirmed this opinion.

"The Information Bureau," which the Five Sullys, three men and two girls, will introduce, is a combination of singing, dancing, talking, and gymnastics cleverly blended into a twenty-minute rapid-fire offering.

Lew Hawkins, whose daintiness of dress and deportment has earned for him the sobriquet of "The Chesterfield of Minstrelsy," will entertain with songs and stories.

The Brads, Frederick and Minita, call their act "Sunshine Capers." It is a mélange of pantomime, contortion, acrobatics, and comedy and enjoys a high reputation in Europe.

The Dolce Sisters are a trio of pretty girls who sing pretty songs in a winsome manner and altogether contribute a delightful entertainment.

Lennett and Wilson's performance will consist of a comedy bar act which is a mixture of pantomime comedy and gymnastics. On the triple bar they execute many novel, daring, and extraordinary feats.

The only holdover will be Billy B. Van, the Beaumont Sisters, and company in their great comedy hit, "Props."

Savoy Has a Joyous Attraction.

That delightful duo of ne'er-do-wells, "Mutt and Jeff," are back again at the Savoy Theatre, cheering up the multitudes with their latest whimsicality, "Mutt and Jeff in Panama." In this new piece, which will begin its second and last week on Monday, the favorite newspaper cartoon creations of Bud Fisher appear in every guise imaginable, including sailors, waiters, pseudo secret service agents, Spanish dancers, and other unique characters. There is lots of good, clean fun, plenty of exciting adventure, catchy songs, lively dances, pretty girls, and features that can only be seen in an entertainment of this kind, and there is a snap and dash about the performance that almost takes away one's breath. The musical interruptions are many and timely, the girls of the chorus appear in a change of costume almost every time that they come on the stage, and the principals are clever people who are well versed in musical comedy work. The costumes are new and beautiful, the electrical effects novel, and the scenery is most pleasing to the eye. In addition to the bargain matinees of Wednesday and Saturday there will be special matinees on New Year's and Sunday.

The last performance of "Mutt and Jeff in Panama" will take place Sunday, January 4, and beginning Monday, January 5, "Antony and Cleopatra," the latest of Kleine's celebrated productions, will be shown for the first time in America.

In his young days the poet Coleridge had a little love affair which ended in disaster, for the lady refused him. In despair he enlisted in a cavalry regiment, which he hoped would be ordered on foreign service, that he might end his lighted career on the tented field. For family reasons he dropped his correct name, but from a feeling of sentiment retained the initials; so Samuel Taylor Coleridge became Private Silas Tompkins Camberhatch. The regiment did not leave the country, and it was not long before his soul wearied of harrack life and its utter absence of romance. His military life ended in a curious fashion. One day while Coleridge was doing a weary sentry-go two officers strolled past. One of them made use of a Greek quotation, which the other corrected. The first insisted on his correctness, while the other was just as positive he was wrong. While they disputed, the sentry suddenly presented arms and respectfully informed them that they were both in error. He gave the exact quotation, name of the author, and other circumstances. If his musket had spoken the hearers could not have been more astonished. The incident led to an inquiry, and the poet was restored to the hosom of his family.

The next big musical comedy success to be seen in San Francisco is the Viennese hit, "Adele," which has had an exceptionally fine run at the Long Acre Theatre, New York City.

THE MUSIC SEASON.

Melba and Kubelik Farewell.

The farewell appearance of the great Melba-Kuhelik combination in this city is announced for this, Saturday night, at Dreamland Rink, when Melba will sing such gems as the Waltz Song from "Romeo and Juliet," the "Ave Maria" from Verdi's "Otello," Duparc's "Chanson Triste," "The Mad Scene" from "Lucia," and other splendid numbers, while Kuhelik promises the Tchaikowsky "Concerto," a Sarasate "Gypsy Dance," and a jolly "Tango" by Arbos. Edmund Burke will sing some of his favorites. The doors will be open at 7:30. Next Wednesday afternoon, December 31, at half-past two, Melba and Kuhelik will give a special programme in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse. Tickets for the Oakland concert may be secured at the box-office of Ye Liberty Playhouse only.

Wilhelm Bachaus, Pianist, in Concert.

Wilhelm Bachaus, the young piano virtuoso, will give his first concert in the West at Scottish Rite Auditorium, Sunday afternoon, January 4. The programme selected for this event is a most varied and beautiful one. First there will be a "Rhapsodie" in G minor by Brahms, followed by two gems by the old classicist Scarlatti. Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata," a group of Chopin works, and numbers by Schubert-Liszt, Rachmaninoff, and the player's own transcription of Richard Strauss's "Serenade" will complete the offering.

The second and only evening concert is announced for Thursday night, January 8, when Schumann's "Papillons," Beethoven's "Waldstein" Sonata, three Mendelssohn works, and numbers by Chopin, Liszt, and Paganini-Liszt will be included in the programme.

The final Bachaus concert will be given Saturday afternoon, January 10.

The sale of seats for these concerts will open at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's next Wednesday morning, and mail orders should be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum.

Kathleen Parlow Coming Soon.

Kathleen Parlow, violinist, and one who may be claimed rightfully as a San Francisco product, will return shortly a star, and give recitals at Native Sons' Hall on Sunday afternoon, January 11, and Saturday afternoon, January 17. On Thursday afternoon, January 15, Miss Parlow will give a special concert at the Cort Theatre in aid of the building fund of the First Congregational Church.

Manager Greenbaum announces that Paderewski will play but one single concert in this city, and the date and place are Dreamland, Sunday afternoon, January 18. On Tuesday afternoon, January 20, Paderewski will play at Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland.

Anna Pavlowa and her Imperial Russian Ballet and Symphony Orchestra are coming to this city for a week's engagement, to commence Monday evening, January 19, at the Valencia Theatre under the direction of Will L. Greenbaum.

In many states in the Union preparations are being made to fittingly commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Stephen C. Foster, author of many famous Southern songs. While he made a fortune out of his songs, he died almost in poverty. His last days were spent in New York. In January, 1864, while ill with fever in a cheap hotel, he rose during the night for a drink of water — was so weak that he fell, striking on a broken pitcher. He gashed his neck and lay on the floor unconscious all night. He was taken to the Bellevue Hospital, where he died from fever and loss of blood on January 13. His identity not being known at the hospital, his body lay there for a time in the morgue, where friends finally traced it and prevented the composer of so many sweet and tender memories from being buried as a pauper. Even had Stephen Foster left behind nothing but "Old Kentucky Home" he would remain dear to all Americans. One Sunday afternoon, in the home of one of his brothers, he sat with one leg over the arm of a chair, whistling. After a while he went to a table and began writing some words and music. Then he called his niece to the piano and together they tried over what he had first whistled and then put down on paper. Later in the day he arranged it for quartet, and in the evening he, his niece, and his brother went to a neighbor's, where the lady of the house sang soprano, and tried over his quartet. Thus his most ambitious composition, "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," was written—next to "Kentucky Home" perhaps the best known of his works.

May Irwin, who has done much to popularize the modern type of American songs, has in her repertory this season what she claims to be the four highest hits of her career. They are "The Kelleys Arc at It Again," "Over the Garden Wall," "I Never Knew," and "Happy Little Country Girl."

Prizes for Scenarios.

The latest phase of importance to develop in the "movies" is revealed in the international scenario contest that has just been instituted by George Kleine, the rich American producer of "Quo Vadis" and "The Last Days of Pompeii," and the Cines Company of Italy, which made "Quo Vadis." The Cines Company is offering prizes ranging from \$5000 down to \$20 for the best scenarios that shall be submitted within a given period, extending almost for a year from date. In addition to this Mr. Kleine personally offers \$1000 for the best scenario written by an American. He insists, however, that the American must have been a resident of the United States or its territories for the last five years. The details of the contest are obtainable upon application to George Kleine's offices in New York or Chicago. There are no limitations placed to the sources from which the scenarios are drawn. They may come from plays, books, histories, experiences, or may be complete creations of the imagination.



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Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats, \$1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone—Douglas 70.

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VANITY FAIR.

We all remember Miss Inez Milholland, who used to bend her Junoesque figure in order to write "Votes for Women" on the New York sidewalks. It is said that quite a number of people were immensely impressed by this irrefutable proof of feminine capacity for government, and even those who were only half persuaded by the sidewalk performance were instantly brought into line after they had seen Miss Milholland's impersonation of Joan of Arc at some society tableaux. She is said to have used the actual armor once worn by the Maid herself, and when that became known there was no longer a dissenting voice. Every one was convinced at once that the opinion of the average woman on, let us say, direct primaries or the hank bill must necessarily be of more value than the opinions of any number of men. And that, dearly beloved, is what passes for thought in this particular year of grace and of human emancipation.

And now the voice of Inez is once more lifted on the breeze. Inez, by the way, has become Mrs. Boissevain, which is a gratifying reminder that there are still some few subsidiary positions for which only men need apply. There are still, it seems, certain narrow spheres of usefulness in which man need fear no competition. Man, in the words of one of those great and good women who lead "the movement," may still consider himself as a biological necessity, a view that we should hesitate to quote but for the fact that it emanates from a member of the sex that is the sole depository of the delicacies, the purities, the graces, and the refinements of life. But how we digress.

Ten minutes a day, says Mrs. Boissevain, is plenty of time to devote to "keeping house." And here we should do well to pause for a moment in order to summon up some kind of a mental picture of the woman who could say such a thing as this. There was once a queen who was told that the people had no bread to eat and who replied that in that case they would do well to eat cake. Mrs. Boissevain appears to be that sort of woman, but with the exception that Marie Antoinette made no pretensions to be a champion of her sex while Mrs. Boissevain does. Otherwise their points of view are identical. The spirit of caste is the same in each.

We should like to impart to Mrs. Boissevain a piece of information that may surprise her. At least she may pretend to be surprised, being a parvenu and naturally a vulgarian. We should like to tell Mrs. Boissevain of a fact that we ourselves have heard only as a vague rumor, but that we believe to be true. It is to the effect that there are numbers of women who do not live in steam-heated apartment houses, who have no maids who bring their breakfasts to their bedsides, and who, incredible as it may seem, have actually to cook things over a kitchen range and not in a chafing-dish. There are also women who have babies, and who have to do all kinds of things for those babies, and with their own hands, too. Never mind what kind of things. We should not like to intrude upon Mrs. Boissevain any of the facts of life with which she may never become personally acquainted. But ten minutes a day seems a meagre allowance even for heating the baby's feeding bottles. And as for Mrs. Boissevain, we can only congratulate her upon her extensive acquaintance with the women of the nation whom she finds so useful for purposes of self-advertisement. And while we are about it we may also congratulate the women on the patience with which they tolerate Mrs. Boissevain.

What is the duty of a gentleman who is traveling in a public conveyance, say a street-car, and who finds a lady in distress because she has forgotten her purse and is without the humble and useful coin conventionally demanded upon such occasions? This question is propounded by a writer in the *London Daily Chronicle*, and it has occasioned us many moments of anxious consideration.

Now we are always acutely anxious to do our duty in matters of this sort, but we have an equally acute desire to avoid humiliation. And humiliation was once our portion for offering to pay the fare of a lady who had graciously accepted our escort on a street-car. As heaven is our witness we had no intention to violate the new proprieties. Driven snow could not have been more unsullied than our motives upon that occasion. But the lady informed us, and, incidentally, every one else in the car at the time, that women were no longer disposed to accept that sort of attention from men and that they demanded an equality of obligations as well as of rights. So our despised nickel hastily and ignominiously rejoined its two or three melancholy companions in our trousers pocket.

Now if one meets with this sort of treatment when offering to pay the fare of a companion and an acquaintance what may one expect from a stranger? The *Chronicle* man says that he put the problem to a friend who admitted that he had once come to the rescue of a lady in distress, but that he would never do so again. He says that the penniless lady sniffed, stopped the car, and ran away.

Our own opinion is that he got off lightly.

He acted rashly and inconsiderately, although he has now made partial amends by a resolution never to do it again. If he had behaved so recklessly in New York instead of in London he would probably have been arrested on the spot for white slavery, and then he would have got his picture in the newspapers and ten years in the penitentiary. The young woman would have sworn that the coin had been impregnated with some strange and weird drug that robbed her of her infusorial intelligence. Heaven alone knows what she would not have said.

Now personally we are the very soul of gallantry, but we do not propose to come to the aid of beauty in distress. We are willing to administer absent treatment, but it will be as absent as possible. We will gladly think our little thoughts of love and service from a distance, but the distance will be as great as circumstances permit. The imagination of the modern young woman is too agile for our taste. An exclusive diet of white slavery and frustrated hopes has distorted her vision.

Sir Thomas Lipton may have a painful quarter of an hour with Dr. Anna Shaw, whose blood boils at a very low temperature, when next that gallant seaman and tea merchant comes to America. Sir Thomas is building a new yacht and he has decided to employ only unmarried men, since "married men might betray the secret of her construction to their wives."

Now we believe that Sir Thomas is in error here and for the simple reason that no woman can understand any piece of mechanism. Our own private conviction is that not one woman in a thousand has the faintest conception of why a sewing-machine sews or that it has ever occurred to her that it is possible to find out. And certainly the making of a yacht would take her into far deeper water than the yacht itself is ever likely to enter.

But perhaps Sir Thomas thinks that it is best to be on the safe side, and he is not the only one who has thought that where a woman's extractive powers have been in question. There is a story told of Lord Palmerston, who objected to the admission of a certain statesman to his cabinet on the ground of his well-known confidential relations with his wife. Being eventually persuaded against his own judgment, he turned to the other members of the cabinet and said, "Well, gentlemen, so be it, but it must be understood that we take it in turns to sleep with them."

And yet every married man must be aware when he turns his attention to his own inner consciousness that there are various things that he has not yet imparted to his wife. For the most part they are things that it would not be good for her to know, and in keeping them secret he is consulting her own best interests in the most unselfish way. But he does keep them secret.

Freak fashions are going to the dogs (says the *London Daily Express*). Some of the tiny coffee-colored curios at the Kennel Club Show at the Crystal Palace might have been designed by the futurist people. The crowds round the odds and ends in the small dogs' section would have graced a gala performance at the Palace Theatre.

Miss Noelle Edge of Ballylinan, a successful exhibitor and a well-known judge and expert in Ireland, told an *Express* representative that "Peks" and "Poms" are now the most fashionable breeds.

"The more hideous and rat-like the better," she owned frankly. "Anything larger than a powder-puff is out of it nowadays. A few years ago, you know, every smart 'Pom' wore its hair in the same way. Now any way is the fashion. The stranger the better. You can even cut bits out if you like—anything to get an odd head-and-shoulders effect. Bodies don't count so much. The last word in dogginess, of course, is to get your 'Pom' to match your dress. As a matter of fact," Miss Edge added, "I really don't see why men should object to women carrying toys. Men carry sticks because they don't know what to do with their hands. Personally, however, I insist on 'My Miss Sunshine' doing her own walking. See how sweet she looks," added Miss Edge, as "My Miss Sunshine," a blonde beauty with eyes like boot buttons went twinkling round the ring like a wound-up tin toy.

A gift of a thousand dollars a year for ten years has just been offered to the University of California by one of its alumni, F. W. Bradley, '86. This is to establish the Mining Student Loan Fund. The giver is the president of two famous mining companies, the Alaska-Treadwell Gold Mining Company and the Bunker Hill and Sullivan Lead Mining Company of Idaho. Preference is to be given in general to upper-class men. Ordinarily loans to one man are not to exceed \$200 in any one year. Repayments and the interest which is to be charged after graduation are to be added to the endowment.

"Have you 'Deeds of Daring'?" inquired the lady in the book store. "Yes, madam," responded the bright clerk. "Here is a little pamphlet entitled 'How to Call Down the Janitor.'"—*Chicago News*.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The Irishman in France had been challenged to a duel. "Sure," he cried, "we'll fight wid shillalals." "That won't do," said his second. "As the challenged party, you have the right to choose the arms, but chivalry demands that you should decide upon a weapon with which Frenchmen are familiar." "Is that so, indee?" returned the generous Irishman. "Then we'll fight it out wid guillottes."

The mother of a very wealthy American young lady had for some time hesitated whether her daughter should marry a rather dissipated foreign grandee or a thoroughly impecunious but quiet and gentlemanlike English peer, absolutely warranted to give no trouble. Owing to unsatisfactory reports concerning the foreign grandee, choice ultimately fell upon the English peer. So she cabled to an accommodating English friend: "Grandee off, send along peer."

To instill into the mind of his son sound wisdom and business precepts was Mosenheimer senior's earnest endeavor. He taught his offspring much, including the business advantages of bankruptcy, failures, and fires—"Two bankruptcies equal one failure, two failures one fire," etc. Then Mosenheimer junior looked up brightly. "Fadder," he asked, "is marriage a failure?" "Vell, my boy," was his parent's reply, "if you marry a really very wealthy woman, marriage is almost as good as a failure!"

On a street railway job two gangs, Italian and Irish, were at work in the same block. The former were smaller than their Hibernian neighbors, and when it came to lifting a section of track they were unable to raise it. Their foreman then called the Irish crew to assist. "We don't need anny help," said their leader. With a united heave they lifted the rails, ties and all, and carried the mass to one side. As they walked away their foreman jerked his thumb over his shoulder and said contemptuously: "An' thim's the fellers they make Popes av'!"

While presiding over a church conference a speaker began a tirade against the universities and education, expressing thankfulness that he had never been corrupted by contact with a college. After proceeding for a few minutes the bishop interrupted with the question: "Do I understand that Mr. X—is thankful for his ignorance?" "Well, yes," was the answer, "you can put it that way if you like." "Well, all I have to say," said the prelate, in sweet and musical voice, "all I have to say is that Mr. X—has much to be thankful for."

Ambrose Patterson, the Australian painter, secured a commission once to paint a very lengthy and wealthy suburbanite. Patterson himself is a lank brush, shooting up beyond six foot one inch. He was rather priding himself on having been given this commission, bearing in mind the great pressure of artists round every possible job in Australia. Eventually, however, the sitter explained. "I was a long time lookin' for a sootable artist," he said. "I'm six foot two-an'-a-arf, and till I struck you I 'adn't seen a painter what 'ad enough 'ight to do a full length of me."

The Bishop of London on one occasion when he went to Buckingham Palace told the king that he had passed Lord Salisbury in an anteroom, but the latter did not seem to know him. "Oh," said King Edward, "Lord Salisbury never recognizes any one," and going to a bureau he took out a new portrait of himself and handed it to the bishop, saying, "What do you think of this?" "A very excellent likeness, sir," said the bishop. "When I showed it to Salisbury," said the king, "he looked hard at it and then said, 'Poor old Buller! I wonder if he's as stupid as he looks.'"

It was at the opera. The two young things were more engrossed in themselves than in the melodies being trilled by the expensive prima donna on the stage. They chattered about everything, from absinthe frappé to the Argentine tango, and revelled in their wit as the music-loving old gentleman just back of them reviled it. His opportunity came. During a particularly light and liquid aria the youth murmured audibly, "Shut your eyes and try to listen to the music." "Sir," said the old gentleman, tapping him on the shoulder, "did you ever try to listen to the music with your mouth shut?"

Down on the Canal Zone an engineer who was a crank on microbes ordered his raw native cook to "boil everything, no matter where you get it." One day, while on a tour of inspection, the engineer was presented with a bottle of champagne by a sea captain. Managing also to pick up a piece of ice on his return to town, he hurried back to quar-

ters with his prizes. He said to his native cook as he handed over his precious burden: "Get up something extra good today, for I have asked a few friends in to dinner to help me drink this superb wine." The guests arrived. The cook served the very attractive course. "Now the wine!" cried the host, rubbing his hands. The cook disappeared, then stalked back, carrying a steaming hot saucepan nearly full of hot, muddy-yellow liquid. "What in thunder's that, you rascal?" "That's the wine, señor," replied the cook gravely. "I boil him good, and he 'most all go 'way."

An old farmer on his first visit to New York thought he would go to the theatre and see the play called "Forty Thieves." When he got to the theatre he asked the man at the box-office if they were playing the "Forty Thieves" there, and on being informed they were, and without asking the price of the seats, told the box-office man that he wanted a tip-top seat, and laid a five-dollar bill down. The box-office man laid the ticket down and three dollars in change. The farmer (accustomed to 25-cent shows) picked up the three dollars and walked off without his ticket, whereupon the box-office man shouted, "See here, sir! You've forgotten your ticket." The farmer shouted back: "Keep it, gol darn yer! I don't want to see the other thirty-nine."

It is a serious offense for a German soldier to appear in public except in uniform. Even when he is on furlough he must always wear it. A certain Lieutenant Schmidt, who was engaged in some adventure or other dressed up as a civilian, was having a fine time of it when, on turning a corner he unexpectedly met his colonel. Lieutenant Schmidt, however, did not lose his presence of mind, but in a changed voice asked: "Can you tell me, sir, where Lieutenant Schmidt lives? I am his brother from the country, and am paying him a visit." The colonel gave the desired information and Lieutenant Schmidt hurried home and got into uniform as soon as possible. He thought he had deceived his superior officer, but the next day, when he met his colonel, the latter said: "Lieutenant Schmidt, if your brother from the country pays you another visit I'll have him placed in close confinement for thirty days."

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Hired Girl.

She sallies forth on Sunday fine,
And tells us she'll be in at nine—
The hired girl.
When she returns it's past eleven;
Next morn she sleeps till half-past seven—
The tired girl.
In fiery tones on washing day
She strikes us for a raise in pay—
The fired girl.
And knowing well the chores she's shirked,
She looks back sadly where she worked—
The fired girl.
—R. F. Wilson, in *Paroxysms*.

The Difference in Time.

I never tried to make a touch,
But that the friend was sure to say,
"I'm broke today, but I was flush
And could have staked you yesterday."
I never loaned a friend a five,
But that the man who came to borrow
Was broke today, but he was sure
That he would have a roll tomorrow.
—Hinton Gilmore, in *Judge*.


Just the Same.

Fifty million dollars was his fortune when he died,
Fifty million cold ones on the morning when he went;
Yes, he left it all behind him, and it can not be denied
That he's just as dead today as if he hadn't left a cent.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Beneath the Mistletoe.

Beneath the mistletoe I drew Eileen,
Entranced to watch her lashes drooping low
O'er laughing eyes, that strove to look serene,
Beneath the mistletoe.
No charm I lost; the shoulder's ivory glow,
The little scarlet shoe and robe of green;
Her dainty cheek, her lips' carnation bow!
And then—a tender kiss, to crown the scene?
Nay; she was posing in my studio:
I drew her—for a Christmas magazine—
Beneath the mistletoe.
—Corinne Rockwell Swain, in *Life*.

In a public school recently the children were called upon to write an essay, and at the appointed time Willie submitted an effusion on the ark, in which he made the statement that Mr. Noah fished one day for about five minutes. When the teacher looked over the essay she was not a little puzzled. She couldn't understand why anybody fond of piscatorial sport should give up in so short a time. "Willie," she remarked, looking up from the essay, "you say here that they fished for only five minutes. Why for only five minutes?" "Because," was the prompt explanation of Willie, "they didn't have but two worms."



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The wedding of Miss Julia Thomas and Dr. James Albert Corscaden took place in New York Tuesday afternoon in the chantry of Grace Church. Owing to the recent death of Miss Thomas's uncle, Mr. Wakefield Baker, the ceremony was attended only by relatives and a few intimate friends. Upon their return from their wedding trip the young couple will reside in New York.

Miss Sadie Murray has chosen Wednesday, February 11, as the date of her marriage to Lieutenant Conger Pratt, U. S. A. The ceremony will take place at four o'clock in the afternoon at the home at Fort Mason of General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray. Mrs. Maxwell Murray will be her sister-in-law's only attendant. After a wedding trip through the southern part of the state the young couple will reside at the Presidio at Monterey.

Mrs. William Irvine was hostess at a luncheon Friday, when she entertained a dozen friends at her home on Washington Street.

Miss Harriet Pomeroy entertained a number of friends at a bridge party Tuesday evening in honor of her house guest, Miss Polly Young, of Portland.

Miss Helen Stone was the guest of honor at a the dant Wednesday, when Miss Doris Wilshire entertained in her honor.

The members of the Anti-Tuberculosis Society gave a the dant at the Hotel St. Francis Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Frank Luckel has issued invitations to a reception New Year's Day at the home in Berkeley of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Pennell.

Mr. and Mrs. John S. Drum entertained a number of congenial friends at dinner Thursday evening at their home on Broadway.

Miss Otilla Laine entertained a number of friends at luncheon Monday at the Fairmont Hotel. The affair was in honor of the Misses Gertrude O'Brien and Elizabeth Oyster.

Mrs. William Hoff Cook entertained a number of friends at tea Tuesday afternoon at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Mrs. Douglas Hammond of New York.

Miss Marian Zeile was hostess at a theatre party Friday evening, when she entertained a number of friends of her sister, Miss Ruth Zeile.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Monsarrat gave a dinner Wednesday evening at their home on Broderick Street.

Miss Agnes Tillmann was hostess at a dinner Wednesday evening at her home on Washington Street. The affair was in honor of Miss Ruth Zeile.

Miss Marie Louise Black made her formal debut Thursday afternoon at a the dant given by her father, Mr. Charles N. Black, at the Fairmont Hotel. Those who assisted Miss Black in receiving were the Mesdames C. O. G. Miller, J. Leroy Nickel, Lorenzo Avenali, Maimie McNutt Potter, Alexander Wilson, and the Misses Helen Garritt, Anne Peters, Ruth Zeile, Beatrice Nickel, and Gertrude O'Brien.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Orville C. Pratt was christened Wednesday afternoon at St. Luke's Church. He was named Orville Pratt III, after his father and grandfather. Mrs. Russell Wilson and Mrs. Gailliard Stoney were the godmothers.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick entertained a number of friends at dinner Friday evening at their home on Broadway. Accompanied by their guests, they later attended the Bachelors' and Benedicts' Ball at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller entertained a number of friends at dinner Thursday evening at the Palace Hotel in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Pierce, who have recently returned from abroad.

Miss Ruth Jones has issued invitations to a luncheon at the Hotel Oakland the first week in January in honor of Miss Helen Nicol, whose engagement to Ensign Joseph Nielson has recently been announced.

Mrs. Edward R. Barron entertained a number of congenial friends at luncheon Tuesday at the Hotel Bellevue.

Mrs. Russell Selfridge was hostess at a musicale Thursday evening at the home on Lyon Street of her mother, Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin. Miss de Journal, a pupil of Mme. Calvé, and Mr. Rock Shafter were the principal contributors to the musical programme.

Mr. Raphael Weill was host at a dinner Friday evening at the Bohemian Club. The affair was in honor of Miss Eliza McMullin and Mr. John Gallois, whose wedding will take place January 7.

Mrs. Joseph L. Chamberlin entertained a number of friends at luncheon Thursday at the Town and Country Club.

The women of the First Congregational Church gave a reception Friday evening at the Sorosis Club. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Charles Aked, who has recently returned from England.

Mrs. James Shea and Mrs. James Farrell gave the first of a series of luncheons Monday at the Francisco Club.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott entertained a congenial coterie of friends over the week-end at her home in Burlingame.

Miss Edith Douglas-Dick was the guest of honor Tuesday afternoon at a tea given by Miss Katherine Donohoe at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee entertained a number of friends at dinner Monday evening at their home on Pierce Street.

Mr. Remi P. Schwerin was the guest of honor at a dinner Saturday evening, given by Mr. and Mrs. George Howard at their home in San Mateo. Accompanied by their guests, they later attended the Vaudeville and dance at the San Mateo Polo Club. Mr. Schwerin has recently returned from an Eastern trip.

The students of the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art held their annual Christmas high jinks Friday evening. Miss Ethel McAllister was hostess at a dinner, preceding the dance.

The first of a series of the dants took place Saturday afternoon at the Palace Hotel under the patronage of the Mesdames Frederick W. Sharon,

Gordon Blanding, J. R. Laine, Alan Macdonald, Charles Young, Irving Moulton, Gailliard Stoney, and Frank Kerrigan.

Mr. and Mrs. John Drum gave a dinner Monday at their home on Broadway. With their guests they later attended the dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ward Mailliard entertained the young friends of Mr. Mailliard's sister, Miss Marian Lee Mailliard, at a dance Monday evening at the California Club.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Hayes entertained their friends at dinner Friday evening preceding the Bachelors' and Benedicts' Ball at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard gave an informal dance Monday evening at their home on Broadway.

Mrs. Wendell Hammon was hostess at a dinner Friday evening in honor of Miss Mildred Power of Oroville, who is her house guest.

Colonel Richmond P. Davis, U. S. A., and Mrs. Davis entertained a number of friends at dinner Tuesday evening at their home at the Presidio. Colonel Davis left the following morning for Washington, D. C., to be absent several weeks.

Captain Allen J. Greer, U. S. A., and Mrs. Greer gave a dinner Wednesday evening at their home at the Presidio.

The officers of the Mare Island Navy Yard were hosts at a dance Wednesday evening.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Miss Edith Douglas-Dick has recently been visiting her cousins, the Misses Katherine and Christine Donahoe, at their home on Pacific Avenue.

The Messrs. William Crocker and Mountford S. Wilson, Jr., arrived Tuesday from Yale to spend the holidays in Burlingame. They accompanied Miss Helen Crocker, who returned from St. Timothy's School at Catonsville. Masters Osgood Hooker, Jr., and Russell Wilson preceded the party by a few days, they having arrived Saturday from the Pomfret Preparatory School in Massachusetts.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lent and their daughters, the Misses Frances and Ruth Lent, will leave in March for Europe, where they will spend the summer months.

Rev. Dr. Adcock of London is visiting his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hastings, at their home in San Mateo.

Miss Frances Jolliffe left last week to visit friends in Washington, D. C., and New York, where she will spend several weeks before sailing for Europe.

Mrs. S. W. Rosenstock and her daughter, Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, are home again after a visit in the East.

The Misses Evelyn and Genevieve Cunningham have recently been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lord at their home in Paris.

Mr. Atherton Eyre is home from Thatcher's School to spend his vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lilburn Eyre.

Mrs. John Simpson has gone to Kansas City to visit her son-in-law and daughter, Bishop Partridge and Mrs. Partridge. Mrs. Simpson has recently been a guest of Mr. and Mrs. William Hough of this city.

Dr. George Lyman and Mrs. Lyman (formerly Miss Dorothy Van Sickle) have deferred their return from Europe until April. They had expected to spend Christmas with Mrs. Lyman's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Van Sickle, but Dr. Lyman decided to remain in Berlin to assist in some professional work.

Miss Mary Helen Finnell has returned to her home in Chico after a visit with the Misses Elizabeth and Jean Wheeler.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman, Miss Clara Coleman, and Mr. Robert L. Coleman, Jr., have gone to Honolulu to spend several weeks. They were accompanied by Mrs. Coleman's brother, Mr. Harry Simpkins.

Colonel J. C. Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Kirkpatrick opened their country home in Pleasanton early in the week and have as their guests their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Macdonald.

Mrs. Phoebe Rideout is established in her new home on Washington Street, next door to her former residence, which she has leased to Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson and her daughter, Mrs. Isobel Strong, are at Palm Springs, where it is hoped Mrs. Strong will recover from a severe cold contracted a month ago.

Mr. Edward Salisbury Field left early in the week for New York. He has recently been visiting Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson at Palm Springs.

Mrs. Stewart Walcott of Santa Barbara has gone to Chicago to spend several weeks with her mother.

Miss Ruth Winslow returned Saturday from Los Angeles, where she has been visiting Miss Daphne Drake. Miss Winslow was accompanied by her sister, Miss Marie Louise Winslow, and the Misses Gertrude Hopkins and Genevieve Bothin, who have been attending Miss Gamble's school.

Mr. and Mrs. Robin Y. Hayne spent a few days last week in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Avery have returned from Europe and are again at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. J. D. Peters and her daughter, Miss Anne Peters, spent Christmas at their home in Stockton.

Miss Erminie Calvin, who has returned from an Eastern school to spend the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Calvin, will be an attendant at the wedding of her sister, Miss Carrie Calvin, who will be married December 27 to Mr. George Nelson Lawrence of Salt Lake City.

Mr. and Mrs. James J. Fagan, Miss Doris Fagan, and Mr. James Fagan, Jr., sailed on the *Wilhelmina* for Hawaii, where they will remain a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker have engaged the William Miller Graham cottage in Santa Barbara for the months of June and July.

Mrs. Frank S. Johnson returned Saturday from Europe, where she has been spending the summer. From New York she was accompanied by her son, Mr. Gordon Johnson, who has come from Groton to spend his holiday vacation.

Miss Augusta Foute spent the week-end in Bur-

lingame as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Felton Elkins, who are entertaining Mrs. Elkins's sister, Miss Oliver.

Mr. Henry T. Scott and his son, Mr. Prescott Scott, arrived from the East Saturday, and Mr. Harry Scott returned from Los Angeles in time for Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Johnson left Sunday for Raymond, Oregon, to spend several weeks with their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Lowe.

Mr. J. B. Coryell is recovering from a recent operation for appendicitis.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan have returned from their wedding trip and are established at the Hotel Bellevue.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Oelrichs are en route to Egypt, where they will spend the winter. Mrs. Oelrichs was formerly Miss Esther Morceland.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis and their sons, the Messrs. Lloyd, William, Jr., Gordon, and Lansing Tevis, left early in the week for Bakersfield, where they will remain over the holidays.

Brigadier-General Clarence R. Edwards, U. S. A., now commanding the Sixth Brigade in the manoeuvre camp in Texas, will go to Hawaii to relieve Brigadier-General Hunter Liggett, U. S. A., as president of the Army War College. General Liggett will take General Edwards's brigade in the Second Division.

Brigadier-General John Pershing, U. S. A., has recently been relieved from command of the Department of Mindanao, and will command the Eighth Brigade at the Presidio, relieving Brigadier-General Ramsay D. Potts, U. S. A., who goes to Vancouver Barracks.

Brigadier-General John P. Wisser has been ordered to command the Pacific Coast Artillery District.

Brigadier-General Charles J. Bailey, U. S. A., who is at present at Fort Worden, Washington, will command the North Atlantic Coast Artillery District at Fort Totten, New York, relieving Colonel J. B. White, U. S. A.

Mrs. J. V. Crose of Denver is visiting Commander William M. Crose, U. S. N., and Mrs. Crose, at their home at Mare Island.

Mrs. James Raby has arrived from Guam and is visiting her sisters, the Misses Callahan, who have rented the home on Pacific Avenue of the late Mrs. N. G. Kittle.

Commander Raby, U. S. N., will arrive shortly and will be stationed at Mare Island.

Lieutenant Lewis Edward Goodier, Jr., U. S. A., came from San Diego to spend the holidays with his parents, Major Lewis E. Goodier, U. S. A., and Mrs. Goodier.

Major Frederick Winchester Sladen, U. S. A., who has been commandant at West Point for the past four years, will arrive here shortly en route to the Philippines. He will be accompanied by his wife, who was formerly Miss Elizabeth Lefferth of Washington, D. C.

Brigadier-General T. McGregor, U. S. A. (retired), came down last week from Benicia for a few days' visit.

Captain Laurence B. Simons, U. S. A., and Mrs. Simons are established for the winter at the Hotel Cecil.

Major-General Thomas H. Barry, U. S. A., commander of the Eastern Department, is ordered to the Philippines in March to relieve Major-General J. Franklin Bell, U. S. A., who will return to the United States in May. General Barry is at present at Governor's Island, New York.

Major-General William H. Carter, U. S. A., now in Texas, has been ordered to the Hawaiian Department to relieve Brigadier-General Fred Funston, U. S. A., who will return for assignment to a brigade command here.

General Lincoln, U. S. A. (retired), has gone East to spend the holidays with relatives. While in this city General Lincoln resided with his nephew and niece, Captain W. H. Richardson, U. S. A., and Mrs. Richardson, at Fort Miley.

Captain Louis Chapplear, U. S. A., and Mrs. Chapplear have been spending the past week with relatives in Los Angeles.

General John Pershing, U. S. A., and Mrs. Pershing are expected to arrive next month from the Philippines and will reside at the Presidio. Mrs. Pershing, who was formerly Miss Warren of Washington, D. C., is the daughter of Senator Warren.

Colonel H. C. Scott, U. S. A., left a few days ago for Washington, D. C.

In Aid of a Worthy Cause.

The Occidental Kindergarten Association, established at 3132 Twenty-Fifth Street, has arranged for its Christmas festivities. Any donations of money, fruit, nuts, candy, toys, shoes, or clothing will be gratefully received. The treasurer, Miss L. Goldstein, 2839 Pacific Avenue, will gladly acknowledge checks, and Mrs. A. C. Springer, 2301 Green Street, will take charge of other donations.

Treasures Brought to Light.

Because of vast unknown treasures that Professor Herbert E. Bolton of the University of California has discovered in the archives of state and church in Mexico the history will now need to be rewritten of all the Southwest—from California to Louisiana. The keys to these historical treasure-houses are now made ready to the hand of any scholar through the publication by the Carnegie Institution of Washington of a "Guide to Materials for the History of the United States in the Principal Archives of Mexico." In this volume Professor Bolton tells of the extraordinary wealth of unknown manuscripts, recording the romantic history of the Spaniard in North America, which he has brought to light through a dozen years of exploration in the Mexican archives. It was an exciting quest that Professor Bolton pursued in Mexico, with the zest of expectation that each new bundle of papers drawn forth from some dark corner might contain a pioneer's narrative of events before only obscurely understood, a governor's official report of the establishment of a city, a mission father's careful account of the language and the customs of some native people now vanished from the earth. There was the joy of the discovery of long-lost hurried treasure. At the College of the Holy Cross, for a single instance, founded in 1683 at Queretaro, on the site of a monastery then already old, Professor Bolton was told that the archives had long since disappeared—probably in the troublous times when Maximilian and the French invaded Mexico. But the few priests remaining of the once mighty establishment were courteous to the stranger within their gates, and gave him free leave to search. Then an aged serving man remembered an old trunk and a chest of drawers somewhere in an attic. There, inches deep in dust, Professor Bolton found the annual reports for a hundred years of missions scattered far and wide over the Southwest, for it was from the College of the Holy Cross that the young apostles had been sent out to explore and Christianize the northern provinces of New Spain, from Texas to California.

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7:30 p.m.	Oakland, San Leandro, Hayward, Niles, Ildiywood, Pleasanton, Livermore, Altamont, Carbona, Lathrop and Stockton.....	6:30 p.m.
4:10 p.m.	Electric Lighted Pullman Observation Sleeper on Train Leaving San Francisco 9:10 a.m. Through Standard and Tourist Sleeping Cars to above destinations in connection with.....	10:20 a.m.

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DENVER & RIO GRANDE

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Nicola Marschall, said to have designed the flag of the Confederacy and the gray uniform as well, is still hale and hearty at the advanced age of eighty-four. At the time the war began he had a studio at Marion, Alabama, and upon request painted a flag design, following which came the details for the uniform. He is still a resident of the South.

Dottorressa Maria Montessori, now visiting this country, and famous as the discoverer of the Montessori system of child training, speaks no English. Her mission here is to explain the system and to learn what she can of American educational ideas. Though she is a countess, she cares little for the title. She is under medium height and is conspicuous for her simple taste in dress.

Jules Guerin, who has just been awarded the Charles W. Beck, Jr., prize, given each year at the annual color show at the Academy of Fine Arts, is an American painter and illustrator of fame. His picture which captured the award bears the title, "Housetops of Nazareth." Mr. Guerin won considerable renown as the designer of the vast wall maps in the new Pennsylvania terminal depot in New York.

Alfred Drury, the English sculptor whose work gained the gold medal in 1900 in Paris, has now been elevated to the full honors of academician. His most recent work was the statue of King Edward at Sheffield, but he is best known for many delightful creations of classical and other figures, among which his "Echo" and "Circe" of early years, and "Innocence" more recently, rise at once in memory. A Londoner by birth, he studied under Dalou in Paris.

Prince Wilhelm of Wied, Europe's delegate to the throne of Albania, is the head of the house of Wied and a soldier in the German army. To take up the position of ruler of the Albanians he resigns his commission in the foot guards and gives up his beautiful home and life of comfort and ease. The prince, who is in the neighborhood of forty, will enter Avlona, the provisional capital, at the beginning of January. Later he will pay a visit to all the rulers and chiefs of the states which have sanctioned him as king.

Colonel John N. Merrill, on whom the Shah of Persia has conferred the decoration of the Order of the Lion, the highest ranking order given by the Persian government, is an American, a native of Maine. He went to Persia several years ago, and finally became a commander of the gendarmes. Recently he left that arm of the service, having signed a contract for three years, and is given an independent command of infantry and cavalry, the object being to make southern Persia uninhabitable for the outlaws who now infest it.

Sir Alfred Dale, vice-chancellor of Liverpool University, who recently celebrated his fifty-eighth birthday, gained high distinctions in his undergraduate days at Trinity College, Cambridge, for he won many of the chief prizes open to the whole of the university, and finally was eighth classic. He was promptly elected a Fellow of Trinity Hall, of which latter college he was a tutor and bursar for many years. He went to Liverpool fourteen years ago, and was accordingly a chief actor in the establishment of Liverpool as a separate university.

Nathan Straus, long a leading figure in the mercantile world, will devote the greater part of his time henceforth, it is said, to benevolent enterprises. He is deeply interested in extending the work of the Relief Bureau and other charitable undertakings which he has inaugurated in Palestine. He was born in Bavaria in 1848, and was brought to this country by his parents in 1854. After graduating from a business college he joined his father in importing pottery and glassware, in which business he is still interested. He originated in 1890 and has since maintained at his own expense a system of distributing sterilized milk to the poor of New York City.

Congressman Cardell Hull, who is responsible for the income tax which is giving the country so much concern, comes from the country region of Tennessee, where his father was engaged in the timber business. He took a law course at the Cumberland University and returned to the town of Celina to practice, though he was not twenty years old. A proud constituency sent him to the legislature, and a few years later he was appointed judge of the Fifth District. From the bench he went to Congress, where he is now serving his fourth term. He is known as one of the most silent men in Washington, a deep student, and an exhaustive writer on any subject which he undertakes. He is unmarried and has reached his forty-second year.

Lord Cowdray, owner of vast oil land holdings in Mexico which have been affected by the revolution, has been operating in the southern republic since 1889. In private life he is Sir Weetman Pearson, whose grandfather founded the Pearson firm in 1840. Lord Cowdray is noted for his taciturnity, and in an interview said: "I never talk about my business. Talking is a sign of weakness." Since the Pearsons first secured a foothold in

Mexico they have built railways and electric lines, harbors and waterworks; they have acquired interests in mining properties, investments in jute, and finally secured 800,000 acres of land containing probably the greatest oil fields in the world. Pearson's title comes from Cowdray Park, a large and ancient English estate.

THE CITY IN GENERAL.

Governor L. E. Pinkham of Hawaii was the guest of honor at a dinner Monday evening at the Stewart Hotel. He sailed for home on Tuesday.

It is expected that within the next two weeks work will start on the new museum building to be erected in Golden Gate Park near the band stand. The structure will cost \$600,000. The sections now to be erected, however, will require an outlay of only \$165,000. They will eventually form the west portion of the building.

The supervisors sustained Mayor Rolph's veto of the municipal opera house bill on Saturday by a vote of fourteen to three. It is believed that by this action the way has been cleared for an ordinance that will meet the views of the opposing factions. The amended ordinance is to be introduced before the supervisors in a few days by Supervisor Payot, original proponent of the measure. He expressed his willingness that the mayor's veto be sustained, in order that the "decks might be cleared" for the new proposition.

Captain Enos F. Fouratt, pioneer of San Francisco, died on Monday at the age of eighty-seven years. He came to California with the gold rush in 1849. After adventuring with the gold-seekers for a while the call of his old profession of pilot reassured itself, and he went up the Sacramento River, which he traversed continually for the next fifty years. He was the pilot of the first steam schooner that plied between San Francisco and Sacramento. For many years he was a pilot, and then he became a captain. The funeral was held on Friday.

The board of supervisors on Saturday passed the order for the removal of the four city cemeteries. Lot owners have to make their removals within six months from the time the ordinance becomes effective. If the lot owners fail to make the removal a certain length of time is given the cemetery associations to do the work, and if these fail to comply then the board of health is authorized to remove the bodies. The expense in this instance is to be borne by the lands as they are cleared.

Mrs. Martha Vance Woodward, widow of William B. Woodward, who with the late Frederick MacCrellish was the founder of the *Alta California*, a pioneer newspaper of this city, died at her home, 2102 Clifton Avenue, Alameda, the early part of the week. She was eighty-three years old and came to California by way of Panama fifty-seven years ago. She was the mother of Thomas P. Woodward, former city engineer, and Mrs. William P. Edwardes.

After thirty years of exploratory work the Egypt Exploration Fund of England and the United States hopes during the next twelve months to clear away the mystery of the buried temple of Osiris. It will be necessary before attacking the building itself, forty feet below the surface, to bring the sand to an angle of rest over a widely extended area, and clear away a mass of debris left by former explorers. The head of the god Osiris was said to have been buried in the temple of Osiris. At present no such building as this one, which was only partially explored last year, is known in Egypt. It raises questions which will be answered only by the spade. It is regarded as quite possible that a crypt exists below the main floor. Such a crypt should be the termination of the long passage connecting the Seti temple with the Osireion, 200 feet distant along the common axis. Dr. Edouard Naville, who has been with the fund from its beginning in 1882, regards the present excavation as the crown of his life's work. He will resign from active field work at this season's close.

Miss Phoebe Cousins, who died recently in abject poverty in St. Louis, was the first woman lawyer in this country, and at one time was prominent and widely talked of throughout the land. She studied law in Washington University, St. Louis, and was admitted to the bar in 1871. She became well known as a lecturer, but was opposed to suffrage. Miss Cousins also held the distinction of being the first woman United States marshal. Her father, appointed to that office by President Cleveland, died during his term, and his daughter, who had been acting as his assistant, was appointed to fill the vacancy.

One of the early attractions for the Columbia Theatre is the muchly praised production of "Milestones," which will be played here by the original London cast.

When San Francisco Was Young

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The Excitable Latins.

"There is something most refreshing to the colder northern races in the excitable and volatile Latins," said George Hamlin recently. "We had a delightful exhibition of this quality when we first reached Milan. We entered a café, celebrated as much for the artists who frequent it as for its excellent cuisine, and had barely given our order when our attention was attracted to a near-by table where two diners were engaged in what was evidently a very serious discussion. At that time our linguistic accomplishments were limited to Mark Twain's famous 'Quanta costa?—Troppo caro,' with an additional phrase or two thrown in, all of which were inadequate to unravel any clew to the earnest conversation opposite."

"Presently the voices grew louder and more passionate, and the two men looked positively violent as they half rose from their seats and glared at each other ferociously across the table. We became decidedly uneasy. Vendettas, stilletos, and such Italian appurtenances are all picturesque enough in grand opera, but we did not care to have our dinner punctuated with deeds of carnage."

"In the meantime all the other diners had stopped eating and were gazing with interest toward the scene of altercation. Gradually they abandoned their dinners altogether and came over to take sides with the disputants. Even the waiters forsook their posts, and attached themselves to one side or the other. 'Surely,' we thought anxiously, 'this quarrel must involve the honor of the whole nation.'

"By this time the din was fearful. A score or more of excited men were shouting at each other across the small table, brandishing furious fists in each other's faces, and looking like bloodshed and murder. Our soup cooled untasted before us; all appetite had vanished. We clung to our chairs, too terror-stricken to flee for our lives, even though we felt a desperate conviction that a massacre was at hand and our minutes were numbered."

"Finally, one of the crowd pounded on the table vigorously and yelled some noises which sounded like a pack of firecrackers exploding. There was an instant's silence, and then the whole lot of them, waiters and all, bolted out the front door."

"We breathed an immeasurable relief! At least the scene of slaughter was transferred and our skins were safe. Just then our waiter reluctantly returned, though he made it plain that his duty to us was a decided bore."

"Was it a feud?—a vendetta?" we asked—and can't the police stop them before they kill each other?"

"And the waiter replied in his own peculiar brand of English: 'It be onlee that they not agree which be the shortest road to La Scala, and so half they go one way, and half they go the other, to make it prove!'"

The oldest publication in the world, the *Peking Gazette*, which suspended recently, was resumed almost immediately in English, and is now appearing daily. In its new form it is edited and controlled by Englishmen and Americans. Originally the *Gazette* was a sort of court circular, which was issued when the court had any news which it wished to communicate to the public.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"What was Reggie on the college crew?" "I think he was what they call the joke."—*Town Topics.*

Father—It's deeds, young man, not words, that count. Son—Did you ever send a cable-gram?—*The Club Fellow.*

"That horrid woman has broken up my home!" "Taken away your husband?" "No; the cook."—*Baltimore American.*

"Do you enjoy playing bridge with Mrs. Brown, grandma?" "Yes; only I'd like to see her get poorer hands."—*Judge.*

Willie—Paw, why was Adam created first? Paw—To give him a chance to say something, my son.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Everbroke—Say, lend me another five. You know, what's been done once can be done again. Gottit—I can't.—*Kansas City Star.*

Collector—Why haven't you paid your gas bill? Consumer—The light was so poor I could not read the bill.—*California Pelican.*

Old Lady (to scedy-looking library boy)—Have you got "Epictetus"? Boy—No, thank you, mum; it's only a bad cold and sore throat.—*Punch.*

"Spare my blushes," she pleaded. "Good gracious!" he replied. "Can you still blush? Where have you been living these past few years?"—*Chicago Record.*

"He used to brag about his wife's statesmanship." "Well?" "Now he complains that she is the author of too many bills in the house."—*Town Topics.*

Miss Goodrich—I hear your husband is a great lover of the aesthetic. Mrs. Nurich—Oh, yes! He takes one every time he gets a tooth pulled.—*Stanford Chaparral.*

Mrs. Goodsole—Didn't you learn to be a good citizen in the reform school? Everett West—Yes'm, I learnt it theoretically, but I aint had no practice.—*Houston Post.*

"You wring my heart," wailed the youth whom the Vassar girl had just refused. "I'd rather wring your heart than wring your clothes," she said.—*Livingston Lance.*

Rev. Caller—Well, Mrs. Mangles, and is the good man any better? Mrs. Mangles—Oh, yes, sir. 'E's nearly all right agen, sir. 'E don't say 'is prayers no more of a night now, sir.—*Sydney Bulletin.*

"I never knew till I got a car," said Bishop Eighty, "that profanity was so extremely prevalent." "Do you hear much of it on the road?" "Why," said the bishop, "nearly everybody I bump into swears dreadfully."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"We don't have honest elections in dis town like we used to," said Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "Like you used to?" "Yassuh. It used to be dat when dey promised you \$2 foh yeh vote you'd git it. Now dey won't even promise!"—*Washington Star.*

Mr. Steinbach—Vas you to der synagogue yesterday, Moses? Mr. Rosenbaum—No. Mr. Steinbach—Vell, der rahhi says if ve want to pe goot we haf to make some sacrifices. Mr. Rosenbaum—Oh, I don't go to no synagogue vere a rabbi dalks shop in der pulpit!—*Puck.*

"See here," said his wife. "I hear you acted scandalous on that trip with those Knights of Sparta." "Me? How's that?" "Mr. Womhat says you posed as the Isaac Walton of the party. What do you mean by going around under an assumed name?"—*Boston Advertiser.*

"Do you understand what you are to swear to?" asked the court as a not over-intelligent-looking negro took the witness stand. "Yessah, Ah does. Ah'm to sweah to tell de truf." "Yes," said the judge; "and what will happen if you do not tell the truth?" "Well, sah," was the hesitating answer, "Ah expects ouah side'll win de case, sah."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

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S. S. Hongkong Maru (saloon accommodations at reduced rates) Saturday, Jan. 3, 1914
S. S. Shinyo Maru. Thursday, Jan. 8, 1914
S. S. Chiyo Maru (via Manila direct)
S. S. Tenyo Maru. Tuesday, Jan. 27, 1914
S. S. Nippon Maru (saloon accommodations at reduced rates) Friday, Feb. 27, 1914
Steamers sail from company's pier, No. 34, near foot of Brannan Street, 1 p. m., for Yokohama and Hongkong, calling at Honolulu, Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki, and Shanghai, and connecting at Hongkong with steamer for Manila, India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

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